

Temporal Memory Example - Text Learning

Peter Overmann, 23 Jul 2022

In this temporal memory example, a circuit built from three triadic memory instances is trained with a sequence of words extracted from the Project Gutenberg edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

The test data represents the first 50,000 words, or about 20 percent, of the novel. Punctuation has been removed.

The algorithm processes the text as a stream of word tokens, learning on the fly, and making a prediction for the next word at each step. Correct predictions are shown in black, mispredictions in red. (All words are test input, we're not using the temporal memory to auto-continue a sequence in this setup.)

In the following, 4 iterations are shown. It's interesting to see that even in the first iteration, already a few words are correctly predicted. At the last iteration, only few errors remain.

Text import

Temporal Memory - 3 Stage Algorithm

```
TemporalMemory[t_Symbol, {n_Integer, p_Integer}] :=
Module[{M0, M1, M2, overlap, i, y, c, u, v, prediction},

TriadicMemory[M0, {n, p}] ; (* encodes bigrams *)
TriadicMemory[M1, {n, p}] ; (* encodes context *)
TriadicMemory[M2, {n, p}]; (* stores predictions *)

overlap[a_SparseArray, b_SparseArray] := Total[BitAnd[a, b]];

(*initialize state variables with null vectors*)
i = j = y = c = u = v = prediction = M1[0];

t[inp_] := Module[{x, j, bigram},

j = i;

bigram = M0[i = inp, j, _];

If[overlap[M0[i, _, bigram], j] < p, M0[i, j, bigram = M0[]]];

(* bundle previous input with previous context *)
x = BitOr[y, c];

y = bigram;

(* store new prediction if necessary *)
If[prediction != i, M2[u, v, i]];

(*create new random context if necessary*)
If[overlap[M1[_ , y, c = M1[x, y, _]], x] < p, M1[x, y, c = M1[]]];

prediction = M2[u = x, v = y, _]

]
];
```

Configuration

```
Get[ $UserBaseDirectory <> "/TriadicMemory/triadicmemoryC.m"]

n = 1000; p = 5;

TemporalMemory[T, {n, p}];
```

Encoder / Decoder

Test function

Test

```
temporalmemorytest [ text, 4 ]
```

Iteration 1

Stately plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed A yellow dressinggown ungirdled was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air He held the bowl aloft and intoned Introibo ad altare Dei Halted he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely Come up Kinch Come up you fearful jesuit Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower the surrounding land and the awaking mountains Then catching sight of Stephen Dedalus he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air gurgling in his throat and shaking his head Stephen Dedalus displeased and sleepy leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him equine in its length and at the light untensured hair grained and hued like pale oak Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly Back to barracks he said sternly He added in a preacher's tone For this O dearly beloved is the genuine Christine body and soul and blood and ouns Slow music please Shut your eyes gents One moment A little trouble about those white corpuscles Silence all He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points Chrysostomos Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm Thanks old chap he cried briskly That will do nicely Switch off the current will you He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate patron of arts in the middle ages A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips The mockery of it he said gaily Your absurd name an ancient Greek He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet laughing to himself Stephen Dedalus stepped up followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on My name is absurd too Malachi Mulligan two dactyls But it has a Hellenic ring hasn't it Tripping and sunny like the buck himself We must go to Athens Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid He laid the brush aside and laughing with delight cried Will he come The jejune jesuit Ceasing he began to shave with care Tell me Mulligan Stephen said quietly Yes my love How long is Haines going to stay in this tower Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder God isn't he dreadful he said frankly A ponderous Saxon He thinks you're not a gentleman God these bloody English Bursting with money and indigestion Because he comes from Oxford You know Dedalus you have the real Oxford manner He can't make you out O my name for you is the best Kinch the knife blade He shaved warily over his chin He was raving all night about a black panther Stephen said Where is his guncase A woful lunatic Mulligan said Were you in a funk I was Stephen said with energy and growing fear Out here in the dark

with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black
 panther You saved men from drowning I'm not a hero however If he stays on here
 I am off Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade He hopped down
 from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily Scutter he
 cried thickly He came over to the gunrest and thrusting a hand into Stephen's
 upper pocket said Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor Stephen
 suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled
 handkerchief Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly Then gazing over the
 handkerchief he said The bard's noserag A new art colour for our Irish poets
 snotgreen You can almost taste it can't you He mounted to the parapet again
 and gazed out over Dublin bay his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly God
 he said quietly Isn't the sea what Algy calls it a great sweet mother The
 snotgreen sea The scrotumtightening sea Epi oinopa ponton Ah Dedalus the
 Greeks I must teach you You must read them in the original Thalatta Thalatta
 She is our great sweet mother Come and look Stephen stood up and went over
 to the parapet Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat
 clearing the harbourmouth of Kingstown Our mighty mother Buck Mulligan said
 He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face The
 aunt thinks you killed your mother he said That's why she won't let me have
 anything to do with you Someone killed her Stephen said gloomily You could
 have knelt down damn it Kinch when your dying mother asked you Buck Mulligan
 said I'm hyperborean as much as you But to think of your mother begging you
 with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her And you refused There is
 something sinister in you He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther
 cheek A tolerant smile curled his lips But a lovely mummer he murmured to
 himself Kinch the loveliest mummer of them all He shaved evenly and with care
 in silence seriously Stephen an elbow rested on the jagged granite leaned
 his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black
 coat sleeve Pain that was not yet the pain of love fretted his heart Silently
 in a dream she had come to him after her death her wasted body within its
 loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood her breath
 that had bent upon him mute reproachful a faint odour of wetted ashes Across
 the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by
 the wellfed voice beside him The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green
 mass of liquid A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding
 the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits
 of loud groaning vomiting Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade Ah poor
 dogsbody he said in a kind voice I must give you a shirt and a few noserags
 How are the secondhand breeks They fit well enough Stephen answered Buck
 Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip The mockery of it he said
 contentedly Secondleg they should be God knows what poxy bowsy left them off
 I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe grey You'll look spiffing in them I'm
 not joking Kinch You look damn well when you're dressed Thanks Stephen said
 I can't wear them if they are grey He can't wear them Buck Mulligan told his
 face in the mirror Etiquette is etiquette He kills his mother but he can't
 wear grey trousers He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of
 fingers felt the smooth skin Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the
 plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes That fellow I was with in the Ship
 last night said Buck Mulligan says you have g p i He's up in Dottyville with
 Connolly Norman General paralysis of the insane He swept the mirror a half
 circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the

sea His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering
 teeth Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk Look at yourself he said
 you dreadful bard Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to
 him cleft by a crooked crack Hair on end As he and others see me Who chose
 this face for me This dogsbody to rid of vermin It asks me too I pinched it
 out of the skivvy's room Buck Mulligan said It does her all right The aunt
 always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi Lead him not into temptation And
 her name is Ursula Laughing again he brought the mirror away from Stephen's
 peering eyes The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror he said
 If Wilde were only alive to see you Drawing back and pointing Stephen said
 with bitterness It is a symbol of Irish art The cracked lookingglass of a
 servant Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with
 him round the tower his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had
 thrust them It's not fair to tease you like that Kinch is it he said kindly
 God knows you have more spirit than any of them Parried again He fears the
 lancet of my art as I fear that of his The cold steel pen Cracked lookingglass
 of a servant Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea
 He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman His old fellow made
 his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other God Kinch
 if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island
 Hellenise it Cranly's arm His arm And to think of your having to beg from
 these swine I'm the only one that knows what you are Why don't you trust me
 more What have you up your nose against me Is it Haines If he makes any noise
 here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they
 gave Clive Kempthorpe Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's
 rooms Palefaces they hold their ribs with laughter one clasping another O
 I shall expire Break the news to her gently Aubrey I shall die With slit
 ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table with
 trousers down at heels chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears A
 scared calf's face gilded with marmalade I don't want to be debugged Don't
 you play the giddy ox with me Shouts from the open window startling evening
 in the quadrangle A deaf gardener aproned masked with Matthew Arnold's face
 pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of
 grasshalms To ourselves new paganism omphalos Let him stay Stephen said
 There's nothing wrong with him except at night Then what is it Buck Mulligan
 asked impatiently Cough it up I'm quite frank with you What have you against
 me now They halted looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on
 the water like the snout of a sleeping whale Stephen freed his arm quietly
 Do you wish me to tell you he asked Yes what is it Buck Mulligan answered
 I don't remember anything He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke A light
 wind passed his brow fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring
 silver points of anxiety in his eyes Stephen depressed by his own voice said
 Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death
 Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said What Where I can't remember anything
 I remember only ideas and sensations Why What happened in the name of God
 You were making tea Stephen said and went across the landing to get more hot
 water Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom She asked
 you who was in your room Yes Buck Mulligan said What did I say I forget You
 said Stephen answered O it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead A
 flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's
 cheek Did I say that he asked Well What harm is that He shook his constraint

from him nervously And what is death he asked your mother's or yours or my
 own You saw only your mother die I see them pop off every day in the Mater
 and Richmond and cut up into tripe in the dissecting room It's a beastly
 thing and nothing else It simply doesn't matter You wouldn't kneel down to
 pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you Why Because you
 have the cursed jesuit strain in you only it's injected the wrong way To me
 it's all a mockery and beastly Her cerebral lobes are not functioning She
 calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt Humour
 her till it's over You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with
 me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's Absurd I
 suppose I did say it I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother He
 had spoken himself into boldness Stephen shielding the gaping wounds which
 the words had left in his heart said very coldly I am not thinking of the
 offence to my mother Of what then Buck Mulligan asked Of the offence to
 me Stephen answered Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel O an impossible
 person he exclaimed He walked off quickly round the parapet Stephen stood
 at his post gazing over the calm sea towards the headland Sea and headland
 now grew dim Pulses were beating in his eyes veiling their sight and he felt
 the fever of his cheeks A voice within the tower called loudly Are you up
 there Mulligan I'm coming Buck Mulligan answered He turned towards Stephen
 and said Look at the sea What does it care about offences Chuck Loyola Kinch
 and come on down The Sassenach wants his morning rashers His head halted
 again for a moment at the top of the staircase level with the roof Don't
 mope over it all day he said I'm inconsequent Give up the moody brooding
 His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the
 stairhead And no more turn aside and brood Upon love's bitter mystery For
 Fergus rules the brazen cars Woodshadows floated silently by through the
 morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed Inshore and farther
 out the mirror of water whitened spurned by lightshod hurrying feet White
 breast of the dim sea The twining stresses two by two A hand plucking the
 harpstrings merging their twining chords Wavewhite wedded words shimmering
 on the dim tide A cloud began to cover the sun slowly wholly shadowing the
 bay in deeper green It lay beneath him a bowl of bitter waters Fergus' song
 I sang it alone in the house holding down the long dark chords Her door was
 open she wanted to hear my music Silent with awe and pity I went to her
 bedside She was crying in her wretched bed For those words Stephen love's
 bitter mystery Where now Her secrets old featherfans tasselled dancecards
 powdered with musk a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer A birdcage
 hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl She heard old
 Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed with others
 when he sang I am the boy That can enjoy Invisibility Phantasmal mirth
 folded away muskperfumed And no more turn aside and brood Folded away in the
 memory of nature with her toys Memories beset his brooding brain Her glass
 of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament A cored
 apple filled with brown sugar roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn
 evening Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from
 the children's shirts In a dream silently she had come to him her wasted
 body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood
 her breath bent over him with mute secret words a faint odour of wetted
 ashes Her glazing eyes staring out of death to shake and bend my soul On me
 alone The ghostcandle to light her agony Ghostly light on the tortured face

Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror while all prayed on their knees
 Her eyes on me to strike me down Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma
 circumdet iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat Ghoul Chewer of corpses
 No mother Let me be and let me live Kinch ahoy Buck Mulligan's voice sang
 from within the tower It came nearer up the staircase calling again Stephen
 still trembling at his soul's cry heard warm running sunlight and in the
 air behind him friendly words Dedalus come down like a good mosey Breakfast
 is ready Haines is apologising for waking us last night It's all right I'm
 coming Stephen said turning Do for Jesus' sake Buck Mulligan said For my
 sake and for all our sakes His head disappeared and reappeared I told him
 your symbol of Irish art He says it's very clever Touch him for a quid will
 you A guinea I mean I get paid this morning Stephen said The school kip
 Buck Mulligan said How much Four quid Lend us one If you want it Stephen
 said Four shining sovereigns Buck Mulligan cried with delight We'll have
 a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids Four omnipotent sovereigns
 He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone stairs singing out of
 tune with a Cockney accent O won't we have a merry time Drinking whisky
 beer and wine On coronation Coronation day O won't we have a merry time On
 coronation day Warm sunshine merrying over the sea The nickel shavingbowl
 shone forgotten on the parapet Why should I bring it down Or leave it there
 all day forgotten friendship He went over to it held it in his hands awhile
 feeling its coolness smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the
 brush was stuck So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes I am
 another now and yet the same A servant too A server of a servant In the gloomy
 domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly to
 and fro about the hearth hiding and revealing its yellow glow Two shafts of
 soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbacans and at
 the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease
 floated turning We'll be choked Buck Mulligan said Haines open that door
 will you Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker A tall figure rose from
 the hammock where it had been sitting went to the doorway and pulled open
 the inner doors Have you the key a voice asked Dedalus has it Buck Mulligan
 said Janey Mack I'm choked He howled without looking up from the fire Kinch
 It's in the lock Stephen said coming forward The key scraped round harshly
 twice and when the heavy door had been set ajar welcome light and bright air
 entered Haines stood at the doorway looking out Stephen haled his upended
 valise to the table and sat down to wait Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on
 to the dish beside him Then he carried the dish and a large teapot over to
 the table set them down heavily and sighed with relief I'm melting he said
 as the candle remarked when But hush Not a word more on that subject Kinch
 wake up Bread butter honey Haines come in The grub is ready Bless us O Lord
 and these thy gifts Where's the sugar O jay there's no milk Stephen fetched
 the loaf and the pot of honey and the buttercooler from the locker Buck
 Mulligan sat down in a sudden pet What sort of a kip is this he said I told
 her to come after eight We can drink it black Stephen said thirstily There's
 a lemon in the locker O damn you and your Paris fads Buck Mulligan said I
 want Sandycove milk Haines came in from the doorway and said quietly That
 woman is coming up with the milk The blessings of God on you Buck Mulligan
 cried jumping up from his chair Sit down Pour out the tea there The sugar
 is in the bag Here I can't go fumbling at the damned eggs He hacked through
 the fry on the dish and slapped it out on three plates saying In nomine

Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Haines sat down to pour out the tea I'm giving you two lumps each he said But I say Mulligan you do make strong tea don't you Buck Mulligan hewing thick slices from the loaf said in an old woman's wheedling voice When I makes tea I makes tea as old mother Grogan said And when I makes water I makes water By Jove it is tea Haines said Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling So I do Mrs Cahill says she Begob ma'am says Mrs Cahill God send you don't make them in the one pot He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick slice of bread impaled on his knife That's folk he said very earnestly for your book Haines Five lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of Dundrum Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind He turned to Stephen and asked in a fine puzzled voice lifting his brows Can you recall brother is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken of in the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads I doubt it said Stephen gravely Do you now Buck Mulligan said in the same tone Your reasons pray I fancy Stephen said as he ate it did not exist in or out of the Mabinogion Mother Grogan was one imagines a kinswoman of Mary Ann Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight Charming he said in a finical sweet voice showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly Do you think she was Quite charming Then suddenly overclouding all his features he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf For old Mary Ann She doesn't care a damn But hissing up her petticoats He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned The doorway was darkened by an entering form The milk sir Come in ma'am Mulligan said Kinch get the jug An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow That's a lovely morning sir she said Glory be to God To whom Mulligan said glancing at her Ah to be sure Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker The islanders Mulligan said to Haines casually speak frequently of the collector of prepuces How much sir asked the old woman A quart Stephen said He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk not hers Old shrunken paps She poured again a measureful and a tilly Old and secret she had entered from a morning world maybe a messenger She praised the goodness of the milk pouring it out Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field a witch on her toadstool her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs They lowed about her whom they knew dewsilky cattle Silk of the kine and poor old woman names given her in old times A wandering crone lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer their common cuckquean a messenger from the secret morning To serve or to upbraid whether he could not tell but scorned to beg her favour It is indeed ma'am Buck Mulligan said pouring milk into their cups Taste it sir she said He drank at her bidding If we could live on good food like that he said to her somewhat loudly we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts Living in a bogswamp eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust horsedung and consumptives' spits Are you a medical student sir the old woman asked I am ma'am Buck Mulligan answered Look at that now she said Stephen listened in scornful silence She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly her bonesetter her medicineman me she slights To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins of man's flesh made not in God's likeness the serpent's prey And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes Do you understand what he says Stephen asked her Is it French you are talking sir the old woman said

to Haines Haines spoke to her again a longer speech confidently Irish Buck Mulligan said Is there Gaelic on you I thought it was Irish she said by the sound of it Are you from the west sir I am an Englishman Haines answered He's English Buck Mulligan said and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland Sure we ought to the old woman said and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows Grand is no name for it said Buck Mulligan Wonderful entirely Fill us out some more tea Kinch Would you like a cup ma'am No thank you sir the old woman said slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go Haines said to her Have you your bill We had better pay her Mulligan hadn't we Stephen filled again the three cups Bill sir she said halting Well it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling That's a shilling and one and two is two and two sir Buck Mulligan sighed and having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both sides stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets Pay up and look pleasant Haines said to him smiling Stephen filled a third cup a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk Buck Mulligan brought up a florin twisted it round in his fingers and cried A miracle He passed it along the table towards the old woman saying Ask nothing more of me sweet All I can give you I give Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand We'll owe twopence he said Time enough sir she said taking the coin Time enough Good morning sir She curtseyed and went out followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant Heart of my heart were it more More would be laid at your feet He turned to Stephen and said Seriously Dedalus I'm stony Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back some money Today the bards must drink and junket Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty That reminds me Haines said rising that I have to visit your national library today Our swim first Buck Mulligan said He turned to Stephen and asked blandly Is this the day for your monthly wash Kinch Then he said to Haines The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream Stephen said as he let honey trickle over a slice of the loaf Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you will let me Speaking to me They wash and tub and scrub Agenbite of inwit Conscience Yet here's a spot That one about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish art is deuced good Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and said with warmth of tone Wait till you hear him on Hamlet Haines Well I mean it Haines said still speaking to Stephen I was just thinking of it when that poor old creature came in Would I make any money by it Stephen asked Haines laughed and as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast of the hammock said I don't know I'm sure He strolled out to the doorway Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour You put your hoof in it now What did you say that for Well Stephen said The problem is to get money From whom From the milkwoman or from him It's a toss up I think I blow him out about you Buck Mulligan said and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes I see little hope Stephen said from her or from him Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid his hand on Stephen's arm From me Kinch he said In a suddenly changed tone he added To tell you the God's truth I think you're right Damn all else they are

good for Why don't you play them as I do To hell with them all Let us get
 out of the kip He stood up gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his
 gown saying resignedly Mulligan is stripped of his garments He emptied his
 pockets on to the table There's your snotrag he said And putting on his
 stiff collar and rebellious tie he spoke to them chiding them and to his
 dangling watchchain His hands plunged and rummaged in his trunk while he
 called for a clean handkerchief God we'll simply have to dress the character
 I want puce gloves and green boots Contradiction Do I contradict myself
 Very well then I contradict myself Mercurial Malachi A limp black missile
 flew out of his talking hands And there's your Latin quarter hat he said
 Stephen picked it up and put it on Haines called to them from the doorway
 Are you coming you fellows I'm ready Buck Mulligan answered going towards
 the door Come out Kinch You have eaten all we left I suppose Resigned he
 passed out with grave words and gait saying wellnigh with sorrow And going
 forth he met Butterly Stephen taking his ashplant from its leaningplace
 followed them out and as they went down the ladder pulled to the slow iron
 door and locked it He put the huge key in his inner pocket At the foot of
 the ladder Buck Mulligan asked Did you bring the key I have it Stephen
 said preceding them He walked on Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club
 with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses Down sir
 How dare you sir Haines asked Do you pay rent for this tower Twelve quid
 Buck Mulligan said To the secretary of state for war Stephen added over
 his shoulder They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last
 Rather bleak in wintertime I should say Martello you call it Billy Pitt had
 them built Buck Mulligan said when the French were on the sea But ours is
 the omphalos What is your idea of Hamlet Haines asked Stephen No no Buck
 Mulligan shouted in pain I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive
 reasons he has made out to prop it up Wait till I have a few pints in
 me first He turned to Stephen saying as he pulled down neatly the peaks
 of his primrose waistcoat You couldn't manage it under three pints Kinch
 could you It has waited so long Stephen said listlessly it can wait longer
 You pique my curiosity Haines said amiably Is it some paradox Pooh Buck
 Mulligan said We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes It's quite simple He
 proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and
 that he himself is the ghost of his own father What Haines said beginning
 to point at Stephen He himself Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise
 round his neck and bending in loose laughter said to Stephen's ear O shade
 of Kinch the elder Japhet in search of a father We're always tired in the
 morning Stephen said to Haines And it is rather long to tell Buck Mulligan
 walking forward again raised his hands The sacred pint alone can unbind
 the tongue of Dedalus he said I mean to say Haines explained to Stephen
 as they followed this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of
 Elsinore That beetles o'er his base into the sea isn't it Buck Mulligan
 turned suddenly for an instant towards Stephen but did not speak In the
 bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in cheap dusty mourning
 between their gay attires It's a wonderful tale Haines said bringing them
 to halt again Eyes pale as the sea the wind had freshened paler firm and
 prudent The seas' ruler he gazed southward over the bay empty save for the
 smokeplume of the mailboat vague on the bright skyline and a sail tacking
 by the Muglins I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere he said
 bemused The Father and the Son idea The Son striving to be atoned with

the Father Buck Mulligan at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face He looked at them his wellshaped mouth open happily his eyes from which he had suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense blinking with mad gaiety He moved a doll's head to and fro the brims of his Panama hat quivering and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard My mother's a jew my father's a bird With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree So here's to disciples and Calvary He held up a forefinger of warning If anyone thinks that I amn't divine He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine But have to drink water and wish it were plain That I make when the wine becomes water again He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and running forward to a brow of the cliff fluttered his hands at his sides like fins or wings of one about to rise in the air and chanted Goodbye now goodbye Write down all I said And tell Tom Dick and Harry I rose from the dead What's bred in the bone cannot fail me to fly And Olivet's breezy Goodbye now goodbye He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole fluttering his winglike hands leaping nimbly Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdsweet cries Haines who had been laughing guardedly walked on beside Stephen and said We oughtn't to laugh I suppose He's rather blasphemous I'm not a believer myself that is to say Still his gaiety takes the harm out of it somehow doesn't it What did he call it Joseph the Joiner The ballad of joking Jesus Stephen answered O Haines said you have heard it before Three times a day after meals Stephen said drily You're not a believer are you Haines asked I mean a believer in the narrow sense of the word Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God There's only one sense of the word it seems to me Stephen said Haines stopped to take out a smooth silver case in which twinkled a green stone He sprang it open with his thumb and offered it Thank you Stephen said taking a cigarette Haines helped himself and snapped the case to He put it back in his sidepocket and took from his waistcoatpocket a nickel tinderbox sprang it open too and having lit his cigarette held the flaming spunk towards Stephen in the shell of his hands Yes of course he said as they went on again Either you believe or you don't isn't it Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God You don't stand for that I suppose You behold in me Stephen said with grim displeasure a horrible example of free thought He walked on waiting to be spoken to trailing his ashplant by his side Its ferrule followed lightly on the path squealing at his heels My familiar after me calling Steeeeeeeeeeeephen A wavering line along the path They will walk on it tonight coming here in the dark He wants that key It is mine I paid the rent Now I eat his salt bread Give him the key too All He will ask for it That was in his eyes After all Haines began Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind After all I should think you are able to free yourself You are your own master it seems to me I am a servant of two masters Stephen said an English and an Italian Italian Haines said A crazy queen old and jealous Kneel down before me And a third Stephen said there is who wants me for odd jobs Italian Haines said again What do you mean The imperial British state Stephen answered his colour rising and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke I can quite understand that he said calmly An Irishman must think like that I daresay We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly It seems

history is to blame The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory
 the triumph of their brazen bells et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam
 ecclesiam the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare
 thoughts a chemistry of stars Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope
 Marcellus the voices blended singing alone loud in affirmation and behind
 their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced
 her heresiarchs A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry Photius and
 the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one and Arius warring his life
 long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father and Valentine
 spurning Christ's terrene body and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius
 who held that the Father was Himself His own Son Words Mulligan had spoken
 a moment since in mockery to the stranger Idle mockery The void awaits
 surely all them that weave the wind a menace a disarming and a worsting
 from those embattled angels of the church Michael's host who defend her
 ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields Hear hear
 Prolonged applause Zut Nom de Dieu Of course I'm a Britisher Haines's
 voice said and I feel as one I don't want to see my country fall into the
 hands of German jews either That's our national problem I'm afraid just
 now Two men stood at the verge of the cliff watching businessman boatman
 She's making for Bullock harbour The boatman nodded towards the north of
 the bay with some disdain There's five fathoms out there he said It'll be
 swept up that way when the tide comes in about one It's nine days today
 The man that was drowned A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a
 swollen bundle to bob up roll over to the sun a puffy face saltwhite Here
 I am They followed the winding path down to the creek Buck Mulligan stood
 on a stone in shirtsleeves his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder A
 young man clinging to a spur of rock near him moved slowly frogwise his
 green legs in the deep jelly of the water Is the brother with you Malachi
 Down in Westmeath With the Bannons Still there I got a card from Bannon
 Says he found a sweet young thing down there Photo girl he calls her
 Snapshot eh Brief exposure Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots An
 elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face He scrambled
 up by the stones water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey
 hair water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his
 black sagging loincloth Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and
 glancing at Haines and Stephen crossed himself piously with his thumbnail
 at brow and lips and breastbone Seymour's back in town the young man said
 grasping again his spur of rock Chucked medicine and going in for the army
 Ah go to God Buck Mulligan said Going over next week to stew You know
 that red Carlisle girl Lily Yes Spooning with him last night on the pier
 The father is rotto with money Is she up the pole Better ask Seymour that
 Seymour a bleeding officer Buck Mulligan said He nodded to himself as he
 drew off his trousers and stood up saying tritely Redheaded women buck like
 goats He broke off in alarm feeling his side under his flapping shirt My
 twelfth rib is gone he cried I'm the Übermensch Toothless Kinch and I the
 supermen He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where
 his clothes lay Are you going in here Malachi Yes Make room in the bed
 The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the
 middle of the creek in two long clean strokes Haines sat down on a stone
 smoking Are you not coming in Buck Mulligan asked Later on Haines said Not
 on my breakfast Stephen turned away I'm going Mulligan he said Give us

that key Kinch Buck Mulligan said to keep my chemise flat Stephen handed
 him the key Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes And twopence
 he said for a pint Throw it there Stephen threw two pennies on the soft
 heap Dressing undressing Buck Mulligan erect with joined hands before
 him said solemnly He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord Thus
 spake Zarathustra His plump body plunged We'll see you again Haines said
 turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish Horn of a
 bull hoof of a horse smile of a Saxon The Ship Buck Mulligan cried Half
 twelve Good Stephen said He walked along the upwardcurving path Liliata
 rutilantium Turma circumdet Iubilantium te virginum The priest's grey nimbus
 in a niche where he dressed discreetly I will not sleep here tonight Home
 also I cannot go A voice sweettoned and sustained called to him from the
 sea Turning the curve he waved his hand It called again A sleek brown head
 a seal's far out on the water round Usurper [2] You Cochrane what city
 sent for him Tarentum sir Very good Well There was a battle sir Very good
 Where The boy's blank face asked the blank window Fabled by the daughters
 of memory And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it A phrase
 then of impatience thud of Blake's wings of excess I hear the ruin of all
 space shattered glass and toppling masonry and time one livid final flame
 What's left us then I forget the place sir 279 B C Asculum Stephen said
 glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book Yes sir And he said
 Another victory like that and we are done for That phrase the world had
 remembered A dull ease of the mind From a hill above a corpsestrewn plain
 a general speaking to his officers leaned upon his spear Any general to
 any officers They lend ear You Armstrong Stephen said What was the end
 of Pyrrhus End of Pyrrhus sir I know sir Ask me sir Comyn said Wait You
 Armstrong Do you know anything about Pyrrhus A bag of figrolls lay snugly
 in Armstrong's satchel He curled them between his palms at whiles and
 swallowed them softly Crumbs adhered to the tissue of his lips A sweetened
 boy's breath Welloff people proud that their eldest son was in the navy Vico
 Road Dalkey Pyrrhus sir Pyrrhus a pier All laughed Mirthless high malicious
 laughter Armstrong looked round at his classmates silly glee in profile In
 a moment they will laugh more loudly aware of my lack of rule and of the
 fees their papas pay Tell me now Stephen said poking the boy's shoulder
 with the book what is a pier A pier sir Armstrong said A thing out in the
 water A kind of a bridge Kingstown pier sir Some laughed again mirthless
 but with meaning Two in the back bench whispered Yes They knew had never
 learned nor ever been innocent All With envy he watched their faces Edith
 Ethel Gerty Lily Their likes their breaths too sweetened with tea and jam
 their bracelets tittering in the struggle Kingstown pier Stephen said Yes
 a disappointed bridge The words troubled their gaze How sir Comyn asked A
 bridge is across a river For Haines's chapbook No one here to hear Tonight
 deftly amid wild drink and talk to pierce the polished mail of his mind What
 then A jester at the court of his master indulged and disesteemed winning
 a clement master's praise Why had they chosen all that part Not wholly for
 the smooth caress For them too history was a tale like any other too often
 heard their land a pawnshop Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in
 Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death They are not to be thought
 away Time has branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the
 infinite possibilities they have ousted But can those have been possible
 seeing that they never were Or was that only possible which came to pass

Weave weaver of the wind Tell us a story sir O do sir A ghoststory Where do you begin in this Stephen asked opening another book Weep no more Comyn said Go on then Talbot And the story sir After Stephen said Go on Talbot A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork of his satchel He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text Weep no more woful shepherds weep no more For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor It must be a movement then an actuality of the possible as possible Aristotle's phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read sheltered from the sin of Paris night by night By his elbow a delicate Siamese conned a handbook of strategy Fed and feeding brains about me under glowlamps impaled with faintly beating feelers and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld reluctant shy of brightness shifting her dragon scaly folds Thought is the thought of thought Tranquil brightness The soul is in a manner all that is the soul is the form of forms Tranquility sudden vast candescent form of forms Talbot repeated Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves Through the dear might Turn over Stephen said quietly I don't see anything What sir Talbot asked simply bending forward His hand turned the page over He leaned back and went on again having just remembered Of him that walked the waves Here also over these craven hearts his shadow lies and on the scoffer's heart and lips and on mine It lies upon their eager faces who offered him a coin of the tribute To Caesar what is Caesar's to God what is God's A long look from dark eyes a riddling sentence to be woven and woven on the church's looms Ay Riddle me riddle me randy ro My father gave me seeds to sow Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel Have I heard all Stephen asked Yes sir Hockey at ten sir Half day sir Thursday Who can answer a riddle Stephen asked They bundled their books away pencils clacking pages rustling Crowding together they strapped and buckled their satchels all gabbling gaily A riddle sir Ask me sir O ask me sir A hard one sir This is the riddle Stephen said The cock crew The sky was blue The bells in heaven Were striking eleven 'Tis time for this poor soul To go to heaven What is that What sir Again sir We didn't hear Their eyes grew bigger as the lines were repeated After a silence Cochrane said What is it sir We give it up Stephen his throat itching answered The fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush He stood up and gave a shout of nervous laughter to which their cries echoed dismay A stick struck the door and a voice in the corridor called Hockey They broke asunder sidling out of their benches leaping them Quickly they were gone and from the lumberroom came the rattle of sticks and clamour of their boots and tongues Sargent who alone had lingered came forward slowly showing an open copybook His tangled hair and scraggy neck gave witness of unreadiness and through his misty glasses weak eyes looked up pleading On his cheek dull and bloodless a soft stain of ink lay dateshaped recent and damp as a snail's bed He held out his copybook The word Sums was written on the headline Beneath were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with blind loops and a blot Cyril Sargent his name and seal Mr Deasy told me to write them out all again he said and show them to you sir Stephen touched the edges of the book Futility Do you understand how to do them now he asked Numbers eleven to fifteen Sargent answered Mr Deasy said I was to copy them off the board sir Can you do them yourself Stephen asked No sir Ugly and futile

lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink a snail's bed Yet someone had loved him borne him in her arms and in her heart But for her the race of the world would have trampled him underfoot a squashed boneless snail She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own Was that then real The only true thing in life His mother's prostrate body the fiery Columbanus in holy zeal bestrode She was no more the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes She had saved him from being trampled underfoot and had gone scarcely having been A poor soul gone to heaven and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox red reek of rapine in his fur with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth listened scraped up the earth listened scraped and scraped Sitting at his side Stephen solved out the problem He proves by algebra that Shakespeare's ghost is Hamlet's grandfather Sargent peered askance through his slanted glasses Hockeysticks rattled in the lumberroom the hollow knock of a ball and calls from the field Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice in the mummerly of their letters wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes Give hands traverse bow to partner so imps of fancy of the Moors Gone too from the world Averroes and Moses Maimonides dark men in mien and movement flashing in their mocking mirrors the obscure soul of the world a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend Do you understand now Can you work the second for yourself Yes sir In long shaky strokes Sargent copied the data Waiting always for a word of help his hand moved faithfully the unsteady symbols a faint hue of shame flickering behind his dull skin Amor matris subjective and objective genitive With her weak blood and wheysour milk she had fed him and hid from sight of others his swaddling bands Like him was I these sloping shoulders this gracelessness My childhood bends beside me Too far for me to lay a hand there once or lightly Mine is far and his secret as our eyes Secrets silent stony sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts secrets weary of their tyranny tyrants willing to be dethroned The sum was done It is very simple Stephen said as he stood up Yes sir Thanks Sargent answered He dried the page with a sheet of thin blottingpaper and carried his copybook back to his bench You had better get your stick and go out to the others Stephen said as he followed towards the door the boy's graceless form Yes sir In the corridor his name was heard called from the playfield Sargent Run on Stephen said Mr Deasy is calling you He stood in the porch and watched the laggard hurry towards the scrappy field where sharp voices were in strife They were sorted in teams and Mr Deasy came away stepping over wisps of grass with gaitered feet When he had reached the schoolhouse voices again contending called to him He turned his angry white moustache What is it now he cried continually without listening Cochrane and Halliday are on the same side sir Stephen said Will you wait in my study for a moment Mr Deasy said till I restore order here And as he stepped fussily back across the field his old man's voice cried sternly What is the matter What is it now Their sharp voices cried about him on all sides their many forms closed round him the garish sunshine bleaching the honey of his illdyed head Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded leather of its chairs As on the first day he bargained with me here As it was in the beginning is now On the sideboard the tray of Stuart coins base treasure of a bog and ever shall be And snug in their spooncase of purple plush faded the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles world

without end A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor Blowing out his rare moustache Mr Deasy halted at the table First our little financial settlement he said He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound by a leather thong It slapped open and he took from it two notes one of joined halves and laid them carefully on the table Two he said strapping and stowing his pocketbook away And now his strongroom for the gold Stephen's embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar whelks and money cowries and leopard shells and this whorled as an emir's turban and this the scallop of saint James An old pilgrim's hoard dead treasure hollow shells A sovereign fell bright and new on the soft pile of the tablecloth Three Mr Deasy said turning his little savingsbox about in his hand These are handy things to have See This is for sovereigns This is for shillings Sixpences halfcrowns And here crowns See He shot from it two crowns and two shillings Three twelve he said I think you'll find that's right Thank you sir Stephen said gathering the money together with shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers No thanks at all Mr Deasy said You have earned it Stephen's hand free again went back to the hollow shells Symbols too of beauty and of power A lump in my pocket symbols soiled by greed and misery Don't carry it like that Mr Deasy said You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it You just buy one of these machines You'll find them very handy Answer something Mine would be often empty Stephen said The same room and hour the same wisdom and I the same Three times now Three nooses round me here Well I can break them in this instant if I will Because you don't save Mr Deasy said pointing his finger You don't know yet what money is Money is power When you have lived as long as I have I know I know If youth but knew But what does Shakespeare say Put but money in thy purse Iago Stephen murmured He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare He knew what money was Mr Deasy said He made money A poet yes but an Englishman too Do you know what is the pride of the English Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth The seas' ruler His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay it seems history is to blame on me and on my words unhating That on his empire Stephen said the sun never sets Ba Mr Deasy cried That's not English A French Celt said that He tapped his savingsbox against his thumbnail I will tell you he said solemnly what is his proudest boast I paid my way Good man good man I paid my way I never borrowed a shilling in my life Can you feel that I owe nothing Can you Mulligan nine pounds three pairs of socks one pair brogues ties Curran ten guineas McCann one guinea Fred Ryan two shillings Temple two lunches Russell one guinea Cousins ten shillings Bob Reynolds half a guinea Koehler three guineas Mrs MacKernan five weeks' board The lump I have is useless For the moment no Stephen answered Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight putting back his savingsbox I knew you couldn't he said joyously But one day you must feel it We are a generous people but we must also be just I fear those big words Stephen said which make us so unhappy Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the mantelpiece at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan fillibegs Albert Edward prince of Wales You think me an old fogey and an old tory his thoughtful voice said I saw three generations since O'Connell's time I remember the famine in '46 Do you know that the orange lodges agitated for repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell did or before the prelates of your communion denounced him as a demagogue You fenians forget some

things Glorious pious and immortal memory The lodge of Diamond in Armagh
 the splendid behung with corpses of papishes Hoarse masked and armed the
 planters' covenant The black north and true blue bible Croppies lie down
 Stephen sketched a brief gesture I have rebel blood in me too Mr Deasy said
 On the spindle side But I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted
 for the union We are all Irish all kings' sons Alas Stephen said Per vias
 rectas Mr Deasy said firmly was his motto He voted for it and put on his
 topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do so Lal the ral the
 ra The rocky road to Dublin A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots
 Soft day sir John Soft day your honour Day Day Two topboots jog dangling
 on to Dublin Lal the ral the ra Lal the ral the raddy That reminds me Mr
 Deasy said You can do me a favour Mr Dedalus with some of your literary
 friends I have a letter here for the press Sit down a moment I have just
 to copy the end He went to the desk near the window pulled in his chair
 twice and read off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter
 Sit down Excuse me he said over his shoulder the dictates of common sense
 Just a moment He peered from under his shaggy brows at the manuscript by
 his elbow and muttering began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard
 slowly sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error Stephen
 seated himself noiselessly before the princely presence Framed around the
 walls images of vanished horses stood in homage their meek heads poised in
 air lord Hastings' Repulse the duke of Westminster's Shotover the duke
 of Beaufort's Ceylon prix de Paris 1866 Elfin riders sat them watchful
 of a sign He saw their speeds backing king's colours and shouted with the
 shouts of vanished crowds Full stop Mr Deasy bade his keys But prompt
 ventilation of this allimportant question Where Cranly led me to get rich
 quick hunting his winners among the mudsplashed brakes amid the bawls of
 bookies on their pitches and reek of the canteen over the motley slush Even
 money Fair Rebel Ten to one the field Dicers and thimblerriggers we hurried
 by after the hoofs the vying caps and jackets and past the meatfaced woman
 a butcher's dame nuzzling thirstily her clove of orange Shouts rang shrill
 from the boys' playfield and a whirring whistle Again a goal I am among
 them among their battling bodies in a medley the joust of life You mean
 that knockkneed mother's darling who seems to be slightly crawsick Jousts
 Time shocked rebounds shock by shock Jousts slush and uproar of battles
 the frozen deathspew of the slain a shout of spearspikes baited with men's
 bloodied guts Now then Mr Deasy said rising He came to the table pinning
 together his sheets Stephen stood up I have put the matter into a nutshell
 Mr Deasy said It's about the foot and mouth disease Just look through it
 There can be no two opinions on the matter May I trespass on your valuable
 space That doctrine of laissez faire which so often in our history Our
 cattle trade The way of all our old industries Liverpool ring which jockeyed
 the Galway harbour scheme European conflagration Grain supplies through
 the narrow waters of the channel The pluterperfect imperturbability of the
 department of agriculture Pardoned a classical allusion Cassandra By a
 woman who was no better than she should be To come to the point at issue
 I don't mince words do I Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on Foot and mouth
 disease Known as Koch's preparation Serum and virus Percentage of salted
 horses Rinderpest Emperor's horses at Mürzsteg lower Austria Veterinary
 surgeons Mr Henry Blackwood Price Courteous offer a fair trial Dictates
 of common sense Allimportant question In every sense of the word take the

bull by the horns Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns I want
 that to be printed and read Mr Deasy said You will see at the next outbreak
 they will put an embargo on Irish cattle And it can be cured It is cured
 My cousin Blackwood Price writes to me it is regularly treated and cured
 in Austria by cattledoctors there They offer to come over here I am trying
 to work up influence with the department Now I'm going to try publicity I
 am surrounded by difficulties by intrigues by backstairs influence by He
 raised his forefinger and beat the air oldly before his voice spoke Mark
 my words Mr Dedalus he said England is in the hands of the jews In all the
 highest places her finance her press And they are the signs of a nation's
 decay Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength I have
 seen it coming these years As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants
 are already at their work of destruction Old England is dying He stepped
 swiftly off his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam
 He faced about and back again Dying he said again if not dead by now The
 harlot's cry from street to street Shall weave old England's windingsheet
 His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he
 halted A merchant Stephen said is one who buys cheap and sells dear jew or
 gentile is he not They sinned against the light Mr Deasy said gravely And
 you can see the darkness in their eyes And that is why they are wanderers
 on the earth to this day On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the
 goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers Gabble of geese
 They swarmed loud uncouth about the temple their heads thickplotting under
 maladroitness silk hats Not theirs these clothes this speech these gestures
 Their full slow eyes belied the words the gestures eager and unoffending
 but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain Vain
 patience to heap and hoard Time surely would scatter all A hoard heaped
 by the roadside plundered and passing on Their eyes knew their years of
 wandering and patient knew the dishonours of their flesh Who has not Stephen
 said What do you mean Mr Deasy asked He came forward a pace and stood by
 the table His underjaw fell sideways open uncertainly Is this old wisdom
 He waits to hear from me History Stephen said is a nightmare from which I
 am trying to awake From the playfield the boys raised a shout A whirring
 whistle goal What if that nightmare gave you a back kick The ways of the
 Creator are not our ways Mr Deasy said All human history moves towards one
 great goal the manifestation of God Stephen jerked his thumb towards the
 window saying That is God Hooray Ay Whrrwhee What Mr Deasy asked A shout
 in the street Stephen answered shrugging his shoulders Mr Deasy looked
 down and held for awhile the wings of his nose tweaked between his fingers
 Looking up again he set them free I am happier than you are he said We have
 committed many errors and many sins A woman brought sin into the world
 For a woman who was no better than she should be Helen the runaway wife
 of Menelaus ten years the Greeks made war on Troy A faithless wife first
 brought the strangers to our shore here MacMurrough's wife and her leman
 O'Rourke prince of Breffni A woman too brought Parnell low Many errors
 many failures but not the one sin I am a struggler now at the end of my
 days But I will fight for the right till the end For Ulster will fight
 And Ulster will be right Stephen raised the sheets in his hand Well sir
 he began I foresee Mr Deasy said that you will not remain here very long
 at this work You were not born to be a teacher I think Perhaps I am wrong
 A learner rather Stephen said And here what will you learn more Mr Deasy

shook his head Who knows he said To learn one must be humble But life is
 the great teacher Stephen rustled the sheets again As regards these he
 began Yes Mr Deasy said You have two copies there If you can have them
 published at once Telegraph Irish Homestead I will try Stephen said and
 let you know tomorrow I know two editors slightly That will do Mr Deasy
 said briskly I wrote last night to Mr Field M.P There is a meeting of the
 cattletaders' association today at the City Arms hotel I asked him to
 lay my letter before the meeting You see if you can get it into your two
 papers What are they The Evening Telegraph That will do Mr Deasy said There
 is no time to lose Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin Good
 morning sir Stephen said putting the sheets in his pocket Thank you Not at
 all Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk I like to break
 a lance with you old as I am Good morning sir Stephen said again bowing
 to his bent back He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path
 under the trees hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the
 playfield The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the
 gate toothless terrors Still I will help him in his fight Mulligan will dub
 me a new name the bullockbefriending bard Mr Dedalus Running after me No
 more letters I hope Just one moment Yes sir Stephen said turning back at
 the gate Mr Deasy halted breathing hard and swallowing his breath I just
 wanted to say he said Ireland they say has the honour of being the only
 country which never persecuted the jews Do you know that No And do you know
 why He frowned sternly on the bright air Why sir Stephen asked beginning
 to smile Because she never let them in Mr Deasy said solemnly A coughball
 of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of
 phlegm He turned back quickly coughing laughing his lifted arms waving to
 the air She never let them in he cried again through his laughter as he
 stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path That's why On his wise
 shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles dancing
 coins [3] Ineluctable modality of the visible at least that if no more
 thought through my eyes Signatures of all things I am here to read seaspawn
 and seawrack the nearing tide that rusty boot Snotgreen bluesilver rust
 coloured signs Limits of the diaphane But he adds in bodies Then he was
 aware of them bodies before of them coloured How By knocking his sponce
 against them sure Go easy Bald he was and a millionaire maestro di color
 che sanno Limit of the diaphane in Why in Diaphane adiaphane If you can
 put your five fingers through it it is a gate if not a door Shut your eyes
 and see Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack
 and shells You are walking through it howsomever I am a stride at a time
 A very short space of time through very short times of space Five six the
 nacheinander Exactly and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible
 Open your eyes No Jesus If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base
 fell through the nebeneinander ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the
 dark My ash sword hangs at my side Tap with it they do My two feet in his
 boots are at the ends of his legs nebeneinander Sounds solid made by
 the mallet of Los Demiurgos Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount
 strand Crush crack crick crick Wild sea money Dominie Deasy kens them a'
 Won't you come to Sandymount Madeline the mare Rhythm begins you see I
 hear A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching No agallop deline the mare
 Open your eyes now I will One moment Has all vanished since If I open
 and am for ever in the black adiaphane Basta I will see if I can see See

now There all the time without you and ever shall be world without end
 They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently Frauenzimmer and
 down the shelving shore flabbily their splayed feet sinking in the silted
 sand Like me like Algy coming down to our mighty mother Number one swung
 lourdily her midwife's bag the other's gamp poked in the beach From the
 liberties out for the day Mrs Florence MacCabe relict of the late Patk
 MacCabe deeply lamented of Bride Street One of her sisterhood lugged me
 squealing into life Creation from nothing What has she in the bag A misbirth
 with a trailing navelcord hushed in ruddy wool The cords of all link back
 strandentwining cable of all flesh That is why mystic monks Will you be as
 gods Gaze in your omphalos Hello Kinch here Put me on to Edenville Aleph
 alpha nought nought one Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon Heva naked Eve
 She had no navel Gaze Belly without blemish bulging big a buckler of taut
 vellum no whiteheaped corn orient and immortal standing from everlasting to
 everlasting Womb of sin Wombed in sin darkness I was too made not begotten
 By them the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on
 her breath They clasped and sundered did the coupler's will From before
 the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever A lex eterna
 stays about Him Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son
 are consubstantial Where is poor dear Arius to try conclusions Warring
 his life long upon the contransmagnificandjewbangtentiality Illstarred
 heresiarch In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last euthanasia With
 beaded mitre and with crozier stalled upon his throne widower of a widowed
 see with upstiffed omophorion with clotted hinderparts Airs romped round
 him nipping and eager airs They are coming waves The whitemaned seahorses
 champing brightwindbridled the steeds of Mananaan I mustn't forget his
 letter for the press And after The Ship half twelve By the way go easy
 with that money like a good young imbecile Yes I must His pace slackened
 Here Am I going to aunt Sara's or not My consubstantial father's voice Did
 you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately No Sure he's not
 down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally Couldn't he fly a bit higher
 than that eh And and and and tell us Stephen how is uncle Si O weeping
 God the things I married into De boys up in de hayloft The drunken little
 costdrawer and his brother the cornet player Highly respectable gondoliers
 And skeweyed Walter sirring his father no less Sir Yes sir No sir Jesus
 wept and no wonder by Christ I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered
 cottage and wait They take me for a dun peer out from a coign of vantage
 It's Stephen sir Let him in Let Stephen in A bolt drawn back and Walter
 welcomes me We thought you were someone else In his broad bed nuncle Richie
 pillowed and blanketed extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm
 Cleanchested He has washed the upper moiety Morrow nephew He lays aside
 the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of master
 Goff and master Shapland Tandy filing consents and common searches and a
 writ of Duces Tecum A bogoak frame over his bald head Wilde's Requiescat
 The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back Yes sir Malt for
 Richie and Stephen tell mother Where is she Bathing Crissie sir Papa's
 little bedpal Lump of love No uncle Richie Call me Richie Damn your lithia
 water It lowers Whusky Uncle Richie really Sit down or by the law Harry
 I'll knock you down Walter squints vainly for a chair He has nothing to
 sit down on sir He has nowhere to put it you mug Bring in our chippendale
 chair Would you like a bite of something None of your damned lawdeedaw airs

here The rich of a rasher fried with a herring Sure So much the better We
 have nothing in the house but backache pills All'erta He drones bars of
 Ferrando's aria di sortita The grandest number Stephen in the whole opera
 Listen His tuneful whistle sounds again finely shaded with rushes of the
 air his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees This wind is sweeter Houses
 of decay mine his and all You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a
 judge and an uncle a general in the army Come out of them Stephen Beauty
 is not there Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the
 fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas For whom The hundredheaded rabble of the
 cathedral close A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness
 his mane foaming in the moon his eyeballs stars Houyhnhnm horsenostrilled
 The oval equine faces Temple Buck Mulligan Foxy Campbell Lanternjaws Abbas
 father furious dean what offence laid fire to their brains Paff Descende
 calve ut ne nimium decalveris A garland of grey hair on his comminated
 head see him me clambering down to the footpace (descende) clutching a
 monstrance basiliskeyed Get down baldpoll A choir gives back menace and
 echo assisting about the altar's horns the snorted Latin of jackpriests
 moving burly in their albs tonsured and oiled and gelded fat with the fat
 of kidneys of wheat And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the
 corner is elevating it Dringdring And two streets off another locking it
 into a pyx Dringadring And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to
 his own cheek Dringdring Down up forward back Dan Occam thought of that
 invincible doctor A misty English morning the imp hypostasis tickled his
 brain Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his second
 bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and rising heard
 (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong
 Cousin Stephen you will never be a saint Isle of saints You were awfully
 holy weren't you You prayed to the Blessed Virgin that you might not have
 a red nose You prayed to the devil in Serpentine avenue that the fubsy
 widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street O
 si certo Sell your soul for that do dyed rags pinned round a squaw More
 tell me more still On the top of the Howth tram alone crying to the rain
 Naked women Naked women What about that eh What about what What else were
 they invented for Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night
 eh I was young You bowed to yourself in the mirror stepping forward to
 applause earnestly striking face Hurray for the Goddamned idiot Hray No
 one saw tell no one Books you were going to write with letters for titles
 Have you read his F O yes but I prefer Q Yes but W is wonderful O yes W
 Remember your epiphanies written on green oval leaves deeply deep copies
 to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world including
 Alexandria Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years a
 mahamanvantara Pico della Mirandola like Ay very like a whale When one
 reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one
 with one who once The grainy sand had gone from under his feet His boots
 trod again a damp crackling mast razorshells squeaking pebbles that on
 the unnumbered pebbles beats wood sieved by the shipworm lost Armada
 Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles breathing upward
 sewage breath a pocket of seaweed smouldered in seafire under a midden of
 man's ashes He coasted them walking warily A porterbottle stood up stogged
 to its waist in the cakey sand dough A sentinel isle of dreadful thirst
 Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther

away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two
 crucified shirts Ringsend wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners
 Human shells He halted I have passed the way to aunt Sara's Am I not going
 there Seems not No one about He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand
 towards the Pigeonhouse Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position C'est
 le pigeon Joseph Patrice home on furlough lapped warm milk with me in the
 bar MacMahon Son of the wild goose Kevin Egan of Paris My father's a bird
 he lapped the sweet lait chaud with pink young tongue plump bunny's face
 Lap lapin He hopes to win in the gros lots About the nature of women he
 read in Michelet But he must send me La Vie de Jésus by M Léo Taxil Lent
 it to his friend C'est tordant vous savez Moi je suis socialiste Je ne
 crois pas en l'existence de Dieu Faut pas le dire à mon père Il croit Mon
 père oui Schluss He laps My Latin quarter hat God we simply must dress
 the character I want puce gloves You were a student weren't you Of what
 in the other devil's name Paysayenn P C N you know physiques chimiques et
 naturelles Aha Eating your groatsworth of mou en civet fleshpots of Egypt
 elbowed by belching cabmen Just say in the most natural tone when I was in
 Paris; boul' Mich' I used to Yes used to carry punched tickets to prove
 an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere Justice On the night of
 the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses
 Other fellow did it other me Hat tie overcoat nose Lui c'est moi You seem
 to have enjoyed yourself Proudly walking Whom were you trying to walk
 like Forget a dispossessed With mother's money order eight shillings the
 banging door of the post office slammed in your face by the usher Hunger
 toothache Encore deux minutes Look clock Must get Fermé Hired dog Shoot
 him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun bits man splattered walls all brass
 buttons Bits all khrrrrklak in place clack back Not hurt O that's all
 right Shake hands See what I meant see O that's all right Shake a shake O
 that's all only all right You were going to do wonders what Missionary to
 Europe after fiery Columbanus Fiacre and Scotus on their creepystools in
 heaven spilt from their pintpots loudlatinlaughing Euge Euge Pretending
 to speak broken English as you dragged your valise porter threepence
 across the slimy pier at Newhaven Comment Rich booty you brought back; Le
 Tutu five tattered numbers of Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge ; a blue
 French telegram curiosity to show Mother dying come home father The aunt
 thinks you killed your mother That's why she won't Then here's a health to
 Mulligan's aunt And I'll tell you the reason why She always kept things
 decent in The Hannigan famileye His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm
 over the sand furrows along by the boulders of the south wall He stared
 at them proudly piled stone mammoth skulls Gold light on sea on sand on
 boulders The sun is there the slender trees the lemon houses Paris rawly
 waking crude sunlight on her lemon streets Moist pith of farls of bread
 the froggreen wormwood her matin incense court the air Belluomo rises from
 the bed of his wife's lover's wife the kerchiefed housewife is astir a
 saucer of acetic acid in her hand In Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake
 their tumbled beauties shattering with gold teeth chaussons of pastry
 their mouths yellowed with the pus of flan bréton Faces of Paris men go
 by their wellpleased pleasers curled conquistadores Noon slumbers Kevin
 Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer's ink
 sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white About us gobblers fork spiced
 beans down their gullets Un demi sétier A jet of coffee steam from the

burnished caldron She serves me at his beck Il est irlandais Hollandais
 Non fromage Deux irlandais nous Irlande vous savez ah oui She thought
 you wanted a cheese hollandais Your postprandial do you know that word
 Postprandial There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona queer fellow used
 to call it his postprandial Well slainte Around the slabbed tables the
 tangle of wined breaths and grumbling gorges His breath hangs over our
 saucestained plates the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips Of
 Ireland the Dalcassians of hopes conspiracies of Arthur Griffith now A E
 pimander good shepherd of men To yoke me as his yokefellow our crimes our
 common cause You're your father's son I know the voice His fustian shirt
 sanguineflowered trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets M Drumont
 famous journalist Drumont know what he called queen Victoria Old hag with
 the yellow teeth Vieille ogresse with the dents jaunes Maud Gonne beautiful
 woman La Patrie M Millevoye Félix Faure know how he died Licentious men
 The froeken bonne à tout faire who rubs male nakedness in the bath at
 Upsala Moi faire she said Tous les messieurs Not this Monsieur I said
 Most licentious custom Bath a most private thing I wouldn't let my brother
 not even my own brother most lascivious thing Green eyes I see you Fang I
 feel Lascivious people The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns
 clear Loose tobaccoshreds catch fire a flame and acrid smoke light our
 corner Raw facebones under his peep of day boy's hat How the head centre
 got away authentic version Got up as a young bride man veil orangeblossoms
 drove out the road to Malahide Did faith Of lost leaders the betrayed wild
 escapes Disguises clutched at gone not here Spurned lover I was a strapping
 young gossoon at that time I tell you I'll show you my likeness one day I
 was faith Lover for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke tanist
 of his sept under the walls of Clerkenwell and crouching saw a flame of
 vengeance hurl them upward in the fog Shattered glass and toppling masonry
 In gay Paree he hides Egan of Paris unsought by any save by me Making his
 day's stations the dingy printingcase his three taverns the Montmartre lair
 he sleeps short night in rue de la Goutte d'Or damascened with flyblown
 faces of the gone Loveless landless wifeless She is quite nicey comfy
 without her outcast man madame in rue Git le Cœur canary and two buck
 lodgers Peachy cheeks a zebra skirt frisky as a young thing's Spurned and
 undespairing Tell Pat you saw me won't you I wanted to get poor Pat a job
 one time Mon fils soldier of France I taught him to sing The boys of
 Kilkenny are stout roaring blades Know that old lay I taught Patrice that
 Old Kilkenny saint Canice Strongbow's castle on the Nore Goes like this
 O O He takes me Napper Tandy by the hand O O the boys of Kilkenny Weak
 wasting hand on mine They have forgotten Kevin Egan not he them Remembering
 thee O Sion He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped
 his boots The new air greeted him harping in wild nerves wind of wild air
 of seeds of brightness Here I am not walking out to the Kish lightship
 am I He stood suddenly his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking
 soil Turn back Turning he scanned the shore south his feet sinking again
 slowly in new sockets The cold domed room of the tower waits Through the
 barbacans the shafts of light are moving ever slowly ever as my feet are
 sinking creeping duskward over the dial floor Blue dusk nightfall deep
 blue night In the darkness of the dome they wait their pushedback chairs
 my obelisk valise around a board of abandoned platters Who to clear it
 He has the key I will not sleep there when this night comes A shut door

of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies the panthersahib and his
 pointer Call no answer He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned
 back by the mole of boulders Take all keep all My soul walks with me form
 of forms So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks in
 sable silvered hearing Elsinore's tempting flood The flood is following
 me I can watch it flow past from here Get back then by the Poolbeg road
 to the strand there He climbed over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sat
 on a stool of rock resting his ashplant in a grike A bloated carcass of a
 dog lay lolled on bladderwrack Before him the gunwale of a boat sunk in
 sand Un coche ensablé Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose These heavy
 sands are language tide and wind have silted here And these the stoneheaps
 of dead builders a warren of weasel rats Hide gold there Try it You have
 some Sands and stones Heavy of the past Sir Lout's toys Mind you don't
 get one bang on the ear I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody
 well boulders bones for my steppingstones Feefawfum I zmelz de bloodz
 odz an Iridzman A point live dog grew into sight running across the sweep
 of sand Lord is he going to attack me Respect his liberty You will not be
 master of others or their slave I have my stick Sit tight From farther
 away walking shoreward across from the crested tide figures two The two
 maries They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes Peekaboo I see you No
 the dog He is running back to them Who Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here
 to beach in quest of prey their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten
 pewter surf Dane vikings torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when
 Malachi wore the collar of gold A school of turlehide whales stranded in
 hot noon spouting hobbling in the shallows Then from the starving cagework
 city a horde of jerkined dwarfs my people with flayers' knives running
 scaling hacking in green blubbery whalemeat Famine plague and slaughters
 Their blood is in me their lusts my waves I moved among them on the frozen
 Liffey that I a changeling among the spluttering resin fires I spoke to
 no one none to me The dog's bark ran towards him stopped ran back Dog of
 my enemy I just simply stood pale silent bayed about Terribilia meditans
 A primrose doublet fortune's knave smiled on my fear For that are you
 pining the bark of their applause Pretenders live their lives The Bruce's
 brother Thomas Fitzgerald silken knight Perkin Warbeck York's false scion
 in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory wonder of a day and Lambert Simnel
 with a tail of nans and sutlers a scullion crowned All kings' sons Paradise
 of pretenders then and now He saved men from drowning and you shake at a
 cur's yelping But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in
 their own house House of We don't want any of your medieval abstrusities
 Would you do what he did A boat would be near a lifebuoy Natürlich put
 there for you Would you or would you not The man that was drowned nine days
 ago off Maiden's rock They are waiting for him now The truth spit it out I
 would want to I would try I am not a strong swimmer Water cold soft When
 I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes Can't see Who's behind me
 Out quickly quickly Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides
 sheeting the lows of sand quickly shellcocoacoloured If I had land under
 my feet I want his life still to be his mine to be mine A drowning man His
 human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death I With him together
 down I could not save her Waters bitter death lost A woman and a man I see
 her skirties Pinned up I bet Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling
 sand trotting sniffing on all sides Looking for something lost in a past

life Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare ears flung back chasing the
 shadow of a lowskimming gull The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp
 ears He turned bounded back came nearer trotted on twinkling shanks On a
 field tenney a buck trippant proper unattired At the lacefringe of the
 tide he halted with stiff forehoofs seawardpointed ears His snout lifted
 barked at the wavenoise herds of seamorse They serpented towards his feet
 curling unfurling many crests every ninth breaking plashing from far from
 farther out waves and waves Cocklepickers They waded a little way in the
 water and stooping soused their bags and lifting them again waded out The
 dog yelped running to them reared up and pawed them dropping on all fours
 again reared up at them with mute bearish fawning Unheeded he kept by them
 as they came towards the drier sand a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from
 his jaws His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then loped off at a
 calf's gallop The carcass lay on his path He stopped sniffed stalked round
 it brother nosing closer went round it sniffing rapidly like a dog all
 over the dead dog's bedraggled fell Dogskull dogsniff eyes on the ground
 moves to one great goal Ah poor dogsbody Here lies poor dogsbody's body
 Tatters Out of that you mongrel The cry brought him skulking back to his
 master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand
 crouched in flight He slunk back in a curve Doesn't see me Along by the
 edge of the mole he lolloped dawdled smelt a rock and from under a cocked
 hindleg pissed against it He trotted forward and lifting again his hindleg
 pissed quick short at an unsmelt rock The simple pleasures of the poor
 His hindpaws then scattered the sand then his forepaws dabbled and delved
 Something he buried there his grandmother He rooted in the sand dabbling
 delving and stopped to listen to the air scraped up the sand again with
 a fury of his claws soon ceasing a pard a panther got in spousebreach
 vulturing the dead After he woke me last night same dream or was it Wait
 Open hallway Street of harlots Remember Haroun al Raschid I am almosting
 it That man led me spoke I was not afraid The melon he had he held against
 my face Smiled creamfruit smell That was the rule said In Come Red carpet
 spread You will see who Shouldering their bags they trudged the red Egyptians
 His blued feet out of turnedup trousers slapped the clammy sand a dull
 brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck With woman steps she followed
 the ruffian and his strolling mort Spoils slung at her back Loose sand
 and shellgrit crusted her bare feet About her windraw face hair trailed
 Behind her lord his helpmate bing awast to Romeville When night hides her
 body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs
 have mired Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of
 Blackpitts Buss her wap in rogues' rum lingo for O my dimber wapping dell
 A shefiend's whiteness under her rancid rags Fumbally's lane that night
 the tanyard smells White thy fambles red thy gan And thy quarrons dainty
 is Couch a hogshead with me then In the darkmans clip and kiss Morose
 delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this frate porcospino Unfallen Adam
 rode and not rutted Call away let him thy quarrons dainty is Language no
 whit worse than his Monkwords marybeads jabber on their girdles roguewords
 tough nuggets patter in their pockets Passing now A side eye at my Hamlet
 hat If I were suddenly naked here as I sit I am not Across the sands of
 all the world followed by the sun's flaming sword to the west trekking
 to evening lands She trudges schlepps trains drags trascines her load A
 tide westering moondrawn in her wake Tides myriadislanded within her blood

not mine oinopa ponton a winedark sea Behold the handmaid of the moon In
 sleep the wet sign calls her hour bids her rise Bridebed childbed bed of
 death ghostcandled Omnis caro ad te veniet He comes pale vampire through
 storm his eyes his bat sails bloodying the sea mouth to her mouth's kiss
 Here Put a pin in that chap will you My tablets Mouth to her kiss No Must
 be two of em Glue em well Mouth to her mouth's kiss His lips lipped and
 mouthed fleshless lips of air mouth to her moomb Oomb allwombing tomb
 His mouth moulded issuing breath unspeched ooeeahah roar of cataractic
 planets globed blazing roaring wayawayawayawayaway Paper The banknotes
 blast them Old Deasy's letter Here Thanking you for the hospitality tear
 the blank end off Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table
 of rock and scribbled words That's twice I forgot to take slips from the
 library counter His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent ending Why not
 endless till the farthest star Darkly they are there behind this light
 darkness shining in the brightness delta of Cassiopeia worlds Me sits there
 with his augur's rod of ash in borrowed sandals by day beside a livid sea
 unbeheld in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars I throw
 this ended shadow from me manshape ineluctable call it back Endless would
 it be mine form of my form Who watches me here Who ever anywhere will
 read these written words Signs on a white field Somewhere to someone in
 your flutiest voice The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple
 out of his shovel hat veil of space with coloured emblems hatched on its
 field Hold hard Coloured on a flat yes that's right Flat I see then think
 distance near far flat I see east back Ah see now Falls back suddenly
 frozen in stereoscope Click does the trick You find my words dark Darkness
 is in our souls do you not think Flutier Our souls shamewounded by our
 sins cling to us yet more a woman to her lover clinging the more the more
 She trusts me her hand gentle the longlashed eyes Now where the blue hell
 am I bringing her beyond the veil Into the ineluctable modality of the
 ineluctable visuality She she she What she The virgin at Hodges Figgis'
 window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going
 to write Keen glance you gave her Wrist through the braided jesse of her
 sunshade She lives in Leeson park with a grief and kickshaws a lady of
 letters Talk that to someone else Stevie a pickmeup Bet she wears those
 curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings darned with lumpy wool
 Talk about apple dumplings piuttosto Where are your wits Touch me Soft
 eyes Soft soft soft hand I am lonely here O touch me soon now What is
 that word known to all men I am quiet here alone Sad too Touch touch me
 He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks cramming the scribbled
 note and pencil into a pocket his hat tilted down on his eyes That is
 Kevin Egan's movement I made nodding for his nap sabbath sleep Et vidit
 Deus Et erant valde bona Alo Bonjour Welcome as the flowers in May Under
 its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun I
 am caught in this burning scene Pan's hour the faunal noon Among gumheavy
 serpentplants milkoozing fruits where on the tawny waters leaves lie
 wide Pain is far And no more turn aside and brood His gaze brooded on his
 broadtoed boots a buck's castoffs nebeneinander He counted the creases
 of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm The foot that
 beat the ground in tripudium foot I dislove But you were delighted when
 Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you girl I knew in Paris Tiens quel petit
 pied Staunch friend a brother soul Wilde's love that dare not speak its

name His arm Cranly's arm He now will leave me And the blame As I am As I
 am All or not at all In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed
 full covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand rising flowing My ashplant
 will float away I shall wait No they will pass on passing chafing against
 the low rocks swirling passing Better get this job over quick Listen a
 fourworded wavespeech seesoo hrss rsseeiss ooos Vehement breath of waters
 amid seasnakes rearing horses rocks In cups of rocks it slops flop slop
 slap bounded in barrels And spent its speech ceases It flows purling
 widely flowing floating foampool flower unfurling Under the upswelling
 tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms
 hising up their petticoats in whispering water swaying and upturning coy
 silver fronds Day by day night by night lifted flooded and let fall Lord
 they are weary; and whispered to they sigh Saint Ambrose heard it sigh
 of leaves and waves waiting awaiting the fullness of their times diebus
 ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit To no end gathered; vainly then
 released forthflowing wending back loom of the moon Weary too in sight
 of lovers lascivious men a naked woman shining in her courts she draws a
 toil of waters Five fathoms out there Full fathom five thy father lies
 At one he said Found drowned High water at Dublin bar Driving before it
 a loose drift of rubble fanshoals of fishes silly shells A corpse rising
 saltwhite from the undertow bobbing a pace a pace a porpoise landward
 There he is Hook it quick Pull Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor
 We have him Easy now Bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine A quiver of
 minnows fat of a spongy titbit flash through the slits of his buttoned
 trouserfly God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes
 featherbed mountain Dead breaths I living breathe tread dead dust devour
 a urinous offal from all dead Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes
 upward the stench of his green grave his leprous nosehole snoring to the
 sun A seachange this brown eyes saltblue Seadeath mildest of all deaths
 known to man Old Father Ocean Prix de Paris beware of imitations Just
 you give it a fair trial We enjoyed ourselves immensely Come I thirst
 Clouding over No black clouds anywhere are there Thunderstorm Allbright
 he falls proud lightning of the intellect Lucifer dico qui nescit occasum
 No My cockle hat and staff and hismy sandal shoon Where To evening lands
 Evening will find itself He took the hilt of his ashplant lunging with it
 softly dallying still Yes evening will find itself in me without me All
 days make their end By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest
 day Of all the glad new year mother the rum tum tiddledy tum Lawn Tennyson
 gentleman poet Già For the old hag with the yellow teeth And Monsieur
 Drumont gentleman journalist Già My teeth are very bad Why I wonder Feel
 That one is going too Shells Ought I go to a dentist I wonder with that
 money That one This Toothless Kinch the superman Why is that I wonder or
 does it mean something perhaps My handkerchief He threw it I remember Did
 I not take it up His hand groped vainly in his pockets No I didn't Better
 buy one He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock
 carefully For the rest let look who will Behind Perhaps there is someone
 He turned his face over a shoulder rere regardant Moving through the air
 high spars of a threemaster her sails brailed up on the crosstrees homing
 upstream silently moving a silent ship II [4] Mr Leopold Bloom ate with
 relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls He liked thick giblet soup
 nutty gizzards a stuffed roast heart liverslices fried with crustcrumbs

fried hencods' roes Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which
 gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine Kidneys were
 in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly righting her breakfast
 things on the humpy tray Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out
 of doors gentle summer morning everywhere Made him feel a bit peckish The
 coals were reddening Another slice of bread and butter three four right
 She didn't like her plate full Right He turned from the tray lifted the
 kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire It sat there dull and
 squat its spout stuck out Cup of tea soon Good Mouth dry The cat walked
 stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high Mkgnao O there you are
 Mr Bloom said turning from the fire The cat mewed in answer and stalked
 again stiffly round a leg of the table mewing Just how she stalks over my
 writingtable Prr Scratch my head Prr Mr Bloom watched curiously kindly
 the lithe black form Clean to see the gloss of her sleek hide the white
 button under the butt of her tail the green flashing eyes He bent down to
 her his hands on his knees Milk for the pussens he said Mrkgrnao the cat
 cried They call them stupid They understand what we say better than we
 understand them She understands all she wants to Vindictive too Cruel Her
 nature Curious mice never squeal Seem to like it Wonder what I look like
 to her Height of a tower No she can jump me Afraid of the chickens she
 is he said mockingly Afraid of the chookchooks I never saw such a stupid
 pussens as the pussens Mrkrgrnao the cat said loudly She blinked up out of
 her avid shameclosing eyes mewing plaintively and long showing him her
 milkwhite teeth He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her
 eyes were green stones Then he went to the dresser took the jug Hanlon's
 milkman had just filled for him poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer and
 set it slowly on the floor Gurrhr she cried running to lap He watched the
 bristles shining wirily in the weak light as she tipped three times and
 licked lightly Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after
 Why They shine in the dark perhaps the tips Or kind of feelers in the
 dark perhaps He listened to her licking lap Ham and eggs no No good eggs
 with this drouth Want pure fresh water Thursday not a good day either for
 a mutton kidney at Buckley's Fried with butter a shake of pepper Better
 a pork kidney at Dlugacz's While the kettle is boiling She lapped slower
 then licking the saucer clean Why are their tongues so rough To lap better
 all porous holes Nothing she can eat He glanced round him No On quietly
 creaky boots he went up the staircase to the hall paused by the bedroom
 door She might like something tasty Thin bread and butter she likes in
 the morning Still perhaps once in a way He said softly in the bare hall
 I'm going round the corner Be back in a minute And when he had heard his
 voice say it he added You don't want anything for breakfast A sleepy soft
 grunt answered Mn No She didn't want anything He heard then a warm heavy
 sigh softer as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead
 jingled Must get those settled really Pity All the way from Gibraltar
 Forgotten any little Spanish she knew Wonder what her father gave for it
 Old style Ah yes of course Bought it at the governor's auction Got a short
 knock Hard as nails at a bargain old Tweedy Yes sir At Plevna that was I
 rose from the ranks sir and I'm proud of it Still he had brains enough
 to make that corner in stamps Now that was farseeing His hand took his
 hat from the peg over his initialled heavy overcoat and his lost property
 office secondhand waterproof Stamps stickyback pictures Daresay lots of

officers are in the swim too Course they do The sweated legend in the
 crown of his hat told him mutely Plasto's high grade ha He peeped quickly
 inside the leather headband White slip of paper Quite safe On the doorstep
 he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey Not there In the trousers I
 left off Must get it Potato I have Creaky wardrobe No use disturbing her
 She turned over sleepily that time He pulled the halldoor to after him
 very quietly more till the footleaf dropped gently over the threshold a
 limp lid Looked shut All right till I come back anyhow He crossed to the
 bright side avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive The sun
 was nearing the steeple of George's church Be a warm day I fancy Specially
 in these black clothes feel it more Black conducts reflects (refracts
 is it?) the heat But I couldn't go in that light suit Make a picnic of
 it His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth Boland's
 breadvan delivering with trays our daily but she prefers yesterday's loaves
 turnovers crisp crowns hot Makes you feel young Somewhere in the east
 early morning set off at dawn Travel round in front of the sun steal a
 day's march on him Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically
 Walk along a strand strange land come to a city gate sentry there old
 ranker too old Tweedy's big moustaches leaning on a long kind of a spear
 Wander through awned streets Turbaned faces going by Dark caves of carpet
 shops big man Turko the terrible seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe
 Cries of sellers in the streets Drink water scented with fennel sherbet
 Dander along all day Might meet a robber or two Well meet him Getting
 on to sundown The shadows of the mosques among the pillars priest with
 a scroll rolled up A shiver of the trees signal the evening wind I pass
 on Fading gold sky A mother watches me from her doorway She calls her
 children home in their dark language High wall beyond strings twanged
 Night sky moon violet colour of Molly's new garters Strings Listen A girl
 playing one of those instruments what do you call them dulcimers I pass
 Probably not a bit like it really Kind of stuff you read in the track of
 the sun Sunburst on the titlepage He smiled pleasing himself What Arthur
 Griffith said about the headpiece over the Freeman leader a homerule sun
 rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland He
 prolonged his pleased smile Ikey touch that homerule sun rising up in the
 northwest He approached Larry O'Rourke's From the cellar grating floated
 up the flabby gush of porter Through the open doorway the bar squirted out
 whiffs of ginger teadust biscuitmush Good house however just the end of the
 city traffic For instance M'Auley's down there n g as position Of course
 if they ran a tramline along the North Circular from the cattlemarket to
 the quays value would go up like a shot Baldhead over the blind Cute old
 codger No use canvassing him for an ad Still he knows his own business
 best There he is sure enough my bold Larry leaning against the sugarbin in
 his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket
 Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tee with his eyes screwed up Do you know
 what I'm going to tell you What's that Mr O'Rourke Do you know what The
 Russians they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese Stop
 and say a word about the funeral perhaps Sad thing about poor Dignam Mr
 O'Rourke Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through
 the doorway Good day Mr O'Rourke Good day to you Lovely weather sir 'Tis
 all that Where do they get the money Coming up redheaded curates from
 the county Leitrim rinsing empties and old man in the cellar Then lo and

behold they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons Then think of
 the competition General thirst Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without
 passing a pub Save it they can't Off the drunks perhaps Put down three
 and carry five What is that a bob here and there dribs and drabs On the
 wholesale orders perhaps Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers
 Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job see How much would that
 tot to off the porter in the month Say ten barrels of stuff Say he got
 ten per cent off O more Fifteen He passed Saint Joseph's National school
 Brats' clamour Windows open Fresh air helps memory Or a lilt Ahbeesee
 defeegee kelomen opeecue rustyouvee doubleyou Boys are they Yes Inishturk
 Inishark Inishboffin At their joggerfry Mine Slieve Bloom He halted
 before Dlugacz's window staring at the hanks of sausages polonies black
 and white Fifteen multiplied by The figures whitened in his mind unsolved
 displeased he let them fade The shiny links packed with forcemeat fed his
 gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy
 pigs' blood A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willowpatterned dish the last
 He stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter Would she buy it too calling
 the items from a slip in her hand Chapped washingsoda And a pound and a
 half of Denny's sausages His eyes rested on her vigorous hips Woods his
 name is Wonder what he does Wife is oldish New blood No followers allowed
 Strong pair of arms Whacking a carpet on the clothesline She does whack it
 by George The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack The ferreteyed
 porkbutcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with blotchy fingers
 sausagepink Sound meat there like a stallfed heifer He took a page up
 from the pile of cut sheets the model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore
 of Tiberias Can become ideal winter sanatorium Moses Montefiore I thought
 he was Farmhouse wall round it blurred cattle cropping He held the page
 from him interesting read it nearer the title the blurred cropping cattle
 the page rustling A young white heifer Those mornings in the cattlemarket
 the beasts lowing in their pens branded sheep flop and fall of dung the
 breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter slapping a palm on
 a ripemeated hindquarter there's a prime one unpeeled switches in their
 hands He held the page aslant patiently bending his senses and his will
 his soft subject gaze at rest The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack
 by whack The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile wrapped up her
 prime sausages and made a red grimace Now my miss he said She tendered
 a coin smiling boldly holding her thick wrist out Thank you my miss And
 one shilling threepence change For you please Mr Bloom pointed quickly To
 catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly behind her moving hams
 Pleasant to see first thing in the morning Hurry up damn it Make hay while
 the sun shines She stood outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily
 to the right He sighed down his nose they never understand Sodachapped
 hands Crusted toenails too Brown scapulars in tatters defending her both
 ways The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast
 For another a constable off duty cuddling her in Eccles' Lane They like
 them sizeable Prime sausage O please Mr Policeman I'm lost in the wood
 Threepence please His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into
 a sidepocket Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and
 laid them on the rubber prickles They lay were read quickly and quickly
 slid disc by disc into the till Thank you sir Another time A speck of
 eager fire from foxeyes thanked him He withdrew his gaze after an instant

No better not another time Good morning he said moving away Good morning
 sir No sign Gone What matter He walked back along Dorset street reading
 gravely Agendath Netaim planters' company To purchase waste sandy tracts
 from Turkish government and plant with eucalyptus trees Excellent for shade
 fuel and construction Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa
 You pay eighty marks and they plant a dunam of land for you with olives
 oranges almonds or citrons Olives cheaper oranges need artificial irrigation
 Every year you get a sending of the crop Your name entered for life as
 owner in the book of the union Can pay ten down and the balance in yearly
 instalments Bleibtreustrasse 34 Berlin W 15 Nothing doing Still an idea
 behind it He looked at the cattle blurred in silver heat Silverpowdered
 olivetrees Quiet long days pruning ripening Olives are packed in jars eh
 I have a few left from Andrews Molly spitting them out Knows the taste
 of them now Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates Citrons too Wonder
 is poor Citron still in Saint Kevin's parade And Mastiansky with the
 old cither Pleasant evenings we had then Molly in Citron's basketchair
 Nice to hold cool waxen fruit hold in the hand lift it to the nostrils
 and smell the perfume Like that heavy sweet wild perfume Always the same
 year after year They fetched high prices too Moisel told me Arbutus place
 Pleasants street pleasant old times Must be without a flaw he said Coming
 all that way Spain Gibraltar Mediterranean the Levant Crates lined up on
 the quayside at Jaffa chap ticking them off in a book navvies handling
 them barefoot in soiled dungarees There's whatdoyoucallhim out of How do
 you Doesn't see Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore His back is
 like that Norwegian captain's Wonder if I'll meet him today Watering cart
 To provoke the rain On earth as it is in heaven A cloud began to cover
 the sun slowly wholly Grey Far No not like that A barren land bare waste
 Volcanic lake the dead sea no fish weedless sunk deep in the earth No
 wind could lift those waves grey metal poisonous foggy waters Brimstone
 they called it raining down the cities of the plain Sodom Gomorrah Edom
 All dead names A dead sea in a dead land grey and old Old now It bore
 the oldest the first race A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a
 naggin bottle by the neck The oldest people Wandered far away over all
 the earth captivity to captivity multiplying dying being born everywhere
 It lay there now Now it could bear no more Dead an old woman's the grey
 sunken cunt of the world Desolation Grey horror seared his flesh Folding
 the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles street hurrying homeward
 Cold oils slid along his veins chilling his blood age crusting him with a
 salt cloak Well I am here now Yes I am here now Morning mouth bad images
 Got up wrong side of the bed Must begin again those Sandow's exercises On
 the hands down Blotchy brown brick houses Number eighty still unlet Why
 is that Valuation is only twentyeight Towers Battersby North MacArthur
 parlour windows plastered with bills Plasters on a sore eye To smell the
 gentle smoke of tea fume of the pan sizzling butter Be near her ample
 bedwarmed flesh Yes yes Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley
 road swiftly in slim sandals along the brightening footpath Runs she runs
 to meet me a girl with gold hair on the wind Two letters and a card lay on
 the hallfloor He stooped and gathered them Mrs Marion Bloom His quickened
 heart slowed at once Bold hand Mrs Marion Poldy Entering the bedroom he
 halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her
 tousled head Who are the letters for He looked at them Mullingar Milly A

letter for me from Milly he said carefully and a card to you And a letter
 for you He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve
 of her knees Do you want the blind up Letting the blind up by gentle tugs
 halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under
 her pillow That do he asked turning She was reading the card propped on
 her elbow She got the things she said He waited till she had laid the card
 aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh Hurry up with that
 tea she said I'm parched The kettle is boiling he said But he delayed to
 clear the chair her striped petticoat tossed soiled linen and lifted all
 in an armful on to the foot of the bed As he went down the kitchen stairs
 she called Poldy What Scald the teapot On the boil sure enough a plume of
 steam from the spout He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four
 full spoons of tea tilting the kettle then to let the water flow in Having
 set it to draw he took off the kettle crushed the pan flat on the live
 coals and watched the lump of butter slide and melt While he unwrapped the
 kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him Give her too much meat she won't
 mouse Say they won't eat pork Kosher Here He let the bloodsmeared paper
 fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce Pepper
 He sprinkled it through his fingers ringwise from the chipped eggcup Then
 he slit open his letter glancing down the page and over Thanks new tam
 Mr Coghlan lough Owel picnic young student Blazes Boylan's seaside girls
 The tea was drawn He filled his own moustachecup sham crown Derby smiling
 Silly Milly's birthday gift Only five she was then No wait four I gave her
 the amberoid necklace she broke Putting pieces of folded brown paper in
 the letterbox for her He smiled pouring O Milly Bloom you are my darling
 You are my lookingglass from night to morning I'd rather have you without
 a farthing Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden Poor old professor
 Goodwin Dreadful old case Still he was a courteous old chap Oldfashioned
 way he used to bow Molly off the platform And the little mirror in his
 silk hat The night Milly brought it into the parlour O look what I found
 in professor Goodwin's hat All we laughed Sex breaking out even then
 Pert little piece she was He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped
 it over then fitted the teapot on the tray Its hump bumped as he took it
 up Everything on it Bread and butter four sugar spoon her cream Yes He
 carried it upstairs his thumb hooked in the teapot handle Nudging the door
 open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the
 bedhead What a time you were she said She set the brasses jingling as she
 raised herself briskly an elbow on the pillow He looked calmly down on her
 bulk and between her large soft bubs sloping within her nightdress like a
 shegoat's udder The warmth of her couched body rose on the air mingling
 with the fragrance of the tea she poured A strip of torn envelope peeped
 from under the dimpled pillow In the act of going he stayed to straighten
 the bedspread Who was the letter from he asked Bold hand Marion O Boylan
 she said He's bringing the programme What are you singing Là ci darem with
 J C Doyle she said and Love's Old Sweet Song Her full lips drinking smiled
 Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day Like foul flowerwater Would
 you like the window open a little She doubled a slice of bread into her
 mouth asking What time is the funeral Eleven I think he answered I didn't
 see the paper Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her
 soiled drawers from the bed No Then a twisted grey garter looped round a
 stocking rumpled shiny sole No that book Other stocking Her petticoat It

must have fell down she said He felt here and there Voglio e non vorrei
 Wonder if she pronounces that right voglio Not in the bed Must have slid
 down He stooped and lifted the valance The book fallen sprawled against
 the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot Show here she said I put a mark
 in it There's a word I wanted to ask you She swallowed a draught of tea
 from her cup held by nothandle and having wiped her fingertips smartly on
 the blanket began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the
 word Met him what he asked Here she said What does that mean He leaned
 downward and read near her polished thumbnail Metempsychosis Yes Who's
 he when he's at home Metempsychosis he said frowning It's Greek from the
 Greek That means the transmigration of souls O rocks she said Tell us in
 plain words He smiled glancing askance at her mocking eyes The same young
 eyes The first night after the charades Dolphin's Barn He turned over
 the smudged pages Ruby the Pride of the Ring Hello Illustration Fierce
 Italian with carriagewhip Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked
 Sheet kindly lent The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from
 him with an oath Cruelty behind it all Doped animals Trapeze at Hengler's
 Had to look the other way Mob gaping Break your neck and we'll break our
 sides Families of them Bone them young so they metempsychosis That we live
 after death Our souls That a man's soul after he dies Dignam's soul Did
 you finish it he asked Yes she said There's nothing smutty in it Is she in
 love with the first fellow all the time Never read it Do you want another
 Yes Get another of Paul de Kock's Nice name he has She poured more tea
 into her cup watching it flow sideways Must get that Capel street library
 book renewed or they'll write to Kearney my guarantor Reincarnation that's
 the word Some people believe he said that we go on living in another body
 after death that we lived before They call it reincarnation That we all
 lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet
 They say we have forgotten it Some say they remember their past lives The
 sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea Better remind her of
 the word metempsychosis An example would be better An example The Bath of
 the Nymph over the bed Given away with the Easter number of Photo Bits
 Splendid masterpiece in art colours Tea before you put milk in Not unlike
 her with her hair down slimmer Three and six I gave for the frame She said
 it would look nice over the bed Naked nymphs Greece and for instance all
 the people that lived then He turned the pages back Metempsychosis he said
 is what the ancient Greeks called it They used to believe you could be
 changed into an animal or a tree for instance What they called nymphs for
 example Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar She gazed straight before
 her inhaling through her arched nostrils There's a smell of burn she said
 Did you leave anything on the fire The kidney he cried suddenly He fitted
 the book roughly into his inner pocket and stubbing his toes against the
 broken commode hurried out towards the smell stepping hastily down the
 stairs with a flurried stork's legs Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet
 from a side of the pan By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney
 he detached it and turned it turtle on its back Only a little burnt He
 tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle
 over it Cup of tea now He sat down cut and buttered a slice of the loaf He
 shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat Then he put a forkful
 into his mouth chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat Done
 to a turn A mouthful of tea Then he cut away dies of bread sopped one in

the gravy and put it in his mouth What was that about some young student
 and a picnic He creased out the letter at his side reading it slowly as
 he chewed sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his
 mouth Dearest Papli Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present It
 suits me splendid Everyone says I am quite the belle in my new tam I got
 mummy's lovely box of creams and am writing They are lovely I am getting
 on swimming in the photo business now Mr Coghlan took one of me and Mrs
 Will send when developed We did great biz yesterday Fair day and all the
 beef to the heels were in We are going to lough Owel on Monday with a few
 friends to make a scrap picnic Give my love to mummy and to yourself a
 big kiss and thanks I hear them at the piano downstairs There is to be a
 concert in the Greville Arms on Saturday There is a young student comes
 here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells and
 he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about
 those seaside girls Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects I must now
 close with fondest love Your fond daughter Milly P S Excuse bad writing
 am in hurry Byby M Fifteen yesterday Curious fifteenth of the month too
 Her first birthday away from home Separation Remember the summer morning
 she was born running to knock up Mrs Thornton in Denzille street Jolly old
 woman Lot of babies she must have helped into the world She knew from the
 first poor little Rudy wouldn't live Well God is good sir She knew at once
 He would be eleven now if he had lived His vacant face stared pityingly
 at the postscript Excuse bad writing Hurry Piano downstairs Coming out
 of her shell Row with her in the XL Café about the bracelet Wouldn't eat
 her cakes or speak or look Saucebox He sopped other dies of bread in the
 gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney Twelve and six a week Not much
 Still she might do worse Music hall stage Young student He drank a draught
 of cooler tea to wash down his meal Then he read the letter again twice
 O well she knows how to mind herself But if not No nothing has happened
 Of course it might Wait in any case till it does A wild piece of goods
 Her slim legs running up the staircase Destiny Ripening now Vain very He
 smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window Day I caught her in
 the street pinching her cheeks to make them red Anemic a little Was given
 milk too long On the Erin's King that day round the Kish Damned old tub
 pitching about Not a bit funky Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind with
 her hair All dimpled cheeks and curls Your head it simply swirls Seaside
 girls Torn envelope Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets jarvey off for
 the day singing Friend of the family Swurls he says Pier with lamps summer
 evening band Those girls those girls Those lovely seaside girls Milly too
 Young kisses the first Far away now past Mrs Marion Reading lying back
 now counting the strands of her hair smiling braiding A soft qualm regret
 flowed down his backbone increasing Will happen yes Prevent Useless can't
 move Girl's sweet light lips Will happen too He felt the flowing qualm
 spread over him Useless to move now Lips kissed kissing kissed Full gluey
 woman's lips Better where she is down there away Occupy her Wanted a dog
 to pass the time Might take a trip down there August bank holiday only two
 and six return Six weeks off however Might work a press pass Or through
 M'Coy The cat having cleaned all her fur returned to the meatstained paper
 nosed at it and stalked to the door She looked back at him mewing Wants
 to go out Wait before a door sometime it will open Let her wait Has the
 fidgets Electric Thunder in the air Was washing at her ear with her back

to the fire too He felt heavy full then a gentle loosening of his bowels
 He stood up undoing the waistband of his trousers The cat mewed to him
 Miaow he said in answer Wait till I'm ready Heaviness hot day coming Too
 much trouble to fag up the stairs to the landing A paper He liked to read
 at stool Hope no ape comes knocking just as I'm In the tabledrawer he
 found an old number of Titbits He folded it under his armpit went to the
 door and opened it The cat went up in soft bounds Ah wanted to go upstairs
 curl up in a ball on the bed Listening he heard her voice Come come pussy
 Come He went out through the backdoor into the garden stood to listen
 towards the next garden No sound Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry The
 maid was in the garden Fine morning He bent down to regard a lean file
 of spearmint growing by the wall Make a summerhouse here Scarlet runners
 Virginia creepers Want to manure the whole place over scabby soil A coat
 of liver of sulphur All soil like that without dung Household slops Loam
 what is this that is The hens in the next garden their droppings are very
 good top dressing Best of all though are the cattle especially when they
 are fed on those oilcakes Mulch of dung Best thing to clean ladies' kid
 gloves Dirty cleans Ashes too Reclaim the whole place Grow peas in that
 corner there Lettuce Always have fresh greens then Still gardens have
 their drawbacks That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday He walked on Where
 is my hat by the way Must have put it back on the peg Or hanging up on
 the floor Funny I don't remember that Hallstand too full Four umbrellas
 her raincloak Picking up the letters Drago's shopbell ringing Queer I was
 just thinking that moment Brown brillantined hair over his collar Just had
 a wash and brushup Wonder have I time for a bath this morning Tara street
 Chap in the paybox there got away James Stephens they say O'Brien Deep
 voice that fellow Dlugacz has Agendath what is it Now my miss Enthusiast
 He kicked open the crazy door of the jakes Better be careful not to get
 these trousers dirty for the funeral He went in bowing his head under the
 low lintel Leaving the door ajar amid the stench of mouldy limewash and
 stale cobwebs he undid his braces Before sitting down he peered through a
 chink up at the nextdoor windows The king was in his countinghouse Nobody
 Asquat on the cuckstool he folded out his paper turning its pages over
 on his bared knees Something new and easy No great hurry Keep it a bit
 Our prize titbit Matcham's Masterstroke Written by Mr Philip Beaufoy
 Playgoers' Club London Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has
 been made to the writer Three and a half Three pounds three Three pounds
 thirteen and six Quietly he read restraining himself the first column and
 yielding but resisting began the second Midway his last resistance yielding
 he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read reading still
 patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone Hope it's not
 too big bring on piles again No just right So Ah Costive One tabloid of
 cascara sagrada Life might be so It did not move or touch him but it was
 something quick and neat Print anything now Silly season He read on seated
 calm above his own rising smell Neat certainly Matcham often thinks of the
 masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now Begins and ends
 morally Hand in hand Smart He glanced back through what he had read and
 while feeling his water flow quietly he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had
 written it and received payment of three pounds thirteen and six Might
 manage a sketch By Mr and Mrs L M Bloom Invent a story for some proverb
 Which Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing

Dislike dressing together Nicked myself shaving Biting her nether lip
 hooking the placket of her skirt Timing her 9.15 Did Roberts pay you yet
 9.20 What had Gretta Conroy on 9.23 What possessed me to buy this comb
 9.24 I'm swelled after that cabbage A speck of dust on the patent leather
 of her boot Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf
 Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance
 of the hours Explain that morning hours noon then evening coming on then
 night hours Washing her teeth That was the first night Her head dancing
 Her fansticks clicking Is that Boylan well off He has money Why I noticed
 he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing No use humming then Allude
 to it Strange kind of music that last night The mirror was in shadow
 She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen vest against her full
 wagging bub Peering into it Lines in her eyes It wouldn't pan out somehow
 Evening hours girls in grey gauze Night hours then black with daggers
 and eyemasks Poetical idea pink then golden then grey then black Still
 true to life also Day then the night He tore away half the prize story
 sharply and wiped himself with it Then he girded up his trousers braced
 and buttoned himself He pulled back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and
 came forth from the gloom into the air In the bright light lightened and
 cooled in limb he eyed carefully his black trousers the ends the knees
 the houghs of the knees What time is the funeral Better find out in the
 paper A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up The bells of George's
 church They tolled the hour loud dark iron Heigho Heigho Heigho Heigho
 Heigho Heigho Quarter to There again the overtone following through the
 air A third Poor Dignam [5] By lorries along sir John Rogerson's quay
 Mr Bloom walked soberly past Windmill lane Leask's the linseed crusher
 the postal telegraph office Could have given that address too And past
 the sailors' home He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and
 walked through Lime street By Brady's cottages a boy for the skins lolled
 his bucket of offal linked smoking a chewed fagbutt A smaller girl with
 scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him listlessly holding her battered
 caskhoop Tell him if he smokes he won't grow O let him His life isn't
 such a bed of roses Waiting outside pubs to bring da home Come home to ma
 da Slack hour won't be many there He crossed Townsend street passed the
 frowning face of Bethel El yes house of Aleph Beth And past Nichols' the
 undertaker At eleven it is Time enough Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged the
 job for O'Neill's Singing with his eyes shut Corny Met her once in the
 park In the dark What a lark Police tout Her name and address she then
 told with my tooraloom tooraloom tay O surely he bagged it Bury him cheap
 in a whatyoumaycall With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom In
 Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea
 Company and read the legends of leadpapered packets choice blend finest
 quality family tea Rather warm Tea Must get some from Tom Kernan Couldn't
 ask him at a funeral though While his eyes still read blandly he took
 off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with
 slow grace over his brow and hair Very warm morning Under their dropped
 lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high
 grade ha Just there His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat His
 fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to
 his waistcoat pocket So warm His right hand once more more slowly went
 over his brow and hair Then he put on his hat again relieved and read

again choice blend made of the finest Ceylon brands The far east Lovely spot it must be the garden of the world big lazy leaves to float about on cactuses flowery meads snaky lianas they call them Wonder is it like that Those Cinghalese lobbing about in the sun in dolce far niente not doing a hand's turn all day Sleep six months out of twelve Too hot to quarrel Influence of the climate Lethargy Flowers of idleness The air feeds most Azotes Hothouse in Botanic gardens Sensitive plants Waterlilies Petals too tired to Sleeping sickness in the air Walk on roseleaves Imagine trying to eat tripe and cowheel Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere Ah yes in the dead sea floating on his back reading a book with a parasol open Couldn't sink if you tried so thick with salt Because the weight of the water no the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of the what Or is it the volume is equal to the weight It's a law something like that Vance in High school cracking his fingerjoints teaching The college curriculum Cracking curriculum What is weight really when you say the weight Thirtytwo feet per second per second Law of falling bodies per second per second They all fall to the ground The earth It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight He turned away and sauntered across the road How did she walk with her sausages Like that something As he walked he took the folded Freeman from his sidepocket unfolded it rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg Careless air just drop in to see Per second per second Per second for every second it means From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of the postoffice Too late box Post here No one In He handed the card through the brass grill Are there any letters for me he asked While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the recruiting poster with soldiers of all arms on parade and held the tip of his baton against his nostrils smelling freshprinted rag paper No answer probably Went too far last time The postmistress handed him back through the grill his card with a letter He thanked her and glanced rapidly at the typed envelope Henry Flower Esq c/o P O Westland Row City Answered anyhow He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket reviewing again the soldiers on parade Where's old Tweedy's regiment Castoff soldier There bearskin cap and hackle plume No he's a grenadier Pointed cuffs There he is royal Dublin fusiliers Redcoats Too showy That must be why the women go after them Uniform Easier to enlist and drill Maud Gonne's letter about taking them off O'Connell street at night disgrace to our Irish capital Griffith's paper is on the same tack now an army rotten with venereal disease overseas or halfseasover empire Half baked they look hypnotised like Eyes front Mark time Table able Bed ed The King's own Never see him dressed up as a fireman or a bobby A mason yes He strolled out of the postoffice and turned to the right Talk as if that would mend matters His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger felt its way under the flap of the envelope ripping it open in jerks Women will pay a lot of heed I don't think His fingers drew forth the letter the letter and crumpled the envelope in his pocket Something pinned on photo perhaps Hair No M'Coy Get rid of him quickly Take me out of my way Hate company when you Hello Bloom Where are you off to Hello M'Coy Nowhere in particular How's the body Fine How are you Just keeping alive M'Coy said His eyes on the black tie and clothes he asked with low respect Is there any no trouble I hope I see you're O no Mr Bloom said Poor Dignam you know The funeral is

today To be sure poor fellow So it is What time A photo it isn't A badge
 maybe E...eleven Mr Bloom answered I must try to get out there M'Coy said
 Eleven is it I only heard it last night Who was telling me Holohan You
 know Hoppy I know Mr Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn
 up before the door of the Grosvenor The porter hoisted the valise up on
 the well She stood still waiting while the man husband brother like her
 searched his pockets for change Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar
 warm for a day like this looks like blanketcloth Careless stand of her
 with her hands in those patch pockets Like that haughty creature at the
 polo match Women all for caste till you touch the spot Handsome is and
 handsome does Reserved about to yield The honourable Mrs and Brutus is
 an honourable man Possess her once take the starch out of her I was with
 Bob Doran he's on one of his periodical bends and what do you call him
 Bantam Lyons Just down there in Conway's we were Doran Lyons in Conway's
 She raised a gloved hand to her hair In came Hoppy Having a wet Drawing
 back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids he saw the
 bright fawn skin shine in the glare the braided drums Clearly I can see
 today Moisture about gives long sight perhaps Talking of one thing or
 another Lady's hand Which side will she get up And he said Sad thing about
 our poor friend Paddy What Paddy I said Poor little Paddy Dignam he
 said Off to the country Broadstone probably High brown boots with laces
 dangling Wellturned foot What is he foostering over that change for Sees
 me looking Eye out for other fellow always Good fallback Two strings to
 her bow Why I said What's wrong with him I said Proud rich silk stockings
 Yes Mr Bloom said He moved a little to the side of M'Coy's talking head
 Getting up in a minute What's wrong with him He said He's dead he said
 And faith he filled up Is it Paddy Dignam I said I couldn't believe it
 when I heard it I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was
 it in the Arch Yes he said He's gone He died on Monday poor fellow Watch
 Watch Silk flash rich stockings white Watch A heavy tramcar honking its
 gong slewed between Lost it Curse your noisy pugnose Feels locked out of
 it Paradise and the peri Always happening like that The very moment Girl
 in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter Her friend
 covering the display of Esprit de corps Well what are you gaping at Yes
 yes Mr Bloom said after a dull sigh Another gone One of the best M'Coy
 said The tram passed They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge her rich
 gloved hand on the steel grip Flicker flicker the laceflare of her hat
 in the sun flicker flick Wife well I suppose M'Coy's changed voice said
 O yes Mr Bloom said Tiptop thanks He unrolled the newspaper baton idly
 and read idly What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat Incomplete With
 it an abode of bliss My missus has just got an engagement At least it's
 not settled yet Valise tack again By the way no harm I'm off that thanks
 Mr Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness My wife
 too he said She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster Hall
 Belfast on the twentyfifth That so M'Coy said Glad to hear that old man
 Who's getting it up Mrs Marion Bloom Not up yet Queen was in her bedroom
 eating bread and No book Blackened court cards laid along her thigh by
 sevens Dark lady and fair man Letter Cat furry black ball Torn strip of
 envelope Love's Old Sweet Song Comes lo ove's old It's a kind of a tour
 don't you see Mr Bloom said thoughtfully Sweeet song There's a committee
 formed Part shares and part profits M'Coy nodded picking at his moustache

stubble O well he said That's good news He moved to go Well glad to see
 you looking fit he said Meet you knocking around Yes Mr Bloom said Tell
 you what M'Coy said You might put down my name at the funeral will you
 I'd like to go but I mightn't be able you see There's a drowning case at
 Sandycove may turn up and then the coroner and myself would have to go
 down if the body is found You just shove in my name if I'm not there will
 you I'll do that Mr Bloom said moving to get off That'll be all right
 Right M'Coy said brightly Thanks old man I'd go if I possibly could Well
 tolloll Just C P M'Coy will do That will be done Mr Bloom answered firmly
 Didn't catch me napping that wheeze The quick touch Soft mark I'd like my
 job Valise I have a particular fancy for Leather Capped corners rivetted
 edges double action lever lock Bob Cowley lent him his for the Wicklow
 regatta concert last year and never heard tidings of it from that good day
 to this Mr Bloom strolling towards Brunswick street smiled My missus has
 just got an Reedy freckled soprano Cheeseparing nose Nice enough in its
 way for a little ballad No guts in it You and me don't you know in the
 same boat Softsoaping Give you the needle that would Can't he hear the
 difference Think he's that way inclined a bit Against my grain somehow
 Thought that Belfast would fetch him I hope that smallpox up there doesn't
 get worse Suppose she wouldn't let herself be vaccinated again Your wife
 and my wife Wonder is he pimping after me Mr Bloom stood at the corner his
 eyes wandering over the multicoloured hoardings Cantrell and Cochrane's
 Ginger Ale (Aromatic) Clery's Summer Sale No he's going on straight Hello
 Leah tonight Mrs Bandmann Palmer Like to see her again in that Hamlet she
 played last night Male impersonator Perhaps he was a woman Why Ophelia
 committed suicide Poor papa How he used to talk of Kate Bateman in that
 Outside the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to get in Year
 before I was born that was sixtyfive And Ristori in Vienna What is this
 the right name is By Mosenthal it is Rachel is it No The scene he was
 always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises the voice and
 puts his fingers on his face Nathan's voice His son's voice I hear the
 voice of Nathan who left his father to die of grief and misery in my arms
 who left the house of his father and left the God of his father Every
 word is so deep Leopold Poor papa Poor man I'm glad I didn't go into the
 room to look at his face That day O dear O dear Ffoo Well perhaps it was
 best for him Mr Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping nags
 of the hazard No use thinking of it any more Nosebag time Wish I hadn't
 met that M'Coy fellow He came nearer and heard a crunching of gilded oats
 the gently champing teeth Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went
 by amid the sweet oaten reek of horsepiss Their Eldorado Poor jugginses
 Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck
 in nosebags Too full for words Still they get their feed all right and
 their doss Gelded too a stump of black guttapercha wagging limp between
 their haunches Might be happy all the same that way Good poor brutes they
 look Still their neigh can be very irritating He drew the letter from his
 pocket and folded it into the newspaper he carried Might just walk into
 her here The lane is safer He passed the cabman's shelter Curious the
 life of drifting cabbies All weathers all places time or setdown no will
 of their own Voglio e non Like to give them an odd cigarette Sociable
 Shout a few flying syllables as they pass He hummed Là ci darem la mano
 La la lala la la He turned into Cumberland street and going on some paces

halted in the lee of the station wall No one Meade's timberyard Piled
 balks Ruins and tenements With careful tread he passed over a hopscotch
 court with its forgotten pickestone Not a sinner Near the timberyard
 a squatted child at marbles alone shooting the taw with a cunnythumb A
 wise tabby a blinking sphinx watched from her warm sill Pity to disturb
 them Mohammed cut a piece out of his mantle not to wake her Open it And
 once I played marbles when I went to that old dame's school She liked
 mignonette Mrs Ellis's And Mr He opened the letter within the newspaper A
 flower I think it's a A yellow flower with flattened petals Not annoyed
 then What does she say Dear Henry I got your last letter to me and thank
 you very much for it I am sorry you did not like my last letter Why did
 you enclose the stamps I am awfully angry with you I do wish I could
 punish you for that I called you naughty boy because I do not like that
 other world Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word Are you
 not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy I do wish I could do
 something for you Please tell me what you think of poor me I often think
 of the beautiful name you have Dear Henry when will we meet I think of
 you so often you have no idea I have never felt myself so much drawn to
 a man as you I feel so bad about Please write me a long letter and tell
 me more Remember if you do not I will punish you So now you know what I
 will do to you you naughty boy if you do not wrote O how I long to meet
 you Henry dear do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted
 Then I will tell you all Goodbye now naughty darling I have such a bad
 headache today and write by return to your longing Martha P S Do tell
 me what kind of perfume does your wife use I want to know He tore the
 flower gravely from its pinhold smelt its almost no smell and placed it
 in his heart pocket Language of flowers They like it because no one can
 hear Or a poison bouquet to strike him down Then walking slowly forward
 he read the letter again murmuring here and there a word Angry tulips
 with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor
 forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet
 all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume Having read it all he took
 it from the newspaper and put it back in his sidepocket Weak joy opened
 his lips Changed since the first letter Wonder did she wrote it herself
 Doing the indignant a girl of good family like me respectable character
 Could meet one Sunday after the rosary Thank you not having any Usual love
 scrimmage Then running round corners Bad as a row with Molly Cigar has a
 cooling effect Narcotic Go further next time Naughty boy punish afraid of
 words of course Brutal why not Try it anyhow A bit at a time Fingering
 still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it Common pin eh He
 threw it on the road Out of her clothes somewhere pinned together Queer
 the number of pins they always have No roses without thorns Flat Dublin
 voices bawled in his head Those two sluts that night in the Coombe linked
 together in the rain O Mairy lost the pin of her drawers She didn't know
 what to do To keep it up To keep it up It Them Such a bad headache Has her
 roses probably Or sitting all day typing Eyefocus bad for stomach nerves
 What perfume does your wife use Now could you make out a thing like that
 To keep it up Martha Mary I saw that picture somewhere I forget now old
 master or faked for money He is sitting in their house talking Mysterious
 Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen To keep it up Nice kind of
 evening feeling No more wandering about Just loll there quiet dusk let

everything rip Forget Tell about places you have been strange customs The
 other one jar on her head was getting the supper fruit olives lovely cool
 water out of a well stonecold like the hole in the wall at Ashtown Must
 carry a paper goblet next time I go to the trottingmatches She listens
 with big dark soft eyes Tell her more and more all Then a sigh silence
 Long long long rest Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope
 tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road The shreds
 fluttered away sank in the dank air a white flutter then all sank Henry
 Flower You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way
 Simple bit of paper Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for
 a million in the bank of Ireland Shows you the money to be made out of
 porter Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four
 times a day they say Skin breeds lice or vermin A million pounds wait a
 moment Twopence a pint fourpence a quart eightpence a gallon of porter
 no one and fourpence a gallon of porter One and four into twenty fifteen
 about Yes exactly Fifteen millions of barrels of porter What am I saying
 barrels Gallons About a million barrels all the same An incoming train
 clanked heavily above his head coach after coach Barrels bumped in his
 head dull porter slopped and churned inside The bungholes sprang open and
 a huge dull flood leaked out flowing together winding through mudflats
 all over the level land a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along
 wideleaved flowers of its froth He had reached the open backdoor of All
 Hallows Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat took the card from his
 pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband Damn it I might
 have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar Same notice on the door
 Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S J on saint Peter Claver S J and
 the African Mission Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too
 when he was almost unconscious The protestants are the same Convert Dr
 William J Walsh D.D to the true religion Save China's millions Wonder how
 they explain it to the heathen Chinees Prefer an ounce of opium Celestials
 Rank heresy for them Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum
 Taking it easy with hand under his cheek Josssticks burning Not like Ecce
 Homo Crown of thorns and cross Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock
 Chopsticks Conmee Martin Cunningham knows him distinguishedlooking Sorry I
 didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father
 Farley who looked a fool but wasn't They're taught that He's not going out
 in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks is he The
 glasses would take their fancy flashing Like to see them sitting round in
 a ring with blub lips entranced listening Still life Lap it up like milk I
 suppose The cold smell of sacred stone called him He trod the worn steps
 pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere Something going on
 some sodality Pity so empty Nice discreet place to be next some girl Who
 is my neighbour Jammed by the hour to slow music That woman at midnight
 mass Seventh heaven Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round
 their necks heads bowed A batch knelt at the altarrails The priest went
 along by them murmuring holding the thing in his hands He stopped at each
 took out a communion shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and
 put it neatly into her mouth Her hat and head sank Then the next one Her
 hat sank at once Then the next one a small old woman The priest bent down
 to put it into her mouth murmuring all the time Latin The next one Shut
 your eyes and open your mouth What Corpus body Corpse Good idea the Latin

Stupefies them first Hospice for the dying They don't seem to chew it only
 swallow it down Rum idea eating bits of a corpse Why the cannibals cotton
 to it He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle one by
 one and seek their places He approached a bench and seated himself in its
 corner nursing his hat and newspaper These pots we have to wear We ought
 to have hats modelled on our heads They were about him here and there with
 heads still bowed in their crimson halters waiting for it to melt in their
 stomachs Something like those mazzoth it's that sort of bread unleavened
 shewbread Look at them Now I bet it makes them feel happy Lollipop It
 does Yes bread of angels it's called There's a big idea behind it kind
 of kingdom of God is within you feel First communicants Hokypoky penny a
 lump Then feel all like one family party same in the theatre all in the
 same swim They do I'm sure of that Not so lonely In our confraternity Then
 come out a bit spreeish Let off steam Thing is if you really believe in it
 Lourdes cure waters of oblivion and the Knock apparition statues bleeding
 Old fellow asleep near that confessionbox Hence those snores Blind faith
 Safe in the arms of kingdom come Lulls all pain Wake this time next year
 He saw the priest stow the communion cup away well in and kneel an instant
 before it showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had
 on Suppose he lost the pin of his He wouldn't know what to do to Bald
 spot behind Letters on his back I.N.R.I No I.H.S Molly told me one time I
 asked her I have sinned or no I have suffered it is And the other one Iron
 nails ran in Meet one Sunday after the rosary Do not deny my request Turn
 up with a veil and black bag Dusk and the light behind her She might be
 here with a ribbon round her neck and do the other thing all the same on
 the sly Their character That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the
 invincibles he used to receive the Carey was his name the communion every
 morning This very church Peter Carey yes No Peter Claver I am thinking
 of Denis Carey And just imagine that Wife and six children at home And
 plotting that murder all the time Those crawthumpers now that's a good
 name for them there's always something shiftylooking about them They're
 not straight men of business either O no she's not here the flower no no
 By the way did I tear up that envelope Yes under the bridge The priest
 was rinsing out the chalice then he tossed off the dregs smartly Wine
 Makes it more aristocratic than for example if he drank what they are
 used to Guinness's porter or some temperance beverage Wheatley's Dublin
 hop bitters or Cantrell and Cochrane's ginger ale (aromatic) Doesn't
 give them any of it shew wine only the other Cold comfort Pious fraud but
 quite right otherwise they'd have one old booser worse than another coming
 along cadging for a drink Queer the whole atmosphere of the Quite right
 Perfectly right that is Mr Bloom looked back towards the choir Not going
 to be any music Pity Who has the organ here I wonder Old Glynn he knew how
 to make that instrument talk the vibrato fifty pounds a year they say he
 had in Gardiner street Molly was in fine voice that day the Stabat Mater
 of Rossini Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon first Christ or Pilate Christ
 but don't keep us all night over it Music they wanted Footdrill stopped
 Could hear a pin drop I told her to pitch her voice against that corner I
 could feel the thrill in the air the full the people looking up Quis est
 homo Some of that old sacred music splendid Mercadante seven last words
 Mozart's twelfth mass Gloria in that Those old popes keen on music on art
 and statues and pictures of all kinds Palestrina for example too They had a

gay old time while it lasted Healthy too chanting regular hours then brew
 liqueurs Benedictine Green Chartreuse Still having eunuchs in their choir
 that was coming it a bit thick What kind of voice is it Must be curious
 to hear after their own strong basses Connoisseurs Suppose they wouldn't
 feel anything after Kind of a placid No worry Fall into flesh don't they
 Gluttons tall long legs Who knows Eunuch One way out of it He saw the
 priest bend down and kiss the altar and then face about and bless all the
 people All crossed themselves and stood up Mr Bloom glanced about him and
 then stood up looking over the risen hats Stand up at the gospel of course
 Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his
 bench The priest came down from the altar holding the thing out from him
 and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin Then the priest knelt
 down and began to read off a card O God our refuge and our strength Mr
 Bloom put his face forward to catch the words English Throw them the bone
 I remember slightly How long since your last mass Glorious and immaculate
 virgin Joseph her spouse Peter and Paul More interesting if you understood
 what it was all about Wonderful organisation certainly goes like clockwork
 Confession Everyone wants to Then I will tell you all Penance Punish me
 please Great weapon in their hands More than doctor or solicitor Woman
 dying to And I schschschschsch And did you chachachachacha And why did
 you Look down at her ring to find an excuse Whispering gallery walls have
 ears Husband learn to his surprise God's little joke Then out she comes
 Repentance skindeep Lovely shame Pray at an altar Hail Mary and Holy Mary
 Flowers incense candles melting Hide her blushes Salvation army blatant
 imitation Reformed prostitute will address the meeting How I found the
 Lord Squareheaded chaps those must be in Rome they work the whole show
 And don't they rake in the money too Bequests also to the P.P for the
 time being in his absolute discretion Masses for the repose of my soul
 to be said publicly with open doors Monasteries and convents The priest
 in that Fermanagh will case in the witnessbox No browbeating him He had
 his answer pat for everything Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother
 the church The doctors of the church they mapped out the whole theology
 of it The priest prayed Blessed Michael archangel defend us in the hour
 of conflict Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the
 devil (may God restrain him we humbly pray!) and do thou O prince of the
 heavenly host by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him
 those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of
 souls The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off All over The
 women remained behind thanksgiving Better be shoving along Brother Buzz
 Come around with the plate perhaps Pay your Easter duty He stood up Hello
 Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time Women enjoy it
 Never tell you But we Excuse miss there's a (whh!) just a (whh!) fluff Or
 their skirt behind placket unhooked Glimpses of the moon Annoyed if you
 don't Why didn't you tell me before Still like you better untidy Good job
 it wasn't farther south He passed discreetly buttoning down the aisle and
 out through the main door into the light He stood a moment unseeing by the
 cold black marble bowl while before him and behind two worshippers dipped
 furtive hands in the low tide of holy water Trams a car of Prescott's
 dyeworks a widow in her weeds Notice because I'm in mourning myself He
 covered himself How goes the time Quarter past Time enough yet Better get
 that lotion made up Where is this Ah yes the last time Sweny's in Lincoln

place Chemists rarely move Their green and gold beacons too heavy to stir Hamilton Long's founded in the year of the flood Huguenot churchyard near there Visit some day He walked southward along Westland row But the recipe is in the other trousers O and I forgot that latchkey too Bore this funeral affair O well poor fellow it's not his fault When was it I got it made up last Wait I changed a sovereign I remember First of the month it must have been or the second O he can look it up in the prescriptions book The chemist turned back page after page Sandy shrivelled smell he seems to have Shrunken skull And old Quest for the philosopher's stone The alchemists Drugs age you after mental excitement Lethargy then Why Reaction A lifetime in a night Gradually changes your character Living all the day among herbs ointments disinfectants All his alabaster lilypots Mortar and pestle Aq Dist Fol Laur Te Virid Smell almost cure you like the dentist's doorbell Doctor Whack He ought to physic himself a bit Electuary or emulsion The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck Simples Want to be careful Enough stuff here to chloroform you Test turns blue litmus paper red Chloroform Overdose of laudanum Sleeping draughts Lovephiltres Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough Clogs the pores or the phlegm Poisons the only cures Remedy where you least expect it Clever of nature About a fortnight ago sir Yes Mr Bloom said He waited by the counter inhaling slowly the keen reek of drugs the dusty dry smell of sponges and loofahs Lot of time taken up telling your aches and pains Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin Mr Bloom said and then orangeflower water It certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax And white wax also he said Brings out the darkness of her eyes Looking at me the sheet up to her eyes Spanish smelling herself when I was fixing the links in my cuffs Those homely recipes are often the best strawberries for the teeth nettles and rainwater oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk Skinfood One of the old queen's sons duke of Albany was it had only one skin Leopold yes Three we have Warts bunions and pimples to make it worse But you want a perfume too What perfume does your Peau d'Espagne That orangeflower water is so fresh Nice smell these soaps have Pure curd soap Time to get a bath round the corner Hammam Turkish Massage Dirt gets rolled up in your navel Nicer if a nice girl did it Also I think I Yes I Do it in the bath Curious longing I Water to water Combine business with pleasure Pity no time for massage Feel fresh then all the day Funeral be rather glum Yes sir the chemist said That was two and nine Have you brought a bottle No Mr Bloom said Make it up please I'll call later in the day and I'll take one of these soaps How much are they Fourpence sir Mr Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils Sweet lemony wax I'll take this one he said That makes three and a penny Yes sir the chemist said You can pay all together sir when you come back Good Mr Bloom said He strolled out of the shop the newspaper baton under his armpit the coolwrapped soap in his left hand At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said Hello Bloom What's the best news Is that today's Show us a minute Shaved off his moustache again by Jove Long cold upper lip To look younger He does look balmy Younger than I am Bantam Lyons's yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the baton Wants a wash too Take off the rough dirt Good morning have you used Pears' soap Dandruff on his shoulders Scalp wants oiling I want to see about that French horse that's running today Bantam Lyons said Where the bugger is it He rustled the pleated pages jerking his chin on his high

collar Barber's itch Tight collar he'll lose his hair Better leave him
 the paper and get shut of him You can keep it Mr Bloom said Ascot Gold
 cup Wait Bantam Lyons muttered Half a mo Maximum the second I was just
 going to throw it away Mr Bloom said Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly
 and leered weakly What's that his sharp voice said I say you can keep it
 Mr Bloom answered I was going to throw it away that moment Bantam Lyons
 doubted an instant leering then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr
 Bloom's arms I'll risk it he said Here thanks He sped off towards Conway's
 corner God speed scut Mr Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square
 and lodged the soap in it smiling Silly lips of that chap Betting Regular
 hotbed of it lately Messenger boys stealing to put on sixpence Raffle for
 large tender turkey Your Christmas dinner for threepence Jack Fleming
 embezzling to gamble then smuggled off to America Keeps a hotel now They
 never come back Fleshpots of Egypt He walked cheerfully towards the mosque
 of the baths Remind you of a mosque redbaked bricks the minarets College
 sports today I see He eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of college
 park cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot Damn bad ad Now if they had
 made it round like a wheel Then the spokes sports sports sports and the
 hub big college Something to catch the eye There's Hornblower standing at
 the porter's lodge Keep him on hands might take a turn in there on the
 nod How do you do Mr Hornblower How do you do sir Heavenly weather really
 If life was always like that Cricket weather Sit around under sunshades
 Over after over Out They can't play it here Duck for six wickets Still
 Captain Culler broke a window in the Kildare street club with a slog
 to square leg Donnybrook fair more in their line And the skulls we were
 acracking when M'Carthy took the floor Heatwave Won't last Always passing
 the stream of life which in the stream of life we trace is dearer than
 them all Enjoy a bath now clean trough of water cool enamel the gentle
 tepid stream This is my body He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at
 full naked in a womb of warmth oiled by scented melting soap softly laved
 He saw his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained buoyed lightly
 upward lemonyellow his navel bud of flesh and saw the dark tangled curls
 of his bush floating floating hair of the stream around the limp father of
 thousands a languid floating flower [6] Martin Cunningham first poked
 his silkhatted head into the creaking carriage and entering deftly seated
 himself Mr Power stepped in after him curving his height with care Come
 on Simon After you Mr Bloom said Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and
 got in saying Yes yes Are we all here now Martin Cunningham asked Come
 along Bloom Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place He pulled the
 door to after him and slammed it twice till it shut tight He passed an arm
 through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriagewindow at
 the lowered blinds of the avenue One dragged aside an old woman peeping
 Nose whiteflattened against the pane Thanking her stars she was passed
 over Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse Glad to see us go
 we give them such trouble coming Job seems to suit them Huggermugger in
 corners Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd wake Then getting
 it ready Laying it out Molly and Mrs Fleming making the bed Pull it more
 to your side Our windingsheet Never know who will touch you dead Wash
 and shampoo I believe they clip the nails and the hair Keep a bit in an
 envelope Grows all the same after Unclean job All waited Nothing was said
 Stowing in the wreaths probably I am sitting on something hard Ah that

soap in my hip pocket Better shift it out of that Wait for an opportunity
 All waited Then wheels were heard from in front turning then nearer then
 horses' hoofs A jolt Their carriage began to move creaking and swaying
 Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind The blinds of the avenue
 passed and number nine with its craped knocker door ajar At walking pace
 They waited still their knees jogging till they had turned and were passing
 along the tramtracks Tritonville road Quicker The wheels rattled rolling
 over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the
 doorframes What way is he taking us Mr Power asked through both windows
 Irishtown Martin Cunningham said Ringsend Brunswick street Mr Dedalus
 nodded looking out That's a fine old custom he said I am glad to see it
 has not died out All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats
 lifted by passers Respect The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the
 smoother road past Watery lane Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man
 clad in mourning a wide hat There's a friend of yours gone by Dedalus he
 said Who is that Your son and heir Where is he Mr Dedalus said stretching
 over across The carriage passing the open drains and mounds of rippedup
 roadway before the tenement houses lurched round the corner and swerving
 back to the tramtrack rolled on noisily with chattering wheels Mr Dedalus
 fell back saying Was that Mulligan cad with him His fidus Achates No Mr
 Bloom said He was alone Down with his aunt Sally I suppose Mr Dedalus said
 the Goulding faction the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie papa's
 little lump of dung the wise child that knows her own father Mr Bloom
 smiled joylessly on Ringsend road Wallace Bros the bottleworks Dodder
 bridge Richie Goulding and the legal bag Goulding Collis and Ward he calls
 the firm His jokes are getting a bit damp Great card he was Waltzing in
 Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning the landlady's
 two hats pinned on his head Out on the rampage all night Beginning to tell
 on him now that backache of his I fear Wife ironing his back Thinks he'll
 cure it with pills All breadcrumbs they are About six hundred per cent
 profit He's in with a lowdown crowd Mr Dedalus snarled That Mulligan is a
 contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts His name stinks all
 over Dublin But with the help of God and His blessed mother I'll make it
 my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt
 or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate I'll tickle
 his catastrophe believe you me He cried above the clatter of the wheels
 I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son A counterjumper's son
 Selling tapes in my cousin Peter Paul M'Swiney's Not likely He ceased Mr
 Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild face and Martin
 Cunningham's eyes and beard gravely shaking Noisy selfwilled man Full of
 his son He is right Something to hand on If little Rudy had lived See him
 grow up Hear his voice in the house Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit
 My son Me in his eyes Strange feeling it would be From me Just a chance
 Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window
 watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil And the
 sergeant grinning up She had that cream gown on with the rip she never
 stitched Give us a touch Poldy God I'm dying for it How life begins Got
 big then Had to refuse the Greystones concert My son inside her I could
 have helped him on in life I could Make him independent Learn German too
 Are we late Mr Power asked Ten minutes Martin Cunningham said looking at
 his watch Molly Milly Same thing watered down Her tomboy oaths O jumping

Jupiter Ye gods and little fishes Still she's a dear girl Soon be a woman
 Mullingar Dearest Papli Young student Yes yes a woman too Life life The
 carriage heeled over and back their four trunks swaying Corny might have
 given us a more commodious yoke Mr Power said He might Mr Dedalus said if
 he hadn't that squint troubling him Do you follow me He closed his left eye
 Martin Cunningham began to brush away crustcrumbs from under his thighs
 What is this he said in the name of God Crumbs Someone seems to have been
 making a picnic party here lately Mr Power said All raised their thighs
 and eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats Mr
 Dedalus twisting his nose frowned downward and said Unless I'm greatly
 mistaken What do you think Martin It struck me too Martin Cunningham said
 Mr Bloom set his thigh down Glad I took that bath Feel my feet quite clean
 But I wish Mrs Fleming had darned these socks better Mr Dedalus sighed
 resignedly After all he said it's the most natural thing in the world Did
 Tom Kernan turn up Martin Cunningham asked twirling the peak of his beard
 gently Yes Mr Bloom answered He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes And
 Corny Kelleher himself Mr Power asked At the cemetery Martin Cunningham
 said I met M'Coy this morning Mr Bloom said He said he'd try to come The
 carriage halted short What's wrong We're stopped Where are we Mr Bloom
 put his head out of the window The grand canal he said Gasworks Whooping
 cough they say it cures Good job Milly never got it Poor children Doubles
 them up black and blue in convulsions Shame really Got off lightly with
 illnesses compared Only measles Flaxseed tea Scarlatina influenza epidemics
 Canvassing for death Don't miss this chance Dogs' home over there Poor
 old Athos Be good to Athos Leopold is my last wish Thy will be done We
 obey them in the grave A dying scrawl He took it to heart pined away
 Quiet brute Old men's dogs usually are A raindrop spat on his hat He drew
 back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags Apart
 Curious Like through a colander I thought it would My boots were creaking
 I remember now The weather is changing he said quietly A pity it did not
 keep up fine Martin Cunningham said Wanted for the country Mr Power said
 There's the sun again coming out Mr Dedalus peering through his glasses
 towards the veiled sun hurled a mute curse at the sky It's as uncertain
 as a child's bottom he said We're off again The carriage turned again its
 stiff wheels and their trunks swayed gently Martin Cunningham twirled more
 quickly the peak of his beard Tom Kernan was immense last night he said And
 Paddy Leonard taking him off to his face O draw him out Martin Mr Power
 said eagerly Wait till you hear him Simon on Ben Dollard's singing of The
 Croppy Boy Immense Martin Cunningham said pompously His singing of that
 simple ballad Martin is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the
 whole course of my experience Trenchant Mr Power said laughing He's dead
 nuts on that And the retrospective arrangement Did you read Dan Dawson's
 speech Martin Cunningham asked I did not then Mr Dedalus said Where is it
 In the paper this morning Mr Bloom took the paper from his inside pocket
 That book I must change for her No no Mr Dedalus said quickly Later on
 please Mr Bloom's glance travelled down the edge of the paper scanning
 the deaths Callan Coleman Dignam Fawcett Lowry Naumann Peake what Peake
 is that is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's no Sexton Urbright
 Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper Thanks to the
 Little Flower Sadly missed To the inexpressible grief of his Aged 88 after
 a long and tedious illness Month's mind Quinlan On whose soul Sweet Jesus

have mercy It is now a month since dear Henry fled To his home up above
 in the sky While his family weeps and mourns his loss Hoping some day to
 meet him on high I tore up the envelope Yes Where did I put her letter
 after I read it in the bath He patted his waistcoatpocket There all right
 Dear Henry fled Before my patience are exhausted National school Meade's
 yard The hazard Only two there now Nodding Full as a tick Too much bone
 in their skulls The other trotting round with a fare An hour ago I was
 passing there The jarvies raised their hats A pointsman's back straightened
 itself upright suddenly against a tramway standard by Mr Bloom's window
 Couldn't they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself much
 handier Well but that fellow would lose his job then Well but then another
 fellow would get a job making the new invention Antient concert rooms
 Nothing on there A man in a buff suit with a crape armlet Not much grief
 there Quarter mourning People in law perhaps They went past the bleak
 pulpit of saint Mark's under the railway bridge past the Queen's theatre
 in silence Hoardings Eugene Stratton Mrs Bandmann Palmer Could I go to see
 Leah tonight I wonder I said I Or the Lily of Killarney Elster Grimes
 Opera Company Big powerful change Wet bright bills for next week Fun on
 the Bristol Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety Have to
 stand a drink or two As broad as it's long He's coming in the afternoon
 Her songs Plasto's Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust Who was
 he How do you do Martin Cunningham said raising his palm to his brow in
 salute He doesn't see us Mr Power said Yes he does How do you do Who Mr
 Dedalus asked Blazes Boylan Mr Power said There he is airing his quiff
 Just that moment I was thinking Mr Dedalus bent across to salute From the
 door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply spruce
 figure passed Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand then those of
 his right hand The nails yes Is there anything more in him that they she
 sees Fascination Worst man in Dublin That keeps him alive They sometimes
 feel what a person is Instinct But a type like that My nails I am just
 looking at them well pared And after thinking alone Body getting a bit
 softy I would notice that from remembering What causes that I suppose
 the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off But the
 shape is there The shape is there still Shoulders Hips Plump Night of
 the dance dressing Shift stuck between the cheeks behind He clasped his
 hands between his knees and satisfied sent his vacant glance over their
 faces Mr Power asked How is the concert tour getting on Bloom O very well
 Mr Bloom said I hear great accounts of it It's a good idea you see Are
 you going yourself Well no Mr Bloom said In point of fact I have to go
 down to the county Clare on some private business You see the idea is to
 tour the chief towns What you lose on one you can make up on the other
 Quite so Martin Cunningham said Mary Anderson is up there now Have you
 good artists Louis Werner is touring her Mr Bloom said O yes we'll have
 all topnobbers J C Doyle and John MacCormack I hope and The best in fact
 And Madame Mr Power said smiling Last but not least Mr Bloom unclasped
 his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them Smith O'Brien
 Someone has laid a bunch of flowers there Woman Must be his deathday
 For many happy returns The carriage wheeling by Farrell's statue united
 noiselessly their unresisting knees Oot a dullgarbed old man from the
 curbstone tendered his wares his mouth opening oot Four bootlaces for
 a penny Wonder why he was struck off the rolls Had his office in Hume

street Same house as Molly's namesake Tweedy crown solicitor for Waterford
 Has that silk hat ever since Relics of old decency Mourning too Terrible
 comedown poor wretch Kicked about like snuff at a wake O'Callaghan on his
 last legs And Madame Twenty past eleven Up Mrs Fleming is in to clean
 Doing her hair humming voglio e non vorrei No vorrei e non Looking
 at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split Mi trema un poco il
 Beautiful on that tre her voice is weeping tone A thrush A throstle There
 is a word throstle that expresses that His eyes passed lightly over Mr
 Power's goodlooking face Greyish over the ears Madame smiling I smiled
 back A smile goes a long way Only politeness perhaps Nice fellow Who
 knows is that true about the woman he keeps Not pleasant for the wife Yet
 they say who was it told me there is no carnal You would imagine that
 would get played out pretty quick Yes it was Crofton met him one evening
 bringing her a pound of rumpsteak What is this she was Barmaid in Jury's
 Or the Moira was it They passed under the hugecloaked Liberator's form
 Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power Of the tribe of Reuben he said A tall
 blackbearded figure bent on a stick stumping round the corner of Elvery's
 Elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine In all his
 pristine beauty Mr Power said Mr Dedalus looked after the stumping figure
 and said mildly The devil break the hasp of your back Mr Power collapsing
 in laughter shaded his face from the window as the carriage passed Gray's
 statue We have all been there Martin Cunningham said broadly His eyes
 met Mr Bloom's eyes He caressed his beard adding Well nearly all of us
 Mr Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces
 That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and
 the son About the boatman Mr Power asked Yes Isn't it awfully good What
 is that Mr Dedalus asked I didn't hear it There was a girl in the case
 Mr Bloom began and he determined to send him to the Isle of Man out of
 harm's way but when they were both What Mr Dedalus asked That confirmed
 bloody hobbledehoy is it Yes Mr Bloom said They were both on the way to
 the boat and he tried to drown Drown Barabbas Mr Dedalus cried I wish to
 Christ he did Mr Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils No Mr
 Bloom said the son himself Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely
 Reuben J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their
 way to the Isle of Man boat and the young chiseller suddenly got loose and
 over the wall with him into the Liffey For God's sake Mr Dedalus exclaimed
 in fright Is he dead Dead Martin Cunningham cried Not he A boatman got a
 pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up
 to the father on the quay more dead than alive Half the town was there
 Yes Mr Bloom said But the funny part is And Reuben J Martin Cunningham
 said gave the boatman a florin for saving his son's life A stifled sigh
 came from under Mr Power's hand O he did Martin Cunningham affirmed Like
 a hero A silver florin Isn't it awfully good Mr Bloom said eagerly One
 and eightpence too much Mr Dedalus said drily Mr Power's choked laugh
 burst quietly in the carriage Nelson's pillar Eight plums a penny Eight
 for a penny We had better look a little serious Martin Cunningham said Mr
 Dedalus sighed Ah then indeed he said poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us
 a laugh Many a good one he told himself The Lord forgive me Mr Power said
 wiping his wet eyes with his fingers Poor Paddy I little thought a week
 ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I'd be driving
 after him like this He's gone from us As decent a little man as ever wore

a hat Mr Dedalus said He went very suddenly Breakdown Martin Cunningham said Heart He tapped his chest sadly Blazing face redhot Too much John Barleycorn Cure for a red nose Drink like the devil till it turns adelite A lot of money he spent colouring it Mr Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension He had a sudden death poor fellow he said The best death Mr Bloom said Their wide open eyes looked at him No suffering he said A moment and all is over Like dying in sleep No one spoke Dead side of the street this Dull business by day land agents temperance hotel Falconer's railway guide civil service college Gill's catholic club the industrious blind Why Some reason Sun or wind At night too Chummies and slaveys Under the patronage of the late Father Mathew Foundation stone for Parnell Breakdown Heart White horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner galloping A tiny coffin flashed by In a hurry to bury A mourning coach Unmarried Black for the married Piebald for bachelors Dun for a nun Sad Martin Cunningham said A child A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was Dwarf's body weak as putty in a whitelined deal box Burial friendly society pays Penny a week for a sod of turf Our Little Beggar Baby Meant nothing Mistake of nature If it's healthy it's from the mother If not from the man Better luck next time Poor little thing Mr Dedalus said It's well out of it The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square Rattle his bones Over the stones Only a pauper Nobody owns In the midst of life Martin Cunningham said But the worst of all Mr Power said is the man who takes his own life Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly coughed and put it back The greatest disgrace to have in the family Mr Power added Temporary insanity of course Martin Cunningham said decisively We must take a charitable view of it They say a man who does it is a coward Mr Dedalus said It is not for us to judge Martin Cunningham said Mr Bloom about to speak closed his lips again Martin Cunningham's large eyes Looking away now Sympathetic human man he is Intelligent Like Shakespeare's face Always a good word to say They have no mercy on that here or infanticide Refuse christian burial They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave As if it wasn't broken already Yet sometimes they repent too late Found in the riverbed clutching rushes He looked at me And that awful drunkard of a wife of his Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him every Saturday almost Leading him the life of the damned Wear the heart out of a stone that Monday morning Start afresh Shoulder to the wheel Lord she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella And they call me the jewel of Asia Of Asia The geisha He looked away from me He knows Rattle his bones That afternoon of the inquest The redlabelled bottle on the table The room in the hotel with hunting pictures Stuffy it was Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blind The coroner's sunlit ears big and hairy Boots giving evidence Thought he was asleep first Then saw like yellow streaks on his face Had slipped down to the foot of the bed Verdict overdose Death by misadventure The letter For my son Leopold No more pain Wake no more Nobody owns The carriage rattled swiftly along Blessington street Over the stones We are going the pace I think Martin Cunningham said God grant he doesn't upset us on the road Mr Power said I hope not Martin Cunningham said That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany The Gordon Bennett Yes by Jove Mr Dedalus said That will be worth

seeing faith As they turned into Berkeley street a streetorgan near the Basin sent over and after them a rollicking rattling song of the halls Has anybody here seen Kelly Kay ee double ell wy Dead March from Saul He's as bad as old Antonio He left me on my ownio Pirouette The Mater Misericordiae Eccles street My house down there Big place Ward for incurables there Very encouraging Our Lady's Hospice for the dying Deadhouse handy underneath Where old Mrs Riordan died They look terrible the women Her feeding cup and rubbing her mouth with the spoon Then the screen round her bed for her to die Nice young student that was dressed that bite the bee gave me He's gone over to the lying in hospital they told me From one extreme to the other The carriage galloped round a corner stopped What's wrong now A divided drove of branded cattle passed the windows lowing slouching by on padded hoofs whisking their tails slowly on their clotted bony croups Outside them and through them ran raddled sheep bleating their fear Emigrants Mr Power said Huuuh the drover's voice cried his switch sounding on their flanks Huuuh out of that Thursday of course Tomorrow is killing day Springers Cuffe sold them about twentyseven quid each For Liverpool probably Roastbeef for old England They buy up all the juicy ones And then the fifth quarter lost all that raw stuff hide hair horns Comes to a big thing in a year Dead meat trade Byproducts of the slaughterhouses for tanneries soap margarine Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat off the train at Clonsilla The carriage moved on through the drove I can't make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the parkgate to the quays Mr Bloom said All those animals could be taken in trucks down to the boats Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare Martin Cunningham said Quite right They ought to Yes Mr Bloom said and another thing I often thought is to have municipal funeral trams like they have in Milan you know Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams hearse and carriage and all Don't you see what I mean O that be damned for a story Mr Dedalus said Pullman car and saloon diningroom A poor lookout for Corny Mr Power added Why Mr Bloom asked turning to Mr Dedalus Wouldn't it be more decent than galloping two abreast Well there's something in that Mr Dedalus granted And Martin Cunningham said we wouldn't have scenes like that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to the road That was terrible Mr Power's shocked face said and the corpse fell about the road Terrible First round Dunphy's Mr Dedalus said nodding Gordon Bennett cup Praises be to God Martin Cunningham said piously Bom Upset A coffin bumped out on to the road Burst open Paddy Dignam shot out and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him Red face grey now Mouth fallen open Asking what's up now Quite right to close it Looks horrid open Then the insides decompose quickly Much better to close up all the orifices Yes also With wax The sphincter loose Seal up all Dunphy's Mr Power announced as the carriage turned right Dunphy's corner Mourning coaches drawn up drowning their grief A pause by the wayside Tiptop position for a pub Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to drink his health Pass round the consolation Elixir of life But suppose now it did happen Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the knocking about He would and he wouldn't I suppose Depends on where The circulation stops Still some might ooze out of an artery It would be better to bury them in red a dark red In silence they drove along Phibsborough road An empty hearse trotted by coming from the cemetery looks relieved Crossguns

bridge the royal canal Water rushed roaring through the sluices A man
 stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf On the towpath by the
 lock a slacktethered horse Aboard of the Bugabu Their eyes watched him On
 the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his raft coastward over Ireland
 drawn by a haulage rope past beds of reeds over slime mudchoked bottles
 carrion dogs Athlone Mullingar Moyvalley I could make a walking tour to
 see Milly by the canal Or cycle down Hire some old crock safety Wren had
 one the other day at the auction but a lady's Developing waterways James
 M'Cann's hobby to row me o'er the ferry Cheaper transit By easy stages
 Houseboats Camping out Also hearses To heaven by water Perhaps I will
 without writing Come as a surprise Leixlip Clonsilla Dropping down lock
 by lock to Dublin With turf from the midland bogs Salute He lifted his
 brown straw hat saluting Paddy Dignam They drove on past Brian Boromhe
 house Near it now I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on Mr Power
 said Better ask Tom Kernan Mr Dedalus said How is that Martin Cunningham
 said Left him weeping I suppose Though lost to sight Mr Dedalus said to
 memory dear The carriage steered left for Finglas road The stonecutter's
 yard on the right Last lap Crowded on the spit of land silent shapes
 appeared white sorrowful holding out calm hands knelt in grief pointing
 Fragments of shapes hewn In white silence appealing The best obtainable
 Thos H Dennany monumental builder and sculptor Passed On the curbstone
 before Jimmy Geary the sexton's an old tramp sat grumbling emptying the
 dirt and stones out of his huge dustbrown yawning boot After life's journey
 Gloomy gardens then went by one by one gloomy houses Mr Power pointed That
 is where Childs was murdered he said The last house So it is Mr Dedalus
 said A gruesome case Seymour Bushe got him off Murdered his brother Or
 so they said The crown had no evidence Mr Power said Only circumstantial
 Martin Cunningham added That's the maxim of the law Better for ninety-nine
 guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned
 They looked Murderer's ground It passed darkly Shuttered tenantless
 unweeded garden Whole place gone to hell Wrongfully condemned Murder The
 murderer's image in the eye of the murdered They love reading about it
 Man's head found in a garden Her clothing consisted of How she met her
 death Recent outrage The weapon used Murderer is still at large Clues A
 shoelace The body to be exhumed Murder will out Cramped in this carriage
 She mightn't like me to come that way without letting her know Must be
 careful about women Catch them once with their pants down Never forgive
 you after Fifteen The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze
 Dark poplars rare white forms Forms more frequent white shapes thronged
 amid the trees white forms and fragments streaming by mutely sustaining
 vain gestures on the air The felly harshed against the curbstone stopped
 Martin Cunningham put out his arm and wrenching back the handle shoved the
 door open with his knee He stepped out Mr Power and Mr Dedalus followed
 Change that soap now Mr Bloom's hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly
 and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket He
 stepped out of the carriage replacing the newspaper his other hand still
 held Paltry funeral coach and three carriages It's all the same Pallbearers
 gold reins requiem mass firing a volley Pomp of death Beyond the hind
 carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit Simnel cakes those
 are stuck together cakes for the dead Dogbiscuits Who ate them Mourners
 coming out He followed his companions Mr Kernan and Ned Lambert followed

Hynes walking after them Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took out the two wreaths He handed one to the boy Where is that child's funeral disappeared to A team of horses passed from Finglas with toiling plodding tread dragging through the funereal silence a creaking waggon on which lay a granite block The waggoner marching at their head saluted Coffin now Got here before us dead as he is Horse looking round at it with his plume skeowways Dull eye collar tight on his neck pressing on a bloodvessel or something Do they know what they cart out here every day Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day Then Mount Jerome for the protestants Funerals all over the world everywhere every minute Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick Thousands every hour Too many in the world Mourners came out through the gates woman and a girl Leanjawed harpy hard woman at a bargain her bonnet awry Girl's face stained with dirt and tears holding the woman's arm looking up at her for a sign to cry Fish's face bloodless and livid The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates So much dead weight Felt heavier myself stepping out of that bath First the stiff then the friends of the stiff Corny Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths Who is that beside them Ah the brother in law All walked after Martin Cunningham whispered I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom What Mr Power whispered How so His father poisoned himself Martin Cunningham whispered Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis You heard him say he was going to Clare Anniversary O God Mr Power whispered First I heard of it Poisoned himself He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed towards the cardinal's mausoleum Speaking Was he insured Mr Bloom asked I believe so Mr Kernan answered But the policy was heavily mortgaged Martin is trying to get the youngster into Artane How many children did he leave Five Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into Todd's A sad case Mr Bloom said gently Five young children A great blow to the poor wife Mr Kernan added Indeed yes Mr Bloom agreed Has the laugh at him now He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished She had outlived him Lost her husband More dead for her than for me One must outlive the other Wise men say There are more women than men in the world Condole with her Your terrible loss I hope you'll soon follow him For Hindu widows only She would marry another Him No Yet who knows after Widowhood not the thing since the old queen died Drawn on a guncarriage Victoria and Albert Frogmore memorial mourning But in the end she put a few violets in her bonnet Vain in her heart of hearts All for a shadow Consort not even a king Her son was the substance Something new to hope for not like the past she wanted back waiting It never comes One must go first alone under the ground and lie no more in her warm bed How are you Simon Ned Lambert said softly clasping hands Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays Never better How are all in Cork's own town I was down there for the Cork park races on Easter Monday Ned Lambert said Same old six and eightpence Stopped with Dick Tivy And how is Dick the solid man Nothing between himself and heaven Ned Lambert answered By the holy Paul Mr Dedalus said in subdued wonder Dick Tivy bald Martin is going to get up a whip for the youngsters Ned Lambert said pointing ahead A few bob a skull Just to keep them going till the insurance is cleared up Yes yes Mr Dedalus said dubiously Is that the eldest boy in front Yes Ned Lambert said with the wife's brother John Henry Menton is behind He put down

his name for a quid I'll engage he did Mr Dedalus said I often told poor Paddy he ought to mind that job John Henry is not the worst in the world How did he lose it Ned Lambert asked Liquor what Many a good man's fault Mr Dedalus said with a sigh They halted about the door of the mortuary chapel Mr Bloom stood behind the boy with the wreath looking down at his sleekcombed hair and at the slender furrowed neck inside his brandnew collar Poor boy Was he there when the father Both unconscious Lighten up at the last moment and recognise for the last time All he might have done I owe three shillings to O'Grady Would he understand The mutes bore the coffin into the chapel Which end is his head After a moment he followed the others in blinking in the screened light The coffin lay on its bier before the chancel four tall yellow candles at its corners Always in front of us Corny Kelleher laying a wreath at each fore corner beckoned to the boy to kneel The mourners knelt here and there in prayingdesks Mr Bloom stood behind near the font and when all had knelt dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it He fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and holding its brim bent over piously A server bearing a brass bucket with something in it came out through a door The whitesmocked priest came after him tidying his stole with one hand balancing with the other a little book against his toad's belly Who'll read the book I said the rook They halted by the bier and the priest began to read out of his book with a fluent croak Father Coffey I knew his name was like a coffin Dominenamine Bully about the muzzle he looks Bosses the show Muscular christian Woe betide anyone that looks crooked at him priest Thou art Peter Burst sideways like a sheep in clover Dedalus says he will With a belly on him like a poisoned pup Most amusing expressions that man finds Hhhn burst sideways Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo Domine Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin Requiem mass Crape weepers Blackedged notepaper Your name on the altarlist Chilly place this Want to feed well sitting in there all the morning in the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next please Eyes of a toad too What swells him up that way Molly gets swelled after cabbage Air of the place maybe Looks full up of bad gas Must be an infernal lot of bad gas round the place Butchers for instance they get like raw beefsteaks Who was telling me Mervyn Browne Down in the vaults of saint Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it Out it rushes blue One whiff of that and you're a goner My kneecap is hurting me Ow That's better The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's bucket and shook it over the coffin Then he walked to the other end and shook it again Then he came back and put it back in the bucket As you were before you rested It's all written down he has to do it Et ne nos inducas in tentationem The server piped the answers in the treble I often thought it would be better to have boy servants Up to fifteen or so After that of course Holy water that was I expect Shaking sleep out of it He must be fed up with that job shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over Every mortal day a fresh batch middleaged men old women children women dead in childbirth men with beards baldheaded businessmen consumptive girls with little sparrows' breasts All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them sleep On Dignam now In paradisum

Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise Says that over everybody
 Tiresome kind of a job But he has to say something The priest closed
 his book and went off followed by the server Corny Kelleher opened the
 sidedoors and the gravediggers came in hoisted the coffin again carried
 it out and shoved it on their cart Corny Kelleher gave one wreath to the
 boy and one to the brother in law All followed them out of the sidedoors
 into the mild grey air Mr Bloom came last folding his paper again into
 his pocket He gazed gravely at the ground till the coffincart wheeled off
 to the left The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry
 and the pack of blunt boots followed the trundled barrow along a lane
 of sepulchres The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo Lord I mustn't lilt
 here The O'Connell circle Mr Dedalus said about him Mr Power's soft eyes
 went up to the apex of the lofty cone He's at rest he said in the middle
 of his people old Dan O' But his heart is buried in Rome How many broken
 hearts are buried here Simon Her grave is over there Jack Mr Dedalus
 said I'll soon be stretched beside her Let Him take me whenever He likes
 Breaking down he began to weep to himself quietly stumbling a little in
 his walk Mr Power took his arm She's better where she is he said kindly I
 suppose so Mr Dedalus said with a weak gasp I suppose she is in heaven if
 there is a heaven Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed
 the mourners to plod by Sad occasions Mr Kernan began politely Mr Bloom
 closed his eyes and sadly twice bowed his head The others are putting on
 their hats Mr Kernan said I suppose we can do so too We are the last This
 cemetery is a treacherous place They covered their heads The reverend
 gentleman read the service too quickly don't you think Mr Kernan said
 with reproof Mr Bloom nodded gravely looking in the quick bloodshot eyes
 Secret eyes secretsearching Mason I think not sure Beside him again We
 are the last In the same boat Hope he'll say something else Mr Kernan
 added The service of the Irish church used in Mount Jerome is simpler more
 impressive I must say Mr Bloom gave prudent assent The language of course
 was another thing Mr Kernan said with solemnity I am the resurrection and
 the life That touches a man's inmost heart It does Mr Bloom said Your
 heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his
 toes to the daisies No touching that Seat of the affections Broken heart
 A pump after all pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day One fine
 day it gets bunged up and there you are Lots of them lying around here
 lungs hearts livers Old rusty pumps damn the thing else The resurrection
 and the life Once you are dead you are dead That last day idea Knocking
 them all up out of their graves Come forth Lazarus And he came fifth and
 lost the job Get up Last day Then every fellow mousing around for his liver
 and his lights and the rest of his traps Find damn all of himself that
 morning Pennyweight of powder in a skull Twelve grammes one pennyweight
 Troy measure Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side Everything went
 off Al he said What He looked on them from his drawling eye Policeman's
 shoulders With your tooraloom tooraloom As it should be Mr Kernan said What
 Eh Corny Kelleher said Mr Kernan assured him Who is that chap behind with
 Tom Kernan John Henry Menton asked I know his face Ned Lambert glanced
 back Bloom he said Madame Marion Tweedy that was is I mean the soprano
 She's his wife O to be sure John Henry Menton said I haven't seen her
 for some time She was a finelooking woman I danced with her wait fifteen
 seventeen golden years ago at Mat Dillon's in Roundtown And a good armful

she was He looked behind through the others What is he he asked What does
 he do Wasn't he in the stationery line I fell foul of him one evening I
 remember at bowls Ned Lambert smiled Yes he was he said in Wisdom Hely's
 A traveller for blottingpaper In God's name John Henry Menton said what
 did she marry a coon like that for She had plenty of game in her then Has
 still Ned Lambert said He does some canvassing for ads John Henry Menton's
 large eyes stared ahead The barrow turned into a side lane A portly man
 ambushed among the grasses raised his hat in homage The gravediggers
 touched their caps John O'Connell Mr Power said pleased He never forgets
 a friend Mr O'Connell shook all their hands in silence Mr Dedalus said
 I am come to pay you another visit My dear Simon the caretaker answered
 in a low voice I don't want your custom at all Saluting Ned Lambert and
 John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin Cunningham's side puzzling two
 long keys at his back Did you hear that one he asked them about Mulcahy
 from the Coombe I did not Martin Cunningham said They bent their silk
 hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear The caretaker hung his thumbs
 in the loops of his gold watchchain and spoke in a discreet tone to
 their vacant smiles They tell the story he said that two drunks came out
 here one foggy evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs They
 asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried After
 traipsing about in the fog they found the grave sure enough One of the
 drunks spelt out the name Terence Mulcahy The other drunk was blinking up
 at a statue of Our Saviour the widow had got put up The caretaker blinked
 up at one of the sepulchres they passed He resumed And after blinking up
 at the sacred figure Not a bloody bit like the man says he That's not
 Mulcahy says he whoever done it Rewarded by smiles he fell back and
 spoke with Corny Kelleher accepting the dockets given him turning them
 over and scanning them as he walked That's all done with a purpose Martin
 Cunningham explained to Hynes I know Hynes said I know that To cheer a
 fellow up Martin Cunningham said It's pure goodheartedness damn the thing
 else Mr Bloom admired the caretaker's prosperous bulk All want to be on
 good terms with him Decent fellow John O'Connell real good sort Keys like
 Keyes's ad no fear of anyone getting out No passout checks Habeas corpus
 I must see about that ad after the funeral Did I write Ballsbridge on
 the envelope I took to cover when she disturbed me writing to Martha Hope
 it's not chucked in the dead letter office Be the better of a shave Grey
 sprouting beard That's the first sign when the hairs come out grey And
 temper getting cross Silver threads among the grey Fancy being his wife
 Wonder he had the gumption to propose to any girl Come out and live in
 the graveyard Dangle that before her It might thrill her first Courting
 death Shades of night hovering here with all the dead stretched about
 The shadows of the tombs when churchyards yawn and Daniel O'Connell must
 be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy
 man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark Will o' the
 wisp Gas of graves Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all Women
 especially are so touchy Tell her a ghost story in bed to make her sleep
 Have you ever seen a ghost Well I have It was a pitchdark night The clock
 was on the stroke of twelve Still they'd kiss all right if properly keyed
 up Whores in Turkish graveyards Learn anything if taken young You might
 pick up a young widow here Men like that Love among the tombstones Romeo
 Spice of pleasure In the midst of death we are in life Both ends meet

Tantalising for the poor dead Smell of grilled beefsteaks to the starving
 Gnawing their vitals Desire to grig people Molly wanting to do it at the
 window Eight children he has anyway He has seen a fair share go under in
 his time lying around him field after field Holy fields More room if they
 buried them standing Sitting or kneeling you couldn't Standing His head
 might come up some day above ground in a landslip with his hand pointing
 All honeycombed the ground must be oblong cells And very neat he keeps
 it too trim grass and edgings His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome
 Well so it is Ought to be flowers of sleep Chinese cemeteries with giant
 poppies growing produce the best opium Mastiansky told me The Botanic
 Gardens are just over there It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new
 life Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy Every man his
 price Well preserved fat corpse gentleman epicure invaluable for fruit
 garden A bargain By carcass of William Wilkinson auditor and accountant
 lately deceased three pounds thirteen and six With thanks I daresay the
 soil would be quite fat with corpse-manure bones flesh nails Charnelhouses
 Dreadful Turning green and pink decomposing Rot quick in damp earth The
 lean old ones tougher Then a kind of a tallowy kind of a cheesy Then begin
 to get black black treacle oozing out of them Then dried up Deathmoths
 Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living Changing about
 Live for ever practically Nothing to feed on feed on themselves But they
 must breed a devil of a lot of maggots Soil must be simply swirling with
 them Your head it simply swirls Those pretty little seaside gurls He
 looks cheerful enough over it Gives him a sense of power seeing all the
 others go under first Wonder how he looks at life Cracking his jokes too
 warms the cockles of his heart The one about the bulletin Spurgeon went
 to heaven 4 a.m this morning 11 p.m (closing time) Not arrived yet Peter
 The dead themselves the men anyhow would like to hear an odd joke or the
 women to know what's in fashion A juicy pear or ladies' punch hot strong
 and sweet Keep out the damp You must laugh sometimes so better do it that
 way Gravediggers in Hamlet Shows the profound knowledge of the human
 heart Daren't joke about the dead for two years at least De mortuis nil
 nisi prius Go out of mourning first Hard to imagine his funeral Seems
 a sort of a joke Read your own obituary notice they say you live longer
 Gives you second wind New lease of life How many have you for tomorrow
 the caretaker asked Two Corny Kelleher said Half ten and eleven The
 caretaker put the papers in his pocket The barrow had ceased to trundle
 The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole stepping with care
 round the graves The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the
 brink looping the bands round it Burying him We come to bury Cæsar His
 ides of March or June He doesn't know who is here nor care Now who is that
 lankylooking galoot over there in the macintosh Now who is he I'd like to
 know Now I'd give a trifle to know who he is Always someone turns up you
 never dreamt of A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life Yes he
 could Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died though he
 could dig his own grave We all do Only man buries No ants too First thing
 strikes anybody Bury the dead Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life Well
 then Friday buried him Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look
 at it O poor Robinson Crusoe How could you possibly do so Poor Dignam His
 last lie on the earth in his box When you think of them all it does seem
 a waste of wood All gnawed through They could invent a handsome bier with

a kind of panel sliding let it down that way Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow's They're so particular Lay me in my native earth Bit of clay from the holy land Only a mother and deadborn child ever buried in the one coffin I see what it means I see To protect him as long as possible even in the earth The Irishman's house is his coffin Embalming in catacombs mummies the same idea Mr Bloom stood far back his hat in his hand counting the bared heads Twelve I'm thirteen No The chap in the macintosh is thirteen Death's number Where the deuce did he pop out of He wasn't in the chapel that I'll swear Silly superstition that about thirteen Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit Tinge of purple I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west Dressy fellow he was once Used to change three suits in the day Must get that grey suit of mine turned by Mesias Hello It's dyed His wife I forgot he's not married or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for him The coffin dived out of sight eased down by the men straddled on the gravetrestles They struggled up and out and all uncovered Twenty Pause If we were all suddenly somebody else Far away a donkey brayed Rain No such ass Never see a dead one they say Shame of death They hide Also poor papa went away Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper Whisper The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring quietly in the black open space Mr Bloom moved behind the portly kindly caretaker Wellcut frockcoat Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go next Well it is a long rest Feel no more It's the moment you feel Must be damned unpleasant Can't believe it at first Mistake must be someone else Try the house opposite Wait I wanted to I haven't yet Then darkened deathchamber Light they want Whispering around you Would you like to see a priest Then rambling and wandering Delirium all you hid all your life The death struggle His sleep is not natural Press his lower eyelid Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet yellow Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the floor since he's doomed Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing him a woman Dying to embrace her in his shirt Last act of Lucia Shall I nevermore behold thee Bam He expires Gone at last People talk about you a bit forget you Don't forget to pray for him Remember him in your prayers Even Parnell Ivy day dying out Then they follow dropping into a hole one after the other We are praying now for the repose of his soul Hoping you're well and not in hell Nice change of air Out of the fryingpan of life into the fire of purgatory Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself They say you do when you shiver in the sun Someone walking over it Callboy's warning Near you Mine over there towards Finglas the plot I bought Mamma poor mamma and little Rudy The gravediggers took up their spades and flung heavy clods of clay in on the coffin Mr Bloom turned away his face And if he was alive all the time Whew By jingo that would be awful No no he is dead of course Of course he is dead Monday he died They ought to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock or a telephone in the coffin and some kind of a canvas airhole Flag of distress Three days Rather long to keep them in summer Just as well to get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no The clay fell softer Begin to be forgotten Out of sight out of mind The caretaker moved away a few paces and put on his hat Had enough of it The mourners took heart of grace one by one covering themselves without show Mr Bloom put on his

hat and saw the portly figure make its way deftly through the maze of graves Quietly sure of his ground he traversed the dismal fields Hynes jotting down something in his notebook Ah the names But he knows them all No coming to me I am just taking the names Hynes said below his breath What is your christian name I'm not sure L Mr Bloom said Leopold And you might put down M'Coy's name too He asked me to Charley Hynes said writing I know He was on the Freeman once So he was before he got the job in the morgue under Louis Byrne Good idea a postmortem for doctors Find out what they imagine they know He died of a Tuesday Got the run Levanted with the cash of a few ads Charley you're my darling That was why he asked me to O well does no harm I saw to that M'Coy Thanks old chap much obliged Leave him under an obligation costs nothing And tell us Hynes said do you know that fellow in the fellow was over there in the He looked around Macintosh Yes I saw him Mr Bloom said Where is he now M'Intosh Hynes said scribbling I don't know who he is Is that his name He moved away looking about him No Mr Bloom began turning and stopping I say Hynes Didn't hear What Where has he disappeared to Not a sign Well of all the Has anybody here seen Kay ee double ell Become invisible Good Lord what became of him A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr Bloom to take up an idle spade O excuse me He stepped aside nimbly Clay brown damp began to be seen in the hole It rose Nearly over A mound of damp clods rose more rose and the gravediggers rested their spades All uncovered again for a few instants The boy propped his wreath against a corner the brother in law his on a lump The gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades towards the barrow Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf clean One bent to pluck from the haft a long tuft of grass One leaving his mates walked slowly on with shouldered weapon its blade blueglancing Silently at the gravehead another coiled the coffinband His navelcord The brother in law turning away placed something in his free hand Thanks in silence Sorry sir trouble Headshake I know that For yourselves just The mourners moved away slowly without aim by devious paths staying at whiles to read a name on a tomb Let us go round by the chief's grave Hynes said We have time Let us Mr Power said They turned to the right following their slow thoughts With awe Mr Power's blank voice spoke Some say he is not in that grave at all That the coffin was filled with stones That one day he will come again Hynes shook his head Parnell will never come again he said He's there all that was mortal of him Peace to his ashes Mr Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels crosses broken pillars family vaults stone hopes praying with upcast eyes old Ireland's hearts and hands More sensible to spend the money on some charity for the living Pray for the repose of the soul of Does anybody really Plant him and have done with him Like down a coalshoot Then lump them together to save time All souls' day Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave Ten shillings for the gardener He keeps it free of weeds Old man himself Bent down double with his shears clipping Near death's door Who passed away Who departed this life As if they did it of their own accord Got the shove all of them Who kicked the bucket More interesting if they told you what they were So and So wheelwright I travelled for cork lino I paid five shillings in the pound Or a woman's with her saucepan I cooked good Irish stew Eulogy in a country churchyard it ought to be that poem of whose is it Wordsworth or Thomas Campbell Entered into rest the protestants put it Old Dr Murren's

The great physician called him home Well it's God's acre for them Nice
 country residence Newly plastered and painted Ideal spot to have a quiet
 smoke and read the Church Times Marriage ads they never try to beautify
 Rusty wreaths hung on knobs garlands of bronzefoil Better value that
 for the money Still the flowers are more poetical The other gets rather
 tiresome never withering Expresses nothing Immortelles A bird sat tamely
 perched on a poplar branch Like stuffed Like the wedding present alderman
 Hooper gave us Hoo Not a budge out of him Knows there are no catapults to
 let fly at him Dead animal even sadder Silly Milly burying the little dead
 bird in the kitchen matchbox a daisychain and bits of broken chainies on
 the grave The Sacred Heart that is showing it Heart on his sleeve Ought
 to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart Ireland
 was dedicated to it or whatever that Seems anything but pleased Why this
 infliction Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket
 of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the
 boy Apollo that was How many All these here once walked round Dublin
 Faithful departed As you are now so once were we Besides how could you
 remember everybody Eyes walk voice Well the voice yes gramophone Have a
 gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house After dinner on a Sunday
 Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraahraark Hellohellohello amawfullyglad
 kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth Remind you of the
 voice like the photograph reminds you of the face Otherwise you couldn't
 remember the face after fifteen years say For instance who For instance
 some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's Rtststr A rattle of
 pebbles Wait Stop He looked down intently into a stone crypt Some animal
 Wait There he goes An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt
 moving the pebbles An old stager greatgrandfather he knows the ropes The
 grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth wriggled itself in under
 it Good hidingplace for treasure Who lives there Are laid the remains of
 Robert Emery Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight wasn't he Making
 his rounds Tail gone now One of those chaps would make short work of a
 fellow Pick the bones clean no matter who it was Ordinary meat for them
 A corpse is meat gone bad Well and what's cheese Corpse of milk I read
 in that Voyages in China that the Chinese say a white man smells like a
 corpse Cremation better Priests dead against it Devilling for the other
 firm Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers Time of the plague Quicklime
 feverpits to eat them Lethal chamber Ashes to ashes Or bury at sea Where
 is that Parsee tower of silence Eaten by birds Earth fire water Drowning
 they say is the pleasantest See your whole life in a flash But being
 brought back to life no Can't bury in the air however Out of a flying
 machine Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down
 Underground communication We learned that from them Wouldn't be surprised
 Regular square feed for them Flies come before he's well dead Got wind of
 Dignam They wouldn't care about the smell of it Saltwhite crumbling mush
 of corpse smell taste like raw white turnips The gates glimmered in front
 still open Back to the world again Enough of this place Brings you a bit
 nearer every time Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral Poor papa
 too The love that kills And even scraping up the earth at night with a
 lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even
 putrefied with running gravesores Give you the creeps after a bit I will
 appear to you after death You will see my ghost after death My ghost will

haunt you after death There is another world after death named hell I do
 not like that other world she wrote No more do I Plenty to see and hear and
 feel yet Feel live warm beings near you Let them sleep in their maggotty
 beds They are not going to get me this innings Warm beds warm fullblooded
 life Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath talking gravely Solicitor I
 think I know his face Menton John Henry solicitor commissioner for oaths
 and affidavits Dignam used to be in his office Mat Dillon's long ago Jolly
 Mat Convivial evenings Cold fowl cigars the Tantalus glasses Heart of
 gold really Yes Menton Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen
 because I sailed inside him Pure fluke of mine the bias Why he took such
 a rooted dislike to me Hate at first sight Molly and Floey Dillon linked
 under the lilactree laughing Fellow always like that mortified if women
 are by Got a dinge in the side of his hat Carriage probably Excuse me
 sir Mr Bloom said beside them They stopped Your hat is a little crushed
 Mr Bloom said pointing John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant
 without moving There Martin Cunningham helped pointing also John Henry
 Menton took off his hat bulged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with
 care on his coatsleeve He clapped the hat on his head again It's all
 right now Martin Cunningham said John Henry Menton jerked his head down
 in acknowledgment Thank you he said shortly They walked on towards the
 gates Mr Bloom chapfallen drew behind a few paces so as not to overhear
 Martin laying down the law Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round
 his little finger without his seeing it Oyster eyes Never mind Be sorry
 after perhaps when it dawns on him Get the pull over him that way Thank
 you How grand we are this morning [7] IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN
 METROPOLIS Before Nelson's pillar trams slowed shunted changed trolley
 started for Blackrock Kingstown and Dalkey Clonskea Rathgar and Terenure
 Palmerston Park and upper Rathmines Sandymount Green Rathmines Ringsend and
 Sandymount Tower Harold's Cross The hoarse Dublin United Tramway Company's
 timekeeper bawled them off Rathgar and Terenure Come on Sandymount Green
 Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck
 moved from their railheads swerved to the down line glided parallel Start
 Palmerston Park THE WEARER OF THE CROWN Under the porch of the general
 post office shoeblacks called and polished Parked in North Prince's street
 His Majesty's vermilion mailcars bearing on their sides the royal initials
 E R received loudly flung sacks of letters postcards lettercards parcels
 insured and paid for local provincial British and overseas delivery
 GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding
 out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float On the
 brewery float bumped dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen
 out of Prince's stores There it is Red Murray said Alexander Keyes Just
 cut it out will you Mr Bloom said and I'll take it round to the Telegraph
 office The door of Rutledge's office creaked again Davy Stephens minute
 in a large capecoat a small felt hat crowning his ringlets passed out
 with a roll of papers under his cape a king's courier Red Murray's long
 shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean
 strokes Scissors and paste I'll go through the printingworks Mr Bloom
 said taking the cut square Of course if he wants a par Red Murray said
 earnestly a pen behind his ear we can do him one Right Mr Bloom said with
 a nod I'll rub that in We WILLIAM BRAYDEN ESQUIRE OF OAKLANDS SANDYMOUNT
 Red Murray touched Mr Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered Brayden

Mr Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a stately figure entered between the newsboards of the Weekly Freeman and National Press and the Freeman's Journal and National Press Dullthudding Guinness's barrels It passed statelily up the staircase steered by an umbrella a solemn beardframed face The broadcloth back ascended each step back All his brains are in the nape of his neck Simon Dedalus says Welts of flesh behind on him Fat folds of neck fat neck fat neck Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour Red Murray whispered The door of Rutledge's office whispered ee cree They always build one door opposite another for the wind to Way in Way out Our Saviour beardframed oval face talking in the dusk Mary Martha Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights Mario the tenor Or like Mario Mr Bloom said Yes Red Murray agreed But Mario was said to be the picture of Our Saviour Jesumario with rougy cheeks doublet and spindle legs Hand on his heart In Martha Co ome thou lost one Co ome thou dear one THE CROZIER AND THE PEN His grace phoned down twice this morning Red Murray said gravely They watched the knees legs boots vanish Neck A telegram boy stepped in nimbly threw an envelope on the counter and stepped off posthaste with a word Freeman Mr Bloom said slowly Well he is one of our saviours also A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counterflap as he passed in through a sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage along the now reverberating boards But will he save the circulation Thumping Thumping He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered stepping over strewn packing paper Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS Hynes here too account of the funeral probably Thumping Thump This morning the remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam Machines Smash a man to atoms if they got him caught Rule the world today His machineries are pegging away too Like these got out of hand fermenting Working away tearing away And that old grey rat tearing to get in HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body admiring a glossy crown Strange he never saw his real country Ireland my country Member for College green He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth It's the ads and side features sell a weekly not the stale news in the official gazette Queen Anne is dead Published by authority in the year one thousand and Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis barony of Tinnahinch To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute showing return of number of mules and jennets exported from Ballina Nature notes Cartoons Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots Country bumpkin's queries Dear Mr Editor what is a good cure for flatulence I'd like that part Learn a lot teaching others The personal note M A P Mainly all pictures Shapely bathers on golden strand World's biggest balloon Double marriage of sisters celebrated Two bridegrooms laughing heartily at each other Cuprani too printer More Irish than the Irish The machines clanked in threefour time Thump thump thump Now if he got paralysed there and no one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same print it over and over and up and back Monkeydoodle the whole thing Want a cool head Well get it into the evening edition councillor Hynes said Soon be calling him my lord mayor Long John is backing him they say The foreman without answering scribbled press on a corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter He handed the sheet silently over

the dirty glass screen Right thanks Hynes said moving off Mr Bloom stood
 in his way If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch he said
 pointing backward with his thumb Did you Hynes asked Mm Mr Bloom said Look
 sharp and you'll catch him Thanks old man Hynes said I'll tap him too He
 hurried on eagerly towards the Freeman's Journal Three bob I lent him in
 Meagher's Three weeks Third hint WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK Mr Bloom
 laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk Excuse me councillor he said This
 ad you see Keyes you remember Mr Nannetti considered the cutting awhile
 and nodded He wants it in for July Mr Bloom said The foreman moved his
 pencil towards it But wait Mr Bloom said He wants it changed Keyes you see
 He wants two keys at the top Hell of a racket they make He doesn't hear it
 Nannan Iron nerves Maybe he understands what I The foreman turned round to
 hear patiently and lifting an elbow began to scratch slowly in the armpit
 of his alpaca jacket Like that Mr Bloom said crossing his forefingers
 at the top Let him take that in first Mr Bloom glancing sideways up from
 the cross he had made saw the foreman's sallow face think he has a touch
 of jaundice and beyond the obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper
 Clank it Clank it Miles of it unreeled What becomes of it after O wrap
 up meat parcels various uses thousand and one things Slipping his words
 deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred
 woodwork HOUSE OF KEY(E)S Like that see Two crossed keys here A circle
 Then here the name Alexander Keyes tea wine and spirit merchant So on
 Better not teach him his own business You know yourself councillor just
 what he wants Then round the top in leaded the house of keys You see Do
 you think that's a good idea The foreman moved his scratching hand to
 his lower ribs and scratched there quietly The idea Mr Bloom said is the
 house of keys You know councillor the Manx parliament Innuendo of home
 rule Tourists you know from the isle of Man Catches the eye you see Can
 you do that I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that voglio
 But then if he didn't know only make it awkward for him Better not We can
 do that the foreman said Have you the design I can get it Mr Bloom said
 It was in a Kilkenny paper He has a house there too I'll just run out
 and ask him Well you can do that and just a little par calling attention
 You know the usual Highclass licensed premises Longfelt want So on The
 foreman thought for an instant We can do that he said Let him give us a
 three months' renewal A typesetter brought him a limp galley page He began
 to check it silently Mr Bloom stood by hearing the loud throbs of cranks
 watching the silent typesetters at their cases ORTHOGRAPHICAL Want to be
 sure of his spelling Proof fever Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his
 spellingbee conundrum this morning It is amusing to view the unpar one
 ar alleled embarra two ars is it double ess ment of a harassed pedlar
 while gauging au the symmetry with a y of a peeled pear under a cemetery
 wall Silly isn't it Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry
 I should have said when he clapped on his topper Thank you I ought to
 have said something about an old hat or something No I could have said
 Looks as good as new now See his phiz then Sllt The nethermost deck of
 the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch
 of quirefolded papers Sllt Almost human the way it sllt to call attention
 Doing its level best to speak That door too sllt creaking asking to be
 shut Everything speaks in its own way Sllt NOTED CHURCHMAN AN OCCASIONAL
 CONTRIBUTOR The foreman handed back the galley page suddenly saying Wait

Where's the archbishop's letter It's to be repeated in the Telegraph
 Where's what's his name He looked about him round his loud unanswering
 machines Monks sir a voice asked from the castingbox Ay Where's Monks Monks
 Mr Bloom took up his cutting Time to get out Then I'll get the design
 Mr Nannetti he said and you'll give it a good place I know Monks Yes sir
 Three months' renewal Want to get some wind off my chest first Try it
 anyhow Rub in August good idea horseshow month Ballsbridge Tourists over
 for the show A DAYFATHER He walked on through the caseroom passing an old
 man bowed spectacled aproned Old Monks the dayfather Queer lot of stuff
 he must have put through his hands in his time obituary notices pubs'
 ads speeches divorce suits found drowned Nearing the end of his tether
 now Sober serious man with a bit in the savingsbank I'd say Wife a good
 cook and washer Daughter working the machine in the parlour Plain Jane
 no damn nonsense AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER He stayed in his
 walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type Reads it backwards
 first Quickly he does it Must require some practice that mangiD kcirtaP
 Poor papa with his hagadah book reading backwards with his finger to me
 Pessach Next year in Jerusalem Dear O dear All that long business about
 that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage
 alleluia Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu No that's the other Then the twelve
 brothers Jacob's sons And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the
 stick and the water and the butcher And then the angel of death kills the
 butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat Sounds a bit silly
 till you come to look into it well Justice it means but it's everybody
 eating everyone else That's what life is after all How quickly he does
 that job Practice makes perfect Seems to see with his fingers Mr Bloom
 passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery on to the landing
 Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps
 Better phone him up first Number Yes Same as Citron's house Twentyeight
 Twentyeight double four ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP He went down the house
 staircase Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches Looks
 as if they did it for a bet Heavy greasy smell there always is in those
 works Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there He took out his
 handkerchief to dab his nose Citronlemon Ah the soap I put there Lose it
 out of that pocket Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and
 stowed it away buttoned into the hip pocket of his trousers What perfume
 does your wife use I could go home still tram something I forgot Just to
 see before dressing No Here No A sudden screech of laughter came from the
 Evening Telegraph office Know who that is What's up Pop in a minute to
 phone Ned Lambert it is He entered softly ERIN GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER
 SEA The ghost walks professor MacHugh murmured softly biscuitfully to
 the dusty windowpane Mr Dedalus staring from the empty fireplace at Ned
 Lambert's quizzing face asked of it sourly Agonising Christ wouldn't it
 give you a heartburn on your arse Ned Lambert seated on the table read on
 Or again note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its
 way tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles to the tumbling waters of
 Neptune's blue domain 'mid mossy banks fanned by gentlest zephyrs played
 on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive
 bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest What about
 that Simon he asked over the fringe of his newspaper How's that for
 high Changing his drink Mr Dedalus said Ned Lambert laughing struck the

newspaper on his knees repeating The pensive bosom and the overarsing
 leafage O boys O boys And Xenophon looked upon Marathon Mr Dedalus said
 looking again on the fireplace and to the window and Marathon looked on
 the sea That will do professor MacHugh cried from the window I don't want
 to hear any more of the stuff He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he
 had been nibbling and hungered made ready to nibble the biscuit in his
 other hand High falutin stuff Bladderbags Ned Lambert is taking a day off
 I see Rather upsets a man's day a funeral does He has influence they say
 Old Chatterton the vicechancellor is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle
 Close on ninety they say Subleader for his death written this long time
 perhaps Living to spite them Might go first himself Johnny make room for
 your uncle The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton Daresay he writes
 him an odd shaky cheque or two on gale days Windfall when he kicks out
 Alleluia Just another spasm Ned Lambert said What is it Mr Bloom asked A
 recently discovered fragment of Cicero professor MacHugh answered with
 pomp of tone Our lovely land SHORT BUT TO THE POINT Whose land Mr Bloom
 said simply Most pertinent question the professor said between his chews
 With an accent on the whose Dan Dawson's land Mr Dedalus said Is it his
 speech last night Mr Bloom asked Ned Lambert nodded But listen to this
 he said The doorknob hit Mr Bloom in the small of the back as the door
 was pushed in Excuse me J J O'Molloy said entering Mr Bloom moved nimbly
 aside I beg yours he said Good day Jack Come in Come in Good day How are
 you Dedalus Well And yourself J J O'Molloy shook his head SAD Cleverest
 fellow at the junior bar he used to be Decline poor chap That hectic
 flush spells finis for a man Touch and go with him What's in the wind I
 wonder Money worry Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks
 You're looking extra Is the editor to be seen J J O'Molloy asked looking
 towards the inner door Very much so professor MacHugh said To be seen
 and heard He's in his sanctum with Lenihan J J O'Molloy strolled to the
 sloping desk and began to turn back the pink pages of the file Practice
 dwindling A might have been Losing heart Gambling Debts of honour Reaping
 the whirlwind Used to get good retainers from D and T Fitzgerald Their
 wigs to show the grey matter Brains on their sleeve like the statue in
 Glasnevin Believe he does some literary work for the Express with Gabriel
 Conroy Wellread fellow Myles Crawford began on the Independent Funny the
 way those newspaper men veer about when they get wind of a new opening
 Weathercocks Hot and cold in the same breath Wouldn't know which to believe
 One story good till you hear the next Go for one another baldheaded in
 the papers and then all blows over Hail fellow well met the next moment
 Ah listen to this for God' sake Ned Lambert pleaded Or again if we but
 climb the serried mountain peaks Bombast the professor broke in testily
 Enough of the inflated windbag Peaks Ned Lambert went on towering high
 on high to bathe our souls as it were Bathe his lips Mr Dedalus said
 Blessed and eternal God Yes Is he taking anything for it As 'twere in
 the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio unmatched despite their
 wellpraised prototypes in other vaunted prize regions for very beauty of
 bosky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland of vernal green
 steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish
 twilight HIS NATIVE DORIC The moon professor MacHugh said He forgot Hamlet
 That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the
 moon shine forth to irradiate her silver effulgence O Mr Dedalus cried

giving vent to a hopeless groan Shite and onions That'll do Ned Life is too short He took off his silk hat and blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache welshcombed his hair with raking fingers Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside chuckling with delight An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's unshaven blackspectacled face Doughy Daw he cried WHAT WETHERUP SAID All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff He was in the bakery line too wasn't he Why they call him Doughy Daw Feathered his nest well anyhow Daughter engaged to that chap in the inland revenue office with the motor Hooked that nicely Entertainments Open house Big blowout Wetherup always said that Get a grip of them by the stomach The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face crested by a comb of feathery hair thrust itself in The bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh voice asked What is it And here comes the sham squire himself professor MacHugh said grandly Getonouthat you bloody old pedagogue the editor said in recognition Come Ned Mr Dedalus said putting on his hat I must get a drink after that Drink the editor cried No drinks served before mass Quite right too Mr Dedalus said going out Come on Ned Ned Lambert sidled down from the table The editor's blue eyes roved towards Mr Bloom's face shadowed by a smile Will you join us Myles Ned Lambert asked MEMORABLE BATTLES RECALLED North Cork militia the editor cried striding to the mantelpiece We won every time North Cork and Spanish officers Where was that Myles Ned Lambert asked with a reflective glance at his toecaps In Ohio the editor shouted So it was begad Ned Lambert agreed Passing out he whispered to J J O'Molloy Incipient jigs Sad case Ohio the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face My Ohio A perfect cretic the professor said Long short and long O HARP EOLIAN He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and breaking off a piece twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant unwashed teeth Bingbang bangbang Mr Bloom seeing the coast clear made for the inner door Just a moment Mr Crawford he said I just want to phone about an ad He went in What about that leader this evening professor MacHugh asked coming to the editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder That'll be all right Myles Crawford said more calmly Never you fret Hello Jack That's all right Good day Myles J J O'Molloy said letting the pages he held slip limply back on the file Is that Canada swindle case on today The telephone whirred inside Twentyeight No twenty Double four Yes SPOT THE WINNER Lenahan came out of the inner office with Sport 's tissues Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup he asked Sceptre with O Madden up He tossed the tissues on to the table Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open Hush Lenahan said I hear feetstoops Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the steps The tissues rustled up in the draught floated softly in the air blue scrawls and under the table came to earth It wasn't me sir It was the big fellow shoved me sir Throw him out and shut the door the editor said There's a hurricane blowing Lenahan began to paw the tissues up from the floor grunting as he stooped twice Waiting for the racing special sir the newsboy said It was Pat Farrell shoved me sir He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe Him sir Out of this with you professor MacHugh said gruffly He hustled the boy out and banged the door to J J O'Molloy turned the files

crackingly over murmuring seeking Continued on page six column four Yes Evening Telegraph here Mr Bloom phoned from the inner office Is the boss Yes Telegraph To where Aha Which auction rooms Aha I see Right I'll catch him A COLLISION ENSUES The bell whirred again as he rang off He came in quickly and bumped against Lenihan who was struggling up with the second tissue Pardon monsieur Lenihan said clutching him for an instant and making a grimace My fault Mr Bloom said suffering his grip Are you hurt I'm in a hurry Knee Lenihan said He made a comic face and whined rubbing his knee The accumulation of the anno Domini Sorry Mr Bloom said He went to the door and holding it ajar paused J J O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over The noise of two shrill voices a mouthorgan echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps We are the boys of Wexford Who fought with heart and hand EXIT BLOOM I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk Mr Bloom said about this ad of Keyes's Want to fix it up They tell me he's round there in Dillon's He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces The editor who leaning against the mantelshelf had propped his head on his hand suddenly stretched forth an arm amply Begone he said The world is before you Back in no time Mr Bloom said hurrying out J J O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenihan's hand and read them blowing them apart gently without comment He'll get that advertisement the professor said staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind Look at the young scamps after him Show Where Lenihan cried running to the window A STREET CORTÈGE Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite a tail of white bowknots Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry Lenihan said and you'll kick O my rib risible Taking off his flat spaugs and the walk Small nines Steal upon larks He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J J O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands What's that Myles Crawford said with a start Where are the other two gone Who the professor said turning They're gone round to the Oval for a drink Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall Came over last night Come on then Myles Crawford said Where's my hat He walked jerkily into the office behind parting the vent of his jacket jingling his keys in his back pocket They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer He's pretty well on professor MacHugh said in a low voice Seems to be J J O'Molloy said taking out a cigarette case in murmuring meditation but it is not always as it seems Who has the most matches THE CALUMET OF PEACE He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself Lenihan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn J J O'Molloy opened his case again and offered it Thanky vous Lenihan said helping himself The editor came from the inner office a straw hat awry on his brow He declaimed in song pointing sternly at professor MacHugh 'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee 'Twas empire charmed thy heart The professor grinned locking his long lips Eh You bloody old Roman empire Myles Crawford said He took a cigarette from the open case Lenihan lighting it for him with quick grace said Silence for my brandnew riddle Imperium romanum J J O'Molloy said gently It sounds nobler than British or Brixton The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling That's it he said We are the fat You and I are the fat in the fire We

haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME
 Wait a moment professor MacHugh said raising two quiet claws We mustn't be
 led away by words by sounds of words We think of Rome imperial imperious
 imperative He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs
 pausing What was their civilisation Vast I allow but vile Cloacae sewers
 The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said It is meet to be
 here Let us build an altar to Jehovah The Roman like the Englishman who
 follows in his footsteps brought to every new shore on which he set his
 foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession He gazed
 about him in his toga and he said It is meet to be here Let us construct
 a watercloset Which they accordingly did do Lenihan said Our old ancient
 ancestors as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's were partial to
 the running stream They were nature's gentlemen J J O'Molloy murmured
 But we have also Roman law And Pontius Pilate is its prophet professor
 MacHugh responded Do you know that story about chief baron Palles J J
 O'Molloy asked It was at the royal university dinner Everything was going
 swimmingly First my riddle Lenihan said Are you ready Mr O'Madden Burke
 tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed came in from the hallway Stephen
 Dedalus behind him uncovered as he entered Entrez mes enfants Lenihan
 cried I escort a suppliant Mr O'Madden Burke said melodiously Youth led
 by Experience visits Notoriety How do you do the editor said holding out
 a hand Come in Your governor is just gone Lenihan said to all Silence
 What opera resembles a railwayline Reflect ponder excogitate reply Stephen
 handed over the typed sheets pointing to the title and signature Who the
 editor asked Bit torn off Mr Garrett Deasy Stephen said That old pelters
 the editor said Who tore it Was he short taken On swift sail flaming From
 storm and south He comes pale vampire Mouth to my mouth Good day Stephen
 the professor said coming to peer over their shoulders Foot and mouth Are
 you turned Bullockbefriending bard SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN RESTAURANT Good
 day sir Stephen answered blushing The letter is not mine Mr Garrett Deasy
 asked me to O I know him Myles Crawford said and I knew his wife too The
 bloodiest old tartar God ever made By Jesus she had the foot and mouth
 disease and no mistake The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face
 in the Star and Garter Oho A woman brought sin into the world For Helen
 the runaway wife of Menelaus ten years the Greeks O'Rourke prince of
 Breffni Is he a widower Stephen asked Ay a grass one Myles Crawford said
 his eye running down the typescript Emperor's horses Habsburg An Irishman
 saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna Don't you forget Maximilian Karl
 O'Donnell graf von Tirconnell in Ireland Sent his heir over to make the
 king an Austrian fieldmarshal now Going to be trouble there one day Wild
 geese O yes every time Don't you forget that The moot point is did he
 forget it J J O'Molloy said quietly turning a horseshoe paperweight Saving
 princes is a thank you job Professor MacHugh turned on him And if not
 he said I'll tell you how it was Myles Crawford began A Hungarian it was
 one day LOST CAUSES NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED We were always loyal to lost
 causes the professor said Success for us is the death of the intellect
 and of the imagination We were never loyal to the successful We serve
 them I teach the blatant Latin language I speak the tongue of a race the
 acme of whose mentality is the maxim time is money Material domination
 Dominus Lord Where is the spirituality Lord Jesus Lord Salisbury A sofa
 in a westend club But the Greek KYRIE ELEISON A smile of light brightened

his darkrimmed eyes lengthened his long lips The Greek he said again
 Kyrios Shining word The vowels the Semite and the Saxon know not Kyrie
 The radiance of the intellect I ought to profess Greek the language of
 the mind Kyrie eleison The closetmaker and the cloacemaker will never
 be lords of our spirit We are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of
 Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit not
 an imperium that went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami Yes
 yes They went under Pyrrhus misled by an oracle made a last attempt to
 retrieve the fortunes of Greece Loyal to a lost cause He strode away from
 them towards the window They went forth to battle Mr O'Madden Burke said
 greyly but they always fell Boohoo Lenahan wept with a little noise Owing
 to a brick received in the latter half of the matinée Poor poor poor
 Pyrrhus He whispered then near Stephen's ear LENEHAN'S LIMERICK There's
 a ponderous pundit MacHugh Who wears goggles of ebony hue As he mostly
 sees double To wear them why trouble I can't see the Joe Miller Can you
 In mourning for Sallust Mulligan says Whose mother is beastly dead Myles
 Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket That'll be all right he
 said I'll read the rest after That'll be all right Lenahan extended his
 hands in protest But my riddle he said What opera is like a railwayline
 Opera Mr O'Madden Burke's sphinx face reriddled Lenahan announced gladly
 The Rose of Castile See the wheeze Rows of cast steel Gee He poked Mr
 O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen Mr O'Madden Burke fell back with
 grace on his umbrella feigning a gasp Help he sighed I feel a strong
 weakness Lenahan rising to tiptoe fanned his face rapidly with the rustling
 tissues The professor returning by way of the files swept his hand across
 Stephen's and Mr O'Madden Burke's loose ties Paris past and present he
 said You look like communards Like fellows who had blown up the Bastille J
 J O'Molloy said in quiet mockery Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant
 of Finland between you You look as though you had done the deed General
 Bobrikoff OMNIUM GATHERUM We were only thinking about it Stephen said All
 the talents Myles Crawford said Law the classics The turf Lenahan put
 in Literature the press If Bloom were here the professor said The gentle
 art of advertisement And Madam Bloom Mr O'Madden Burke added The vocal
 muse Dublin's prime favourite Lenahan gave a loud cough Ahem he said very
 softly O for a fresh of breath air I caught a cold in the park The gate
 was open "YOU CAN DO IT!" The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's
 shoulder I want you to write something for me he said Something with a
 bite in it You can do it I see it in your face In the lexicon of youth
 See it in your face See it in your eye Lazy idle little schemer Foot and
 mouth disease the editor cried in scornful invective Great nationalist
 meeting in Borris in Ossory All balls Bulldosing the public Give them
 something with a bite in it Put us all into it damn its soul Father Son
 and Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy We can all supply mental pabulum Mr
 O'Madden Burke said Stephen raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare
 He wants you for the pressgang J J O'Molloy said THE GREAT GALLAHER You
 can do it Myles Crawford repeated clenching his hand in emphasis Wait
 a minute We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he
 was on the shaughraun doing billiardmarking in the Clarence Gallaher that
 was a pressman for you That was a pen You know how he made his mark I'll
 tell you That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known That was
 in eightyone sixth of May time of the invincibles murder in the Phoenix

park before you were born I suppose I'll show you He pushed past them to
 the files Look at here he said turning The New York World cabled for a
 special Remember that time Professor MacHugh nodded New York World the
 editor said excitedly pushing back his straw hat Where it took place Tim
 Kelly or Kavanagh I mean Joe Brady and the rest of them Where Skin the
 Goat drove the car Whole route see Skin the Goat Mr O'Madden Burke said
 Fitzharris He has that cabman's shelter they say down there at Butt bridge
 Holohan told me You know Holohan Hop and carry one is it Myles Crawford
 said And poor Gumley is down there too so he told me minding stones for
 the corporation A night watchman Stephen turned in surprise Gumley he said
 You don't say so A friend of my father's is it Never mind Gumley Myles
 Crawford cried angrily Let Gumley mind the stones see they don't run away
 Look at here What did Ignatius Gallaher do I'll tell you Inspiration of
 genius Cabled right away Have you Weekly Freeman of 17 March Right Have
 you got that He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a
 point Take page four advertisement for Bransome's coffee let us say Have
 you got that Right The telephone whirred A DISTANT VOICE I'll answer it
 the professor said going B is parkgate Good His finger leaped and struck
 point after point vibrating T is viceregal lodge C is where murder took
 place K is Knockmaroon gate The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's
 wattles An illstarched dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust
 it back into his waistcoat Hello Evening Telegraph here Hello Who's there
 Yes Yes Yes F to P is the route Skin the Goat drove the car for an alibi
 Inchicore Roundtown Windy Arbour Palmerston Park Ranelagh F.A.B.P Got
 that X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street The professor came
 to the inner door Bloom is at the telephone he said Tell him go to hell
 the editor said promptly X is Davy's publichouse see CLEVER VERY Clever
 Lenehan said Very Gave it to them on a hot plate Myles Crawford said the
 whole bloody history Nightmare from which you will never awake I saw it
 the editor said proudly I was present Dick Adams the besthearted bloody
 Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in and myself Lenehan bowed
 to a shape of air announcing Madam I'm Adam And Able was I ere I saw
 Elba History Myles Crawford cried The Old Woman of Prince's street was
 there first There was weeping and gnashing of teeth over that Out of an
 advertisement Gregor Grey made the design for it That gave him the leg
 up Then Paddy Hooper worked Tay Pay who took him on to the Star Now he's
 got in with Blumenfeld That's press That's talent Pyatt He was all their
 daddies The father of scare journalism Lenehan confirmed and the brother in
 law of Chris Callinan Hello Are you there Yes he's here still Come across
 yourself Where do you find a pressman like that now eh the editor cried He
 flung the pages down Clamn dever Lenehan said to Mr O'Madden Burke Very
 smart Mr O'Madden Burke said Professor MacHugh came from the inner office
 Talking about the invincibles he said did you see that some hawkers were
 up before the recorder O yes J J O'Molloy said eagerly Lady Dudley was
 walking home through the park to see all the trees that were blown down
 by that cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin And it
 turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Number One or
 Skin the Goat Right outside the viceregal lodge imagine They're only in
 the hook and eye department Myles Crawford said Psha Press and the bar
 Where have you a man now at the bar like those fellows like Whiteside
 like Isaac Butt like silvertongued O'Hagan Eh Ah bloody nonsense Psha

Only in the halfpenny place His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in nervous curls of disdain Would anyone wish that mouth for her kiss How do you know Why did you write it then RHYMES AND REASONS Mouth south Is the mouth south someway Or the south a mouth Must be some South pout out shout drouth Rhymes two men dressed the same looking the same two by two la tua pace che parlar ti piace Mentre che il vento come fa si tace He saw them three by three approaching girls in green in rose in russet entwining per l'aer perso in mauve in purple quella pacifica oriafiamma gold of oriflamme di rimirar fè più ardenti But I old men penitent leadenfooted underdarkneath the night mouth south tomb womb Speak up for yourself Mr O'Madden Burke said SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY J J O'Molloy smiling palely took up the gage My dear Myles he said flinging his cigarette aside you put a false construction on my words I hold no brief as at present advised for the third profession qua profession but your Cork legs are running away with you Why not bring in Henry Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes and Edmund Burke Ignatius Gallaher we all know and his Chapelizod boss Harmsworth of the farthing press and his American cousin of the Bowery guttersheet not to mention Paddy Kelly's Budget Pue's Occurrences and our watchful friend The Skibbereen Eagle Why bring in a master of forensic eloquence like Whiteside Sufficient for the day is the newspaper thereof LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper the editor cried in his face Irish volunteers Where are you now Established 1763 Dr Lucas Who have you now like John Philpot Curran Psha Well J J O'Molloy said Bushe K.C for example Bushe the editor said Well yes Bushe yes He has a strain of it in his blood Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe He would have been on the bench long ago the professor said only for But no matter J J O'Molloy turned to Stephen and said quietly and slowly One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe It was in that case of fratricide the Childs murder case Bushe defended him And in the porches of mine ear did pour By the way how did he find that out He died in his sleep Or the other story beast with two backs What was that the professor asked ITALIA MAGISTRA ARTIUM He spoke on the law of evidence J J O'Molloy said of Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code the lex talionis And he cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican Ha A few wellchosen words Lenehan prefaced Silence Pause J J O'Molloy took out his cigarettecase False lull Something quite ordinary Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act trivial in itself that striking of that match that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives A POLISHED PERIOD J J O'Molloy resumed moulding his words He said of it that stony effigy in frozen music horned and terrible of the human form divine that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live deserves to live His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall Fine Myles Crawford said at once The divine afflatus Mr O'Madden Burke said You like it J J O'Molloy asked Stephen Stephen his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture blushed He took a cigarette from the case J J O'Molloy offered his case to Myles Crawford Lenehan lit their cigarettes as before and took his trophy saying Muchibus thankibus A MAN OF HIGH

MORALE Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you J J O'Molloy said to Stephen What do you think really of that hermetic crowd the opal hush poets A E the mastermystic That Blavatsky woman started it She was a nice old bag of tricks A E has been telling some yankee interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the morning to ask him about planes of consciousness Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A E.'s leg He is a man of the very highest morale Magennis Speaking about me What did he say What did he say What did he say about me Don't ask No thanks professor MacHugh said waving the cigarettcase aside Wait a moment Let me say one thing The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by John F Taylor at the college historical society Mr Justice Fitzgibbon the present lord justice of appeal had spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days) advocating the revival of the Irish tongue He turned towards Myles Crawford and said You know Gerald Fitzgibbon Then you can imagine the style of his discourse He is sitting with Tim Healy J J O'Molloy said rumour has it on the Trinity college estates commission He is sitting with a sweet thing Myles Crawford said in a child's frock Go on Well It was the speech mark you the professor said of a finished orator full of courteous haughtiness and pouring in chastened diction I will not say the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumely upon the new movement It was then a new movement We were weak therefore worthless He closed his long thin lips an instant but eager to be on raised an outspanned hand to his spectacles and with trembling thumb and ringfinger touching lightly the black rims steadied them to a new focus IMPROMPTU In ferial tone he addressed J J O'Molloy Taylor had come there you must know from a sickbed That he had prepared his speech I do not believe for there was not even one shorthandwriter in the hall His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it He wore a loose white silk neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man His gaze turned at once but slowly from J J O'Molloy's towards Stephen's face and then bent at once to the ground seeking His unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head soiled by his withering hair Still seeking he said When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F Taylor rose to reply Briefly as well as I can bring them to mind his words were these He raised his head firmly His eyes bethought themselves once more Witless shellfish swam in the gross lenses to and fro seeking outlet He began Mr Chairman ladies and gentlemen Great was my admiration in listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend It seemed to me that I had been transported into a country far away from this country into an age remote from this age that I stood in ancient Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that land addressed to the youthful Moses His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear their smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech And let our crooked smokes Noble words coming Look out Could you try your hand at it yourself And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me FROM THE FATHERS It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good could be corrupted Ah curse you That's saint Augustine Why will you jews not accept our culture our religion and our language You

are a tribe of nomad herdsmen we are a mighty people You have no cities nor no wealth our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys trireme and quadrireme laden with all manner merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe You have but emerged from primitive conditions we have a literature a priesthood an agelong history and a polity Nile Child man effigy By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel cradle of bulrushes a man supple in combat stonehorned stonebearded heart of stone You pray to a local and obscure idol our temples majestic and mysterious are the abodes of Isis and Osiris of Horus and Ammon Ra Yours serfdom awe and humbleness ours thunder and the seas Israel is weak and few are her children Egypt is an host and terrible are her arms Vagrants and daylabourers are you called the world trembles at our name A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech He lifted his voice above it boldly But ladies and gentlemen had the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tables of the law graven in the language of the outlaw He ceased and looked at them enjoying a silence OMINOUS FOR HIM J J O'Molloy said not without regret And yet he died without having entered the land of promise A sudden at the moment though from lingering illness often previously expectorated demise Lenehan added And with a great future behind him The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the hallway and pattering up the staircase That is oratory the professor said uncontradicted Gone with the wind Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings Miles of ears of porches The tribune's words howled and scattered to the four winds A people sheltered within his voice Dead noise Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was Love and laud him me no more I have money Gentlemen Stephen said As the next motion on the agenda paper may I suggest that the house do now adjourn You take my breath away It is not perchance a French compliment Mr O'Madden Burke asked 'Tis the hour methinks when the winejug metaphorically speaking is most grateful in Ye ancient hostelry That it be and hereby is resolutely resolved All that are in favour say ay Lenehan announced The contrary no I declare it carried To which particular boosing shed My casting vote is Mooney's He led the way admonishing We will sternly refuse to partake of strong waters will we not Yes we will not By no manner of means Mr O'Madden Burke following close said with an ally's lunge of his umbrella Lay on Macduff Chip of the old block the editor cried clapping Stephen on the shoulder Let us go Where are those blasted keys He fumbled in his pocket pulling out the crushed typesheets Foot and mouth I know That'll be all right That'll go in Where are they That's all right He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office LET US HOPE J J O'Molloy about to follow him in said quietly to Stephen I hope you will live to see it published Myles one moment He went into the inner office closing the door behind him Come along Stephen the professor said That is fine isn't it It has the prophetic vision Fuit Ilium The sack of windy Troy Kingdoms of this world The masters of the Mediterranean are fellaheen today The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into

the street yelling Racing special Dublin I have much much to learn They
 turned to the left along Abbey street I have a vision too Stephen said Yes
 the professor said skipping to get into step Crawford will follow Another
 newsboy shot past them yelling as he ran Racing special DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN
 Dubliners Two Dublin vestals Stephen said elderly and pious have lived
 fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane Where is that the professor
 asked Off Blackpitts Stephen said Damp night reeking of hungry dough
 Against the wall Face glistening tallow under her fustian shawl Frantic
 hearts Akasic records Quicker darlint On now Dare it Let there be life
 They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar They
 save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox They shake out
 the threepenny bits and sixpences and coax out the pennies with the blade
 of a knife Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers They put
 on their bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it
 may come on to rain Wise virgins professor MacHugh said LIFE ON THE RAW
 They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at
 the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins
 proprietress They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the
 foot of Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn They give two
 threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle
 slowly up the winding staircase grunting encouraging each other afraid
 of the dark panting one asking the other have you the brawn praising God
 and the Blessed Virgin threatening to come down peeping at the airslits
 Glory be to God They had no idea it was that high Their names are Anne
 Kearns and Florence MacCabe Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she
 rubs on Lourdes water given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a
 passionist father Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double
 X for supper every Saturday Antithesis the professor said nodding twice
 Vestal virgins I can see them What's keeping our friend He turned A bevy
 of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps scattering in all directions
 yelling their white papers fluttering Hard after them Myles Crawford
 appeared on the steps his hat aureoling his scarlet face talking with
 J J O'Molloy Come along the professor cried waving his arm He set off
 again to walk by Stephen's side RETURN OF BLOOM Yes he said I see them Mr
 Bloom breathless caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the offices of
 the Irish Catholic and Dublin Penny Journal called Mr Crawford A moment
 Telegraph Racing special What is it Myles Crawford said falling back a
 pace A newsboy cried in Mr Bloom's face Terrible tragedy in Rathmines A
 child bit by a bellows INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR Just this ad Mr Bloom
 said pushing through towards the steps puffing and taking the cutting
 from his pocket I spoke with Mr Keyes just now He'll give a renewal for
 two months he says After he'll see But he wants a par to call attention
 in the Telegraph too the Saturday pink And he wants it copied if it's
 not too late I told councillor Nannetti from the Kilkenny People I can
 have access to it in the national library House of keys don't you see His
 name is Keyes It's a play on the name But he practically promised he'd
 give the renewal But he wants just a little puff What will I tell him
 Mr Crawford K.M.A Will you tell him he can kiss my arse Myles Crawford
 said throwing out his arm for emphasis Tell him that straight from the
 stable A bit nervy Look out for squalls All off for a drink Arm in arm
 Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond Usual blarney Wonder is that

young Dedalus the moving spirit Has a good pair of boots on him today Last
 time I saw him he had his heels on view Been walking in muck somewhere
 Careless chap What was he doing in Irishtown Well Mr Bloom said his eyes
 returning if I can get the design I suppose it's worth a short par He'd
 give the ad I think I'll tell him K.M.R.I.A He can kiss my royal Irish arse
 Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder Any time he likes tell him
 While Mr Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile he strode on
 jerkily RAISING THE WIND Nulla bona Jack he said raising his hand to his
 chin I'm up to here I've been through the hoop myself I was looking for a
 fellow to back a bill for me no later than last week Sorry Jack You must
 take the will for the deed With a heart and a half if I could raise the
 wind anyhow J J O'Molloy pulled a long face and walked on silently They
 caught up on the others and walked abreast When they have eaten the brawn
 and the bread and wiped their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was
 wrapped in they go nearer to the railings Something for you the professor
 explained to Myles Crawford Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson's
 pillar SOME COLUMN THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID That's new Myles Crawford
 said That's copy Out for the waxies' Dargle Two old trickies what But
 they are afraid the pillar will fall Stephen went on They see the roofs
 and argue about where the different churches are Rathmines' blue dome
 Adam and Eve's saint Laurence O'Toole's But it makes them giddy to look
 so they pull up their skirts THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES Easy all
 Myles Crawford said No poetic licence We're in the archdiocese here And
 settle down on their striped petticoats peering up at the statue of the

Iteration 2

Stately plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead bearing a bowl of lather on
 which a mirror and a razor lay crossed A yellow dressinggown ungirdled was
 sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air He held the bowl aloft and
 intoned Introibo ad altare Dei Halted he peered down the dark winding stairs
 and called out coarsely Come up Kinch Come up you fearful jesuit Solemnly he
 came forward and mounted the round gunrest He faced about and blessed gravely
 thrice the tower the surrounding land and the awaking mountains Then catching
 sight of Stephen Dedalus he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air
 gurgling in his throat and shaking his head Stephen Dedalus displeased and
 sleepy leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the
 shaking gurgling face that blessed him equine in its length and at the light
 untensured hair grained and hued like pale oak Buck Mulligan peeped an instant
 under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly Back to barracks he said
 sternly He added in a preacher's tone For this O dearly beloved is the genuine
 Christine body and soul and blood and ouns Slow music please Shut your eyes
 gents One moment A little trouble about those white corpuscles Silence all He
 peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call then paused awhile in
 rapt attention his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points
 Chrysostomos Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm Thanks old
 chap he cried briskly That will do nicely Switch off the current will you He
 skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher gathering about
 his legs the loose folds of his gown The plump shadowed face and sullen oval
 jowl recalled a prelate patron of arts in the middle ages A pleasant smile

broke quietly over his lips The mockery of it he **said gaily** Your absurd name
 an ancient Greek He pointed his finger in friendly jest **and** went over to the
 parapet **laughing** to himself Stephen Dedalus stepped up followed him wearily
 halfway and sat down on the edge of the **gunrest** watching him still as he
 propped his mirror on the parapet dipped the brush in the bowl **and** lathered
 cheeks and neck Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on My name is absurd too Malachi
 Mulligan two dactyls But it has a Hellenic ring hasn't it Tripping and sunny
 like the buck himself We must go to Athens Will you come if I can get the **aunt**
 to fork out twenty quid He laid the brush aside and laughing **with delight**
 cried Will he come The **jejune jesuit** Ceasing he began to shave with care Tell
 me Mulligan Stephen said quietly Yes my love How long is Haines going to stay
 in this tower Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder
 God isn't he dreadful he said frankly **A** ponderous Saxon He thinks you're not
 a gentleman **God** these bloody English Bursting with money and indigestion
 Because he comes from Oxford You know Dedalus you have the real Oxford manner
 He can't **make you** out O my name for you is the best Kinch the knife **blade** He
 shaved warily over his chin He was **raving all** night about a black panther
 Stephen said Where is his guncase A woful lunatic Mulligan said Were you in
 a funk I was Stephen said with energy and growing fear Out here in the dark
with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black
 panther You saved men from drowning **I'm** not a hero however If he stays on here
 I am off Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade He hopped down
 from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets **hastily** Scutter he
 cried thickly He came **over to** the gunrest and thrusting a hand into Stephen's
 upper pocket said Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor Stephen
 suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled
 handkerchief Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly Then gazing over the
 handkerchief **he** said The bard's noserag A new art colour for our Irish poets
 snotgreen You can almost taste it can't you He mounted to the parapet **again**
 and gazed out over Dublin bay his fair **oakpale hair** stirring slightly God
 he said quietly Isn't the sea what **Algy** calls it a great sweet mother **The**
 snotgreen sea The scrotumtightening sea Epi oinopa ponton Ah Dedalus the
 Greeks I must teach you You must read them in the original **Thalatta Thalatta**
 She is our great sweet mother **Come** and look Stephen stood up and went **over**
 to the parapet **Leaning** on it **he looked** down on the water **and** on the mailboat
clearing the harbourmouth of Kingstown Our mighty mother Buck Mulligan said
He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea **to** Stephen's face The
 aunt thinks you killed your mother **he** said That's why she won't **let** me have
 anything to do with you Someone killed her Stephen said gloomily You could
 have knelt down damn it Kinch when your dying mother asked you Buck Mulligan
 said **I'm hyperborean as** much as you **But to think** of your **mother** begging you
 with her **last breath** to kneel down and pray for her And you refused There is
 something sinister in **you** He broke off and lathered **again** lightly his farther
 cheek A tolerant smile curled his lips But a lovely mummer he murmured to
 himself Kinch the loveliest mummer of them all He shaved evenly and with care
 in silence seriously Stephen an elbow rested on the jagged granite leaned
 his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny **black**
 coat sleeve Pain that was not yet the pain of love fretted his heart Silently
 in a dream she had come to him **after her** death her wasted body within its
 loose **brown** graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood her breath
that had bent upon him mute reproachful a faint odour of wetted ashes **Across**

the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by
 the wellfed voice beside him The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green
 mass of liquid A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding
 the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits
 of loud groaning vomiting Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade Ah poor
 dogsbody he said in a kind voice I must give you a shirt and a few noserags
 How are the secondhand breeks They fit well enough Stephen answered Buck
 Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip The mockery of it he said
 contentedly Secondleg they should be God knows what poxy bowsy left them off
 I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe grey You'll look spiffing in them I'm
 not joking Kinch You look damn well when you're dressed Thanks Stephen said
 I can't wear them if they are grey He can't wear them Buck Mulligan told his
 face in the mirror Etiquette is etiquette He kills his mother but he can't
 wear grey trousers He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of
 fingers felt the smooth skin Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the
 plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes That fellow I was with in the Ship
 last night said Buck Mulligan says you have g p i He's up in Dottyville with
 Connolly Norman General paralysis of the insane He swept the mirror a half
 circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the
 sea His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering
 teeth Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk Look at yourself he said
 you dreadful bard Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to
 him cleft by a crooked crack Hair on end As he and others see me Who chose
 this face for me This dogsbody to rid of vermin It asks me too I pinched it
 out of the skivvy's room Buck Mulligan said It does her all right The aunt
 always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi Lead him not into temptation And
 her name is Ursula Laughing again he brought the mirror away from Stephen's
 peering eyes The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror he said
 If Wilde were only alive to see you Drawing back and pointing Stephen said
 with bitterness It is a symbol of Irish art The cracked lookingglass of a
 servant Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with
 him round the tower his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had
 thrust them It's not fair to tease you like that Kinch is it he said kindly
 God knows you have more spirit than any of them Parried again He fears the
 lancet of my art as I fear that of his The cold steel pen Cracked lookingglass
 of a servant Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea
 He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman His old fellow made
 his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other God Kinch
 if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island
 Hellenise it Cranly's arm His arm And to think of your having to beg from
 these swine I'm the only one that knows what you are Why don't you trust me
 more What have you up your nose against me Is it Haines If he makes any noise
 here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they
 gave Clive Kempthorpe Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's
 rooms Palefaces they hold their ribs with laughter one clasping another O
 I shall expire Break the news to her gently Aubrey I shall die With slit
 ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table with
 trousers down at heels chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears A
 scared calf's face gilded with marmalade I don't want to be debugged Don't
 you play the giddy ox with me Shouts from the open window startling evening
 in the quadrangle A deaf gardener aproned masked with Matthew Arnold's face

pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of
 grasshalsms To ourselves new paganism omphalos Let him stay Stephen said
 There's nothing wrong with him except at night Then what is it Buck Mulligan
 asked impatiently Cough it up I'm quite frank with you What have you against
 me now They halted looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on
 the water like the snout of a sleeping whale Stephen freed his arm quietly
 Do you wish me to tell you he asked Yes what is it Buck Mulligan answered
 I don't remember anything He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke A light
 wind passed his brow fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring
 silver points of anxiety in his eyes Stephen depressed by his own voice said
 Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death
 Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said What Where I can't remember anything
 I remember only ideas and sensations Why What happened in the name of God
 You were making tea Stephen said and went across the landing to get more hot
 water Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom She asked
 you who was in your room Yes Buck Mulligan said What did I say I forget You
 said Stephen answered O it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead A
 flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's
 cheek Did I say that he asked Well What harm is that He shook his constraint
 from him nervously And what is death he asked your mother's or yours or my
 own You saw only your mother die I see them pop off every day in the Mater
 and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom It's a beastly
 thing and nothing else It simply doesn't matter You wouldn't kneel down to
 pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you Why Because you
 have the cursed jesuit strain in you only it's injected the wrong way To me
 it's all a mockery and beastly Her cerebral lobes are not functioning She
 calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt Humour
 her till it's over You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with
 me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's Absurd I
 suppose I did say it I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother He
 had spoken himself into boldness Stephen shielding the gaping wounds which
 the words had left in his heart said very coldly I am not thinking of the
 offence to my mother Of what then Buck Mulligan asked Of the offence to
 me Stephen answered Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel O an impossible
 person he exclaimed He walked off quickly round the parapet Stephen stood
 at his post gazing over the calm sea towards the headland Sea and headland
 now grew dim Pulses were beating in his eyes veiling their sight and he felt
 the fever of his cheeks A voice within the tower called loudly Are you up
 there Mulligan I'm coming Buck Mulligan answered He turned towards Stephen
 and said Look at the sea What does it care about offences Chuck Loyola Kinch
 and come on down The Sassenach wants his morning rashers His head halted
 again for a moment at the top of the staircase level with the roof Don't
 mope over it all day he said I'm inconsequent Give up the moody brooding
 His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the
 stairhead And no more turn aside and brood Upon love's bitter mystery For
 Fergus rules the brazen cars Woodshadows floated silently by through the
 morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed Inshore and farther
 out the mirror of water whitened spurned by lightshod hurrying feet White
 breast of the dim sea The twining stresses two by two A hand plucking the
 harpstrings merging their twining chords Wavewhite wedded words shimmering
 on the dim tide A cloud began to cover the sun slowly wholly shadowing the

bay in deeper green It lay beneath him a bowl of **bitter** waters Fergus' song
 I sang it alone in the house **holding down** the long dark chords Her door was
 open she wanted to hear my music Silent with awe and pity I went to **her**
 bedside She was crying in her **wretched bed** For those words Stephen love's
 bitter mystery Where now Her secrets old featherfans tasselled dancecards
 powdered with musk a gaud of amber beads in her **locked drawer** A birdcage
 hung in the sunny **window** of her **house when** she was a girl She heard old
 Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed with others
 when he sang I am the boy That can enjoy Invisibility Phantasmal mirth
 folded away muskperfumed And no more turn aside and brood **Folded** away in the
 memory of nature with her **toys Memories** beset his brooding brain Her glass
 of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament A cored
 apple filled with brown sugar roasting for her at **the hob on a dark autumn**
 evening Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from
 the children's shirts In a dream silently she had come to him **her** wasted
 body within its loose **graveclothes** giving off an odour of wax and rosewood
 her breath **bent** over him with mute secret words a faint odour of wetted
 ashes **Her** glazing eyes staring out of death to shake and bend **my** soul On me
 alone The ghostcandle to light her agony Ghostly light on the tortured face
 Her **hoarse loud** breath rattling in horror while all prayed on their knees
 Her eyes on me **to strike** me down Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma
 circumdet iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat Ghoul Chewer of corpses
 No mother Let me **be and let** me live Kinch ahoy Buck Mulligan's voice sang
 from within the tower It came nearer up the staircase calling again Stephen
 still trembling at his soul's cry heard warm running sunlight and in the
 air **behind** him friendly **words** Dedalus come down like a good mosey Breakfast
 is ready Haines is apologising for waking us last night It's all right **I'm**
 coming Stephen said turning Do for **Jesus' sake** Buck Mulligan said **For** my
 sake and for all our sakes His head disappeared and reappeared I told him
 your symbol of **Irish art** **He says** it's very clever Touch him for **a quid will**
 you A guinea I mean I get paid this morning Stephen said The school kip
 Buck Mulligan said **How** much Four **quid Lend** us one If you want it Stephen
 said Four shining sovereigns Buck Mulligan cried with delight We'll have
 a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids Four omnipotent sovereigns
 He flung up his hands and **tramped** down the stone stairs singing out of
 tune with a Cockney accent O won't we have a merry time **Drinking** whisky
 beer and wine On coronation Coronation day O won't we have a merry time **On**
 coronation day Warm sunshine merrying over the sea The nickel shavingbowl
 shone forgotten on the parapet Why should I bring it down Or **leave** it there
 all day forgotten friendship He went over to it held it in his hands awhile
 feeling its coolness smelling the clammy slaver of the lather **in** which the
 brush was stuck So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes I am
 another now and yet **the** same A **servant** too A server of a servant **In** the gloomy
domed livingroom of the tower **Buck** Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly to
 and fro **about** the hearth hiding and revealing its yellow glow Two shafts of
 soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbacans and at
 the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease
 floated turning We'll be choked Buck Mulligan said **Haines** open that door
will you Stephen laid the shavingbowl on **the** locker **A** tall figure rose from
 the hammock where it had been sitting went to the **doorway and pulled** open
 the inner doors Have you the key a voice asked Dedalus has **it** Buck **Mulligan**

said Janey Mack I'm choked He howled without looking up from the fire Kinch It's in the lock Stephen said coming forward The key scraped round harshly twice and when the heavy door had been set ajar welcome light and bright air entered Haines stood at the doorway looking out Stephen haled his upended valise to the table and sat down to wait Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on to the dish beside him Then he carried the dish and a large teapot over to the table set them down heavily and sighed with relief I'm melting he said as the candle remarked when But hush Not a word more on that subject Kinch wake up Bread butter honey Haines come in The grub is ready Bless us O Lord and these thy gifts Where's the sugar O jay there's no milk Stephen fetched the loaf and the pot of honey and the buttercooler from the locker Buck Mulligan sat down in a sudden pet What sort of a kip is this he said I told her to come after eight We can drink it black Stephen said thirstily There's a lemon in the locker O damn you and your Paris fads Buck Mulligan said I want Sandycove milk Haines came in from the doorway and said quietly That woman is coming up with the milk The blessings of God on you Buck Mulligan cried jumping up from his chair Sit down Pour out the tea there The sugar is in the bag Here I can't go fumbling at the damned eggs He hacked through the fry on the dish and slapped it out on three plates saying In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Haines sat down to pour out the tea I'm giving you two lumps each he said But I say Mulligan you do make strong tea don't you Buck Mulligan hewing thick slices from the loaf said in an old woman's wheedling voice When I makes tea I makes tea as old mother Grogan said And when I makes water I makes water By Jove it is tea Haines said Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling So I do Mrs Cahill says she Begob ma'am says Mrs Cahill God send you don't make them in the one pot He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick slice of bread impaled on his knife That's folk he said very earnestly for your book Haines Five lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of Dundrum Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind He turned to Stephen and asked in a fine puzzled voice lifting his brows Can you recall brother is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken of in the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads I doubt it said Stephen gravely Do you now Buck Mulligan said in the same tone Your reasons pray I fancy Stephen said as he ate it did not exist in or out of the Mabinogion Mother Grogan was one imagines a kinswoman of Mary Ann Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight Charming he said in a finical sweet voice showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly Do you think she was Quite charming Then suddenly overclouding all his features he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf For old Mary Ann She doesn't care a damn But hissing up her petticoats He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned The doorway was darkened by an entering form The milk sir Come in ma'am Mulligan said Kinch get the jug An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow That's a lovely morning sir she said Glory be to God To whom Mulligan said glancing at her Ah to be sure Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker The islanders Mulligan said to Haines casually speak frequently of the collector of prepuces How much sir asked the old woman A quart Stephen said He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk not hers Old shrunken paps She poured again a measureful and a tilly Old and secret she had entered from a morning world maybe a messenger She praised the goodness of the milk pouring it out Crouching

by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field a witch on her toadstool her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs They lowed about her whom they knew dew-silky cattle Silk of the kine and poor old woman names given her in old times A wandering crone lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer their common cuckquean a messenger from the secret morning To serve or to upbraid whether he could not tell but scorned to beg her favour It is indeed ma'am Buck Mulligan said pouring milk into their cups Taste it sir she said He drank at her bidding If we could live on good food like that he said to her somewhat loudly we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts Living in a bogswamp eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust horsedung and consumptives' spits Are you a medical student sir the old woman asked I am ma'am Buck Mulligan answered Look at that now she said Stephen listened in scornful silence She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly her bonesetter her medicineman me she slights To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins of man's flesh made not in God's likeness the serpent's prey And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes Do you understand what he says Stephen asked her Is it French you are talking sir the old woman said to Haines Haines spoke to her again a longer speech confidently Irish Buck Mulligan said Is there Gaelic on you I thought it was Irish she said by the sound of it Are you from the west sir I am an Englishman Haines answered He's English Buck Mulligan said and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland Sure we ought to the old woman said and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows Grand is no name for it said Buck Mulligan Wonderful entirely Fill us out some more tea Kinch Would you like a cup ma'am No thank you sir the old woman said slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go Haines said to her Have you your bill We had better pay her Mulligan hadn't we Stephen filled again the three cups Bill sir she said halting Well it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling That's a shilling and one and two is two and two sir Buck Mulligan sighed and having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both sides stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets Pay up and look pleasant Haines said to him smiling Stephen filled a third cup a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk Buck Mulligan brought up a florin twisted it round in his fingers and cried A miracle He passed it along the table towards the old woman saying Ask nothing more of me sweet All I can give you I give Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand We'll owe twopence he said Time enough sir she said taking the coin Time enough Good morning sir She curtsied and went out followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant Heart of my heart were it more More would be laid at your feet He turned to Stephen and said Seriously Dedalus I'm stony Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back some money Today the bards must drink and junket Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty That reminds me Haines said rising that I have to visit your national library today Our swim first Buck Mulligan said He turned to Stephen and asked blandly Is this the day for your monthly wash Kinch Then he said to Haines The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream Stephen said as he let honey trickle over a

slice of the loaf Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a
 scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke I intend to make
 a collection of your sayings if you will let me Speaking to me They wash
 and tub and scrub Agenbite of inwit Conscience Yet here's a spot That one
 about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish art
 is deuced good Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and
 said with warmth of tone Wait till you hear him on Hamlet Haines Well I
 mean it Haines said still speaking to Stephen I was just thinking of it
 when that poor old creature came in Would I make any money by it Stephen
 asked Haines laughed and as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast
 of the hammock said I don't know I'm sure He strolled out to the doorway
 Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour You put
 your hoof in it now What did you say that for Well Stephen said The problem
 is to get money From whom From the milkwoman or from him It's a toss up I
 think I blow him out about you Buck Mulligan said and then you come along
 with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes I see little hope Stephen
 said from her or from him Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid his hand
 on Stephen's arm From me Kinch he said In a suddenly changed tone he added
 To tell you the God's truth I think you're right Damn all else they are
 good for Why don't you play them as I do To hell with them all Let us get
 out of the kip He stood up gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his
 gown saying resignedly Mulligan is stripped of his garments He emptied his
 pockets on to the table There's your snotrag he said And putting on his
 stiff collar and rebellious tie he spoke to them chiding them and to his
 dangling watchchain His hands plunged and rummaged in his trunk while he
 called for a clean handkerchief God we'll simply have to dress the character
 I want puce gloves and green boots Contradiction Do I contradict myself
 Very well then I contradict myself Mercurial Malachi A limp black missile
 flew out of his talking hands And there's your Latin quarter hat he said
 Stephen picked it up and put it on Haines called to them from the doorway
 Are you coming you fellows I'm ready Buck Mulligan answered going towards
 the door Come out Kinch You have eaten all we left I suppose Resigned he
 passed out with grave words and gait saying wellnigh with sorrow And going
 forth he met Butterly Stephen taking his ashplant from its leaningplace
 followed them out and as they went down the ladder pulled to the slow iron
 door and locked it He put the huge key in his inner pocket At the foot of
 the ladder Buck Mulligan asked Did you bring the key I have it Stephen
 said preceding them He walked on Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club
 with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses Down sir
 How dare you sir Haines asked Do you pay rent for this tower Twelve quid
 Buck Mulligan said To the secretary of state for war Stephen added over
 his shoulder They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last
 Rather bleak in wintertime I should say Martello you call it Billy Pitt had
 them built Buck Mulligan said when the French were on the sea But ours is
 the omphalos What is your idea of Hamlet Haines asked Stephen No no Buck
 Mulligan shouted in pain I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive
 reasons he has made out to prop it up Wait till I have a few pints in
 me first He turned to Stephen saying as he pulled down neatly the peaks
 of his primrose waistcoat You couldn't manage it under three pints Kinch
 could you It has waited so long Stephen said listlessly it can wait longer
 You pique my curiosity Haines said amiably Is it some paradox Pooh Buck

Mulligan said **We have grown** out of Wilde and paradoxes It's quite simple He proves by algebra that **Hamlet's** grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father What Haines said beginning to point at Stephen He himself **Buck Mulligan** slung his towel stolewise round his neck and bending in loose **laughter said** to Stephen's ear O shade of Kinch the elder Japhet in search of a father We're always tired in the morning Stephen **said to** Haines **And it is rather long** to tell Buck Mulligan walking forward again raised his hands The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of **Dedalus** he said I mean to say Haines explained to Stephen as **they followed** this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore That beetles o'er his base **into** the sea isn't **it** Buck Mulligan **turned** suddenly for an instant **towards** Stephen but did not speak In the bright silent instant Stephen **saw his** own image in cheap dusty mourning between their gay attires **It's a** wonderful tale Haines said bringing them to halt again Eyes pale as the sea the wind had freshened paler firm **and** prudent **The seas'** ruler **he** gazed southward over the bay empty save for the smokeplume of the mailboat **vague** on the bright skyline and a sail tacking by the Muglins I read **a theological** interpretation of it somewhere he said bemused **The** Father and the Son idea The Son striving to be atoned with the Father **Buck Mulligan** at once put on a **blithe broadly** smiling face He looked at them **his** wellshaped mouth open happily his eyes **from which** he had suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense blinking with mad gaiety He moved a doll's head to and fro **the** brims of his Panama hat quivering and began to **chant** in a quiet happy foolish voice I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard **My mother's** a jew my father's a bird **With** Joseph the joiner I cannot agree So here's to disciples and Calvary He held up **a forefinger** of warning If anyone thinks that I amn't divine He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine But have to drink water and wish it were plain That I make when the wine **becomes** water again He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and running **forward to a brow of** the cliff **fluttered** his hands at his sides like fins or wings of one about to rise in the air and **chanted** Goodbye now goodbye Write down all I said **And tell** Tom Dick and Harry I rose from the **dead What's** bred in the bone **cannot** fail me to fly And Olivet's breezy Goodbye now goodbye He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole fluttering his winglike hands leaping nimbly Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore **back to** them his brief birdsweet cries Haines who **had been** laughing guardedly walked on beside Stephen and said **We oughtn't to** laugh I suppose He's rather blasphemous I'm not a believer myself that is **to say Still his** gaiety takes **the harm** out of it **somehow** doesn't it What **did he call** it Joseph the Joiner The ballad of joking Jesus Stephen answered O **Haines** said you have heard it before **Three times** a day **after meals** Stephen said drily You're not a believer are you Haines asked I mean a believer in the narrow sense of the word **Creation from** nothing and miracles and a personal God There's only one sense of the word **it** seems to me **Stephen** said **Haines** stopped to take out a smooth **silver** case in which twinkled a green stone He **sprang it** open with his **thumb and** offered it **Thank** you Stephen said taking a cigarette Haines helped himself and snapped **the** case to He put it back **in** his sidepocket and took **from** his waistcoatpocket a nickel tinderbox sprang it open too and having lit his cigarette held **the** flaming spunk towards Stephen in **the** shell of his hands Yes **of course he** said as they **went on** again Either you

believe or you don't isn't it Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God You don't stand for that I suppose You behold in me Stephen said with grim displeasure a horrible example of free thought He walked on waiting to be spoken to trailing his ashplant by his side Its ferrule followed lightly on the path squealing at his heels My familiar after me calling Steeeeeeeeeeeephen A wavering line along the path They will walk on it tonight coming here in the dark He wants that key It is mine I paid the rent Now I eat his salt bread Give him the key too All He will ask for it That was in his eyes After all Haines began Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind After all I should think you are able to free yourself You are your own master it seems to me I am a servant of two masters Stephen said an English and an Italian Italian Haines said A crazy queen old and jealous Kneel down before me And a third Stephen said there is who wants me for odd jobs Italian Haines said again What do you mean The imperial British state Stephen answered his colour rising and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke I can quite understand that he said calmly An Irishman must think like that I daresay We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly It seems history is to blame The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts a chemistry of stars Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus the voices blended singing alone loud in affirmation and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one and Arius warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father and Valentine spurning Christ's terrene body and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger Idle mockery The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind a menace a disarming and a worsting from those embattled angels of the church Michael's host who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields Hear hear Prolonged applause Zut Nom de Dieu Of course I'm a Britisher Haines's voice said and I feel as one I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either That's our national problem I'm afraid just now Two men stood at the verge of the cliff watching businessman boatman She's making for Bullock harbour The boatman nodded towards the north of the bay with some disdain There's five fathoms out there he said It'll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one It's nine days today The man that was drowned A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up roll over to the sun a puffy face saltwhite Here I am They followed the winding path down to the creek Buck Mulligan stood on a stone in shirtsleeves his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water Is the brother with you Malachi Down in Westmeath With the Bannons Still there I got a card from Bannon Says he found a sweet young thing down there Photo girl he calls her Snapshot eh Brief exposure Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots An elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face He scrambled

up by the stones water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and glancing at Haines and Stephen crossed himself piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone Seymour's back in town the young man said grasping again his spur of rock Chucked medicine and going in for the army Ah go to God Buck Mulligan said Going over next week to stew You know that red Carlisle girl Lily Yes Spooning with him last night on the pier The father is rotto with money Is she up the pole Better ask Seymour that Seymour a bleeding officer Buck Mulligan said He nodded to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up saying tritely Redheaded women buck like goats He broke off in alarm feeling his side under his flapping shirt My twelfth rib is gone he cried I'm the Übermensch Toothless Kinch and I the supermen He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where his clothes lay Are you going in here Malachi Yes Make room in the bed The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes Haines sat down on a stone smoking Are you not coming in Buck Mulligan asked Later on Haines said Not on my breakfast Stephen turned away I'm going Mulligan he said Give us that key Kinch Buck Mulligan said to keep my chemise flat Stephen handed him the key Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes And twopence he said for a pint Throw it there Stephen threw two pennies on the soft heap Dressing undressing Buck Mulligan erect with joined hands before him said solemnly He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord Thus spake Zarathustra His plump body plunged We'll see you again Haines said turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish Horn of a bull hoof of a horse smile of a Saxon The Ship Buck Mulligan cried Half twelve Good Stephen said He walked along the upwardcurving path Liliata rutilantium Turma circumdet Iubilantium te virginum The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly I will not sleep here tonight Home also I cannot go A voice sweettoned and sustained called to him from the sea Turning the curve he waved his hand It called again A sleek brown head a seal's far out on the water round Usurper [2] You Cochrane what city sent for him Tarentum sir Very good Well There was a battle sir Very good Where The boy's blank face asked the blank window Fabled by the daughters of memory And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it A phrase then of impatience thud of Blake's wings of excess I hear the ruin of all space shattered glass and toppling masonry and time one livid final flame What's left us then I forget the place sir 279 B C Asculum Stephen said glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book Yes sir And he said Another victory like that and we are done for That phrase the world had remembered A dull ease of the mind From a hill above a corpsestrewn plain a general speaking to his officers leaned upon his spear Any general to any officers They lend ear You Armstrong Stephen said What was the end of Pyrrhus End of Pyrrhus sir I know sir Ask me sir Comyn said Wait You Armstrong Do you know anything about Pyrrhus A bag of figrolls lay snugly in Armstrong's satchel He curled them between his palms at whiles and swallowed them softly Crumbs adhered to the tissue of his lips A sweetened boy's breath Welloff people proud that their eldest son was in the navy Vico Road Dalkey Pyrrhus sir Pyrrhus a pier All laughed Mirthless high malicious laughter Armstrong looked round at his classmates silly glee in profile In

a moment they will laugh more loudly aware of my lack of rule and of the fees their papas pay Tell me now Stephen said poking the boy's shoulder with the book what is a pier A pier sir Armstrong said A thing out in the water A kind of a bridge Kingstown pier sir Some laughed again mirthless but with meaning Two in the back bench whispered Yes They knew had never learned nor ever been innocent All With envy he watched their faces Edith Ethel Gerty Lily Their likes their breaths too sweetened with tea and jam their bracelets tittering in the struggle Kingstown pier Stephen said Yes a disappointed bridge The words troubled their gaze How sir Comyn asked A bridge is across a river For Haines's chapbook No one here to hear Tonight deftly amid wild drink and talk to pierce the polished mail of his mind What then A jester at the court of his master indulged and disesteemed winning a clement master's praise Why had they chosen all that part Not wholly for the smooth caress For them too history was a tale like any other too often heard their land a pawnshop Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death They are not to be thought away Time has branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the infinite possibilities they have ousted But can those have been possible seeing that they never were Or was that only possible which came to pass Weave weaver of the wind Tell us a story sir O do sir A ghoststory Where do you begin in this Stephen asked opening another book Weep no more Comyn said Go on then Talbot And the story sir After Stephen said Go on Talbot A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork of his satchel He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text Weep no more woful shepherds weep no more For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor It must be a movement then an actuality of the possible as possible Aristotle's phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read sheltered from the sin of Paris night by night By his elbow a delicate Siamese conned a handbook of strategy Fed and feeding brains about me under glowlamps impaled with faintly beating feelers and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld reluctant shy of brightness shifting her dragon scaly folds Thought is the thought of thought Tranquil brightness The soul is in a manner all that is the soul is the form of forms Tranquility sudden vast candescent form of forms Talbot repeated Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves Through the dear might Turn over Stephen said quietly I don't see anything What sir Talbot asked simply bending forward His hand turned the page over He leaned back and went on again having just remembered Of him that walked the waves Here also over these craven hearts his shadow lies and on the scoffer's heart and lips and on mine It lies upon their eager faces who offered him a coin of the tribute To Caesar what is Caesar's to God what is God's A long look from dark eyes a riddling sentence to be woven and woven on the church's looms Ay Riddle me riddle me randy ro My father gave me seeds to sow Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel Have I heard all Stephen asked Yes sir Hockey at ten sir Half day sir Thursday Who can answer a riddle Stephen asked They bundled their books away pencils clacking pages rustling Crowding together they strapped and buckled their satchels all gabbling gaily A riddle sir Ask me sir O ask me sir A hard one sir This is the riddle Stephen said The cock crew The sky was blue The bells in heaven Were striking eleven 'Tis time for this poor soul To go

to heaven What is that What sir Again sir We didn't hear Their eyes grew bigger as the lines were repeated After a silence Cochrane said What is it sir We give it up Stephen his throat itching answered The fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush He stood up and gave a shout of nervous laughter to which their cries echoed dismay A stick struck the door and a voice in the corridor called Hockey They broke asunder sidling out of their benches leaping them Quickly they were gone and from the lumberroom came the rattle of sticks and clamour of their boots and tongues Sargent who alone had lingered came forward slowly showing an open copybook His tangled hair and scraggy neck gave witness of unreadiness and through his misty glasses weak eyes looked up pleading On his cheek dull and bloodless a soft stain of ink lay dateshaped recent and damp as a snail's bed He held out his copybook The word Sums was written on the headline Beneath were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with blind loops and a blot Cyril Sargent his name and seal Mr Deasy told me to write them out all again he said and show them to you sir Stephen touched the edges of the book Futility Do you understand how to do them now he asked Numbers eleven to fifteen Sargent answered Mr Deasy said I was to copy them off the board sir Can you do them yourself Stephen asked No sir Ugly and futile lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink a snail's bed Yet someone had loved him borne him in her arms and in her heart But for her the race of the world would have trampled him underfoot a squashed boneless snail She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own Was that then real The only true thing in life His mother's prostrate body the fiery Columbanus in holy zeal bestrode She was no more the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes She had saved him from being trampled underfoot and had gone scarcely having been A poor soul gone to heaven and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox red reek of rapine in his fur with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth listened scraped up the earth listened scraped and scraped Sitting at his side Stephen solved out the problem He proves by algebra that Shakespeare's ghost is Hamlet's grandfather Sargent peered askance through his slanted glasses Hockeysticks rattled in the lumberroom the hollow knock of a ball and calls from the field Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice in the mummery of their letters wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes Give hands traverse bow to partner so imps of fancy of the Moors Gone too from the world Averroes and Moses Maimonides dark men in mien and movement flashing in their mocking mirrors the obscure soul of the world a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend Do you understand now Can you work the second for yourself Yes sir In long shaky strokes Sargent copied the data Waiting always for a word of help his hand moved faithfully the unsteady symbols a faint hue of shame flickering behind his dull skin Amor matris subjective and objective genitive With her weak blood and wheysour milk she had fed him and hid from sight of others his swaddling bands Like him was I these sloping shoulders this gracelessness My childhood bends beside me Too far for me to lay a hand there once or lightly Mine is far and his secret as our eyes Secrets silent stony sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts secrets weary of their tyranny tyrants willing to be dethroned The sum was done It is very simple Stephen said as he stood up Yes sir Thanks Sargent answered He dried the page with a sheet of thin blottingpaper and carried his copybook back to

his bench You had better get your stick and go out to the others Stephen said as he followed towards the door the boy's graceless form Yes sir In the corridor his name was heard called from the playfield Sargent Run on Stephen said Mr Deasy is calling you He stood in the porch and watched the laggard hurry towards the scrappy field where sharp voices were in strife They were sorted in teams and Mr Deasy came away stepping over wisps of grass with gaitered feet When he had reached the schoolhouse voices again contending called to him He turned his angry white moustache What is it now he cried continually without listening Cochrane and Halliday are on the same side sir Stephen said Will you wait in my study for a moment Mr Deasy said till I restore order here And as he stepped fussily back across the field his old man's voice cried sternly What is the matter What is it now Their sharp voices cried about him on all sides their many forms closed round him the garish sunshine bleaching the honey of his illdyed head Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded leather of its chairs As on the first day he bargained with me here As it was in the beginning is now On the sideboard the tray of Stuart coins base treasure of a bog and ever shall be And snug in their spooncase of purple plush faded the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles world without end A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor Blowing out his rare moustache Mr Deasy halted at the table First our little financial settlement he said He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound by a leather thong It slapped open and he took from it two notes one of joined halves and laid them carefully on the table Two he said strapping and stowing his pocketbook away And now his strongroom for the gold Stephen's embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar whelks and money cowries and leopard shells and this whorled as an emir's turban and this the scallop of saint James An old pilgrim's hoard dead treasure hollow shells A sovereign fell bright and new on the soft pile of the tablecloth Three Mr Deasy said turning his little savingsbox about in his hand These are handy things to have See This is for sovereigns This is for shillings Sixpences halfcrowns And here crowns See He shot from it two crowns and two shillings Three twelve he said I think you'll find that's right Thank you sir Stephen said gathering the money together with shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers No thanks at all Mr Deasy said You have earned it Stephen's hand free again went back to the hollow shells Symbols too of beauty and of power A lump in my pocket symbols soiled by greed and misery Don't carry it like that Mr Deasy said You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it You just buy one of these machines You'll find them very handy Answer something Mine would be often empty Stephen said The same room and hour the same wisdom and I the same Three times now Three nooses round me here Well I can break them in this instant if I will Because you don't save Mr Deasy said pointing his finger You don't know yet what money is Money is power When you have lived as long as I have I know I know If youth but knew But what does Shakespeare say Put but money in thy purse Iago Stephen murmured He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare He knew what money was Mr Deasy said He made money A poet yes but an Englishman too Do you know what is the pride of the English Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth The seas' ruler His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay it seems history is to blame on me and on my words unhating That

on his empire Stephen said the sun never sets Ba Mr Deasy cried That's not English A French Celt said that He tapped his **savingsbox** against his thumbnail I will tell you **he** said solemnly **what** is his proudest boast I paid my way **Good** man good man I paid my way **I** never borrowed a shilling in my life Can you feel that I owe nothing Can you Mulligan nine pounds three pairs of socks one pair **brogues ties** Curran ten guineas McCann one guinea Fred Ryan two shillings Temple two lunches Russell one guinea Cousins ten shillings Bob Reynolds half a guinea Koehler three guineas Mrs MacKernan five weeks' board The lump I have is useless For the moment no Stephen answered Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight putting back his savingsbox I knew you couldn't he said joyously But one day you must feel it We are a generous people but we must also be just I fear those big words Stephen said which make us **so unhappy** Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the mantelpiece at the shapely **bulk** of a man in tartan fillibegs Albert Edward prince of Wales You think me an old fogey and an old tory his thoughtful voice said I saw three generations since O'Connell's time I remember the famine in '46 Do you know that **the** orange lodges agitated for repeal of the union **twenty** years before O'Connell did or before **the prelates** of your communion denounced him as a demagogue You fenians forget some things Glorious pious and immortal memory The lodge of Diamond in Armagh the splendid behung with corpses of papishes Hoarse masked and armed the planters' covenant The black north and true blue **bible Croppies** lie down Stephen sketched a brief gesture I have rebel blood in me too Mr **Deasy said** **On** the spindle side But I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted for the union We are all Irish all kings' sons Alas Stephen said Per vias rectas Mr Deasy said **firmly was** his motto He voted for it and put **on** his **topboots** to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down **to** do so Lal the ral the **ra** The rocky road to Dublin A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots Soft day sir John Soft day your honour Day Day Two topboots jog dangling on to Dublin Lal the **ral** the ra **Lal** the **ral** the **raddy** That reminds me Mr **Deasy said** **You can** do **me** a favour Mr Dedalus with some of your literary friends I have a **letter** here for the press Sit down a moment I have just to copy the end He went to the **desk near** the window pulled in his chair twice and read off some words from **the sheet** on the drum of his typewriter **Sit** down Excuse me he said over **his shoulder the** dictates of common sense Just a moment He peered from under his **shaggy** brows at the manuscript by his elbow and muttering began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard **slowly** sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error Stephen seated himself noiselessly before the princely presence Framed around the walls images of vanished horses stood in homage their meek heads poised in air lord Hastings' Repulse **the** duke of **Westminster's** Shotover the duke of **Beaufort's** Ceylon prix de Paris 1866 Elfin riders sat them watchful of a sign **He** saw their speeds backing king's **colours and** shouted **with** the shouts of vanished crowds Full stop Mr Deasy bade his keys But prompt ventilation of this allimportant question Where Cranly led me to get rich quick hunting his winners among the mudsplashed brakes amid the bawls of bookies on their pitches and reek of the canteen **over** the motley slush Even money Fair Rebel Ten to one the field Dicers and thimblerriggers we hurried by after the hoofs the vying caps and jackets and past the meatfaced woman a butcher's dame nuzzling thirstily her clove of orange Shouts rang shrill from the boys' playfield and a whirring whistle Again a goal I am among

them among their battling bodies in a medley the joust of life You mean
 that knockkneed mother's darling who seems to be slightly crawsick Jousts
 Time shocked rebounds shock by shock Jousts slush and uproar of battles
 the frozen deathspew of the slain a shout of spearspikes baited with men's
 bloodied guts Now then Mr Deasy said rising He came to the table pinning
 together his sheets Stephen stood up I have put the matter into a nutshell
 Mr Deasy said It's about the foot and mouth disease Just look through it
 There can be no two opinions on the matter May I trespass on your valuable
 space That doctrine of laissez faire which so often in our history Our
 cattle trade The way of all our old industries Liverpool ring which jockeyed
 the Galway harbour scheme European conflagration Grain supplies through
 the narrow waters of the channel The pluterperfect imperturbability of the
 department of agriculture Pardoned a classical allusion Cassandra By a
 woman who was no better than she should be To come to the point at issue
 I don't mince words do I Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on Foot and mouth
 disease Known as Koch's preparation Serum and virus Percentage of salted
 horses Rinderpest Emperor's horses at Mürzsteg lower Austria Veterinary
 surgeons Mr Henry Blackwood Price Courteous offer a fair trial Dictates
 of common sense Allimportant question In every sense of the word take the
 bull by the horns Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns I want
 that to be printed and read Mr Deasy said You will see at the next outbreak
 they will put an embargo on Irish cattle And it can be cured It is cured
 My cousin Blackwood Price writes to me it is regularly treated and cured
 in Austria by cattledoctors there They offer to come over here I am trying
 to work up influence with the department Now I'm going to try publicity I
 am surrounded by difficulties by intrigues by backstairs influence by He
 raised his forefinger and beat the air oldly before his voice spoke Mark
 my words Mr Dedalus he said England is in the hands of the jews In all the
 highest places her finance her press And they are the signs of a nation's
 decay Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength I have
 seen it coming these years As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants
 are already at their work of destruction Old England is dying He stepped
 swiftly off his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam
 He faced about and back again Dying he said again if not dead by now The
 harlot's cry from street to street Shall weave old England's windingsheet
 His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he
 halted A merchant Stephen said is one who buys cheap and sells dear jew or
 gentile is he not They sinned against the light Mr Deasy said gravely And
 you can see the darkness in their eyes And that is why they are wanderers
 on the earth to this day On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the
 goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers Gabble of geese
 They swarmed loud uncouth about the temple their heads thickplotting under
 maladroit silk hats Not theirs these clothes this speech these gestures
 Their full slow eyes belied the words the gestures eager and unoffending
 but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain Vain
 patience to heap and hoard Time surely would scatter all A hoard heaped
 by the roadside plundered and passing on Their eyes knew their years of
 wandering and patient knew the dishonours of their flesh Who has not Stephen
 said What do you mean Mr Deasy asked He came forward a pace and stood by
 the table His underjaw fell sideways open uncertainly Is this old wisdom
 He waits to hear from me History Stephen said is a nightmare from which I

am trying to awake From the playfield the boys raised a shout A whirring
 whistle goal What if that nightmare gave you a back kick The ways of the
 Creator are not our ways Mr Deasy said All human history moves towards one
 great goal the manifestation of God Stephen jerked his thumb towards the
 window saying That is God Hooray Ay Whrrwhee What Mr Deasy asked A shout
 in the street Stephen answered shrugging his shoulders Mr Deasy looked
 down and held for awhile the wings of his nose tweaked between his fingers
 Looking up again he set them free I am happier than you are he said We have
 committed many errors and many sins A woman brought sin into the world
 For a woman who was no better than she should be Helen the runaway wife
 of Menelaus ten years the Greeks made war on Troy A faithless wife first
 brought the strangers to our shore here MacMurrough's wife and her leman
 O'Rourke prince of Breffni A woman too brought Parnell low Many errors
 many failures but not the one sin I am a struggler now at the end of my
 days But I will fight for the right till the end For Ulster will fight
 And Ulster will be right Stephen raised the sheets in his hand Well sir
 he began I foresee Mr Deasy said that you will not remain here very long
 at this work You were not born to be a teacher I think Perhaps I am wrong
 A learner rather Stephen said And here what will you learn more Mr Deasy
 shook his head Who knows he said To learn one must be humble But life is
 the great teacher Stephen rustled the sheets again As regards these he
 began Yes Mr Deasy said You have two copies there If you can have them
 published at once Telegraph Irish Homestead I will try Stephen said and
 let you know tomorrow I know two editors slightly That will do Mr Deasy
 said briskly I wrote last night to Mr Field M.P There is a meeting of the
 cattletaders' association today at the City Arms hotel I asked him to
 lay my letter before the meeting You see if you can get it into your two
 papers What are they The Evening Telegraph That will do Mr Deasy said There
 is no time to lose Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin Good
 morning sir Stephen said putting the sheets in his pocket Thank you Not at
 all Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk I like to break
 a lance with you old as I am Good morning sir Stephen said again bowing
 to his bent back He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path
 under the trees hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the
 playfield The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the
 gate toothless terrors Still I will help him in his fight Mulligan will dub
 me a new name the bullockbefriending bard Mr Dedalus Running after me No
 more letters I hope Just one moment Yes sir Stephen said turning back at
 the gate Mr Deasy halted breathing hard and swallowing his breath I just
 wanted to say he said Ireland they say has the honour of being the only
 country which never persecuted the jews Do you know that No And do you know
 why He frowned sternly on the bright air Why sir Stephen asked beginning
 to smile Because she never let them in Mr Deasy said solemnly A coughball
 of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of
 phlegm He turned back quickly coughing laughing his lifted arms waving to
 the air She never let them in he cried again through his laughter as he
 stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path That's why On his wise
 shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles dancing
 coins [3] Ineluctable modality of the visible at least that if no more
 thought through my eyes Signatures of all things I am here to read seaspawn
 and seawrack the nearing tide that rusty boot Snotgreen bluesilver rust

coloured signs Limits of the diaphane But he adds in bodies Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured How By knocking his sconce against them sure Go easy Bald he was and a millionaire maestro di color che sanno Limit of the diaphane in Why in Diaphane adiaphane If you can put your five fingers through it it is a gate if not a door Shut your eyes and see Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells You are walking through it howsomever I am a stride at a time A very short space of time through very short times of space Five six the nacheinander Exactly and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible Open your eyes No Jesus If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base fell through the nebeneinander ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the dark My ash sword hangs at my side Tap with it they do My two feet in his boots are at the ends of his legs nebeneinander Sounds solid made by the mallet of Los Demiurgos Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand Crush crack crick crick Wild sea money Dominie Deasy kens them a' Won't you come to Sandymount Madeline the mare Rhythm begins you see I hear A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching No agallop deline the mare Open your eyes now I will One moment Has all vanished since If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane Basta I will see if I can see See now There all the time without you and ever shall be world without end They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently Frauenzimmer and down the shelving shore flabbily their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand Like me like Algy coming down to our mighty mother Number one swung lourdily her midwife's bag the other's gamp poked in the beach From the liberties out for the day Mrs Florence MacCabe relict of the late Patk MacCabe deeply lamented of Bride Street One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life Creation from nothing What has she in the bag A misbirth with a trailing navelcord hushed in ruddy wool The cords of all link back strandentwining cable of all flesh That is why mystic monks Will you be as gods Gaze in your omphalos Hello Kinch here Put me on to Edenville Aleph alpha nought nought one Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon Heva naked Eve She had no navel Gaze Belly without blemish bulging big a buckler of taut vellum no whiteheaped corn orient and immortal standing from everlasting to everlasting Womb of sin Wombed in sin darkness I was too made not begotten By them the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath They clasped and sundered did the coupler's will From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever A lex eterna stays about Him Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son are consubstantial Where is poor dear Arius to try conclusions Warring his life long upon the contransmagnificandjewbangtentiality Illstarred heresiarch In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last euthanasia With beaded mitre and with crozier stalled upon his throne widower of a widowed see with upstiffed omophorion with clotted hinderparts Airs romped round him nipping and eager airs They are coming waves The whitemaned seahorses champing brightwindbridled the steeds of Mananaan I mustn't forget his letter for the press And after The Ship half twelve By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile Yes I must His pace slackened Here Am I going to aunt Sara's or not My consubstantial father's voice Did you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately No Sure he's not down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally Couldn't he fly a bit higher than that eh And and and and tell us Stephen how is uncle Si O weeping

God the things I married into De boys up in de hayloft The drunken little
 costdrawer and **his** brother the cornet player Highly respectable gondoliers
 And skeweyed Walter sirring his father no less Sir Yes sir No **sir Jesus**
 wept and no wonder by Christ I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered
 cottage and wait They take me for a dun peer out from a coign of vantage
 It's Stephen sir Let him in Let **Stephen in** A bolt drawn back and Walter
 welcomes me We **thought you** were someone else In his broad bed nuncle Richie
 pillowed and blanketed extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm
 Cleanchested He has washed the upper moiety Morrow nephew He lays aside
 the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills **of costs for the** eyes of master
 Goff and master Shapland Tandy filing consents and common searches and a
 writ of Duces Tecum A **bogoak frame** over his bald head Wilde's Requiescat
 The **drone of** his misleading whistle brings Walter back Yes sir Malt for
 Richie and Stephen tell mother Where is she Bathing Crissie sir Papa's
 little bedpal Lump of love No uncle Richie Call me Richie **Damn your** lithia
 water It lowers Whusky Uncle Richie really Sit down or by the law Harry
 I'll knock you down Walter squints vainly for a chair He has nothing to
 sit down on sir He has nowhere to put it you mug Bring in our chippendale
 chair Would you like a **bite** of something None of your damned lawdeedaw airs
 here The rich of a rasher fried with a herring Sure So much the better We
 have nothing in the house **but backache** pills All'erta He drones bars of
 Ferrando's aria di sortita The **grandest number** Stephen in the whole opera
 Listen His tuneful whistle sounds again finely shaded with rushes **of** the
 air his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees This wind is sweeter Houses
 of decay mine his and all You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a
 judge and an uncle a general in **the** army **Come** out of them Stephen Beauty
 is not **there Nor in** the stagnant **bay** of Marsh's library where you read the
 fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas **For whom** The hundredheaded rabble of the
 cathedral close A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness
 his mane foaming in the moon **his** eyeballs stars Houyhnhnm horsenostrilled
 The oval equine faces Temple Buck Mulligan Foxy Campbell Lanternjaws Abbas
 father furious dean what offence laid fire to their brains Paff Descende
 calve ut ne nimium decalveris A **garland of** grey hair **on** his comminated
 head see him me clambering down to the **footpace** (descende) clutching a
 monstrance basiliskeyed Get down baldpoll A choir gives back menace and
 echo assisting about the altar's horns the snorted Latin **of jackpriests**
 moving burly in their albs tonsured and oiled and gelded fat with the fat
 of kidneys of wheat And at the same **instant** perhaps a priest round the
 corner is elevating it Dringdring **And** two streets off another locking it
 into a pyx Dringadring And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to
 his own cheek Dringdring Down up forward back Dan Occam thought of that
 invincible doctor A misty English morning the imp **hypostasis** tickled his
 brain Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard **twine with his second**
bell the first **bell in** the transept (he is lifting his) and rising **heard**
(now I am lifting) their two **bells (he is kneeling)** twang in diphthong
 Cousin Stephen you will **never be a** saint Isle of saints You were awfully
 holy weren't you You prayed to the **Blessed** Virgin that you might not have
 a red nose You prayed to the **devil** in Serpentine avenue that the fubsy
 widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street O
 si certo Sell your soul for that do dyed rags pinned round a squaw More
 tell me more still On the top **of** the **Howth tram** alone crying to the rain

Naked women Naked women What about that eh What about what What else were
 they invented for Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night
 eh I was young You bowed to yourself in the mirror stepping forward to
 applause earnestly striking face Hurray for the Goddamned idiot Hray No
 one saw tell no one Books you were going to write with letters for titles
 Have you read his F O yes but I prefer Q Yes but W is wonderful O yes W
 Remember your epiphanies written on green oval leaves deeply deep copies
 to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world including
 Alexandria Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years a
 mahamanvantara Pico della Mirandola like Ay very like a whale When one
 reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one
 with one who once The grainy sand had gone from under his feet His boots
 trod again a damp crackling mast razorshells squeaking pebbles that on
 the unnumbered pebbles beats wood sieved by the shipworm lost Armada
 Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles breathing upward
 sewage breath a pocket of seaweed smouldered in seafire under a midden of
 man's ashes He coasted them walking warily A porterbottle stood up stogged
 to its waist in the cakey sand dough A sentinel isle of dreadful thirst
 Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther
 away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two
 crucified shirts Ringsend wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners
 Human shells He halted I have passed the way to aunt Sara's Am I not going
 there Seems not No one about He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand
 towards the Pigeonhouse Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position C'est
 le pigeon Joseph Patrice home on furlough lapped warm milk with me in the
 bar MacMahon Son of the wild goose Kevin Egan of Paris My father's a bird
 he lapped the sweet lait chaud with pink young tongue plump bunny's face
 Lap lapin He hopes to win in the gros lots About the nature of women he
 read in Michelet But he must send me La Vie de Jésus by M Léo Taxil Lent
 it to his friend C'est tordant vous savez Moi je suis socialiste Je ne
 crois pas en l'existence de Dieu Faut pas le dire à mon père Il croit Mon
 père oui Schluss He laps My Latin quarter hat God we simply must dress
 the character I want puce gloves You were a student weren't you Of what
 in the other devil's name Paysayenn P C N you know physiques chimiques et
 naturelles Aha Eating your groatsworth of mou en civet fleshpots of Egypt
 elbowed by belching cabmen Just say in the most natural tone when I was in
 Paris; boul' Mich' I used to Yes used to carry punched tickets to prove
 an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere Justice On the night of
 the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses
 Other fellow did it other me Hat tie overcoat nose Lui c'est moi You seem
 to have enjoyed yourself Proudly walking Whom were you trying to walk
 like Forget a dispossessed With mother's money order eight shillings the
 banging door of the post office slammed in your face by the usher Hunger
 toothache Encore deux minutes Look clock Must get Fermé Hired dog Shoot
 him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun bits man splattered walls all brass
 buttons Bits all khrrrrklak in place clack back Not hurt O that's all
 right Shake hands See what I meant see O that's all right Shake a shake O
 that's all only all right You were going to do wonders what Missionary to
 Europe after fiery Columbanus Fiacre and Scotus on their creepystools in
 heaven spilt from their pintpots loudlatinlaughing Euge Euge Pretending
 to speak broken English as you dragged your valise porter threepence

across the slimy pier at Newhaven Comment Rich booty you brought back; Le
 Tutu **five** tattered numbers of Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge ; a blue
 French telegram curiosity to show Mother dying come home father The aunt
thinks you killed your mother **That's** why **she** won't **Then** here's a health to
 Mulligan's aunt And I'll tell you **the** reason why She always kept things
 decent in The Hannigan famileye His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm
 over the sand **furrows along** by the boulders of the south wall He stared
 at them proudly piled stone mammoth skulls Gold light on sea on sand on
 boulders The sun is there **the slender** trees the lemon houses Paris rawly
 waking crude sunlight on her lemon streets Moist pith of farls of bread
 the froggreen wormwood her matin incense court the air Belluomo **rises** from
 the bed of **his** wife's lover's wife the kerchiefed housewife is astir a
 saucer of acetic acid in her hand In Rodot's Yvonne and **Madeleine newmake**
 their tumbled **beauties shattering** with gold teeth chaussons of pastry
 their mouths yellowed with **the** pus of flan bréton Faces of Paris men go
 by their wellpleased pleasers curled conquistadores **Noon slumbers** Kevin
 Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer's **ink**
 sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white About us gobblers fork spiced
 beans down their gullets Un demi sétier A jet of coffee steam from the
 burnished caldron She serves me at his beck Il est irlandais Hollandais
 Non fromage Deux irlandais nous Irlande vous savez ah oui She thought
 you wanted a cheese hollandais Your postprandial do you know that **word**
 Postprandial There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona queer fellow used
 to call it his postprandial Well slainte Around the slabbed tables the
 tangle **of wined** breaths and grumbling gorges His breath hangs over our
 saucestained plates the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips Of
 Ireland the Dalcassians of hopes conspiracies of Arthur Griffith now A E
 pimander good shepherd of men **To yoke** me as his yokefellow our crimes our
 common cause You're your father's son I know the voice His **fustian shirt**
 sanguineflowered trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets M Drumont
 famous journalist Drumont know what he called queen Victoria Old hag with
 the yellow **teeth Vieille** ogresse with the dents jaunes Maud Gonne beautiful
 woman La Patrie M Millevoye Félix Faure know how he died Licentious men
 The froeken bonne à tout faire who **rubs male** nakedness in the bath **at**
Upsala Moi faire she said Tous **les** messieurs Not this Monsieur I **said**
Most licentious custom Bath a most private thing I wouldn't **let my** brother
 not even my own brother most lascivious thing Green eyes I see you Fang I
 feel Lascivious people The blue fuse burns deadly between **hands and** burns
 clear Loose tobaccoshreds catch fire a flame and acrid smoke light our
 corner Raw facebones under his peep of day boy's hat How the head centre
 got away authentic version Got up as a young **bride man** veil orangeblossoms
 drove out the road to Malahide Did faith **Of lost** leaders the betrayed wild
 escapes Disguises clutched at gone not here Spurned lover I was a strapping
 young gossoon at that time I tell you I'll show you my **likeness one** day I
 was faith Lover for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke tanist
 of his sept under the walls of Clerkenwell and crouching **saw a flame of**
 vengeance hurl them upward in the fog **Shattered** glass and toppling **masonry**
In gay Paree he hides Egan of Paris unsought by any save by me Making his
 day's stations the dingy printingcase his three taverns the Montmartre lair
 he sleeps short night in rue de la Goutte d'Or damascened with flyblown
 faces of the gone Loveless landless wifeless **She is** quite nicey comfy

without her outcast man madame in rue Gît le Cœur canary and two buck
 lodgers Peachy cheeks a zebra skirt frisky as a young **thing's Spurned** and
 undespairing **Tell** Pat you saw **me won't** you I wanted to get poor Pat a job
 one time **Mon fils** soldier of France I taught him to sing The boys of
 Kilkenny are stout roaring blades Know that old lay I taught Patrice that
 Old **Kilkenny saint** Canice Strongbow's castle on the Nore Goes like this
 O O He takes me Napper Tandy by the hand **O O** the boys of **Kilkenny** Weak
 wasting hand on mine They have forgotten Kevin Egan not he them Remembering
 thee O Sion He had come nearer the edge of the **sea** and **wet** sand slapped
 his boots The new air greeted him harping in wild nerves wind of wild air
 of seeds of brightness Here I am not walking out to the **Kish** lightship
 am I He stood suddenly his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking
 soil Turn back Turning he scanned the shore south his feet sinking again
 slowly in new sockets **The** cold domed room of the tower **waits** Through the
 barbacans **the** shafts **of** light are moving ever slowly ever as my feet are
 sinking creeping duskward over the dial floor Blue dusk nightfall deep
 blue night In the darkness **of the** dome they wait their pushedback chairs
 my obelisk valise around a board of abandoned platters Who to clear it
 He has the key I **will** not **sleep there** when this night comes A shut door
 of a silent tower entombing their blind **bodies the** panthersahib and his
 pointer Call no answer He lifted his feet up from the **suck** and turned
 back by **the** mole of boulders Take all keep all My soul walks with me form
 of forms So in the moon's **midwatches** I pace the path above the rocks in
 sable silvered hearing Elsinore's tempting flood The flood is following
 me I can watch it flow past from here **Get back** then by the Poolbeg road
 to the strand there He climbed over the sedge and eely **oarweeds** and sat
 on a stool of rock resting his ashplant in a grike A bloated carcass of a
 dog lay lolled on bladderwrack Before **him** the gunwale of a boat sunk in
 sand Un coche ensablé Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose These heavy
 sands are language tide and wind have **silted here** And **these the** stoneheaps
 of dead builders a warren of weasel rats Hide gold there Try **it You** have
some Sands and stones Heavy of the past **Sir** Lout's toys Mind you don't
 get one bang on the ear I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody
 well boulders bones for my **steppingstones Feefawfum** I zmelz de bloodz
 odz an Iridzman A point live dog grew into sight running across the sweep
 of sand Lord is he going to attack me Respect his liberty You will **not be**
 master of others or their slave I have my stick Sit tight From farther
 away walking shoreward across from the crested tide figures two The two
 maries They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes Peekaboo **I see** you No
 the dog He is running back to them Who **Galleys of** the Lochlanns **ran** here
 to beach in quest of prey their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten
 pewter surf Dane vikings torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when
 Malachi wore the collar of gold A school of turlehide whales stranded in
 hot noon spouting hobbling in the shallows **Then** from the starving cagework
city a horde **of jerkined** dwarfs my people with flayers' knives running
 scaling hacking in green blubbery whalemeat Famine plague and slaughters
 Their blood is in me their lusts my waves I moved among them on the frozen
 Liffey that I a changeling among the spluttering resin fires I spoke to
 no one none to me The dog's bark ran towards him stopped ran back Dog of
 my enemy I just simply stood pale silent bayed about Terribilia meditans
 A primrose doublet fortune's knave smiled on my fear For that are you

pining the bark of their applause Pretenders live their lives The Bruce's
 brother Thomas Fitzgerald silken knight Perkin Warbeck York's false scion
 in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory wonder of a day and Lambert Simnel
 with a tail of nans and sutlers a scullion crowned All kings' sons Paradise
 of pretenders then and now He saved men from drowning and you shake at a
 cur's yelping But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in
 their own house House of We don't want any of your medieval abstrusities
 Would you do what he did A boat would be near a lifebuoy Natürlich put
 there for you Would you or would you not The man that was drowned nine days
 ago off Maiden's rock They are waiting for him now The truth spit it out I
 would want to I would try I am not a strong swimmer Water cold soft When
 I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes Can't see Who's behind me
 Out quickly quickly Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides
 sheeting the lows of sand quickly shellcocoacoloured If I had land under
 my feet I want his life still to be his mine to be mine A drowning man His
 human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death I With him together
 down I could not save her Waters bitter death lost A woman and a man I see
 her skirties Pinned up I bet Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling
 sand trotting sniffing on all sides Looking for something lost in a past
 life Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare ears flung back chasing the
 shadow of a lowskimming gull The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp
 ears He turned bounded back came nearer trotted on twinkling shanks On a
 field tenney a buck trippant proper unattired At the lacefringe of the
 tide he halted with stiff forehoofs seawardpointed ears His snout lifted
 barked at the wavenoise herds of seamorse They serpented towards his feet
 curling unfurling many crests every ninth breaking plashing from far from
 farther out waves and waves Cocklepickers They waded a little way in the
 water and stooping soused their bags and lifting them again waded out The
 dog yelped running to them reared up and pawed them dropping on all fours
 again reared up at them with mute bearish fawning Unheeded he kept by them
 as they came towards the drier sand a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from
 his jaws His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then loped off at a
 calf's gallop The carcass lay on his path He stopped sniffed stalked round
 it brother nosing closer went round it sniffing rapidly like a dog all
 over the dead dog's bedraggled fell Dogskull dogsniff eyes on the ground
 moves to one great goal Ah poor dogsbody Here lies poor dogsbody's body
 Tatters Out of that you mongrel The cry brought him skulking back to his
 master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand
 crouched in flight He slunk back in a curve Doesn't see me Along by the
 edge of the mole he lolloped dawdled smelt a rock and from under a cocked
 hindleg pissed against it He trotted forward and lifting again his hindleg
 pissed quick short at an unsmelt rock The simple pleasures of the poor
 His hindpaws then scattered the sand then his forepaws dabbled and delved
 Something he buried there his grandmother He rooted in the sand dabbling
 delving and stopped to listen to the air scraped up the sand again with
 a fury of his claws soon ceasing a pard a panther got in spousebreach
 vulturing the dead After he woke me last night same dream or was it Wait
 Open hallway Street of harlots Remember Haroun al Raschid I am almosting
 it That man led me spoke I was not afraid The melon he had he held against
 my face Smiled creamfruit smell That was the rule said In Come Red carpet
 spread You will see who Shouldering their bags they trudged the red Egyptians

His blued feet out of turnedup trousers **slapped** the clammy sand a dull
 brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck With woman steps she followed
 the ruffian and his strolling mort Spoils **slung at** her back Loose sand
 and shellgrit crusted her bare feet About her windraw face hair trailed
 Behind her lord his helpmate bing awast to Romeville When night hides her
 body's flaws calling under her brown **shawl from an archway where dogs**
 have mired Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of
 Blackpitts Buss her wap in rogues' rum lingo for O **my dimber** wapping dell
 A shefiend's whiteness under her rancid rags Fumbally's lane that night
 the tanyard smells White thy fambles red thy gan And thy quarrons dainty
 is **Couch** a hogshead with me then In the **darkmans** clip and kiss Morose
 delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this frate porcospino Unfallen Adam
 rode and not rutted Call away let him thy quarrons dainty is **Language no**
 whit worse than his Monkwords marybeads jabber on their girdles roguewords
 tough nuggets patter in their pockets Passing now A side eye at my Hamlet
 hat If I were suddenly naked here as I sit I am not Across the sands of
 all **the world** followed by the sun's flaming sword to the west trekking
 to evening **lands She** trudges schlepps trains drags trascines her load A
 tide westering moondrawn in her wake **Tides myriadislanded** within her blood
 not mine oinopa ponton a winedark sea Behold the handmaid of the moon In
 sleep the wet sign calls her hour bids her rise Bridebed childbed bed of
 death ghostcandled Omnis caro ad te veniet He comes **pale** vampire through
 storm his eyes his bat sails bloodying the sea mouth to her mouth's kiss
Here Put a pin in **that chap will** you My tablets Mouth to her kiss No Must
 be two of em Glue em well Mouth to her mouth's kiss **His** lips lipped and
 mouthed **fleshless** lips of air mouth to her moomb Oomb allwombing tomb
 His mouth moulded issuing breath unspeched ooeeahah roar of cataractic
 planets globed blazing roaring wayawayawayawayaway Paper The banknotes
 blast them Old **Deasy's letter** Here Thanking you for the hospitality **tear**
the blank end off Turning his back to the sun **he** bent over far to a table
 of rock and scribbled words That's twice I forgot to take slips from the
 library counter His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent ending Why not
 endless till the farthest star Darkly they are there behind **this light**
 darkness shining in the brightness delta of Cassiopeia worlds Me sits there
 with his augur's rod of ash in borrowed sandals by day beside a livid sea
 unbeheld in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars I throw
 this ended shadow from me manshape ineluctable call it back Endless would
 it be **mine form** of my form Who watches me here Who ever anywhere will
 read these written words Signs on a white field Somewhere to someone in
 your flutiest voice The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple
 out of **his shovel** hat veil of space **with** coloured emblems hatched on its
 field Hold hard Coloured on a flat yes that's right Flat I see then think
 distance near far flat I see east back Ah see now Falls back suddenly
 frozen in stereoscope Click does the trick You find my words dark Darkness
 is in our souls do you not think Flutier Our souls shamewounded by our
 sins cling to us yet more a woman to her lover clinging the more the more
 She trusts me her hand gentle the longlashed eyes Now where the blue hell
 am I bringing her beyond the veil Into the ineluctable modality of the
ineluctable visuality She she she What **she The** virgin at Hodges Figgis'
 window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going
 to **write Keen** glance you gave her **Wrist through** the braided jesse of her

sunshade She lives in Leeson park with a grief and kickshaws a lady of
 letters Talk that to someone else Stevie a pickmeup Bet she wears those
 curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings darned with lumpy wool
 Talk about apple dumplings piuttosto Where are your wits Touch me Soft
 eyes Soft soft soft hand I am lonely here O touch me soon now What is
 that word known to all men I am quiet here alone Sad too Touch touch me
 He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks cramming the scribbled
 note and pencil into a pocket his hat tilted down on his eyes That is
 Kevin Egan's movement I made nodding for his nap sabbath sleep Et vidit
 Deus Et erant valde bona Alo Bonjour Welcome as the flowers in May Under
 its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun I
 am caught in this burning scene Pan's hour the faunal noon Among gumheavy
 serpentplants milkoozing fruits where on the tawny waters leaves lie
 wide Pain is far And no more turn aside and brood His gaze brooded on his
 broadtoed boots a buck's castoffs nebeneinander He counted the creases
 of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm The foot that
 beat the ground in tripudium foot I dislove But you were delighted when
 Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you girl I knew in Paris Tiens quel petit
 pied Staunch friend a brother soul Wilde's love that dare not speak its
 name His arm Cranly's arm He now will leave me And the blame As I am As I
 am All or not at all In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed
 full covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand rising flowing My ashplant
 will float away I shall wait No they will pass on passing chafing against
 the low rocks swirling passing Better get this job over quick Listen a
 fourworded wavespeech seesoo hrss rsseeiss ooos Vehement breath of waters
 amid seasnakes rearing horses rocks In cups of rocks it slops flop slop
 slap bounded in barrels And spent its speech ceases It flows purling
 widely flowing floating foampool flower unfurling Under the upswelling
 tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms
 hising up their petticoats in whispering water swaying and upturning coy
 silver fronds Day by day night by night lifted flooded and let fall Lord
 they are weary; and whispered to they sigh Saint Ambrose heard it sigh
 of leaves and waves waiting awaiting the fullness of their times diebus
 ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit To no end gathered; vainly then
 released forthflowing wending back loom of the moon Weary too in sight
 of lovers lascivious men a naked woman shining in her courts she draws a
 toil of waters Five fathoms out there Full fathom five thy father lies
 At one he said Found drowned High water at Dublin bar Driving before it
 a loose drift of rubble fanshoals of fishes silly shells A corpse rising
 saltwhite from the undertow bobbing a pace a pace a porpoise landward
 There he is Hook it quick Pull Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor
 We have him Easy now Bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine A quiver of
 minnows fat of a spongy titbit flash through the slits of his buttoned
 trouserfly God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes
 featherbed mountain Dead breaths I living breathe tread dead dust devour
 a urinous offal from all dead Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes
 upward the stench of his green grave his leprous nosehole snoring to the
 sun A seachange this brown eyes saltblue Seadeath mildest of all deaths
 known to man Old Father Ocean Prix de Paris beware of imitations Just
 you give it a fair trial We enjoyed ourselves immensely Come I thirst
 Clouding over No black clouds anywhere are there Thunderstorm Allbright

he falls proud lightning of the intellect Lucifer dico qui nescit occasum
 No My cockle hat and staff and hismy sandal shoon Where To evening lands
 Evening will find itself He took the hilt of his ashplant lunging with it
 softly dallying still Yes evening will find itself in me without me All
 days make their end By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest
 day Of all the glad new year mother the rum tum tiddledy tum Lawn Tennyson
 gentleman poet Già For the old hag with the yellow teeth And Monsieur
 Drumont gentleman journalist Già My teeth are very bad Why I wonder Feel
 That one is going too Shells Ought I go to a dentist I wonder with that
 money That one This Toothless Kinch the superman Why is that I wonder or
 does it mean something perhaps My handkerchief He threw it I remember Did
 I not take it up His hand groped vainly in his pockets No I didn't Better
 buy one He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock
 carefully For the rest let look who will Behind Perhaps there is someone
 He turned his face over a shoulder rere regardant Moving through the air
 high spars of a threemaster her sails brailed up on the crosstrees homing
 upstream silently moving a silent ship II [4] Mr Leopold Bloom ate with
 relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls He liked thick giblet soup
 nutty gizzards a stuffed roast heart liverslices fried with crustcrumbs
 fried hencods' roes Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which
 gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine Kidneys were
 in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly righting her breakfast
 things on the humpy tray Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out
 of doors gentle summer morning everywhere Made him feel a bit peckish The
 coals were reddening Another slice of bread and butter three four right
 She didn't like her plate full Right He turned from the tray lifted the
 kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire It sat there dull and
 squat its spout stuck out Cup of tea soon Good Mouth dry The cat walked
 stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high Mkgnao 0 there you are
 Mr Bloom said turning from the fire The cat mewed in answer and stalked
 again stiffly round a leg of the table mewing Just how she stalks over my
 writingtable Prr Scratch my head Prr Mr Bloom watched curiously kindly
 the lithe black form Clean to see the gloss of her sleek hide the white
 button under the butt of her tail the green flashing eyes He bent down to
 her his hands on his knees Milk for the pussens he said Mrkgnao the cat
 cried They call them stupid They understand what we say better than we
 understand them She understands all she wants to Vindictive too Cruel Her
 nature Curious mice never squeal Seem to like it Wonder what I look like
 to her Height of a tower No she can jump me Afraid of the chickens she
 is he said mockingly Afraid of the chookchooks I never saw such a stupid
 pussens as the pussens Mrkrgrnao the cat said loudly She blinked up out of
 her avid shameclosing eyes mewing plaintively and long showing him her
 milkwhite teeth He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her
 eyes were green stones Then he went to the dresser took the jug Hanlon's
 milkman had just filled for him poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer and
 set it slowly on the floor Gurrhr she cried running to lap He watched the
 bristles shining wirily in the weak light as she tipped three times and
 licked lightly Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after
 Why They shine in the dark perhaps the tips Or kind of feelers in the
 dark perhaps He listened to her licking lap Ham and eggs no No good eggs
 with this drouth Want pure fresh water Thursday not a good day either for

a mutton kidney at Buckley's Fried with butter a shake of pepper Better
 a pork kidney at Dlugacz's While the kettle is boiling She lapped slower
 then licking the saucer clean Why are their tongues so rough To lap better
 all porous holes Nothing she can eat He glanced round him No On quietly
 creaky boots he went up the staircase to the hall paused by the bedroom
 door She might like something tasty Thin bread and butter she likes in
 the morning Still perhaps once in a way He said softly in the bare hall
 I'm going round the corner Be back in a minute And when he had heard his
 voice say it he added You don't want anything for breakfast A sleepy soft
 grunt answered Mn No She didn't want anything He heard then a warm heavy
 sigh softer as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead
 jingled Must get those settled really Pity All the way from Gibraltar
 Forgotten any little Spanish she knew Wonder what her father gave for it
 Old style Ah yes of course Bought it at the governor's auction Got a short
 knock Hard as nails at a bargain old Tweedy Yes sir At Plevna that was I
 rose from the ranks sir and I'm proud of it Still he had brains enough
 to make that corner in stamps Now that was farseeing His hand took his
 hat from the peg over his initialled heavy overcoat and his lost property
 office secondhand waterproof Stamps stickyback pictures Daresay lots of
 officers are in the swim too Course they do The sweated legend in the
 crown of his hat told him mutely Plasto's high grade ha He peeped quickly
 inside the leather headband White slip of paper Quite safe On the doorstep
 he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey Not there In the trousers I
 left off Must get it Potato I have Creaky wardrobe No use disturbing her
 She turned over sleepily that time He pulled the halldoor to after him
 very quietly more till the footleaf dropped gently over the threshold a
 limp lid Looked shut All right till I come back anyhow He crossed to the
 bright side avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive The sun
 was nearing the steeple of George's church Be a warm day I fancy Specially
 in these black clothes feel it more Black conducts reflects (refracts
 is it?) the heat But I couldn't go in that light suit Make a picnic of
 it His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth Boland's
 breadvan delivering with trays our daily but she prefers yesterday's loaves
 turnovers crisp crowns hot Makes you feel young Somewhere in the east
 early morning set off at dawn Travel round in front of the sun steal a
 day's march on him Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically
 Walk along a strand strange land come to a city gate sentry there old
 ranker too old Tweedy's big moustaches leaning on a long kind of a spear
 Wander through awned streets Turbaned faces going by Dark caves of carpet
 shops big man Turko the terrible seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe
 Cries of sellers in the streets Drink water scented with fennel sherbet
 Dander along all day Might meet a robber or two Well meet him Getting
 on to sundown The shadows of the mosques among the pillars priest with
 a scroll rolled up A shiver of the trees signal the evening wind I pass
 on Fading gold sky A mother watches me from her doorway She calls her
 children home in their dark language High wall beyond strings twanged
 Night sky moon violet colour of Molly's new garters Strings Listen A girl
 playing one of those instruments what do you call them dulcimers I pass
 Probably not a bit like it really Kind of stuff you read in the track of
 the sun Sunburst on the titlepage He smiled pleasing himself What Arthur
 Griffith said about the headpiece over the Freeman leader a homerule sun

rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland He prolonged his pleased smile Ikey touch that homerule sun rising up in the northwest He approached Larry O'Rourke's From the cellar grating floated up the flabby gush of porter Through the open doorway the bar squirted out whiffs of ginger teadust biscuitmush Good house however just the end of the city traffic For instance M'Auley's down there n g as position Of course if they ran a tramline along the North Circular from the cattlemarket to the quays value would go up like a shot Baldhead over the blind Cute old codger No use canvassing him for an ad Still he knows his own business best There he is sure enough my bold Larry leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tee with his eyes screwed up Do you know what I'm going to tell you What's that Mr O'Rourke Do you know what The Russians they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese Stop and say a word about the funeral perhaps Sad thing about poor Dignam Mr O'Rourke Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through the doorway Good day Mr O'Rourke Good day to you Lovely weather sir 'Tis all that Where do they get the money Coming up redheaded curates from the county Leitrim rinsing empties and old man in the cellar Then lo and behold they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons Then think of the competition General thirst Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without passing a pub Save it they can't Off the drunks perhaps Put down three and carry five What is that a bob here and there dribs and drabs On the wholesale orders perhaps Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job see How much would that tot to off the porter in the month Say ten barrels of stuff Say he got ten per cent off O more Fifteen He passed Saint Joseph's National school Brats' clamour Windows open Fresh air helps memory Or a lilt Ahbeesee defeegee kelomen opeecue rustyouvee doubleyou Boys are they Yes Inishturk Inishark Inishboffin At their joggerfry Mine Slieve Bloom He halted before Dlugacz's window staring at the hanks of sausages polonies black and white Fifteen multiplied by The figures whitened in his mind unsolved displeased he let them fade The shiny links packed with forcemeat fed his gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy pigs' blood A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willowpatterned dish the last He stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter Would she buy it too calling the items from a slip in her hand Chapped washingsoda And a pound and a half of Denny's sausages His eyes rested on her vigorous hips Woods his name is Wonder what he does Wife is oldish New blood No followers allowed Strong pair of arms Whacking a carpet on the clothesline She does whack it by George The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack The ferreteyed porkbutcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with blotchy fingers sausageepink Sound meat there like a stallfed heifer He took a page up from the pile of cut sheets the model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias Can become ideal winter sanatorium Moses Montefiore I thought he was Farmhouse wall round it blurred cattle cropping He held the page from him interesting read it nearer the title the blurred cropping cattle the page rustling A young white heifer Those mornings in the cattlemarket the beasts lowing in their pens branded sheep flop and fall of dung the breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter slapping a palm on a ripemeated hindquarter there's a prime one unpeeled switches in their

hands He held the page **aslant** patiently bending his senses and his will
 his soft subject gaze at rest The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack
by whack The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile wrapped up her
 prime sausages and made a red grimace Now my miss he said She tendered
 a coin smiling boldly holding **her thick** wrist out Thank you my miss And
 one shilling threepence change **For you** please Mr Bloom pointed quickly To
 catch up and walk behind her if **she went** slowly behind her moving hams
 Pleasant to see first thing in the morning Hurry up damn it Make hay while
the sun shines She stood outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily
 to the right **He sighed** down his nose they never understand Sodachapped
 hands Crusted toenails too Brown scapulars in tatters defending **her** both
 ways The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast
 For another a constable off duty cuddling her in Eccles' **Lane** They like
 them sizeable Prime sausage O please Mr Policeman **I'm lost** in the wood
 Threepence please His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into
 a sidepocket Then it fetched up three coins from **his trousers'** pocket and
 laid them **on** the rubber prickles They lay were read quickly and quickly
 slid disc by disc into the till Thank you sir Another time A speck **of**
 eager fire from foxeyes thanked him He withdrew his gaze after an instant
 No better not another **time Good** morning he said moving **away** Good morning
sir No sign Gone What matter He walked back along **Dorset street** reading
 gravely Agendath Netaim planters' **company** To purchase waste sandy tracts
 from Turkish government and plant with eucalyptus trees Excellent for shade
 fuel and construction Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa
 You pay eighty marks and they plant a dunam of **land for** you with olives
 oranges almonds or citrons Olives cheaper oranges need artificial irrigation
 Every year you get a sending of the **crop Your** name entered for life as
 owner in the book of the union **Can** pay ten down and the balance in yearly
 instalments Bleibtreustrasse 34 Berlin W 15 Nothing doing Still an idea
 behind it He looked at **the** cattle blurred in silver heat Silverpowdered
 olivetrees Quiet long days pruning ripening Olives are packed in jars eh
 I have a few **left** from Andrews Molly spitting them out Knows the taste
 of them now Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates Citrons too Wonder
 is poor Citron still in Saint Kevin's parade And Mastiansky with the
 old cither Pleasant evenings we had **then Molly** in Citron's basketchair
 Nice to hold cool waxen fruit hold in the hand **lift it** to the **nostrils**
and smell the perfume Like that heavy sweet wild perfume Always the same
 year after year They fetched high prices too Moisel told me Arbutus place
 Pleasants street pleasant old times Must be without a flaw he said Coming
 all that way Spain Gibraltar Mediterranean the Levant Crates lined up on
 the **quayside** at Jaffa chap ticking them off in a book navvies handling
 them barefoot in soiled dungarees There's whatdoyoucallhim out of How do
 you **Doesn't** see Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore His back is
 like that Norwegian captain's Wonder if I'll meet him today Watering cart
 To provoke the rain On earth as it is in heaven A cloud began to cover
 the sun slowly wholly **Grey** Far No not like **that A** barren land bare waste
 Volcanic lake the dead sea no fish weedless sunk deep in the earth **No**
 wind could lift those waves grey metal poisonous foggy waters Brimstone
 they called it raining down the cities of the plain Sodom Gomorrah Edom
 All dead names A dead sea in a dead land grey and old **Old now** It bore
 the oldest the first **race A** bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a

naggin bottle by the neck The oldest people Wandered far away over all
 the earth captivity to captivity multiplying dying being born everywhere
 It lay there now Now it could bear no more Dead an old woman's the grey
 sunken cunt of the world Desolation Grey horror seared his flesh Folding
 the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles street hurrying homeward
 Cold oils slid along his veins chilling his blood age crusting him with a
 salt cloak Well I am here now Yes I am here now Morning mouth bad images
 Got up wrong side of the bed Must begin again those Sandow's exercises On
 the hands down Blotchy brown brick houses Number eighty still unlet Why
 is that Valuation is only twentyeight Towers Battersby North MacArthur
 parlour windows plastered with bills Plasters on a sore eye To smell the
 gentle smoke of tea fume of the pan sizzling butter Be near her ample
 bedwarmed flesh Yes yes Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley
 road swiftly in slim sandals along the brightening footpath Runs she runs
 to meet me a girl with gold hair on the wind Two letters and a card lay on
 the hallfloor He stooped and gathered them Mrs Marion Bloom His quickened
 heart slowed at once Bold hand Mrs Marion Poldy Entering the bedroom he
 halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her
 tousled head Who are the letters for He looked at them Mullingar Milly A
 letter for me from Milly he said carefully and a card to you And a letter
 for you He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve
 of her knees Do you want the blind up Letting the blind up by gentle tugs
 halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under
 her pillow That do he asked turning She was reading the card propped on
 her elbow She got the things she said He waited till she had laid the card
 aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh Hurry up with that
 tea she said I'm parched The kettle is boiling he said But he delayed to
 clear the chair her striped petticoat tossed soiled linen and lifted all
 in an armful on to the foot of the bed As he went down the kitchen stairs
 she called Poldy What Scald the teapot On the boil sure enough a plume of
 steam from the spout He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four
 full spoons of tea tilting the kettle then to let the water flow in Having
 set it to draw he took off the kettle crushed the pan flat on the live
 coals and watched the lump of butter slide and melt While he unwrapped the
 kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him Give her too much meat she won't
 mouse Say they won't eat pork Kosher Here He let the bloodsmeared paper
 fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce Pepper
 He sprinkled it through his fingers ringwise from the chipped eggcup Then
 he slit open his letter glancing down the page and over Thanks new tam
 Mr Coghlan lough Owel picnic young student Blazes Boylan's seaside girls
 The tea was drawn He filled his own moustachecup sham crown Derby smiling
 Silly Milly's birthday gift Only five she was then No wait four I gave her
 the amberoid necklace she broke Putting pieces of folded brown paper in
 the letterbox for her He smiled pouring O Milly Bloom you are my darling
 You are my lookingglass from night to morning I'd rather have you without
 a farthing Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden Poor old professor
 Goodwin Dreadful old case Still he was a courteous old chap Oldfashioned
 way he used to bow Molly off the platform And the little mirror in his
 silk hat The night Milly brought it into the parlour O look what I found
 in professor Goodwin's hat All we laughed Sex breaking out even then
 Pert little piece she was He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped

it over then fitted the teapot on the tray Its hump bumped as he took it
 up Everything on it Bread and butter four sugar spoon her cream Yes He
 carried it upstairs his thumb hooked in the teapot handle Nudging the door
 open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the
 bedhead What a time you were she said She set the brasses jingling as she
 raised herself briskly an elbow on the pillow He looked calmly down on her
 bulk and between her large soft bubs sloping within her nightdress like a
 shegoat's udder The warmth of her couched body rose on the air mingling
 with the fragrance of the tea she poured A strip of torn envelope peeped
 from under the dimpled pillow In the act of going he stayed to straighten
 the bedspread Who was the letter from he asked Bold hand Marion O Boylan
 she said He's bringing the programme What are you singing Là ci darem with
 J C Doyle she said and Love's Old Sweet Song Her full lips drinking smiled
 Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day Like foul flowerwater Would
 you like the window open a little She doubled a slice of bread into her
 mouth asking What time is the funeral Eleven I think he answered I didn't
 see the paper Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her
 soiled drawers from the bed No Then a twisted grey garter looped round a
 stocking rumpled shiny sole No that book Other stocking Her petticoat It
 must have fell down she said He felt here and there Voglio e non vorrei
 Wonder if she pronounces that right voglio Not in the bed Must have slid
 down He stooped and lifted the valance The book fallen sprawled against
 the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot Show here she said I put a mark
 in it There's a word I wanted to ask you She swallowed a draught of tea
 from her cup held by nothandle and having wiped her fingertips smartly on
 the blanket began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the
 word Met him what he asked Here she said What does that mean He leaned
 downward and read near her polished thumbnail Metempsychosis Yes Who's
 he when he's at home Metempsychosis he said frowning It's Greek from the
 Greek That means the transmigration of souls O rocks she said Tell us in
 plain words He smiled glancing askance at her mocking eyes The same young
 eyes The first night after the charades Dolphin's Barn He turned over
 the smudged pages Ruby the Pride of the Ring Hello Illustration Fierce
 Italian with carriagewhip Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked
 Sheet kindly lent The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from
 him with an oath Cruelty behind it all Doped animals Trapeze at Hengler's
 Had to look the other way Mob gaping Break your neck and we'll break our
 sides Families of them Bone them young so they metempsychosis That we live
 after death Our souls That a man's soul after he dies Dignam's soul Did
 you finish it he asked Yes she said There's nothing smutty in it Is she in
 love with the first fellow all the time Never read it Do you want another
 Yes Get another of Paul de Kock's Nice name he has She poured more tea
 into her cup watching it flow sideways Must get that Capel street library
 book renewed or they'll write to Kearney my guarantor Reincarnation that's
 the word Some people believe he said that we go on living in another body
 after death that we lived before They call it reincarnation That we all
 lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet
 They say we have forgotten it Some say they remember their past lives The
 sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea Better remind her of
 the word metempsychosis An example would be better An example The Bath of
 the Nymph over the bed Given away with the Easter number of Photo Bits

Splendid masterpiece in art colours Tea before you put milk in Not unlike
 her with her hair down slimmer Three and six I gave for the frame She said
 it would look nice over the bed Naked nymphs Greece and for instance all
 the people that lived then He turned the pages back Metempsychosis he said
 is what the ancient Greeks called it They used to believe you could be
 changed into an animal or a tree for instance What they called nymphs for
 example Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar She gazed straight before
 her inhaling through her arched nostrils There's a smell of burn she said
 Did you leave anything on the fire The kidney he cried suddenly He fitted
 the book roughly into his inner pocket and stubbing his toes against the
 broken commode hurried out towards the smell stepping hastily down the
 stairs with a flurried stork's legs Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet
 from a side of the pan By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney
 he detached it and turned it turtle on its back Only a little burnt He
 tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle
 over it Cup of tea now He sat down cut and buttered a slice of the loaf He
 shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat Then he put a forkful
 into his mouth chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat Done
 to a turn A mouthful of tea Then he cut away dies of bread sopped one in
 the gravy and put it in his mouth What was that about some young student
 and a picnic He creased out the letter at his side reading it slowly as
 he chewed sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his
 mouth Dearest Papli Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present It
 suits me splendid Everyone says I am quite the belle in my new tam I got
 mummy's lovely box of creams and am writing They are lovely I am getting
 on swimming in the photo business now Mr Coghlan took one of me and Mrs
 Will send when developed We did great biz yesterday Fair day and all the
 beef to the heels were in We are going to lough Owel on Monday with a few
 friends to make a scrap picnic Give my love to mummy and to yourself a
 big kiss and thanks I hear them at the piano downstairs There is to be a
 concert in the Greville Arms on Saturday There is a young student comes
 here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells and
 he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about
 those seaside girls Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects I must now
 close with fondest love Your fond daughter Milly P S Excuse bad writing
 am in hurry Byby M Fifteen yesterday Curious fifteenth of the month too
 Her first birthday away from home Separation Remember the summer morning
 she was born running to knock up Mrs Thornton in Denzille street Jolly old
 woman Lot of babies she must have helped into the world She knew from the
 first poor little Rudy wouldn't live Well God is good sir She knew at once
 He would be eleven now if he had lived His vacant face stared pityingly
 at the postscript Excuse bad writing Hurry Piano downstairs Coming out
 of her shell Row with her in the XL Café about the bracelet Wouldn't eat
 her cakes or speak or look Saucebox He sopped other dies of bread in the
 gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney Twelve and six a week Not much
 Still she might do worse Music hall stage Young student He drank a draught
 of cooler tea to wash down his meal Then he read the letter again twice
 O well she knows how to mind herself But if not No nothing has happened
 Of course it might Wait in any case till it does A wild piece of goods
 Her slim legs running up the staircase Destiny Ripening now Vain very He
 smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window Day I caught her in

the street **pinching** her cheeks to make them red Anemic a little Was **given**
milk too long On the Erin's King that day **round the** Kish Damned old tub
 pitching about Not a bit funky Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind with
 her hair **All** dimpled cheeks and curls Your head it simply **swirls** Seaside
 girls Torn envelope Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets jarvey off for
 the day **singing** Friend of the family Swirls he says Pier with lamps summer
evening band Those girls those girls Those lovely seaside girls Milly too
 Young kisses the first **Far away** now past Mrs Marion Reading lying back
 now counting the strands of her hair smiling braiding A soft qualm regret
 flowed down his backbone increasing Will happen yes Prevent Useless can't
 move Girl's sweet light lips Will happen too He felt the flowing qualm
 spread over him Useless to move now Lips kissed kissing kissed Full gluey
 woman's lips Better where she is down there away Occupy her Wanted a dog
 to pass the time Might **take** a trip down there August bank holiday only two
 and six return Six weeks off however Might work a press pass Or **through**
M'Coy The cat having cleaned all her fur returned to the meatstained paper
 nosed at it and stalked to the door She looked back at him mewing Wants
 to go out Wait before a door sometime it will open Let her wait **Has** the
 fidgets Electric Thunder **in** the air **Was** washing at her ear with her back
 to the fire **too** He felt heavy full then a gentle loosening of his bowels
He stood up undoing the waistband of his trousers The cat mewed to him
 Miaow he said in **answer Wait** till I'm ready **Heaviness hot** day coming **Too**
much trouble to fag up the stairs to **the** landing **A** paper He liked to read
 at stool Hope no ape comes knocking just as I'm In the tabledrawer he
 found an old number of Titbits He folded it under his armpit **went** to the
 door **and opened** it The cat went up in soft bounds **Ah wanted** to go upstairs
 curl up in a ball on **the** bed Listening he heard **her voice** Come come pussy
 Come He went out through the backdoor into the garden stood to listen
 towards the next garden No sound Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry The
 maid was in the **garden Fine** morning He bent down to regard a lean file
 of spearmint growing **by** the wall **Make** a summerhouse here Scarlet runners
 Virginia creepers Want to manure the whole place over scabby soil A coat
 of liver of sulphur All soil like that without **dung Household** slops Loam
 what is this that is The hens in the next garden **their** droppings are very
 good top dressing Best of all **though are** the cattle especially when they
 are fed on those oilcakes Mulch of **dung Best** thing to clean ladies' kid
 gloves Dirty cleans Ashes too Reclaim the whole place **Grow** peas in that
corner there Lettuce Always have fresh greens then Still gardens have
 their drawbacks That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday He walked **on Where**
 is my hat **by the way Must have** put it back **on the** peg Or hanging up on
 the **floor** Funny I don't remember that Hallstand too full Four umbrellas
 her raincloak Picking up **the** letters Drago's shopbell ringing Queer I was
 just **thinking that** moment **Brown brillantined** hair over his collar Just had
 a wash and brushup Wonder have I time for **a** bath this morning Tara street
 Chap in **the** paybox there got away James Stephens they say O'Brien Deep
 voice that fellow Dlugacz has Agendath what is it **Now my miss Enthusiast**
 He kicked open the crazy door of the jakes **Better** be careful not to get
 these trousers dirty for the funeral He went in bowing his head under the
 low lintel Leaving the door ajar amid the stench of mouldy limewash and
 stale cobwebs he undid his braces Before sitting down he peered through a
 chink up at the nextdoor windows The king was in his countinghouse Nobody

Asquat on the cuckstool he folded out his paper turning its pages over
 on his bared knees Something new and easy No great hurry Keep it a bit
 Our prize titbit Matcham's Masterstroke Written by Mr Philip Beaufoy
 Playgoers' Club London Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has
 been made to the writer Three and a half Three pounds three Three pounds
 thirteen and six Quietly he read restraining himself the first column and
 yielding but resisting began the second Midway his last resistance yielding
 he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read reading still
 patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone Hope it's not
 too big bring on piles again No just right So Ah Costive One tabloid of
 cascara sagrada Life might be so It did not move or touch him but it was
 something quick and neat Print anything now Silly season He read on seated
 calm above his own rising smell Neat certainly Matcham often thinks of the
 masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now Begins and ends
 morally Hand in hand Smart He glanced back through what he had read and
 while feeling his water flow quietly he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had
 written it and received payment of three pounds thirteen and six Might
 manage a sketch By Mr and Mrs L M Bloom Invent a story for some proverb
 Which Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing
 Dislike dressing together Nicked myself shaving Biting her nether lip
 hooking the placket of her skirt Timing her 9.15 Did Roberts pay you yet
 9.20 What had Gretta Conroy on 9.23 What possessed me to buy this comb
 9.24 I'm swelled after that cabbage A speck of dust on the patent leather
 of her boot Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf
 Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance
 of the hours Explain that morning hours noon then evening coming on then
 night hours Washing her teeth That was the first night Her head dancing
 Her fansticks clicking Is that Boylan well off He has money Why I noticed
 he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing No use humming then Allude
 to it Strange kind of music that last night The mirror was in shadow
 She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen vest against her full
 wagging bub Peering into it Lines in her eyes It wouldn't pan out somehow
 Evening hours girls in grey gauze Night hours then black with daggers
 and eyemasks Poetical idea pink then golden then grey then black Still
 true to life also Day then the night He tore away half the prize story
 sharply and wiped himself with it Then he girded up his trousers braced
 and buttoned himself He pulled back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and
 came forth from the gloom into the air In the bright light lightened and
 cooled in limb he eyed carefully his black trousers the ends the knees
 the houghs of the knees What time is the funeral Better find out in the
 paper A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up The bells of George's
 church They tolled the hour loud dark iron Heigho Heigho Heigho Heigho
 Heigho Heigho Quarter to There again the overtone following through the
 air A third Poor Dignam [5] By lorries along sir John Rogerson's quay
 Mr Bloom walked soberly past Windmill lane Leask's the linseed crusher
 the postal telegraph office Could have given that address too And past
 the sailors' home He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and
 walked through Lime street By Brady's cottages a boy for the skins lolled
 his bucket of offal linked smoking a chewed fagbutt A smaller girl with
 scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him listlessly holding her battered
 caskhoop Tell him if he smokes he won't grow O let him His life isn't

such a bed of roses Waiting outside pubs to bring da home Come home to ma
 da Slack hour won't be many there He crossed Townsend street passed the
 frowning face of Bethel El yes house of **Aleph Beth** And past Nichols' the
 undertaker At eleven it is Time enough Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged **the**
 job for O'Neill's Singing with his eyes shut Corny Met her once in the
 park In the dark What a lark Police tout Her name and address she then
 told with my tooraloom tooraloom tay O surely he bagged it Bury him cheap
 in a whatyoumaycall With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom In
 Westland row he halted before the window **of** the Belfast **and Oriental** Tea
 Company and read the **legends** of leadpapered packets choice blend finest
 quality family tea Rather warm Tea Must get some from Tom Kernan Couldn't
 ask him at a funeral though While his eyes still read blandly he took
 off his hat **quietly** inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with
 slow grace over his brow and hair **Very warm morning Under** their dropped
 lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband **inside** his high
 grade ha Just there His right **hand came** down into the bowl of his **hat His**
 fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to
 his waistcoat pocket **So** warm His right **hand once** more more **slowly went**
 over his brow **and** hair **Then** he put on his **hat again** relieved and read
 again **choice blend** made of the finest Ceylon brands The far east Lovely
 spot it must be the garden of the world **big** lazy leaves to float about on
 cactuses flowery meads snaky lianas they call them Wonder is it like that
 Those Cinghalese lobbing about in the sun **in** dolce far niente not doing
 a hand's turn all day Sleep six months out of twelve Too hot to quarrel
 Influence of the climate Lethargy Flowers of idleness The air feeds most
 Azotes Hothouse in Botanic gardens Sensitive plants Waterlilies Petals too
 tired to Sleeping sickness in **the** air **Walk** on roseleaves Imagine trying to
 eat tripe and cowheel Where was the chap I saw in that **picture somewhere**
Ah yes in the dead sea floating on his back reading a book with a parasol
 open Couldn't sink if you tried so thick with salt Because the **weight of**
 the **water no** the weight of the **body** in the water **is** equal to the weight **of**
 the **what Or is it** the **volume** is equal to the weight **It's** a law **something**
like that **Vance** in High school cracking his fingerjoints teaching The
 college curriculum Cracking curriculum What is weight really when you say
 the weight Thirtytwo feet per second per second **Law** of falling bodies per
 second per second **They** all fall to the ground The earth It's the force of
 gravity of the earth **is** the weight He turned away and sauntered across
 the road How did she walk **with** her sausages Like that something As he
 walked he took **the** folded Freeman from his sidepocket **unfolded** it rolled
it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against
 his trouserleg Careless air just drop in to see Per second per second
Per second for every second it means From the curbstone **he darted** a keen
 glance through the door of the **postoffice Too** late box Post here No one
 In He handed the card through the brass grill Are there any letters for
 me he asked While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the
 recruiting poster with soldiers of all **arms on** parade and held **the** tip of
 his **baton against** his nostrils smelling freshprinted rag paper No answer
 probably Went too far last time The postmistress handed him back through
 the grill his card with a letter He thanked her and glanced rapidly at
the typed envelope Henry Flower Esq c/o P O Westland Row City Answered
 anyhow He slipped card and letter **into his** sidepocket reviewing again the

soldiers on parade Where's old Tweedy's regiment Castoff soldier There
 bearskin cap and hackle plume No he's a grenadier Pointed cuffs There he
 is **royal** Dublin fusiliers Redcoats Too showy That must be why the women go
 after them Uniform Easier to enlist and drill Maud Gonne's letter about
 taking them off O'Connell street at night disgrace to our Irish capital
 Griffith's paper is on the same tack now an **army rotten** with venereal
 disease overseas or halfseasover empire Half baked they look hypnotised
 like Eyes front Mark time Table able Bed ed The King's own **Never see** him
 dressed up as a fireman or a bobby A mason yes He strolled out of the
postoffice and turned to the right **Talk** as if that would mend matters His
 hand went into his pocket **and a** forefinger felt its **way under** the flap
 of the envelope **ripping** it open in jerks Women will pay a lot of heed
 I don't think His fingers drew forth the letter the letter and crumpled
 the envelope in his pocket **Something** pinned on photo perhaps Hair No
 M'Coy **Get rid** of him quickly Take me out of my way Hate company when you
 Hello Bloom Where are you off to Hello M'Coy Nowhere in particular How's
 the body Fine How are you Just keeping alive M'Coy said His **eyes on** the
black tie and clothes he asked with low respect Is there any no **trouble I**
 hope I see you're **O** no Mr Bloom said **Poor Dignam** you know The funeral is
 today To **be sure** poor **fellow So** it is What time **A photo it** isn't A badge
 maybe E...eleven Mr Bloom answered I **must** try to get out there M'Coy said
 Eleven is it I only heard it last night Who was telling me Holohan You
 know Hoppy I know Mr Bloom gazed across the road at **the** outsider drawn
 up before the door of the **Grosvenor** The porter hoisted the valise up on
 the **well** She stood still **waiting while** the man husband brother like her
 searched his pockets for change Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar
 warm for a day **like this** looks **like blanketcloth** Careless stand of her
 with her hands in those patch pockets Like that haughty creature at the
 polo match Women all for caste till you touch the spot Handsome is and
 handsome does Reserved about to yield The honourable Mrs **and** Brutus is
 an honourable man Possess her once take the starch out of her I was with
 Bob Doran he's on one of his periodical bends and what do you call **him**
 Bantam **Lyons** Just down there in Conway's we were Doran Lyons in Conway's
 She raised a gloved hand to her hair In came Hoppy Having a wet Drawing
 back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids he saw the
 bright fawn skin shine in the glare the braided drums Clearly I can see
 today Moisture about gives **long sight** perhaps Talking of one thing **or**
another Lady's hand Which side will she get up And he said Sad thing about
 our poor friend Paddy What Paddy I said **Poor little Paddy Dignam** he
 said Off to the country **Broadstone probably** High brown boots with laces
 dangling Wellturned foot What is he foostering over that change for Sees
 me looking Eye out for other fellow always Good fallback Two strings to
 her bow Why I said **What's wrong** with him I said **Proud rich** silk stockings
 Yes Mr Bloom said He **moved** a little to the side of **M'Coy's** talking head
 Getting up in a minute **What's** wrong with him **He said** He's dead he said
And faith he filled up Is it Paddy Dignam I said **I couldn't** believe it
 when I heard it I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was
 it in the **Arch** Yes he said He's gone He died on Monday poor fellow Watch
 Watch Silk flash rich stockings white Watch A heavy tramcar honking its
 gong slewed between Lost it Curse your noisy pugnose Feels locked out of
 it **Paradise** and the peri Always happening like that The very moment Girl

in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter Her friend covering the display of Esprit de corps Well what are you gaping at Yes yes Mr Bloom said **after a** dull sigh Another gone One of the best **M'Coy** said The tram passed They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge her rich gloved hand on the steel grip Flicker flicker the **laceflare of** her hat **in the sun flicker** flick Wife well I suppose M'Coy's changed voice said O yes Mr Bloom said **Tiptop thanks** He unrolled **the** newspaper baton idly **and read idly** What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat Incomplete With it an **abode of** bliss My missus has just got an **engagement** At least it's not settled yet Valise tack again By the way **no** harm I'm off that thanks Mr Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness My wife **too he** said She's **going to sing** at a swagger affair in the Ulster Hall Belfast on the twentyfifth That so M'Coy said Glad to hear that old man Who's getting it up Mrs Marion Bloom Not up yet Queen was in her bedroom eating bread and No **book Blackened** court cards laid along her thigh by sevens Dark lady and fair man Letter Cat furry black ball Torn strip of envelope Love's Old Sweet Song **Comes** lo ove's old It's a kind of **a tour don't** you see Mr Bloom said **thoughtfully** Sweeeet song There's a committee formed Part shares and part profits M'Coy nodded picking at his moustache stubble O well he said That's **good** news He moved to go Well glad to see you looking fit he said Meet you knocking around Yes Mr Bloom said **Tell** you what M'Coy said You might put down **my name** at the funeral **will** you I'd like to go but I mightn't be able you see There's a drowning case at Sandycove may turn up and then the coroner and myself would have to go down **if** the body is found You just shove in my name if I'm not there will you I'll do that Mr Bloom said **moving** to get off That'll be all right **Right** M'Coy said brightly Thanks old man I'd go if I possibly **could** Well tolloll Just C P M'Coy will do That will be done Mr Bloom answered **firmly** Didn't catch me napping that wheeze The quick **touch** Soft mark I'd like my job Valise I have a **particular** fancy for Leather Capped corners rivetted edges double action lever lock Bob Cowley lent him his for the Wicklow regatta concert last year and never heard tidings of it from that good day to this Mr Bloom strolling towards Brunswick street smiled My missus has just got an **Reedy** freckled soprano Cheeseparings nose Nice enough in its way for a little ballad No guts in it You and me don't you know in the same boat Softsoaping Give you the needle that would Can't he hear **the difference** Think he's that way inclined a bit Against my grain somehow Thought that Belfast would fetch him I hope that smallpox up there doesn't get worse Suppose she wouldn't let herself be vaccinated again Your wife and my wife Wonder is he pimping after me Mr Bloom stood **at** the corner his eyes wandering over the multicoloured hoardings Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale (Aromatic) Clery's Summer Sale No he's going on straight Hello Leah tonight Mrs Bandmann Palmer Like to see her again in that **Hamlet she** played last night Male impersonator Perhaps he was a woman Why Ophelia committed suicide Poor papa How he used to talk of Kate Bateman in that **Outside the** Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to get in Year before I was born that was sixtyfive And Ristori in Vienna What is this the right name is By Mosenthal it is Rachel is it No The scene he was always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises **the voice** and puts his fingers on his face **Nathan's** voice His **son's voice** I hear the voice of **Nathan** who **left his** father to die of grief **and misery** in **my** arms

who left the house of his father and left the God of his father Every
 word is so deep Leopold Poor papa Poor man I'm glad I didn't go into the
 room to look at his face That day O dear O dear Ffoo Well perhaps it was
 best for him Mr Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping nags
 of the hazard No use thinking of it any more Nosebag time Wish I hadn't
 met that M'Coy fellow He came nearer and heard a crunching of gilded oats
 the gently champing teeth Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went
 by amid the sweet oaten reek of horsepiss Their Eldorado Poor jugginses
 Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck
 in nosebags Too full for words Still they get their feed all right and
 their doss Gelded too a stump of black guttapercha wagging limp between
 their haunches Might be happy all the same that way Good poor brutes they
 look Still their neigh can be very irritating He drew the letter from his
 pocket and folded it into the newspaper he carried Might just walk into
 her here The lane is safer He passed the cabman's shelter Curious the
 life of drifting cabbies All weathers all places time or setdown no will
 of their own Voglio e non Like to give them an odd cigarette Sociable
 Shout a few flying syllables as they pass He hummed Là ci darem la mano
 La la lala la la He turned into Cumberland street and going on some paces
 halted in the lee of the station wall No one Meade's timberyard Piled
 balks Ruins and tenements With careful tread he passed over a hopscotch
 court with its forgotten picketstone Not a sinner Near the timberyard
 a squatted child at marbles alone shooting the taw with a cunnythumb A
 wise tabby a blinking sphinx watched from her warm sill Pity to disturb
 them Mohammed cut a piece out of his mantle not to wake her Open it And
 once I played marbles when I went to that old dame's school She liked
 mignonette Mrs Ellis's And Mr He opened the letter within the newspaper A
 flower I think it's a A yellow flower with flattened petals Not annoyed
 then What does she say Dear Henry I got your last letter to me and thank
 you very much for it I am sorry you did not like my last letter Why did
 you enclose the stamps I am awfully angry with you I do wish I could
 punish you for that I called you naughty boy because I do not like that
 other world Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word Are you
 not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy I do wish I could do
 something for you Please tell me what you think of poor me I often think
 of the beautiful name you have Dear Henry when will we meet I think of
 you so often you have no idea I have never felt myself so much drawn to
 a man as you I feel so bad about Please write me a long letter and tell
 me more Remember if you do not I will punish you So now you know what I
 will do to you you naughty boy if you do not wrote O how I long to meet
 you Henry dear do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted
 Then I will tell you all Goodbye now naughty darling I have such a bad
 headache today and write by return to your longing Martha P S Do tell
 me what kind of perfume does your wife use I want to know He tore the
 flower gravely from its pinhold smelt its almost no smell and placed it
 in his heart pocket Language of flowers They like it because no one can
 hear Or a poison bouquet to strike him down Then walking slowly forward
 he read the letter again murmuring here and there a word Angry tulips
 with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor
 forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet
 all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume Having read it all he took

it from the newspaper and put it **back** in his sidepocket **Weak** joy opened
 his lips Changed since the first **letter Wonder** did she wrote it herself
 Doing the indignant a girl of good family like me respectable **character**
 Could meet one Sunday after the rosary **Thank** you not having any Usual love
 scrimmage Then running round corners Bad as a row with Molly Cigar has a
 cooling effect Narcotic Go further next time Naughty boy punish afraid of
 words of course Brutal why not Try it anyhow A bit at a time **Fingering**
still the letter in his pocket **he drew** the **pin** out of it **Common** pin eh He
 threw it on the road Out of her clothes somewhere pinned together Queer
 the number of pins they always have No roses without thorns Flat Dublin
 voices bawled in his head Those two sluts that night in the Coombe linked
 together in the rain O Mairy lost the pin of **her** drawers She didn't know
 what to do **To** keep it up **To** keep it up **It** Them Such a bad headache **Has** her
 roses probably Or sitting all day typing Eyefocus bad for stomach nerves
 What perfume does your wife use **Now** could you make out a thing like that
 To keep it up **Martha** Mary I saw that picture somewhere **I** forget now old
 master or faked for money He is sitting **in** their house **talking Mysterious**
 Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen To keep it up **Nice** kind of
 evening feeling No more wandering about Just **loll there** quiet dusk let
 everything rip Forget Tell about places you have been strange customs The
 other one jar on her head was getting **the** supper fruit olives lovely cool
 water out of a well stonecold like the hole in the wall **at** Ashtown Must
 carry a paper goblet next time I go to the trottingmatches She listens
 with big dark soft eyes Tell her more **and** more all Then a sigh silence
 Long long long rest Going under the railway **arch** he took out the **envelope**
 tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road The shreds
 fluttered away sank in the dank **air** a white flutter then all sank Henry
 Flower You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way
 Simple **bit** of paper Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for
 a **million** in the bank of Ireland **Shows you** the money **to be** made out of
 porter Still the other brother **lord** Ardilaun has to change his shirt four
 times a day **they say** Skin breeds lice or vermin A million pounds wait a
 moment Twopence a pint fourpence a quart eightpence a gallon of porter
no one and fourpence a gallon of porter **One** and four into twenty fifteen
 about Yes **exactly Fifteen millions** of barrels of porter What am I saying
 barrels Gallons About a million barrels all the same An incoming train
 clanked heavily above his head coach after **coach Barrels** bumped in his
 head dull porter slopped and churned inside The bungholes sprang open and
 a huge dull flood leaked out flowing together winding through mudflats
 all over the level land a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along
 wideleaved flowers of its froth He had reached **the open backdoor of** All
 Hallows Stepping into the porch **he** doffed **his hat** took the card from his
 pocket and **tucked** it again **behind the** leather headband **Damn** it I might
have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar Same **notice on** the door
 Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S J on saint Peter Claver S J and
 the African Mission Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too
 when he was almost unconscious The protestants are the same Convert Dr
 William J Walsh D.D to the true religion Save China's millions Wonder how
 they explain it to the **heathen** Chinees Prefer an ounce of opium Celestials
 Rank heresy for them Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum
Taking it easy with hand under his cheek Josssticks burning Not like Ecce

Homo Crown of thorns and cross Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock
 Chopsticks Conmee Martin Cunningham knows him distinguishedlooking Sorry I
 didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father
 Farley who looked a fool but wasn't They're taught that He's not going out
 in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks is he The
 glasses would take their fancy flashing Like to see them sitting round in
 a ring with blub lips entranced listening Still life Lap it up like milk I
 suppose The cold smell of sacred stone called him He trod the worn steps
 pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere Something going on
 some sodality Pity so empty Nice discreet place to be next some girl Who
 is my neighbour Jammed by the hour to slow music That woman at midnight
 mass Seventh heaven Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round
 their necks heads bowed A batch knelt at the altar rails The priest went
 along by them murmuring holding the thing in his hands He stopped at each
 took out a communion shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and
 put it neatly into her mouth Her hat and head sank Then the next one Her
 hat sank at once Then the next one a small old woman The priest bent down
 to put it into her mouth murmuring all the time Latin The next one Shut
 your eyes and open your mouth What Corpus body Corpse Good idea the Latin
 stupefies them first Hospice for the dying They don't seem to chew it only
 swallow it down Rum idea eating bits of a corpse Why the cannibals cotton
 to it He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle one by
 one and seek their places He approached a bench and seated himself in its
 corner nursing his hat and newspaper These pots we have to wear We ought
 to have hats modelled on our heads They were about him here and there with
 heads still bowed in their crimson halters waiting for it to melt in their
 stomachs Something like those mazzoth it's that sort of bread unleavened
 shewbread Look at them Now I bet it makes them feel happy Lollipop It
 does Yes bread of angels it's called There's a big idea behind it kind
 of kingdom of God is within you feel First communicants Hokypoky penny a
 lump Then feel all like one family party same in the theatre all in the
 same swim They do I'm sure of that Not so lonely In our confraternity Then
 come out a bit spreeish Let off steam Thing is if you really believe in it
 Lourdes cure waters of oblivion and the Knock apparition statues bleeding
 Old fellow asleep near that confessionbox Hence those snores Blind faith
 Safe in the arms of kingdom come Lulls all pain Wake this time next year
 He saw the priest stow the communion cup away well in and kneel an instant
 before it showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had
 on Suppose he lost the pin of his He wouldn't know what to do to Bald
 spot behind Letters on his back I.N.R.I No I.H.S Molly told me one time I
 asked her I have sinned or no I have suffered it is And the other one Iron
 nails ran in Meet one Sunday after the rosary Do not deny my request Turn
 up with a veil and black bag Dusk and the light behind her She might be
 here with a ribbon round her neck and do the other thing all the same on
 the sly Their character That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the
 invincibles he used to receive the Carey was his name the communion every
 morning This very church Peter Carey yes No Peter Claver I am thinking
 of Denis Carey And just imagine that Wife and six children at home And
 plotting that murder all the time Those crawthumpers now that's a good
 name for them there's always something shiftylooking about them They're
 not straight men of business either O no she's not here the flower no no

By the way **did** I tear up that envelope Yes under the bridge The priest was rinsing out the chalice then he tossed off the dregs **smartly** Wine Makes it more aristocratic than for example if he drank what **they are used** to Guinness's porter or some temperance beverage Wheatley's Dublin hop bitters or Cantrell and Cochrane's ginger ale (aromatic) **Doesn't give** them any of it shew wine only the other Cold comfort Pious fraud but quite right otherwise they'd **have one** old booser worse than another coming along **cadging** for a drink Queer the whole atmosphere **of** the Quite right Perfectly right that is Mr Bloom looked back towards the choir Not going to be any music Pity Who has the organ here I wonder Old **Glynn** he knew how to make that instrument talk the vibrato fifty pounds a year they say he had in Gardiner street Molly was in fine voice that day **the Stabat Mater** of Rossini Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon first Christ or Pilate Christ but don't keep **us all** night over it Music they wanted Footdrill stopped Could hear a pin drop I told her to **pitch** her voice against that corner **I could** feel the thrill in the **air the** full the people looking up Quis est homo Some of that old sacred music splendid Mercadante seven last words Mozart's twelfth mass Gloria in that **Those old** popes keen on music on art and statues and pictures of all **kinds Palestrina** for example too They had a gay old time while it lasted Healthy too chanting regular hours then brew liqueurs Benedictine Green Chartreuse Still having eunuchs in their choir that was coming it a bit thick What kind of voice is it Must be curious to hear after their own strong basses Connoisseurs Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after Kind of **a placid** No worry Fall into flesh don't they Gluttons tall long legs Who knows Eunuch One way out of it He **saw** the priest **bend** down and kiss the altar and then face **about and bless** all the people **All** crossed themselves and stood up Mr Bloom glanced about him and then stood up looking **over the** risen hats Stand up at the gospel of course Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his bench The priest came down from the altar holding the thing out from him and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin **Then** the priest knelt down and began to **read** off a card O God our refuge and our **strength Mr** Bloom put **his face** forward to catch the words English Throw them the bone I remember slightly How long since your last **mass Glorious** and immaculate virgin Joseph her spouse Peter and Paul More interesting if you understood what it was all about Wonderful organisation certainly goes like clockwork Confession Everyone wants to Then I will tell you all **Penance** Punish me please Great weapon in their **hands More** than doctor or solicitor Woman dying to And I schschschschschsch And did you chachachachacha And why did you Look down at her ring to find an **excuse Whispering** gallery walls have ears Husband learn to his surprise God's little joke Then out she comes Repentance skindeep Lovely shame Pray at an altar Hail Mary and Holy Mary Flowers incense candles melting **Hide her** blushes Salvation army blatant imitation Reformed prostitute will address the meeting How I found **the** Lord **Squareheaded** chaps those must be in Rome they work the whole show And don't they rake in the money **too Bequests** also to the P.P for the time being **in** his absolute discretion Masses for the repose of **my soul** to be said publicly with open doors Monasteries and convents The priest in that **Fermanagh will** case in the witnessbox No browbeating him He had his answer pat for everything Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother the church The doctors of the church they mapped out the whole theology

of it The priest prayed Blessed Michael archangel defend us in the hour
 of conflict **Be** our safeguard against the wickedness and snares **of the**
 devil (**may** God restrain him we humbly pray!) and do thou O prince of the
 heavenly host by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him
 those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of
 souls The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off All over The
 women remained behind thanksgiving Better be shoving along Brother Buzz
 Come around with the plate perhaps Pay your Easter duty He stood up Hello
Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time Women enjoy it
 Never tell you But **we Excuse** miss there's a (whh!) just a (whh!) fluff Or
 their skirt behind placket unhooked Glimpses of the moon Annoyed if you
 don't Why didn't you tell me before **Still like** you better untidy Good job
 it wasn't farther south He passed discreetly buttoning down the aisle and
 out through **the main** door into **the** light He stood a moment unseeing by the
 cold black marble bowl while before him and behind **two worshippers** dipped
 furtive hands in the low tide of holy water Trams a car of Prescott's
 dyeworks a widow in her weeds Notice because I'm in mourning myself He
 covered himself How goes the time Quarter past Time enough yet Better get
 that **lotion made** up Where is this Ah yes the last time **Sweny's** in Lincoln
 place Chemists rarely move Their green and gold beaconjars too heavy to
 stir Hamilton Long's founded in the year **of the flood** Huguenot churchyard
 near there Visit some day **He walked southward along** Westland row But the
 recipe is in the other **trousers** O and I forgot that latchkey too Bore this
 funeral affair O well poor fellow it's not his fault When was it I got
 it made up last **Wait I** changed a sovereign I remember First of the month
it must have been **or** the second O he can look it **up in** the **prescriptions**
 book The chemist turned back page after page Sandy shrivelled smell he
 seems to have **Shrunken** skull And old Quest for the philosopher's stone The
 alchemists Drugs age you after mental excitement Lethargy then Why Reaction
 A lifetime in a night Gradually changes your character Living all the day
 among herbs ointments disinfectants All his alabaster lilypots **Mortar and**
pestle Aq Dist Fol Laur Te Virid Smell almost cure you like the **dentist's**
 doorbell Doctor Whack He ought to physic himself a bit Electuary or emulsion
 The first fellow that picked an **herb to** cure himself had a bit of pluck
 Simples Want to be careful Enough stuff here to chloroform you Test turns
 blue litmus paper red Chloroform Overdose of laudanum Sleeping draughts
 Lovephiltres Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough Clogs the **pores or** the
 phlegm Poisons the only cures Remedy **where you** least expect it Clever of
 nature About a fortnight ago sir Yes Mr Bloom said **He waited** by the counter
 inhaling slowly the keen reek of drugs **the dusty** dry smell of sponges and
 loofahs Lot of time taken up telling your aches and pains Sweet almond
 oil and tincture **of** benzoin Mr Bloom said **and then** orangeflower water It
 certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax And white wax also
he said Brings out the darkness of her eyes Looking at me the sheet up
 to her eyes Spanish smelling herself when I was **fixing** the links in my
 cuffs Those homely recipes are often the best strawberries for the teeth
 nettles and rainwater oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk Skinfood One
 of the old **queen's** sons duke of Albany was it had only one skin Leopold
 yes Three we have Warts bunions and pimples to make it worse But you want
 a perfume too What perfume does your **Peau** d'Espagne That orangeflower
 water is so fresh Nice smell these soaps have Pure curd soap Time to get

a bath round the corner Hammam Turkish Massage **Dirt** gets rolled up in your navel Nicer if a nice girl did it Also I think I Yes I Do it in the bath **Curious longing** I Water to water Combine business with pleasure Pity no time **for massage** Feel fresh then all the day Funeral be rather glum Yes sir the chemist said **That was two and nine** Have you brought a bottle No Mr Bloom said **Make it up** please I'll call later in the day and I'll take **one** of these **soaps** How much are they Fourpence sir Mr Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils Sweet lemony wax I'll take this one he said That **makes three** and a penny Yes sir the chemist said **You** can pay all together sir when you come back Good Mr Bloom said **He strolled out of the shop** the newspaper baton under his armpit the coolwrapped soap in his left hand At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand **said Hello** Bloom What's the best news Is that today's Show us a minute Shaved off his moustache again by Jove Long cold upper lip To **look younger** He does look balmy Younger than I am Bantam Lyons's yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled **the baton** Wants a wash too Take off **the** rough dirt Good morning have you used Pears' soap Dandruff on his shoulders Scalp wants oiling I want to **see about** that French horse that's running today Bantam Lyons said Where the bugger is it He rustled the pleated pages jerking his chin on his high collar Barber's itch Tight collar he'll lose his hair Better leave him the paper and get shut of him You can keep it Mr Bloom **said Ascot Gold** cup Wait **Bantam Lyons** muttered Half a mo Maximum the second I was just **going to throw** it away **Mr Bloom** said **Bantam Lyons** raised his eyes **suddenly** and leered weakly What's that his sharp voice said I say **you** can keep it Mr Bloom **answered** I **was** going to **throw** it away **that** moment **Bantam Lyons doubted** an instant leering then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr Bloom's arms I'll risk it he said **Here** thanks He sped off towards Conway's corner God speed scut Mr Bloom folded the sheets again **to a neat** square and lodged the soap in it smiling Silly lips of that chap Betting Regular hotbed of it lately Messenger boys stealing to put on sixpence Raffle **for** large tender turkey Your Christmas dinner for threepence Jack Fleming embezzling to gamble then smuggled off to America Keeps a hotel now They never come back Fleshpots of Egypt He walked cheerfully towards the mosque of the baths Remind you of a mosque redbaked bricks the minarets College sports today I see He eyed **the** horseshoe poster over the gate **of** college park cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot Damn bad ad Now if they had made it round like a wheel Then the spokes sports sports sports and the hub big college Something to catch the eye There's Hornblower standing at the porter's lodge Keep him on hands might take a turn in there on the nod **How** do you do **Mr** Hornblower How do you do **sir** Heavenly weather really If life was always like that Cricket weather Sit around under sunshades Over after over Out They can't play it here Duck for six wickets Still Captain Culler broke a window in the Kildare **street** club with a slog to square leg Donnybrook fair more in their line And the skulls we were acracking when M'Carthy took the floor Heatwave Won't last Always passing the stream of life **which** in the stream **of** life **we** trace is dearer than them all Enjoy a bath now clean trough of water cool enamel the gentle tepid stream This is my body He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full naked in a womb of **warmth oiled** by scented melting soap softly laved He saw his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained buoyed lightly upward lemonyellow his navel bud **of flesh** and saw the dark tangled curls

of his bush floating floating hair of the stream around the limp father of thousands a languid floating flower [6] Martin Cunningham first poked his silkhatted head into the creaking carriage and entering deftly seated himself Mr Power stepped in after him curving his height with care Come on Simon After you Mr Bloom said Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in saying Yes yes Are we all here now Martin Cunningham asked Come along Bloom Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place He pulled the door to after him and slammed it twice till it shut tight He passed an arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriagewindow at the lowered blinds of the avenue One dragged aside an old woman peeping Nose whiteflattened against the pane Thanking her stars she was passed over Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse Glad to see us go we give them such trouble coming Job seems to suit them Huggermugger in corners Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd wake Then getting it ready Laying it out Molly and Mrs Fleming making the bed Pull it more to your side Our windingsheet Never know who will touch you dead Wash and shampoo I believe they clip the nails and the hair Keep a bit in an envelope Grows all the same after Unclean job All waited Nothing was said Stowing in the wreaths probably I am sitting on something hard Ah that soap in my hip pocket Better shift it out of that Wait for an opportunity All waited Then wheels were heard from in front turning then nearer then horses' hoofs A jolt Their carriage began to move creaking and swaying Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind The blinds of the avenue passed and number nine with its craped knocker door ajar At walking pace They waited still their knees jogging till they had turned and were passing along the tramtracks Tritonville road Quicker The wheels rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the doorframes What way is he taking us Mr Power asked through both windows Irishtown Martin Cunningham said Ringsend Brunswick street Mr Dedalus nodded looking out That's a fine old custom he said I am glad to see it has not died out All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by passers Respect The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the smoother road past Watery lane Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man clad in mourning a wide hat There's a friend of yours gone by Dedalus he said Who is that Your son and heir Where is he Mr Dedalus said stretching over across The carriage passing the open drains and mounds of rippedup roadway before the tenement houses lurched round the corner and swerving back to the tramtrack rolled on noisily with chattering wheels Mr Dedalus fell back saying Was that Mulligan cad with him His fidus Achates No Mr Bloom said He was alone Down with his aunt Sally I suppose Mr Dedalus said the Goulding faction the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie papa's little lump of dung the wise child that knows her own father Mr Bloom smiled joylessly on Ringsend road Wallace Bros the bottleworks Dodder bridge Richie Goulding and the legal bag Goulding Collis and Ward he calls the firm His jokes are getting a bit damp Great card he was Waltzing in Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning the landlady's two hats pinned on his head Out on the rampage all night Beginning to tell on him now that backache of his I fear Wife ironing his back Thinks he'll cure it with pills All breadcrumbs they are About six hundred per cent profit He's in with a lowdown crowd Mr Dedalus snarled That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts His name stinks all

over Dublin But with the help of God and His blessed mother I'll make it
 my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt
 or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate I'll tickle
 his catastrophe believe you me He cried above the clatter of the wheels
 I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son A counterjumper's son
 Selling tapes in my cousin Peter Paul M'Swiney's Not likely He ceased Mr
 Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild face and Martin
 Cunningham's eyes and beard gravely shaking Noisy selfwilled man Full of
 his son He is right Something to hand on If little Rudy had lived See him
 grow up Hear his voice in the house Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit
 My son Me in his eyes Strange feeling it would be From me Just a chance
 Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window
 watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil And the
 sergeant grinning up She had that cream gown on with the rip she never
 stitched Give us a touch Poldy God I'm dying for it How life begins Got
 big then Had to refuse the Greystones concert My son inside her I could
 have helped him on in life I could Make him independent Learn German too
 Are we late Mr Power asked Ten minutes Martin Cunningham said looking at
 his watch Molly Milly Same thing watered down Her tomboy oaths O jumping
 Jupiter Ye gods and little fishes Still she's a dear girl Soon be a woman
 Mullingar Dearest Papli Young student Yes yes a woman too Life life The
 carriage heeled over and back their four trunks swaying Corny might have
 given us a more commodious yoke Mr Power said He might Mr Dedalus said if
 he hadn't that squint troubling him Do you follow me He closed his left eye
 Martin Cunningham began to brush away crustcrumbs from under his thighs
 What is this he said in the name of God Crumbs Someone seems to have been
 making a picnic party here lately Mr Power said All raised their thighs
 and eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats Mr
 Dedalus twisting his nose frowned downward and said Unless I'm greatly
 mistaken What do you think Martin It struck me too Martin Cunningham said
 Mr Bloom set his thigh down Glad I took that bath Feel my feet quite clean
 But I wish Mrs Fleming had darned these socks better Mr Dedalus sighed
 resignedly After all he said it's the most natural thing in the world Did
 Tom Kernan turn up Martin Cunningham asked twirling the peak of his beard
 gently Yes Mr Bloom answered He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes And
 Corny Kelleher himself Mr Power asked At the cemetery Martin Cunningham
 said I met M'Coy this morning Mr Bloom said He said he'd try to come The
 carriage halted short What's wrong We're stopped Where are we Mr Bloom
 put his head out of the window The grand canal he said Gasworks Whooping
 cough they say it cures Good job Milly never got it Poor children Doubles
 them up black and blue in convulsions Shame really Got off lightly with
 illnesses compared Only measles Flaxseed tea Scarlatina influenza epidemics
 Canvassing for death Don't miss this chance Dogs' home over there Poor
 old Athos Be good to Athos Leopold is my last wish Thy will be done We
 obey them in the grave A dying scrawl He took it to heart pined away
 Quiet brute Old men's dogs usually are A raindrop spat on his hat He drew
 back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags Apart
 Curious Like through a colander I thought it would My boots were creaking
 I remember now The weather is changing he said quietly A pity it did not
 keep up fine Martin Cunningham said Wanted for the country Mr Power said
 There's the sun again coming out Mr Dedalus peering through his glasses

towards the veiled sun hurled a mute curse at the sky It's as uncertain as a child's bottom he said We're off again The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks swayed gently Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak of his beard Tom Kernan was immense last night he said And Paddy Leonard taking him off to his face O draw him out Martin Mr Power said eagerly Wait till you hear him Simon on Ben Dollard's singing of The Croppy Boy Immense Martin Cunningham said pompously His singing of that simple ballad Martin is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the whole course of my experience Trenchant Mr Power said laughing He's dead nuts on that And the retrospective arrangement Did you read Dan Dawson's speech Martin Cunningham asked I did not then Mr Dedalus said Where is it In the paper this morning Mr Bloom took the paper from his inside pocket That book I must change for her No no Mr Dedalus said quickly Later on please Mr Bloom's glance travelled down the edge of the paper scanning the deaths Callan Coleman Dignam Fawcett Lowry Naumann Peake what Peake is that is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's no Sexton Urbright Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper Thanks to the Little Flower Sadly missed To the inexpressible grief of his Aged 88 after a long and tedious illness Month's mind Quinlan On whose soul Sweet Jesus have mercy It is now a month since dear Henry fled To his home up above in the sky While his family weeps and mourns his loss Hoping some day to meet him on high I tore up the envelope Yes Where did I put her letter after I read it in the bath He patted his waistcoatpocket There all right Dear Henry fled Before my patience are exhausted National school Meade's yard The hazard Only two there now Nodding Full as a tick Too much bone in their skulls The other trotting round with a fare An hour ago I was passing there The jarvies raised their hats A pointsman's back straightened itself upright suddenly against a tramway standard by Mr Bloom's window Couldn't they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself much handier Well but that fellow would lose his job then Well but then another fellow would get a job making the new invention Antient concert rooms Nothing on there A man in a buff suit with a crape armlet Not much grief there Quarter mourning People in law perhaps They went past the bleak pulpit of saint Mark's under the railway bridge past the Queen's theatre in silence Hoardings Eugene Stratton Mrs Bandmann Palmer Could I go to see Leah tonight I wonder I said I Or the Lily of Killarney Elster Grimes Opera Company Big powerful change Wet bright bills for next week Fun on the Bristol Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety Have to stand a drink or two As broad as it's long He's coming in the afternoon Her songs Plasto's Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust Who was he How do you do Martin Cunningham said raising his palm to his brow in salute He doesn't see us Mr Power said Yes he does How do you do Who Mr Dedalus asked Blazes Boylan Mr Power said There he is airing his quiff Just that moment I was thinking Mr Dedalus bent across to salute From the door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply spruce figure passed Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand then those of his right hand The nails yes Is there anything more in him that they she sees Fascination Worst man in Dublin That keeps him alive They sometimes feel what a person is Instinct But a type like that My nails I am just looking at them well pared And after thinking alone Body getting a bit softy I would notice that from remembering What causes that I suppose

the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off But the shape **is there** The shape is there **still Shoulders Hips** Plump Night of the dance dressing Shift stuck between the cheeks behind He **clasped his** hands between his knees and satisfied sent his vacant glance over their faces Mr Power asked How is the concert tour getting on Bloom **O very well** Mr Bloom said **I hear** great accounts of it It's a good idea you see Are you going yourself Well no Mr Bloom said **In** point of fact I have to **go** down **to** the **county** Clare on some private business You see **the idea** is to tour the chief towns What you lose on one you can make up on the **other** Quite so Martin Cunningham said **Mary** Anderson is up there now Have you good artists Louis Werner is touring her Mr Bloom said **O** yes we'll have all topnobbers J C Doyle and John MacCormack I hope and The best in fact And Madame Mr Power said **smiling Last** but not least Mr Bloom unclasped his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them Smith O'Brien Someone has laid a bunch of flowers there Woman Must be his deathday For many happy returns The carriage wheeling by Farrell's statue united noiselessly their unresisting knees Oot a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone **tendered his** wares his mouth opening oot Four bootlaces for a penny Wonder why he was struck off **the** rolls Had his office in Hume street Same house as Molly's namesake Tweedy crown solicitor for Waterford Has that silk hat ever since Relics of **old decency** Mourning too Terrible comedown poor wretch Kicked about like snuff at a wake O'Callaghan **on his** last legs And Madame Twenty **past eleven** Up Mrs Fleming is in to clean Doing her hair humming voglio e non vorrei **No** vorrei e non Looking at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split Mi trema un poco il Beautiful on that tre her voice is weeping tone A thrush A throstle There is a word throstle that expresses that His eyes passed lightly over Mr Power's goodlooking face Greyish over the ears Madame smiling I smiled back A smile goes a long way Only politeness perhaps Nice fellow Who knows is that true about the woman he keeps Not pleasant for the wife Yet they say who was it told me there is no carnal You would imagine that would get played out pretty quick Yes it was Crofton met him one evening bringing her a pound of rumpsteak What is this **she** was Barmaid in Jury's Or the Moira was it They **passed under** the hugecloaked Liberator's form Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power Of the tribe **of** Reuben he said A tall blackbearded figure bent on a stick stumping round the corner of Elvery's Elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine In all his pristine beauty Mr Power said **Mr Dedalus looked after** the stumping figure and said mildly The devil break the hasp of your back Mr **Power collapsing** in laughter shaded his face from the window **as** the carriage **passed** Gray's statue We have all been there Martin Cunningham said **broadly** His eyes met Mr Bloom's eyes He caressed his beard adding Well nearly all of us Mr Bloom began **to** speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and the son **About** the boatman Mr Power asked Yes Isn't it awfully good **What is that** Mr Dedalus asked I didn't hear it There was a girl in the case Mr Bloom **began and** he determined to send him to the Isle of Man **out of** harm's way but when they were both What Mr Dedalus asked That confirmed bloody hobbledehoy is it Yes Mr Bloom said **They were both** on **the** way to **the** boat and he tried to drown Drown Barabbas Mr Dedalus cried I wish to Christ he did Mr **Power sent** a long laugh down his shaded nostrils No Mr

Bloom said the son himself Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely Reuben J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the Isle of Man boat and the young chiseller suddenly got loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey For God's sake Mr Dedalus exclaimed in fright Is he dead Dead Martin Cunningham cried Not he A boatman got a pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up to the father on the quay more dead than alive Half the town was there Yes Mr Bloom said But the funny part is And Reuben J Martin Cunningham said gave the boatman a florin for saving his son's life A stifled sigh came from under Mr Power's hand O he did Martin Cunningham affirmed Like a hero A silver florin Isn't it awfully good Mr Bloom said eagerly One and eightpence too much Mr Dedalus said drily Mr Power's choked laugh burst quietly in the carriage Nelson's pillar Eight plums a penny Eight for a penny We had better look a little serious Martin Cunningham said Mr Dedalus sighed Ah then indeed he said poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us a laugh Many a good one he told himself The Lord forgive me Mr Power said wiping his wet eyes with his fingers Poor Paddy I little thought a week ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I'd be driving after him like this He's gone from us As decent a little man as ever wore a hat Mr Dedalus said He went very suddenly Breakdown Martin Cunningham said Heart He tapped his chest sadly Blazing face redhot Too much John Barleycorn Cure for a red nose Drink like the devil till it turns adelite A lot of money he spent colouring it Mr Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension He had a sudden death poor fellow he said The best death Mr Bloom said Their wide open eyes looked at him No suffering he said A moment and all is over Like dying in sleep No one spoke Dead side of the street this Dull business by day land agents temperance hotel Falconer's railway guide civil service college Gill's catholic club the industrious blind Why Some reason Sun or wind At night too Chummies and slaveys Under the patronage of the late Father Mathew Foundation stone for Parnell Breakdown Heart White horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner galloping A tiny coffin flashed by In a hurry to bury A mourning coach Unmarried Black for the married Piebald for bachelors Dun for a nun Sad Martin Cunningham said A child A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was Dwarf's body weak as putty in a whitelined deal box Burial friendly society pays Penny a week for a sod of turf Our Little Beggar Baby Meant nothing Mistake of nature If it's healthy it's from the mother If not from the man Better luck next time Poor little thing Mr Dedalus said It's well out of it The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square Rattle his bones Over the stones Only a pauper Nobody owns In the midst of life Martin Cunningham said But the worst of all Mr Power said is the man who takes his own life Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly coughed and put it back The greatest disgrace to have in the family Mr Power added Temporary insanity of course Martin Cunningham said decisively We must take a charitable view of it They say a man who does it is a coward Mr Dedalus said It is not for us to judge Martin Cunningham said Mr Bloom about to speak closed his lips again Martin Cunningham's large eyes Looking away now Sympathetic human man he is Intelligent Like Shakespeare's face Always a good word to say They have no mercy on that here or infanticide Refuse christian burial They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave As if

it wasn't broken already Yet sometimes they repent too late Found in the
 riverbed clutching rushes He looked at me And that awful drunkard of a
 wife of his Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the
 furniture on him every Saturday almost Leading him the life of the damned
 Wear the heart out of a stone that Monday morning Start afresh Shoulder
 to the wheel Lord she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me
 he was in there Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella
 And they call me the jewel of Asia Of Asia The geisha He looked away from
 me He knows Rattle his bones That afternoon of the inquest The redlabelled
 bottle on the table The room in the hotel with hunting pictures Stuff it
 was Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blind The coroner's sunlit
 ears big and hairy Boots giving evidence Thought he was asleep first Then
 saw like yellow streaks on his face Had slipped down to the foot of the
 bed Verdict overdose Death by misadventure The letter For my son Leopold
 No more pain Wake no more Nobody owns The carriage rattled swiftly along
 Blessington street Over the stones We are going the pace I think Martin
 Cunningham said God grant he doesn't upset us on the road Mr Power said
 I hope not Martin Cunningham said That will be a great race tomorrow in
 Germany The Gordon Bennett Yes by Jove Mr Dedalus said That will be worth
 seeing faith As they turned into Berkeley street a streetorgan near the
 Basin sent over and after them a rollicking rattling song of the halls Has
 anybody here seen Kelly Kay ee double ell wy Dead March from Saul He's as
 bad as old Antonio He left me on my own Pirouette The Mater Misericordiae
 Eccles street My house down there Big place Ward for incurables there Very
 encouraging Our Lady's Hospice for the dying Deadhouse handy underneath
 Where old Mrs Riordan died They look terrible the women Her feeding cup
 and rubbing her mouth with the spoon Then the screen round her bed for
 her to die Nice young student that was dressed that bite the bee gave me
 He's gone over to the lying in hospital they told me From one extreme to
 the other The carriage galloped round a corner stopped What's wrong now
 A divided drove of branded cattle passed the windows lowing slouching by
 on padded hoofs whisking their tails slowly on their clotted bony croups
 Outside them and through them ran raddled sheep bleating their fear
 Emigrants Mr Power said Huuuh the drover's voice cried his switch sounding
 on their flanks Huuuh out of that Thursday of course Tomorrow is killing
 day Springers Cuffe sold them about twentyseven quid each For Liverpool
 probably Roastbeef for old England They buy up all the juicy ones And
 then the fifth quarter lost all that raw stuff hide hair horns Comes to a
 big thing in a year Dead meat trade Byproducts of the slaughterhouses for
 tanneries soap margarine Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat
 off the train at Clonsilla The carriage moved on through the drove I can't
 make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the parkgate to
 the quays Mr Bloom said All those animals could be taken in trucks down
 to the boats Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare Martin Cunningham
 said Quite right They ought to Yes Mr Bloom said and another thing I often
 thought is to have municipal funeral trams like they have in Milan you know
 Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams hearse and
 carriage and all Don't you see what I mean O that be damned for a story Mr
 Dedalus said Pullman car and saloon diningroom A poor lookout for Corny
 Mr Power added Why Mr Bloom asked turning to Mr Dedalus Wouldn't it be
 more decent than galloping two abreast Well there's something in that Mr

Dedalus granted And Martin Cunningham said we wouldn't have scenes like
 that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to
 the road That was terrible Mr Power's shocked face said and the corpse
 fell about the road Terrible First round Dunphy's Mr Dedalus said nodding
 Gordon Bennett cup Praises be to God Martin Cunningham said piously Bom
 Upset A coffin bumped out on to the road Burst open Paddy Dignam shot out
 and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him Red
 face grey now Mouth fallen open Asking what's up now Quite right to close
 it Looks horrid open Then the insides decompose quickly Much better to
 close up all the orifices Yes also With wax The sphincter loose Seal up all
 Dunphy's Mr Power announced as the carriage turned right Dunphy's corner
 Mourning coaches drawn up drowning their grief A pause by the wayside
 Tiptop position for a pub Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to
 drink his health Pass round the consolation Elixir of life But suppose
 now it did happen Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the knocking
 about He would and he wouldn't I suppose Depends on where The circulation
 stops Still some might ooze out of an artery It would be better to bury
 them in red a dark red In silence they drove along Phibsborough road An
 empty hearse trotted by coming from the cemetery looks relieved Crossguns
 bridge the royal canal Water rushed roaring through the sluices A man
 stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf On the towpath by the
 lock a slacktethered horse Aboard of the Bugabu Their eyes watched him On
 the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his raft coastward over Ireland
 drawn by a haulage rope past beds of reeds over slime mudchoked bottles
 carrion dogs Athlone Mullingar Moyvalley I could make a walking tour to
 see Milly by the canal Or cycle down Hire some old crock safety Wren had
 one the other day at the auction but a lady's Developing waterways James
 M'Cann's hobby to row me o'er the ferry Cheaper transit By easy stages
 Houseboats Camping out Also hearses To heaven by water Perhaps I will
 without writing Come as a surprise Leixlip Clonsilla Dropping down lock
 by lock to Dublin With turf from the midland bogs Salute He lifted his
 brown straw hat saluting Paddy Dignam They drove on past Brian Boromhe
 house Near it now I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on Mr Power
 said Better ask Tom Kernan Mr Dedalus said How is that Martin Cunningham
 said Left him weeping I suppose Though lost to sight Mr Dedalus said to
 memory dear The carriage steered left for Finglas road The stonecutter's
 yard on the right Last lap Crowded on the spit of land silent shapes
 appeared white sorrowful holding out calm hands knelt in grief pointing
 Fragments of shapes hewn In white silence appealing The best obtainable
 Thos H Dennany monumental builder and sculptor Passed On the curbstone
 before Jimmy Geary the sexton's an old tramp sat grumbling emptying the
 dirt and stones out of his huge dustbrown yawning boot After life's journey
 Gloomy gardens then went by one by one gloomy houses Mr Power pointed That
 is where Childs was murdered he said The last house So it is Mr Dedalus
 said A gruesome case Seymour Bushe got him off Murdered his brother Or
 so they said The crown had no evidence Mr Power said Only circumstantial
 Martin Cunningham added That's the maxim of the law Better for ninety-nine
 guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned
 They looked Murderer's ground It passed darkly Shuttered tenantless
 unweeded garden Whole place gone to hell Wrongfully condemned Murder The
 murderer's image in the eye of the murdered They love reading about it

Man's head found in a garden Her clothing consisted of How she met her death Recent outrage The weapon used Murderer is still at large Clues A shoelace The body to be exhumed Murder will out Cramped in this carriage She mightn't like me to come that way without letting her know Must be careful about women Catch them once with their pants down Never forgive you after Fifteen The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze Dark poplars rare white forms Forms more frequent white shapes thronged amid the trees white forms and fragments streaming by mutely sustaining vain gestures on the air The felly harshed against the curbstone stopped Martin Cunningham put out his arm and wrenching back the handle shoved the door open with his knee He stepped out Mr Power and Mr Dedalus followed Change that soap now Mr Bloom's hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket He stepped out of the carriage replacing the newspaper his other hand still held Paltry funeral coach and three carriages It's all the same Pallbearers gold reins requiem mass firing a volley Pomp of death Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit Simnel cakes those are stuck together cakes for the dead Dogbiscuits Who ate them Mourners coming out He followed his companions Mr Kernan and Ned Lambert followed Hynes walking after them Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took out the two wreaths He handed one to the boy Where is that child's funeral disappeared to A team of horses passed from Finglas with toiling plodding tread dragging through the funereal silence a creaking waggon on which lay a granite block The waggoner marching at their head saluted Coffin now Got here before us dead as he is Horse looking round at it with his plume skeowways Dull eye collar tight on his neck pressing on a bloodvessel or something Do they know what they cart out here every day Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day Then Mount Jerome for the protestants Funerals all over the world everywhere every minute Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick Thousands every hour Too many in the world Mourners came out through the gates woman and a girl Leanjawed harpy hard woman at a bargain her bonnet awry Girl's face stained with dirt and tears holding the woman's arm looking up at her for a sign to cry Fish's face bloodless and livid The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates So much dead weight Felt heavier myself stepping out of that bath First the stiff then the friends of the stiff Corny Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths Who is that beside them Ah the brother in law All walked after Martin Cunningham whispered I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom What Mr Power whispered How so His father poisoned himself Martin Cunningham whispered Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis You heard him say he was going to Clare Anniversary O God Mr Power whispered First I heard of it Poisoned himself He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed towards the cardinal's mausoleum Speaking Was he insured Mr Bloom asked I believe so Mr Kernan answered But the policy was heavily mortgaged Martin is trying to get the youngster into Artane How many children did he leave Five Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into Todd's A sad case Mr Bloom said gently Five young children A great blow to the poor wife Mr Kernan added Indeed yes Mr Bloom agreed Has the laugh at him now He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished She had outlived him Lost her husband More dead for her than for me One

must outlive the other Wise men say There are more women than men in the world **Condole** with her Your terrible loss I hope you'll soon follow him **For Hindu** widows only She would marry another Him No Yet who knows after Widowhood not the thing since the old queen died Drawn on a guncarriage Victoria and Albert **Frogmore** memorial mourning But in the end she put a few violets in her bonnet Vain in her heart of hearts All for a shadow Consort not even a king Her son was **the** substance Something new to hope for not like the past she wanted back waiting It never comes One must go first alone under the ground and lie no more in her warm **bed** **How** are you Simon Ned Lambert said softly clasping hands Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays Never better **How** are all in Cork's own town I was down there for **the** Cork park races on Easter Monday Ned Lambert said Same old six and eightpence Stopped with Dick Tivy And how is Dick **the** solid man Nothing between himself and heaven Ned Lambert answered By the holy Paul Mr Dedalus **said in subdued** wonder Dick Tivy bald Martin is going to get **up** a whip for the youngsters Ned Lambert said pointing ahead A few bob a skull Just to keep them going till **the** insurance is cleared up Yes yes Mr **Dedalus** said **dubiously** Is that the eldest boy in front Yes Ned **Lambert** **said with** the wife's brother John Henry Menton **is** behind **He put down** **his name** for a quid I'll engage he did Mr Dedalus said **I often** told poor Paddy he ought to mind that job John Henry is not the worst in the world **How** did he lose it Ned Lambert asked Liquor what Many a good **man's** fault Mr Dedalus **said with a sigh** They halted about the door of the **mortuary** chapel Mr Bloom stood behind **the** boy with the **wreath** looking down at his sleekcombed hair and at the slender furrowed neck inside his brandnew collar Poor boy Was he there when the father Both unconscious Lighten up at the last **moment and** recognise for the last **time** **All** he might have done I owe three shillings to O'Grady Would he understand The mutes bore the coffin into the chapel Which end is his head After a moment he followed the others in blinking in the screened light The coffin lay on its bier before the chancel four tall yellow candles at its corners Always in front of **us** Corny Kelleher laying a wreath at each fore corner beckoned to the boy to kneel The mourners knelt here and there **in** prayingdesks Mr Bloom stood behind **near** the font and when all had knelt dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and **knelt** his right knee upon it He fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and holding its brim bent over piously A server bearing a brass bucket with something in it came out through a door The whitesmocked priest came after him tidying his stole with one hand balancing with the other a little book against his toad's belly Who'll read **the** book I said the rook They halted by the bier and the priest began to read out of his **book** with a fluent croak Father Coffey I knew his name was **like** a coffin Dominenamine Bully about the muzzle he looks Bosses **the** show Muscular christian Woe betide anyone that looks crooked at him priest Thou art Peter Burst sideways like a sheep in clover Dedalus says he will With a belly on him like a poisoned pup Most amusing expressions **that man** finds Hhhn burst sideways Non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo Domine Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin Requiem mass Crape weepers Blackedged notepaper Your name on the altarlist Chilly place this Want to feed well sitting in there all the morning in the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next please Eyes of a toad too What swells him up that way Molly gets swelled after

cabbage Air of the place maybe Looks full up of bad gas Must be an infernal lot of bad gas round the place Butchers for instance they get like raw beefsteaks Who was telling me Mervyn Browne Down in the vaults of saint Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it Out it rushes blue One whiff of that and you're a goner My kneecap is hurting me Ow That's better The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's bucket and shook it over the coffin Then he walked to the other end and shook it again Then he came back and put it back in the bucket As you were before you rested It's all written down he has to do it Et ne nos inducas in tentationem The server piped the answers in the treble I often thought it would be better to have boy servants Up to fifteen or so After that of course Holy water that was I expect Shaking sleep out of it He must be fed up with that job shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over Every mortal day a fresh batch middleaged men old women children women dead in childbirth men with beards baldheaded businessmen consumptive girls with little sparrows' breasts All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them sleep On Dignam now In paradisum Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise Says that over everybody Tiresome kind of a job But he has to say something The priest closed his book and went off followed by the server Corny Kelleher opened the sidedoors and the gravediggers came in hoisted the coffin again carried it out and shoved it on their cart Corny Kelleher gave one wreath to the boy and one to the brother in law All followed them out of the sidedoors into the mild grey air Mr Bloom came last folding his paper again into his pocket He gazed gravely at the ground till the coffincart wheeled off to the left The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry and the pack of blunt boots followed the trundled barrow along a lane of sepulchres The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo Lord I mustn't lilt here The O'Connell circle Mr Dedalus said about him Mr Power's soft eyes went up to the apex of the lofty cone He's at rest he said in the middle of his people old Dan O' But his heart is buried in Rome How many broken hearts are buried here Simon Her grave is over there Jack Mr Dedalus said I'll soon be stretched beside her Let Him take me whenever He likes Breaking down he began to weep to himself quietly stumbling a little in his walk Mr Power took his arm She's better where she is he said kindly I suppose so Mr Dedalus said with a weak gasp I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed the mourners to plod by Sad occasions Mr Kernan began politely Mr Bloom closed his eyes and sadly twice bowed his head The others are putting on their hats Mr Kernan said I suppose we can do so too We are the last This cemetery is a treacherous place They covered their heads The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly don't you think Mr Kernan said with reproof Mr Bloom nodded gravely looking in the quick bloodshot eyes Secret eyes secretsearching Mason I think not sure Beside him again We are the last In the same boat Hope he'll say something else Mr Kernan added The service of the Irish church used in Mount Jerome is simpler more impressive I must say Mr Bloom gave prudent assent The language of course was another thing Mr Kernan said with solemnity I am the resurrection and the life That touches a man's inmost heart It does Mr Bloom said Your

heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the **six** feet by two with his toes to the daisies **No** touching that Seat of the affections Broken heart A pump after all pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are Lots of them lying around here lungs hearts livers Old rusty pumps damn the thing else **The** resurrection and the life **Once** you are dead you are dead That last day idea Knocking them all up out of their graves Come forth Lazarus And he came fifth and lost the job Get up Last **day** **Then** every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of **his** traps Find damn all of himself that morning Pennyweight of powder in a skull Twelve grammes one pennyweight Troy measure Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side Everything went off Al he said What He looked on them from his drawling eye Policeman's shoulders With your tooraloom tooraloom As it should be Mr Kernan said **What** Eh Corny Kelleher said Mr **Kernan assured** him Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan John Henry Menton **asked** I know his face **Ned** Lambert glanced back Bloom he said Madame Marion Tweedy that was is I mean the soprano She's his wife O to be sure John Henry Menton said I haven't seen her for some time She was a finelooking woman I danced with her wait fifteen seventeen golden years ago at Mat Dillon's in Roundtown And a good armful she was He looked behind through the others What is he he asked What does he do Wasn't he in the stationery line I fell foul of him one evening I remember at bowls Ned Lambert smiled Yes he was he said in **Wisdom** Hely's A traveller for blottingpaper In God's name John Henry Menton said **what** did she marry a coon like that for She had plenty of game in her then Has still Ned Lambert said **He** does some canvassing for ads John Henry Menton's large eyes stared ahead The barrow turned into a side lane A portly man ambushed among the grasses **raised** his hat in homage The gravediggers touched their caps John O'Connell Mr Power said **pleased** He never forgets a friend Mr O'Connell shook all their hands in silence Mr Dedalus said **I am** come **to pay** you another visit My dear Simon the caretaker answered in a low voice **I** don't want **your** custom at all Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton **he** walked on at Martin Cunningham's side puzzling two long keys at his back Did you hear that one he asked them about Mulcahy from the Coombe **I** did not Martin Cunningham said **They bent their** silk hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear The caretaker hung his thumbs in the loops of his gold watchchain and spoke in a discreet tone to their vacant smiles They tell the story he said that two drunks came out here **one foggy** evening to look for the grave **of** a friend of **theirs** They asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe **and** were told where he was buried After traipsing about in the fog **they** found the grave sure enough One of the drunks spelt out **the** name Terence Mulcahy The other drunk was blinking up at a statue of Our Saviour the widow had got put **up** **The** caretaker blinked up at one of the sepulchres they passed He resumed And after blinking up at the sacred figure Not a bloody bit like the man says he That's not Mulcahy says he whoever done it Rewarded by smiles he fell back and spoke with Corny Kelleher accepting the dockets given him turning them over and scanning them as he walked That's all done with a purpose Martin Cunningham explained to Hynes I know Hynes said I know that To cheer a fellow up Martin Cunningham said **It's pure** goodheartedness damn the thing else **Mr** Bloom admired the caretaker's prosperous bulk All want to be on **good terms** with him Decent fellow John O'Connell real good sort Keys like

Keyes's ad no fear of anyone getting out No passout checks Habeas corpus
 I must see about that ad after the funeral Did I write Ballsbridge on
 the envelope I took to cover when she disturbed me writing to Martha Hope
 it's not **chucked** in the dead **letter** office Be the better of a shave Grey
 sprouting beard That's the first sign when the hairs come out grey **And**
temper getting cross Silver threads **among the** grey Fancy being his wife
 Wonder he had **the** gumption to propose to any girl Come out and live in
 the graveyard Dangle that before **her It** might thrill her first Courting
 death Shades of night hovering here with all the dead stretched about
 The shadows of the **tombs** when churchyards yawn and Daniel O'Connell must
 be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he **was** a queer breedy
 man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark **Will** o' the
 wisp Gas of graves Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all Women
 especially are so touchy Tell her a ghost story in bed to make her sleep
 Have you ever seen a ghost Well I have It was a pitchdark night The clock
 was on the stroke of twelve Still they'd kiss all right if properly keyed
 up Whores in Turkish graveyards Learn anything if taken young You might
 pick up a young widow here Men like that Love among the tombstones Romeo
 Spice of pleasure In the midst of death we are in life Both ends meet
 Tantalising for **the** poor dead **Smell** of grilled beefsteaks to the starving
 Gnawing **their** vitals Desire to grig people Molly wanting to do it at the
window Eight children he has anyway He has seen a fair share go under in
 his time **lying around** him field after field Holy fields More room if they
 buried them standing Sitting or kneeling you couldn't Standing His head
 might come up some **day above** ground in a landslip with his hand pointing
 All honeycombed **the** ground must be oblong cells And very neat he keeps
 it too trim grass and edgings His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome
 Well so it is Ought to be flowers of sleep **Chinese cemeteries** with giant
 poppies growing produce the best opium Mastiansky told me The Botanic
 Gardens are just over there It's the blood sinking in **the** earth **gives** new
 life Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy Every man his
 price Well preserved fat corpse gentleman epicure invaluable for fruit
 garden A bargain By carcass of William Wilkinson auditor and accountant
 lately deceased three pounds thirteen and six **With** thanks I daresay the
 soil would be quite fat with corpsemanure bones flesh nails Charnelhouses
 Dreadful Turning green and pink decomposing Rot quick in damp earth The
 lean old ones tougher Then a kind of a **tallowy** kind of a **cheesy** Then begin
 to get black black treacle oozing out of them Then dried up Deathmoths
 Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living Changing about
 Live for ever practically Nothing to feed on feed on themselves But they
 must breed a devil **of** a lot of maggots Soil must be simply **swirling** with
 them Your head it simply swirls Those pretty little seaside gurls He
 looks cheerful enough over it Gives him a sense of power seeing all the
 others go under first Wonder how he looks at life Cracking his jokes too
 warms the cockles of his heart The one about the bulletin Spurgeon went
 to heaven 4 a.m this morning 11 p.m (closing time) Not arrived yet Peter
 The dead themselves the men anyhow would like to hear an odd joke or the
 women to know what's in fashion A juicy pear or ladies' punch hot strong
 and sweet Keep out the damp You must laugh sometimes so better do it that
 way Gravediggers in Hamlet Shows the profound knowledge of the human
 heart Daren't joke about the dead for two years at least De mortuis nil

nisi prius Go out of mourning first Hard to imagine his funeral Seems
 a sort of a joke Read your own obituary notice they say you live longer
 Gives you second wind New lease of life How many have you for tomorrow
 the caretaker asked Two Corny Kelleher said Half ten and eleven The
 caretaker put the papers in his pocket The barrow had ceased to trundle
 The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole stepping with care
 round the graves The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the
 brink looping the bands round it Burying him We come to bury Cæsar His
 ides of March or June He doesn't know who is here nor care Now who is that
 lankylooking galoot over there in the macintosh Now who is he I'd like to
 know Now I'd give a trifle to know who he is Always someone turns up you
 never dreamt of A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life Yes he
 could Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died though he
 could dig his own grave We all do Only man buries No ants too First thing
 strikes anybody Bury the dead Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life Well
 then Friday buried him Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look
 at it O poor Robinson Crusoe How could you possibly do so Poor Dignam His
 last lie on the earth in his box When you think of them all it does seem
 a waste of wood All gnawed through They could invent a handsome bier with
 a kind of panel sliding let it down that way Ay but they might object
 to be buried out of another fellow's They're so particular Lay me in my
 native earth Bit of clay from the holy land Only a mother and deadborn
 child ever buried in the one coffin I see what it means I see To protect
 him as long as possible even in the earth The Irishman's house is his
 coffin Embalming in catacombs mummies the same idea Mr Bloom stood far
 back his hat in his hand counting the bared heads Twelve I'm thirteen No
 The chap in the macintosh is thirteen Death's number Where the deuce did
 he pop out of He wasn't in the chapel that I'll swear Silly superstition
 that about thirteen Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit Tinge of
 purple I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west Dressy
 fellow he was once Used to change three suits in the day Must get that
 grey suit of mine turned by Mesias Hello It's dyed His wife I forgot he's
 not married or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for
 him The coffin dived out of sight eased down by the men straddled on the
 gravetrestles They struggled up and out and all uncovered Twenty Pause
 If we were all suddenly somebody else Far away a donkey brayed Rain No
 such ass Never see a dead one they say Shame of death They hide Also poor
 papa went away Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper
 Whisper The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring
 quietly in the black open space Mr Bloom moved behind the portly kindly
 caretaker Wellcut frockcoat Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go
 next Well it is a long rest Feel no more It's the moment you feel Must
 be damned unpleasant Can't believe it at first Mistake must be someone
 else Try the house opposite Wait I wanted to I haven't yet Then darkened
 deathchamber Light they want Whispering around you Would you like to
 see a priest Then rambling and wandering Delirium all you hid all your
 life The death struggle His sleep is not natural Press his lower eyelid
 Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet
 yellow Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the floor since he's
 doomed Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing him a woman Dying
 to embrace her in his shirt Last act of Lucia Shall I nevermore behold

thee Bam He expires Gone at last People talk about you a bit forget you
 Don't forget to pray for him Remember him in your prayers Even Parnell
 Ivy day dying out Then they follow dropping into a hole one after the
 other We **are praying** now for the repose of **his** soul Hoping you're well
 and not in hell Nice change of air Out of the fryingpan of life into the
 fire of purgatory Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself They
 say you do when you shiver in the sun **Someone** walking over it Callboy's
 warning Near you Mine over there towards Finglas the plot I bought Mamma
 poor mamma and little Rudy The gravediggers took up their spades and
 flung heavy clods of clay in on the coffin Mr Bloom turned away his face
 And if he was alive all the time Whew By jingo that would be awful No
 no he is dead of course Of course he is dead Monday he died They ought
 to **have some** law to pierce the **heart** and make sure or an electric clock
 or a telephone in the coffin and some kind **of** a **canvas** airhole Flag of
 distress Three days Rather long to keep them in summer Just as well to
 get shut of them as soon as you are sure **there's no** The clay fell softer
 Begin to be forgotten Out of sight out of mind The caretaker moved away
 a few paces and put on his hat **Had** enough of it The mourners took heart
 of grace one by one **covering themselves** without show Mr Bloom put **on** his
 hat **and** saw the **portly** figure make its way deftly through the maze of
 graves Quietly sure of his ground he traversed the dismal fields Hynes
 jotting down something in his notebook Ah the names But he knows them all
 No coming **to me** I am **just** taking the names Hynes said below his breath
 What is your christian name I'm not sure L Mr Bloom said **Leopold** And you
 might put down **M'Coy's name** too He asked **me to Charley** Hynes said writing
 I know He was on the Freeman once So he was before he got **the** job in **the**
 morgue under Louis Byrne Good idea a postmortem for doctors Find out what
 they imagine they know He died of a Tuesday Got the run Levanted with
 the cash of a few ads Charley you're my darling That was why he asked me
 to O **well** does no harm I saw to that M'Coy Thanks old chap much obliged
 Leave him under an obligation costs nothing And tell us Hynes said do you
 know that **fellow** in the **fellow was** over there in the He **looked** around
 Macintosh Yes I saw him Mr Bloom said **Where is** he now M'Intosh Hynes said
 scribbling I don't know who he is Is that his name He moved away looking
 about him No Mr Bloom began **turning** and stopping I say Hynes Didn't hear
 What Where has he disappeared to Not a sign Well of all **the** Has anybody
 here seen **Kay** ee double ell Become invisible Good Lord what became of
 him A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr Bloom to take up an idle spade
 O excuse me He stepped aside nimbly Clay **brown damp** began to be seen in
 the hole It **rose** Nearly over A mound of damp clods rose more rose and the
 gravediggers rested their spades All uncovered again for a few instants
 The boy propped his wreath against a corner **the** brother in law **his** on a
 lump The gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades
 towards the barrow Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf clean One
 bent to pluck from the haft a long tuft of grass One leaving his mates
 walked slowly on with shouldered weapon its blade blueglancing Silently
 at **the** gravehead another coiled the coffinband His navelcord The brother
 in law **turning** away placed something in his free hand Thanks in silence
 Sorry sir trouble Headshake I know that For yourselves just The mourners
 moved away slowly without aim by devious **paths staying** at whiles to read
 a name on a tomb Let us go round by the chief's grave Hynes said We have

time Let us Mr Power said They turned to the right following their slow thoughts With awe Mr Power's blank voice spoke Some say he is not in that grave at all That the coffin was filled with stones That one day he will come again Hynes shook his head Parnell will never come again he said He's there all that was mortal of him Peace to his ashes Mr Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels crosses broken pillars family vaults stone hopes praying with upcast eyes old Ireland's hearts and hands More sensible to spend the money on some charity for the living Pray for the repose of the soul of Does anybody really Plant him and have done with him Like down a coalshoot Then lump them together to save time All souls' day Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave Ten shillings for the gardener He keeps it free of weeds Old man himself Bent down double with his shears clipping Near death's door Who passed away Who departed this life As if they did it of their own accord Got the shove all of them Who kicked the bucket More interesting if they told you what they were So and So wheelwright I travelled for cork lino I paid five shillings in the pound Or a woman's with her saucepan I cooked good Irish stew Eulogy in a country churchyard it ought to be that poem of whose is it Wordsworth or Thomas Campbell Entered into rest the protestants put it Old Dr Murren's The great physician called him home Well it's God's acre for them Nice country residence Newly plastered and painted Ideal spot to have a quiet smoke and read the Church Times Marriage ads they never try to beautify Rusty wreaths hung on knobs garlands of bronzefoil Better value that for the money Still the flowers are more poetical The other gets rather tiresome never withering Expresses nothing Immortelles A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch Like stuffed Like the wedding present alderman Hooper gave us Hoo Not a budge out of him Knows there are no catapults to let fly at him Dead animal even sadder Silly Milly burying the little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox a daisychain and bits of broken chainies on the grave The Sacred Heart that is showing it Heart on his sleeve Ought to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart Ireland was dedicated to it or whatever that Seems anything but pleased Why this infliction Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy Apollo that was How many All these here once walked round Dublin Faithful departed As you are now so once were we Besides how could you remember everybody Eyes walk voice Well the voice yes gramophone Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house After dinner on a Sunday Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraahraark Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after fifteen years say For instance who For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's Rtststr A rattle of pebbles Wait Stop He looked down intently into a stone crypt Some animal Wait There he goes An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt moving the pebbles An old stager greatgrandfather he knows the ropes The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth wriggled itself in under it Good hidingplace for treasure Who lives there Are laid the remains of Robert Emery Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight wasn't he Making his rounds Tail gone now One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow Pick the bones clean no matter who it was Ordinary meat for them

A corpse is meat gone bad Well and what's cheese Corpse of milk I read
in that Voyages in China that the Chinese say a white man smells like a
corpse Cremation better Priests dead against it Devilling for the other
firm Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers Time of the plague Quicklime
feverpits to eat them Lethal chamber Ashes to ashes Or bury at sea Where
is that Parsee tower of silence Eaten by birds Earth fire water Drowning
they say is the pleasantest See your whole life in a flash But being
brought back to life no Can't bury in the air however Out of a flying
machine Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down
Underground communication We learned that from them Wouldn't be surprised
Regular square feed for them Flies come before he's well dead Got wind of
Dignam They wouldn't care about the smell of it Saltwhite crumbling mush
of corpse smell taste like raw white turnips The gates glimmered in front
still open Back to the world again Enough of this place Brings you a bit
nearer every time Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral Poor papa
too The love that kills And even scraping up the earth at night with a
lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even
putrefied with running gravesores Give you the creeps after a bit I will
appear to you after death You will see my ghost after death My ghost will
haunt you after death There is another world after death named hell I do
not like that other world she wrote No more do I Plenty to see and hear and
feel yet Feel live warm beings near you Let them sleep in their maggoty
beds They are not going to get me this innings Warm beds warm fullblooded
life Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath talking gravely Solicitor I
think I know his face Menton John Henry solicitor commissioner for oaths
and affidavits Dignam used to be in his office Mat Dillon's long ago Jolly
Mat Convivial evenings Cold fowl cigars the Tantalus glasses Heart of
gold really Yes Menton Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen
because I sailed inside him Pure fluke of mine the bias Why he took such
a rooted dislike to me Hate at first sight Molly and Floey Dillon linked
under the lilactree laughing Fellow always like that mortified if women
are by Got a dinge in the side of his hat Carriage probably Excuse me
sir Mr Bloom said beside them They stopped Your hat is a little crushed
Mr Bloom said pointing John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant
without moving There Martin Cunningham helped pointing also John Henry
Menton took off his hat bulged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with
care on his coatsleeve He clapped the hat on his head again It's all
right now Martin Cunningham said John Henry Menton jerked his head down
in acknowledgment Thank you he said shortly They walked on towards the
gates Mr Bloom chapfallen drew behind a few paces so as not to overhear
Martin laying down the law Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round
his little finger without his seeing it Oyster eyes Never mind Be sorry
after perhaps when it dawns on him Get the pull over him that way Thank
you How grand we are this morning [7] IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN
METROPOLIS Before Nelson's pillar trams slowed shunted changed trolley
started for Blackrock Kingstown and Dalkey Clonskea Rathgar and Terenure
Palmerston Park and upper Rathmines Sandymount Green Rathmines Ringsend and
Sandymount Tower Harold's Cross The hoarse Dublin United Tramway Company's
timekeeper bawled them off Rathgar and Terenure Come on Sandymount Green
Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck
moved from their railheads swerved to the down line glided parallel Start

Palmerston Park THE WEARER OF THE CROWN Under the porch of the general post office shoeblacks called and polished Parked in North Prince's street His Majesty's vermilion mailcars bearing on their sides the royal initials E R received loudly flung sacks of letters postcards lettercards parcels insured and paid for local provincial British and overseas delivery GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float On the brewery float bumped dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen out of Prince's stores There it is Red Murray said Alexander Keyes Just cut it out will you Mr Bloom said and I'll take it round to the Telegraph office The door of Ruttledge's office creaked again Davy Stephens minute in a large capecoat a small felt hat crowning his ringlets passed out with a roll of papers under his cape a king's courier Red Murray's long shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean strokes Scissors and paste I'll go through the printingworks Mr Bloom said taking the cut square Of course if he wants a par Red Murray said earnestly a pen behind his ear we can do him one Right Mr Bloom said with a nod I'll rub that in We WILLIAM BRAYDEN ESQUIRE OF OAKLANDS SANDYMOUNT Red Murray touched Mr Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered Brayden Mr Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a stately figure entered between the newsboards of the Weekly Freeman and National Press and the Freeman's Journal and National Press Dullthudding Guinness's barrels It passed statelily up the staircase steered by an umbrella a solemn beardframed face The broadcloth back ascended each step back All his brains are in the nape of his neck Simon Dedalus says Welts of flesh behind on him Fat folds of neck fat neck fat neck Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour Red Murray whispered The door of Ruttledge's office whispered ee cree They always build one door opposite another for the wind to Way in Way out Our Saviour beardframed oval face talking in the dusk Mary Martha Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights Mario the tenor Or like Mario Mr Bloom said Yes Red Murray agreed But Mario was said to be the picture of Our Saviour Jesumario with rougy cheeks doublet and spindle legs Hand on his heart In Martha Co ome thou lost one Co ome thou dear one THE CROZIER AND THE PEN His grace phoned down twice this morning Red Murray said gravely They watched the knees legs boots vanish Neck A telegram boy stepped in nimbly threw an envelope on the counter and stepped off posthaste with a word Freeman Mr Bloom said slowly Well he is one of our saviours also A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counterflap as he passed in through a sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage along the now reverberating boards But will he save the circulation Thumping Thumping He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered stepping over strewn packing paper Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS Hynes here too account of the funeral probably Thumping Thump This morning the remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam Machines Smash a man to atoms if they got him caught Rule the world today His machineries are pegging away too Like these got out of hand fermenting Working away tearing away And that old grey rat tearing to get in HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body admiring a glossy crown Strange he never saw his real country Ireland my country Member for

College green He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth
 It's the ads and side features sell a weekly not the stale news in the
 official gazette Queen Anne is dead Published by authority in the year
 one thousand and Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis barony of
 Tinnahinch To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute showing
 return of number of mules and jennets exported from Ballina Nature notes
 Cartoons Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story Uncle Toby's page for tiny
 tots Country bumpkin's queries Dear Mr Editor what is a good cure for
 flatulence I'd like that part Learn a lot teaching others The personal
 note M A P Mainly all pictures Shapely bathers on golden strand World's
 biggest balloon Double marriage of sisters celebrated Two bridegrooms
 laughing heartily at each other Cuprani too printer More Irish than the
 Irish The machines clanked in threefour time Thump thump thump Now if he
 got paralysed there and no one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and
 on the same print it over and over and up and back Monkeydoodle the whole
 thing Want a cool head Well get it into the evening edition councillor
 Hynes said Soon be calling him my lord mayor Long John is backing him
 they say The foreman without answering scribbled press on a corner of the
 sheet and made a sign to a typesetter He handed the sheet silently over
 the dirty glass screen Right thanks Hynes said moving off Mr Bloom stood
 in his way If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch he said
 pointing backward with his thumb Did you Hynes asked Mm Mr Bloom said Look
 sharp and you'll catch him Thanks old man Hynes said I'll tap him too He
 hurried on eagerly towards the Freeman's Journal Three bob I lent him in
 Meagher's Three weeks Third hint WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK Mr Bloom
 laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk Excuse me councillor he said This
 ad you see Keyes you remember Mr Nannetti considered the cutting awhile
 and nodded He wants it in for July Mr Bloom said The foreman moved his
 pencil towards it But wait Mr Bloom said He wants it changed Keyes you see
 He wants two keys at the top Hell of a racket they make He doesn't hear it
 Nannan Iron nerves Maybe he understands what I The foreman turned round to
 hear patiently and lifting an elbow began to scratch slowly in the armpit
 of his alpaca jacket Like that Mr Bloom said crossing his forefingers
 at the top Let him take that in first Mr Bloom glancing sideways up from
 the cross he had made saw the foreman's sallow face think he has a touch
 of jaundice and beyond the obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper
 Clank it Clank it Miles of it unreeled What becomes of it after O wrap
 up meat parcels various uses thousand and one things Slipping his words
 deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred
 woodwork HOUSE OF KEY(E)S Like that see Two crossed keys here A circle
 Then here the name Alexander Keyes tea wine and spirit merchant So on
 Better not teach him his own business You know yourself councillor just
 what he wants Then round the top in leaded the house of keys You see Do
 you think that's a good idea The foreman moved his scratching hand to
 his lower ribs and scratched there quietly The idea Mr Bloom said is the
 house of keys You know councillor the Manx parliament Innuendo of home
 rule Tourists you know from the isle of Man Catches the eye you see Can
 you do that I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that voglio
 But then if he didn't know only make it awkward for him Better not We can
 do that the foreman said Have you the design I can get it Mr Bloom said
 It was in a Kilkenny paper He has a house there too I'll just run out

and ask him Well you can do that **and** just a little par calling attention
 You know the usual Highclass licensed premises Longfelt want So on The
 foreman thought for an instant **We** can do that **he** said Let him give us a
 three months' renewal A typesetter brought him a limp galley page He began
 to check it silently Mr Bloom stood **by** hearing the loud throbs of cranks
 watching the silent typesetters at their cases ORTHOGRAPHICAL Want to be
 sure of his spelling Proof fever Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his
 spellingbee conundrum this morning It is amusing to view the unpar one
 ar alleled embarra two ars is it double ess ment of a harassed pedlar
 while gauging au the symmetry with a y **of** a peeled pear under a cemetery
 wall Silly isn't it Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry
 I should have said when he clapped on his topper Thank you I ought to
 have **said** something about an old hat or something No I could have said
 Looks as good as new now See his phiz then Sllt The nethermost deck of
the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch
 of quirefolded papers Sllt Almost human the way it sllt to call attention
 Doing its level best to speak That door too sllt creaking asking to be
 shut Everything speaks in its own way Sllt NOTED CHURCHMAN AN OCCASIONAL
 CONTRIBUTOR The foreman handed back the galley page suddenly saying Wait
 Where's the archbishop's letter It's to be repeated in the Telegraph
 Where's what's his name He looked about him round his loud unanswering
 machines Monks sir a voice asked **from** the castingbox Ay Where's Monks Monks
 Mr Bloom took up his cutting Time to get out Then I'll get the design
 Mr Nannetti he said and you'll give it a **good** place I know Monks Yes sir
 Three months' renewal Want to get some wind off my chest first Try it
 anyhow Rub in August good idea horseshow month Ballsbridge Tourists over
 for the show A DAYFATHER He walked on **through** the caseroom passing an old
 man bowed spectacled aproned Old Monks the dayfather Queer lot of stuff
 he must have put through his hands in his time **obituary notices** pubs'
 ads speeches divorce suits found drowned Nearing the end of **his** tether
now Sober serious man with a bit in the savingsbank I'd say Wife a good
 cook and washer Daughter working the machine in the parlour Plain Jane
 no damn nonsense AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER He stayed in his
 walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type Reads it backwards
 first Quickly he does it Must require some practice that mangiD kcirtaP
 Poor papa with his hagadah book reading backwards with his finger to me
 Pessach Next year in Jerusalem Dear O dear All that long **business about**
 that brought us out of the **land** of **Egypt** and into the house of **bondage**
alleluia Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu No that's the other Then the twelve
 brothers Jacob's sons And then the **lamb and** the **cat** and the dog and the
 stick and the water and the butcher And then the **angel** of death kills the
 butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat Sounds a bit silly
 till you come to look **into** it well **Justice** **it** means but it's everybody
 eating everyone else That's **what life** is after all How quickly he does
 that job Practice makes perfect Seems to see with his fingers Mr Bloom
 passed **on** out of the **clanking noises** through the gallery on to the **landing**
Now am I going to **tram** it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps
 Better phone him up first Number Yes Same as Citron's house Twentyeight
 Twentyeight **double four** ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP He went down the **house**
 staircase Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches Looks
 as if they did it for a bet Heavy greasy smell there always is in those

works Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was **there** He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose Citronlemon Ah the soap I put there Lose it out of that **pocket** Putting **back his** handkerchief he took out the **soap** and stowed it away buttoned into the hip pocket of his trousers **What** perfume does your **wife** use **I could** go home still tram something I forgot Just to see before dressing No Here No A sudden screech of laughter came from the **Evening** Telegraph office Know who that is What's up Pop in a minute to phone Ned Lambert it is He entered softly ERIN GREEN GEM OF **THE SILVER** SEA The ghost walks professor MacHugh murmured softly biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane Mr Dedalus staring from the empty fireplace at Ned **Lambert's quizzing face** asked **of it** sourly Agonising Christ wouldn't it give you a **heartburn** on your arse Ned Lambert seated on the table read on Or **again note** the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way tho' quarrelling with the stony **obstacles** to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain 'mid mossy banks fanned by gentlest zephyrs played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath **the** shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest What about that Simon he asked over the fringe of his newspaper How's that for high Changing his drink Mr Dedalus said **Ned** Lambert laughing struck the newspaper on his knees repeating The pensive bosom and the overarsing leafage O boys O boys And Xenophon looked upon Marathon Mr Dedalus said **looking again on the** fireplace **and** to the window and Marathon looked on the sea **That** will do **professor** MacHugh cried from the window **I** don't want to **hear** any more of the stuff He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and hungered made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand High falutin stuff Bladderbags Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see Rather upsets a man's day a funeral does He has influence they say Old Chatterton the vicechancellor is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle Close on ninety they say Subleader for his death written this long time perhaps Living to spite them Might go first himself Johnny make room for your uncle The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two on gale days Windfall when he kicks out Alleluia Just another spasm Ned Lambert said **What** is it **Mr Bloom** **asked** A recently discovered fragment of Cicero professor MacHugh answered with pomp of tone Our lovely land SHORT BUT TO THE POINT Whose land Mr Bloom said **simply** Most pertinent question the professor said **between his** chews With an **accent on** the whose **Dan** Dawson's land Mr Dedalus said **Is** it his speech last night Mr Bloom asked **Ned** Lambert nodded But listen to this he said **The** doorknob hit Mr Bloom in the small of the back as the door was pushed in Excuse me J J O'Molloy said **entering** Mr Bloom moved nimbly aside I beg yours he said Good day Jack Come in Come in Good day How are you Dedalus Well And yourself J J O'Molloy **shook** his head SAD Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be Decline poor chap That hectic flush spells finis for a man Touch and go with him What's in the wind **I** wonder Money worry Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks **You're** looking extra Is the editor to be seen J J O'Molloy **asked looking** towards the **inner** door Very much so **professor MacHugh** said **To** be seen and heard He's in his sanctum with Lenehan J J O'Molloy **strolled** to the sloping desk and began to **turn** back the pink pages of the **file** Practice dwindling A mighthavebeen Losing heart Gambling Debts of honour Reaping the **whirlwind** **Used** to get good retainers from D and T Fitzgerald Their

wigs to show the grey matter Brains on their sleeve like the statue in Glasnevin Believe he does some literary work for the Express with Gabriel Conroy Wellread fellow Myles Crawford began on the Independent Funny the way those newspaper men veer about when they get wind of a new opening Weathercocks Hot and cold in the same breath Wouldn't know which to believe One story good till you hear the next Go for one another baldheaded in the papers and then all blows over Hail fellow well met the next moment Ah listen to this for God' sake Ned Lambert pleaded Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks Bombast the professor broke in testily Enough of the inflated windbag Peaks Ned Lambert went on towering high on high to bathe our souls as it were Bathe his lips Mr Dedalus said Blessed and eternal God Yes Is he taking anything for it As 'twere in the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio unmatched despite their wellpraised prototypes in other vaunted prize regions for very beauty of bosky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland of vernal green steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight HIS NATIVE DORIC The moon professor MacHugh said He forgot Hamlet That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the moon shine forth to irradiate her silver effulgence O Mr Dedalus cried giving vent to a hopeless groan Shite and onions That'll do Ned Life is too short He took off his silk hat and blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache welshcombed his hair with raking fingers Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside chuckling with delight An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's unshaven blackspectacled face Doughy Daw he cried WHAT WETHERUP SAID All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff He was in the bakery line too wasn't he Why they call him Doughy Daw Feathered his nest well anyhow Daughter engaged to that chap in the inland revenue office with the motor Hooked that nicely Entertainments Open house Big blowout Wetherup always said that Get a grip of them by the stomach The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face crested by a comb of feathery hair thrust itself in The bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh voice asked What is it And here comes the sham squire himself professor MacHugh said grandly Getonouthat you bloody old pedagogue the editor said in recognition Come Ned Mr Dedalus said putting on his hat I must get a drink after that Drink the editor cried No drinks served before mass Quite right too Mr Dedalus said going out Come on Ned Ned Lambert sidled down from the table The editor's blue eyes roved towards Mr Bloom's face shadowed by a smile Will you join us Myles Ned Lambert asked MEMORABLE BATTLES RECALLED North Cork militia the editor cried striding to the mantelpiece We won every time North Cork and Spanish officers Where was that Myles Ned Lambert asked with a reflective glance at his toecaps In Ohio the editor shouted So it was begad Ned Lambert agreed Passing out he whispered to J J O'Molloy Incipient jigs Sad case Ohio the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face My Ohio A perfect cretic the professor said Long short and long O HARP EOLIAN He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and breaking off a piece twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant unwashed teeth Bingbang bangbang Mr Bloom seeing the coast clear made for the inner door Just a moment Mr Crawford he said I just want to phone about an ad He went in What about that leader this evening professor MacHugh asked coming to the

editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder That'll be all right Myles Crawford said more calmly Never you fret Hello Jack That's all right Good day Myles J J O'Molloy said letting the pages he held slip limply back on the file Is that Canada swindle case on today The telephone whirred inside Twentyeight No twenty Double four Yes SPOT THE WINNER Lenehan came out of the inner office with Sport's tissues Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup he asked Sceptre with O Madden up He tossed the tissues on to the table Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open Hush Lenehan said I hear feetstoops Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the steps The tissues rustled up in the draught floated softly in the air blue scrawls and under the table came to earth It wasn't me sir It was the big fellow shoved me sir Throw him out and shut the door the editor said There's a hurricane blowing Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor grunting as he stooped twice Waiting for the racing special sir the newsboy said It was Pat Farrell shoved me sir He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe Him sir Out of this with you professor MacHugh said gruffly He hustled the boy out and banged the door to J J O'Molloy turned the files crackingly over murmuring seeking Continued on page six column four Yes Evening Telegraph here Mr Bloom phoned from the inner office Is the boss Yes Telegraph To where Aha Which auction rooms Aha I see Right I'll catch him A COLLISION ENSUES The bell whirred again as he rang off He came in quickly and bumped against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue Pardon monsieur Lenehan said clutching him for an instant and making a grimace My fault Mr Bloom said suffering his grip Are you hurt I'm in a hurry Knee Lenehan said He made a comic face and whined rubbing his knee The accumulation of the anno Domini Sorry Mr Bloom said He went to the door and holding it ajar paused J J O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over The noise of two shrill voices a mouthorgan echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps We are the boys of Wexford Who fought with heart and hand EXIT BLOOM I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk Mr Bloom said about this ad of Keyes's Want to fix it up They tell me he's round there in Dillon's He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces The editor who leaning against the mantelshelf had propped his head on his hand suddenly stretched forth an arm amply Begone he said The world is before you Back in no time Mr Bloom said hurrying out J J O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them blowing them apart gently without comment He'll get that advertisement the professor said staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind Look at the young scamps after him Show Where Lenehan cried running to the window A STREET CORTÈGE Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite a tail of white bowknots Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry Lenehan said and you'll kick O my rib risible Taking off his flat spaugs and the walk Small nines Steal upon larks He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J J O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands What's that Myles Crawford said with a start Where are the other two gone Who the professor said turning They're gone round to the Oval for a drink Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall Came over last

night Come on then Myles Crawford said Where's my hat He walked jerkily into the office behind parting the vent of his jacket jingling his keys in his back pocket They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer He's pretty well on professor MacHugh said in a low voice Seems to be J J O'Molloy said taking out a cigarette case in murmuring meditation but it is not always as it seems Who has the most matches THE CALUMET OF PEACE He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself Lenehan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn J J O'Molloy opened his case again and offered it Thanky vous Lenehan said helping himself The editor came from the inner office a straw hat awry on his brow He declaimed in song pointing sternly at professor MacHugh 'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee 'Twas empire charmed thy heart The professor grinned locking his long lips Eh You bloody old Roman empire Myles Crawford said He took a cigarette from the open case Lenehan lighting it for him with quick grace said Silence for my brandnew riddle Imperium romanum J J O'Molloy said gently It sounds nobler than British or Brixton The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling That's it he said We are the fat You and I are the fat in the fire We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME Wait a moment professor MacHugh said raising two quiet claws We mustn't be led away by words by sounds of words We think of Rome imperial imperious imperative He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs pausing What was their civilisation Vast I allow but vile Cloacae sewers The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said It is meet to be here Let us build an altar to Jehovah The Roman like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession He gazed about him in his toga and he said It is meet to be here Let us construct a watercloset Which they accordingly did do Lenehan said Our old ancient ancestors as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's were partial to the running stream They were nature's gentlemen J J O'Molloy murmured But we have also Roman law And Pontius Pilate is its prophet professor MacHugh responded Do you know that story about chief baron Palles J J O'Molloy asked It was at the royal university dinner Everything was going swimmingly First my riddle Lenehan said Are you ready Mr O'Madden Burke tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed came in from the hallway Stephen Dedalus behind him uncovered as he entered Entrez mes enfants Lenehan cried I escort a suppliant Mr O'Madden Burke said melodiously Youth led by Experience visits Notoriety How do you do the editor said holding out a hand Come in Your governor is just gone Lenehan said to all Silence What opera resembles a railwayline Reflect ponder excogitate reply Stephen handed over the typed sheets pointing to the title and signature Who the editor asked Bit torn off Mr Garrett Deasy Stephen said That old pelters the editor said Who tore it Was he short taken On swift sail flaming From storm and south He comes pale vampire Mouth to my mouth Good day Stephen the professor said coming to peer over their shoulders Foot and mouth Are you turned Bullockbefriending bard SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN RESTAURANT Good day sir Stephen answered blushing The letter is not mine Mr Garrett Deasy asked me to O I know him Myles Crawford said and I knew his wife too The bloodiest old tartar God ever made By Jesus she had the foot and mouth

disease and no mistake The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter Oho A woman brought sin into the world For Helen the runaway wife of Menelaus ten years the Greeks O'Rourke prince of Breffni Is he a widower Stephen asked Ay a grass one Myles Crawford said his eye running down the typescript Emperor's horses Habsburg An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna Don't you forget Maximilian Karl O'Donnell graf von Tirconnell in Ireland Sent his heir over to make the king an Austrian fieldmarshal now Going to be trouble there one day Wild geese O yes every time Don't you forget that The moot point is did he forget it J J O'Molloy said quietly turning a horseshoe paperweight Saving princes is a thank you job Professor MacHugh turned on him And if not he said I'll tell you how it was Myles Crawford began A Hungarian it was one day LOST CAUSES NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED We were always loyal to lost causes the professor said Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination We were never loyal to the successful We serve them I teach the blatant Latin language I speak the tongue of a race the acme of whose mentality is the maxim time is money Material domination Dominus Lord Where is the spirituality Lord Jesus Lord Salisbury A sofa in a westend club But the Greek KYRIE ELEISON A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes lengthened his long lips The Greek he said again Kyrios Shining word The vowels the Semite and the Saxon know not Kyrie The radiance of the intellect I ought to profess Greek the language of the mind Kyrie eleison The closetmaker and the cloacemaker will never be lords of our spirit We are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit not an imperium that went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami Yes yes They went under Pyrrhus misled by an oracle made a last attempt to retrieve the fortunes of Greece Loyal to a lost cause He strode away from them towards the window They went forth to battle Mr O'Madden Burke said greyly but they always fell Boohoo Lenehan wept with a little noise Owing to a brick received in the latter half of the matinée Poor poor poor Pyrrhus He whispered then near Stephen's ear LENEHAN'S LIMERICK There's a ponderous pundit MacHugh Who wears goggles of ebony hue As he mostly sees double To wear them why trouble I can't see the Joe Miller Can you In mourning for Sallust Mulligan says Whose mother is beastly dead Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket That'll be all right he said I'll read the rest after That'll be all right Lenehan extended his hands in protest But my riddle he said What opera is like a railwayline Opera Mr O'Madden Burke's sphinx face reriddled Lenehan announced gladly The Rose of Castile See the wheeze Rows of cast steel Gee He poked Mr O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen Mr O'Madden Burke fell back with grace on his umbrella feigning a gasp Help he sighed I feel a strong weakness Lenehan rising to tiptoe fanned his face rapidly with the rustling tissues The professor returning by way of the files swept his hand across Stephen's and Mr O'Madden Burke's loose ties Paris past and present he said You look like communards Like fellows who had blown up the Bastille J J O'Molloy said in quiet mockery Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you You look as though you had done the deed General Bobrikoff OMNIUM GATHERUM We were only thinking about it Stephen said All the talents Myles Crawford said Law the classics The turf Lenehan put in Literature the press If Bloom were here the professor said The gentle

art of advertisement And Madam Bloom Mr O'Madden Burke added The vocal muse Dublin's prime favourite Lenehan gave a loud cough Ahem he said very softly O for a fresh of breath air I caught a cold in the park The gate was open "YOU CAN DO IT!" The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder I want you to write something for me he said Something with a bite in it You can do it I see it in your face In the lexicon of youth See it in your face See it in your eye Lazy idle little schemer Foot and mouth disease the editor cried in scornful invective Great nationalist meeting in Borris in Ossory All balls Bulldosing the public Give them something with a bite in it Put us all into it damn its soul Father Son and Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy We can all supply mental pabulum Mr O'Madden Burke said Stephen raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare He wants you for the pressgang J J O'Molloy said THE GREAT GALLAHER You can do it Myles Crawford repeated clenching his hand in emphasis Wait a minute We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he was on the shaughraun doing billiardmarking in the Clarence Gallaher that was a pressman for you That was a pen You know how he made his mark I'll tell you That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known That was in eightyone sixth of May time of the invincibles murder in the Phoenix park before you were born I suppose I'll show you He pushed past them to the files Look at here he said turning The New York World cabled for a special Remember that time Professor MacHugh nodded New York World the editor said excitedly pushing back his straw hat Where it took place Tim Kelly or Kavanagh I mean Joe Brady and the rest of them Where Skin the Goat drove the car Whole route see Skin the Goat Mr O'Madden Burke said Fitzharris He has that cabman's shelter they say down there at Butt bridge Holohan told me You know Holohan Hop and carry one is it Myles Crawford said And poor Gumley is down there too so he told me minding stones for the corporation A night watchman Stephen turned in surprise Gumley he said You don't say so A friend of my father's is it Never mind Gumley Myles Crawford cried angrily Let Gumley mind the stones see they don't run away Look at here What did Ignatius Gallaher do I'll tell you Inspiration of genius Cabled right away Have you Weekly Freeman of 17 March Right Have you got that He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point Take page four advertisement for Bransome's coffee let us say Have you got that Right The telephone whirred A DISTANT VOICE I'll answer it the professor said going B is parkgate Good His finger leaped and struck point after point vibrating T is viceregal lodge C is where murder took place K is Knockmaroon gate The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles An illstarched dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his waistcoat Hello Evening Telegraph here Hello Who's there Yes Yes Yes F to P is the route Skin the Goat drove the car for an alibi Inchicore Roundtown Windy Arbour Palmerston Park Ranelagh F.A.B.P Got that X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street The professor came to the inner door Bloom is at the telephone he said Tell him go to hell the editor said promptly X is Davy's publichouse see CLEVER VERY Clever Lenehan said Very Gave it to them on a hot plate Myles Crawford said the whole bloody history Nightmare from which you will never awake I saw it the editor said proudly I was present Dick Adams the besthearted bloody Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in and myself Lenehan bowed to a shape of air announcing Madam I'm Adam And Able was I ere I saw

Elba History Myles Crawford cried The Old Woman of Prince's street was
 there first There was weeping and gnashing of teeth over that Out of an
 advertisement Gregor Grey made the design for it That gave him the leg
 up Then Paddy Hooper worked Tay Pay who took him on to the **Star** Now **he's**
 got in with Blumenfeld That's press That's talent Pyatt He was all their
 daddies The father of scare journalism Lenehan confirmed and the brother in
 law **of** Chris Callinan Hello Are you there **Yes he's** here still Come across
 yourself Where do you find a pressman like that now eh the editor cried **He**
 flung the pages down Clamn dever Lenehan said to **Mr** O'Madden Burke **Very**
 smart Mr O'Madden Burke said **Professor** MacHugh came from the inner office
Talking about the invincibles he **said** did **you** see that **some hawkers were**
 up before the recorder O yes J J O'Molloy said **eagerly** Lady Dudley was
 walking home through the park to see all the trees that were blown down
 by that cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin And it
 turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Number One or
 Skin the Goat **Right** outside the viceregal lodge imagine They're only in
 the hook and eye department Myles Crawford **said** **Psha** Press and the bar
 Where have you a man now at the bar like those fellows like Whiteside
 like Isaac Butt like silvertongued O'Hagan Eh Ah bloody nonsense Psha
 Only in the halfpenny place His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in
 nervous curls of disdain Would anyone wish that mouth for her kiss How do
 you **know** Why did you write it then RHYMES AND REASONS Mouth south Is the
 mouth south someway Or **the** south a mouth Must be some South pout out shout
drouth Rhymes two men dressed the same looking the same two by two la
 tua pace che parlar ti piace Mentre che il vento come fa si tace He saw
 them three by three approaching girls in green in rose in russet entwining
 per l'aer perso in mauve in purple quella pacifica oriafiamma gold of
 oriflamme di rimirar fè più ardenti But I old men penitent leadenfooted
 underdarkneath the night mouth south tomb womb Speak up for yourself Mr
 O'Madden Burke said **SUFFICIENT** FOR THE DAY J J O'Molloy **smiling** palely
 took up the gage My dear Myles he said flinging his cigarette aside you
 put a false construction on my words I hold no brief as at present advised
 for the third profession qua profession but your Cork legs are running
 away with you Why not bring in Henry Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes
 and Edmund Burke Ignatius Gallaher we all know and his Chapelizod boss
 Harmsworth of the farthing press and his American cousin of the Bowery
guttersheet not to mention Paddy Kelly's Budget Pue's Occurrences and our
watchful friend The Skibbereen Eagle Why bring in a master of forensic
 eloquence like Whiteside Sufficient for **the** day **is** the newspaper thereof
 LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE Grattan and Flood wrote for this very
 paper the **editor** cried **in his** face **Irish** volunteers Where are you now
 Established 1763 Dr Lucas Who have you now like John Philpot Curran Psha
 Well J J O'Molloy said **Bushe** K.C for example Bushe the editor said Well
 yes Bushe yes He has a strain of it in his blood Kendal Bushe or I mean
 Seymour Bushe He would have been on the bench long ago the professor said
only for But no matter J J O'Molloy **turned to** Stephen **and said quietly**
 and slowly One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to
 in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe It was in that case of
 fratricide the Childs murder case Bushe defended him And in the porches
 of mine ear did pour By the way **how** did he find that out He died in his
 sleep Or the other story beast with two backs What was that the professor

asked ITALIA MAGISTRA ARTIUM He spoke on the law of evidence J J O'Molloy said **of** Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code **the** lex talionis And he cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican Ha A few wellchosen words Lenehan prefaced Silence Pause J J O'Molloy **took out** his cigarettecase False lull Something quite ordinary Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act trivial in itself that striking of that match that determined the whole aftercourse of both our **lives** A POLISHED PERIOD J J O'Molloy **resumed** moulding his words He said of it that stony effigy in frozen music horned and terrible of the human form divine that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live deserves to live His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall Fine Myles Crawford said **at** once The divine afflatus Mr O'Madden Burke said **You** like it J J O'Molloy **asked Stephen** Stephen his blood wooed by grace **of** language and gesture blushed He took a cigarette from the **case** J J O'Molloy **offered** his case to Myles Crawford Lenehan lit their cigarettes as before and took his trophy saying Muchibus thankibus A MAN OF HIGH MORALE Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you J J O'Molloy **said to Stephen** What do you think **really** of that hermetic crowd the opal hush poets A E the mastermystic That Blavatsky woman started it She was a nice old bag of tricks A E has been telling some yankee interviewer that you came to him in the **small hours** of the morning to ask him about planes of consciousness Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A E.'s leg He is a man of the very **highest** morale Magennis Speaking about me What did he say **What** did he say What did he say **about** me Don't ask No thanks professor MacHugh said **waving** the cigarettecase aside Wait a moment Let me say one thing The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by John F Taylor at the college historical society Mr Justice Fitzgibbon **the** present lord justice of appeal had spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days) advocating the revival of the Irish tongue He turned towards Myles Crawford and said You know Gerald Fitzgibbon Then you can imagine the style of his discourse He is sitting with **Tim** Healy J J O'Molloy said **rumour** has it on the Trinity college estates commission He is sitting with **a** sweet thing Myles Crawford said **in a child's** frock Go on Well It was the speech mark you the professor **said of** a finished **orator** full of courteous haughtiness and pouring in chastened diction I will not **say** the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumely upon the new movement It was then a new movement We were weak therefore worthless He closed his long thin lips an instant but eager to be on raised an outspanned hand to his **spectacles** and with trembling thumb and ringfinger touching lightly the black rims steadied them to a new focus IMPROMPTU In ferial tone he addressed J J O'Molloy **Taylor had** come there you must know from a sickbed That he had prepared his speech I do not **believe** for there was not even one shorthandwriter in the hall **His** dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it He wore a loose white silk neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man His gaze turned at once but slowly from J J O'Molloy's towards Stephen's face and then bent at once to the ground **seeking** His unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head soiled by his withering hair Still seeking

he said When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F Taylor rose to reply
 Briefly as well as I can bring them to mind his words were these He raised
 his head firmly His eyes bethought themselves once more Witless shellfish
 swam in the gross lenses to and fro seeking outlet He began Mr Chairman
 ladies and gentlemen Great was my admiration in listening to the remarks
 addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend
 It seemed to me that I **had** been transported into a country far away from
 this country into an age remote from this age that I stood in ancient
 Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that
 land addressed to **the** youthful Moses His listeners held their cigarettes
 poised to hear their smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with
 his speech And let our crooked smokes Noble words coming Look out Could
 you try your hand at it yourself And it seemed to me that I **heard** the
 voice of **that** Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness
 and like pride I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me
FROM THE FATHERS It was revealed to me that those things are good which
 yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless
 they were good could be corrupted Ah curse you That's saint Augustine Why
 will you jews not accept our culture our religion and our language You
 are a tribe of nomad herdsmen we are a mighty people You have no cities
 nor no wealth our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys trireme
 and quadrireme laden with all manner merchandise furrow the waters of
 the known globe You have but emerged from primitive conditions we have a
 literature a priesthood an agelong history and a polity Nile Child man
 effigy By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel cradle of bulrushes a man
 supple in combat stonehorned stonebearded heart of stone You pray to a
 local and obscure idol our temples majestic and mysterious are the abodes
 of Isis and Osiris of Horus and Ammon Ra Yours serfdom awe and humbleness
 ours thunder and the seas Israel is weak and few are her children Egypt
 is an host and terrible are her arms Vagrants and daylabourers are you
 called the world trembles at our name A dumb belch of hunger cleft his
 speech He lifted his voice above it boldly But ladies and gentlemen had
 the youthful Moses **listened** to and accepted that view of life had he bowed
 his head and **bowed** his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant
 admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house
 of bondage nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day He would never have
 spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever
 have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance
 and bearing in his arms the tables of the law **graven** in the language of
 the **outlaw** He ceased and looked at them **enjoying** a silence OMINOUS FOR
 HIM J J O'Molloy said **not** without regret And yet he died without having
 entered the land of **promise** A sudden at the moment though from lingering
 illness often previously expectorated demise Lenehan added And with a
 great future behind him The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the
 hallway and pattering up the staircase **That** is oratory the professor said
uncontradicted Gone with the wind Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the
 kings Miles of ears of porches The tribune's words howled and scattered
 to the four winds A people sheltered within his voice Dead noise Akasic
 records of all that ever anywhere wherever was Love and laud him me no
 more I have money Gentlemen Stephen said As the next motion on the agenda
 paper may I suggest that **the** house do now adjourn You take my breath away

It is not perchance a French compliment Mr O'Madden Burke asked 'Tis the hour methinks when the winejug metaphorically speaking is most grateful in Ye ancient hostelry That it be and hereby is resolutely resolved All that are in favour say ay Lenehan announced The contrary no I declare it carried To which particular boosing shed My casting vote is Mooney's He led the way admonishing We will sternly refuse to partake of strong waters will we not Yes we will not By no manner of means Mr O'Madden Burke following close said with an ally's lunge of his umbrella Lay on Macduff Chip of the old block the editor cried clapping Stephen on the shoulder Let us go Where are those blasted keys He fumbled in his pocket pulling out the crushed typesheets Foot and mouth I know That'll be all right That'll go in Where are they That's all right He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office LET US HOPE J J O'Molloy about to follow him in said quietly to Stephen I hope you will live to see it published Myles one moment He went into the inner office closing the door behind him Come along Stephen the professor said That is fine isn't it It has the prophetic vision Fuit Ilium The sack of windy Troy Kingdoms of this world The masters of the Mediterranean are fellaheen today The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into the street yelling Racing special Dublin I have much much to learn They turned to the left along Abbey street I have a vision too Stephen said Yes the professor said skipping to get into step Crawford will follow Another newsboy shot past them yelling as he ran Racing special DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN Dubliners Two Dublin vestals Stephen said elderly and pious have lived fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane Where is that the professor asked Off Blackpitts Stephen said Damp night reeking of hungry dough Against the wall Face glistering tallow under her fustian shawl Frantic hearts Akasic records Quicker darlint On now Dare it Let there be life They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar They save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox They shake out the threepenny bits and sixpences and coax out the pennies with the blade of a knife Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers They put on their bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it may come on to rain Wise virgins professor MacHugh said LIFE ON THE RAW They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins proprietress They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn They give two threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle slowly up the winding staircase grunting encouraging each other afraid of the dark panting one asking the other have you the brawn praising God and the Blessed Virgin threatening to come down peeping at the airslits Glory be to God They had no idea it was that high Their names are Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she rubs on Lourdes water given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a passionist father Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double X for supper every Saturday Antithesis the professor said nodding twice Vestal virgins I can see them What's keeping our friend He turned A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps scattering in all directions yelling their white papers fluttering Hard after them Myles Crawford appeared on the steps his hat aureoling his scarlet face talking with

J J O'Molloy Come along the professor cried waving his arm He set off again to walk by Stephen's side RETURN OF BLOOM Yes he said I see them Mr Bloom breathless caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the offices of the Irish Catholic and Dublin Penny Journal called Mr Crawford A moment Telegraph Racing special What is it Myles Crawford said falling back a pace A newsboy cried in Mr Bloom's face Terrible tragedy in Rathmines A child bit by a bellows INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR Just this ad Mr Bloom said pushing through towards the steps puffing and taking the cutting from his pocket I spoke with Mr Keyes just now He'll give a renewal for two months he says After he'll see But he wants a par to call attention in the Telegraph too the Saturday pink And he wants it copied if it's not too late I told councillor Nannetti from the Kilkenny People I can have access to it in the national library House of keys don't you see His name is Keyes It's a play on the name But he practically promised he'd give the renewal But he wants just a little puff What will I tell him Mr Crawford K.M.A Will you tell him he can kiss my arse Myles Crawford said throwing out his arm for emphasis Tell him that straight from the stable A bit nervy Look out for squalls All off for a drink Arm in arm Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond Usual blarney Wonder is that young Dedalus the moving spirit Has a good pair of boots on him today Last time I saw him he had his heels on view Been walking in muck somewhere Careless chap What was he doing in Irishtown Well Mr Bloom said his eyes returning if I can get the design I suppose it's worth a short par He'd give the ad I think I'll tell him K.M.R.I.A He can kiss my royal Irish arse Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder Any time he likes tell him While Mr Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile he strode on jerkily RAISING THE WIND Nulla bona Jack he said raising his hand to his chin I'm up to here I've been through the hoop myself I was looking for a fellow to back a bill for me no later than last week Sorry Jack You must take the will for the deed With a heart and a half if I could raise the wind anyhow J J O'Molloy pulled a long face and walked on silently They caught up on the others and walked abreast When they have eaten the brawn and the bread and wiped their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in they go nearer to the railings Something for you the professor explained to Myles Crawford Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson's pillar SOME COLUMN THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID That's new Myles Crawford said That's copy Out for the waxies' Dargle Two old trickies what But they are afraid the pillar will fall Stephen went on They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are Rathmines' blue dome Adam and Eve's saint Laurence O'Toole's But it makes them giddy to look so they pull up their skirts THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES Easy all Myles Crawford said No poetic licence We're in the archdiocese here And settle down on their striped petticoats peering up at the statue of the

Iteration 3

Stately plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed A yellow dressinggown ungirdled was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air He held the bowl aloft and intoned Introibo ad altare Dei Halted he peered down the dark winding stairs

and called out coarsely Come up Kinch Come up you fearful jesuit Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower the surrounding land and the awaking mountains Then catching sight of Stephen Dedalus he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air gurgling in his throat and shaking his head Stephen Dedalus displeased and sleepy leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him equine in its length and at the light untensured hair grained and hued like pale oak Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly Back to barracks he said sternly He added in a preacher's tone For this O dearly beloved is the genuine Christine body and soul and blood and ouns Slow music please Shut your eyes gents One moment A little trouble about those white corpuscles Silence all He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points Chrysostomos Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm Thanks old chap he cried briskly That will do nicely Switch off the current will you He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate patron of arts in the middle ages A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips The mockery of it he said gaily Your absurd name an ancient Greek He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet laughing to himself Stephen Dedalus stepped up followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on My name is absurd too Malachi Mulligan two dactyls But it has a Hellenic ring hasn't it Tripping and sunny like the buck himself We must go to Athens Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid He laid the brush aside and laughing with delight cried Will he come The jejune jesuit Ceasing he began to shave with care Tell me Mulligan Stephen said quietly Yes my love How long is Haines going to stay in this tower Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder God isn't he dreadful he said frankly A ponderous Saxon He thinks you're not a gentleman God these bloody English Bursting with money and indigestion Because he comes from Oxford You know Dedalus you have the real Oxford manner He can't make you out O my name for you is the best Kinch the knife blade He shaved warily over his chin He was raving all night about a black panther Stephen said Where is his guncase A woful lunatic Mulligan said Were you in a funk I was Stephen said with energy and growing fear Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther You saved men from drowning I'm not a hero however If he stays on here I am off Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade He hopped down from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily Scutter he cried thickly He came over to the gunrest and thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket said Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly Then gazing over the handkerchief he said The bard's noserag A new art colour for our Irish poets snotgreen You can almost taste it can't you He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly God he said quietly Isn't the sea what Algy calls it a great sweet mother The snotgreen sea The scrotumtightening sea Epi oinopa ponton Ah Dedalus the

Greeks I must teach you You must read them in the original **Thalatta** Thalatta She is our great sweet mother Come and look Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet **Leaning** on it he looked down on the water **and** on the mailboat **clearing** the harbourmouth of Kingstown Our mighty mother Buck Mulligan said He **turned abruptly** his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face The aunt thinks you killed your mother **he** said That's **why** she won't **let** me have anything to do with you Someone killed her Stephen said gloomily You could have knelt down damn it Kinch when your dying mother asked you Buck Mulligan said **I'm** hyperborean as much as you But to think of your **mother** begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her And you refused There is something sinister in you He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek A tolerant smile curled his lips But a lovely **mummer** he murmured to himself Kinch the loveliest mummer of them all He shaved evenly and with care in silence seriously Stephen an elbow rested on the jagged granite leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat sleeve Pain that was not yet the pain of love fretted his heart Silently in a dream she had come to him **after** her death her wasted body within its loose **brown** graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood her breath **that** had bent upon him mute reproachful a faint odour of wetted ashes **Across** the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother **by** the wellfed voice beside him The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade Ah poor dogsbody he said in a **kind** voice I must give you a shirt and a few noserags How are the secondhand **breeks** They fit well enough Stephen answered Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip The mockery of it he said **contentedly** Secondleg they should be God knows what poxy bowsy left them off I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe grey You'll look spiffing in them I'm not joking Kinch You look damn well when you're dressed Thanks Stephen said I can't wear them if they are grey He can't wear them Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror **Etiquette** is etiquette He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin Stephen turned his gaze from the **sea** and **to** the plump **face** with its smokeblue mobile eyes That fellow I was with in the Ship last night said Buck Mulligan **says** you have g p i He's up in Dottyville with Connolly Norman General paralysis of the insane He swept the mirror a half circle in the air **to** flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea His **curling** shaven lips laughed and the edges of **his** white glittering teeth Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk Look at yourself he said you dreadful bard Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him cleft by a crooked crack Hair on end As he and others see me Who chose this face for me This dogsbody to rid of vermin It asks me too I pinched it out of the **skivvy's** room Buck Mulligan said **It does** her all right The aunt always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi Lead him not into temptation And her name is Ursula Laughing again he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror he said If Wilde were only alive to see you Drawing back and pointing Stephen said with bitterness It is a symbol of Irish art **The** cracked lookingglass of a servant **Buck** Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had

thrust them It's not fair to tease you like that Kinch is it he said kindly
 God knows you have more spirit than any of them Parried again He fears the
 lancet of my art as I fear that of his The cold steel pen Cracked lookingglass
 of a servant Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea
 He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman His old fellow made
 his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other God Kinch
 if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island
 Hellenise it Cranly's arm His arm And to think of your having to beg from
 these swine I'm the only one that knows what you are Why don't you trust me
 more What have you up your nose against me Is it Haines If he makes any noise
 here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they
 gave Clive Kempthorpe Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's
 rooms Palefaces they hold their ribs with laughter one clasping another O
 I shall expire Break the news to her gently Aubrey I shall die With slit
 ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table with
 trousers down at heels chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears A
 scared calf's face gilded with marmalade I don't want to be debagged Don't
 you play the giddy ox with me Shouts from the open window startling evening
 in the quadrangle A deaf gardener aproned masked with Matthew Arnold's face
 pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of
 grassshalms To ourselves new paganism omphalos Let him stay Stephen said
 There's nothing wrong with him except at night Then what is it Buck Mulligan
 asked impatiently Cough it up I'm quite frank with you What have you against
 me now They halted looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on
 the water like the snout of a sleeping whale Stephen freed his arm quietly
 Do you wish me to tell you he asked Yes what is it Buck Mulligan answered
 I don't remember anything He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke A light
 wind passed his brow fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring
 silver points of anxiety in his eyes Stephen depressed by his own voice said
 Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death
 Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said What Where I can't remember anything
 I remember only ideas and sensations Why What happened in the name of God
 You were making tea Stephen said and went across the landing to get more hot
 water Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom She asked
 you who was in your room Yes Buck Mulligan said What did I say I forget You
 said Stephen answered O it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead A
 flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's
 cheek Did I say that he asked Well What harm is that He shook his constraint
 from him nervously And what is death he asked your mother's or yours or my
 own You saw only your mother die I see them pop off every day in the Mater
 and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom It's a beastly
 thing and nothing else It simply doesn't matter You wouldn't kneel down to
 pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you Why Because you
 have the cursed jesuit strain in you only it's injected the wrong way To me
 it's all a mockery and beastly Her cerebral lobes are not functioning She
 calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt Humour
 her till it's over You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with
 me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's Absurd I
 suppose I did say it I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother He
 had spoken himself into boldness Stephen shielding the gaping wounds which
 the words had left in his heart said very coldly I am not thinking of the

offence to my mother Of what then Buck Mulligan asked Of the offence to
 me Stephen answered Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel O an impossible
 person he exclaimed He walked off quickly round the parapet Stephen stood
 at his post gazing over the calm sea towards the headland Sea and headland
 now grew dim Pulses were beating in his eyes veiling their sight and he felt
 the fever of his cheeks A voice within the tower called loudly Are you up
 there Mulligan I'm coming Buck Mulligan answered He turned towards Stephen
 and said Look at the sea What does it care about offences Chuck Loyola Kinch
 and come on down The Sassenach wants his morning rashers His head halted
 again for a moment at the top of the staircase level with the roof Don't
 mope over it all day he said I'm inconsequent Give up the moody brooding
 His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the
 stairhead And no more turn aside and brood Upon love's bitter mystery For
 Fergus rules the brazen cars Woodshadows floated silently by through the
 morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed Inshore and farther
 out the mirror of water whitened spurned by lightshod hurrying feet White
 breast of the dim sea The twining stresses two by two A hand plucking the
 harpstrings merging their twining chords Wavewhite wedded words shimmering
 on the dim tide A cloud began to cover the sun slowly wholly shadowing the
 bay in deeper green It lay beneath him a bowl of bitter waters Fergus' song
 I sang it alone in the house holding down the long dark chords Her door was
 open she wanted to hear my music Silent with awe and pity I went to her
 bedside She was crying in her wretched bed For those words Stephen love's
 bitter mystery Where now Her secrets old featherfans tasselled dancecards
 powdered with musk a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer A birdcage
 hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl She heard old
 Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed with others
 when he sang I am the boy That can enjoy Invisibility Phantasmal mirth
 folded away muskperfumed And no more turn aside and brood Folded away in the
 memory of nature with her toys Memories beset his brooding brain Her glass
 of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament A cored
 apple filled with brown sugar roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn
 evening Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from
 the children's shirts In a dream silently she had come to him her wasted
 body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood
 her breath bent over him with mute secret words a faint odour of wetted
 ashes Her glazing eyes staring out of death to shake and bend my soul On me
 alone The ghostcandle to light her agony Ghostly light on the tortured face
 Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror while all prayed on their knees
 Her eyes on me to strike me down Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma
 circumdet iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat Ghoul Chewer of corpses
 No mother Let me be and let me live Kinch ahoy Buck Mulligan's voice sang
 from within the tower It came nearer up the staircase calling again Stephen
 still trembling at his soul's cry heard warm running sunlight and in the
 air behind him friendly words Dedalus come down like a good mosey Breakfast
 is ready Haines is apologising for waking us last night It's all right I'm
 coming Stephen said turning Do for Jesus' sake Buck Mulligan said For my
 sake and for all our sakes His head disappeared and reappeared I told him
 your symbol of Irish art He says it's very clever Touch him for a quid will
 you A guinea I mean I get paid this morning Stephen said The school kip
 Buck Mulligan said How much Four quid Lend us one If you want it Stephen

said Four shining sovereigns Buck Mulligan cried **with** delight We'll have a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids Four omnipotent sovereigns He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone **stairs** singing out of tune with a Cockney accent O won't we have a merry time **Drinking** whisky beer and wine On coronation Coronation day O won't we have a merry time **On** coronation day Warm sunshine merrying over the sea The nickel shavingbowl shone forgotten on the parapet Why should I bring it down Or leave it there all day forgotten friendship He went over to it held it in his hands awhile feeling its coolness smelling the clammy slaver of the lather **in** which the brush was stuck So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes I am another now and yet the same A servant too A server of a servant In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly to and fro about the hearth hiding and revealing its yellow glow Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbacans and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated turning We'll be choked Buck Mulligan said **Haines** open that door will you Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker A tall figure rose from the **hammock** where it had been sitting went to the **doorway** and **pulled** open the inner doors Have you the key a voice asked **Dedalus** has it Buck Mulligan said **Janey** Mack I'm choked He howled without looking up from the **fire** Kinch It's in the lock Stephen said coming forward The key scraped round harshly twice and when the heavy door had been set ajar welcome light and bright air entered Haines stood at the doorway looking out Stephen haled his upended valise to the table and sat down to wait Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on to the **dish** beside him Then he carried the **dish** and a large teapot over to the table **set** them down heavily and sighed with relief I'm melting he said as the candle remarked when But hush Not a word more on that subject Kinch wake up Bread butter honey Haines come in The grub is ready Bless us O Lord and these thy gifts Where's the sugar O jay there's no milk Stephen fetched the loaf and the **pot** of honey and the buttercooler from the locker Buck **Mulligan** sat down **in** a sudden pet What sort of a kip is this he said **I told** her to **come after eight** We can drink it black Stephen said thirstily There's a lemon in the locker O damn you and your Paris fads Buck Mulligan said **I want Sandycove** milk Haines came in from the doorway and **said** quietly That woman is coming up with the milk The blessings of God on you Buck Mulligan cried **jumping** up from his chair Sit down Pour out the tea there The sugar is in the bag **Here** I can't go fumbling at the damned eggs He hacked through the fry on the dish **and** slapped it out on three plates saying In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Haines sat down to pour out the tea I'm giving you two lumps each he said But I say Mulligan you do make strong tea don't you Buck Mulligan hewing **thick** slices from the loaf said in an old woman's wheedling voice When I makes tea I makes tea as old mother Grogan said And when I makes water I makes water **By** Jove it is tea Haines said Buck Mulligan **went** on hewing and wheedling So I do Mrs Cahill says she Begob ma'am says Mrs Cahill God send you don't make them in the one pot He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick **slice** of bread **impaled** on his knife That's folk he said very earnestly for your book Haines Five lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of Dundrum Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the **big** wind **He** turned to Stephen **and asked in** a fine puzzled voice lifting his brows Can you recall brother is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken of in the Mabinogion or is it in

the Upanishads I doubt it said Stephen gravely Do you now Buck Mulligan said **in the same** tone Your reasons pray I fancy Stephen said as he **ate** it did not **exist** in or out of the **Mabinogion Mother** Grogan was one imagines a kinswoman of Mary Ann Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight Charming he said in a **finical** sweet voice showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly Do you think she was Quite charming Then suddenly overclouding all his features he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf For **old** Mary Ann She doesn't care a damn But hissing up her petticoats He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned The doorway was darkened by an entering form The milk sir Come in ma'am Mulligan said Kinch get the jug An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow That's a lovely morning sir she said Glory be to God **To** whom Mulligan said glancing at her Ah to be sure Stephen reached back and took the **milkjug** from the locker The **islanders** Mulligan said to **Haines casually** speak frequently of the collector of prepuces How much sir asked the old woman A quart Stephen said He **watched** her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk not hers Old shrunken paps She poured again a measureful and a tilly Old and secret she had entered from a morning world maybe a messenger She praised the goodness of the milk **pouring** it out Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush **field** a witch on her toadstool her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs They lowed about her whom they knew dewsilky cattle Silk of the kine **and** poor old woman names given her in old times A wandering crone lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer their common cuckquean a messenger from the secret morning **To** serve or to upbraid whether he could not tell but scorned to beg her favour It is indeed ma'am Buck Mulligan said **pouring** milk into their cups Taste it sir she said He **drank** at her bidding If we could live on good food like that he said to her somewhat loudly we wouldn't have **the** country full **of** rotten teeth and rotten guts Living in a bogswamp eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust horsedung and consumptives' **spits** Are you a medical **student sir** the old woman **asked** I am ma'am Buck Mulligan answered Look at that now she said Stephen listened in scornful silence She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly her bonesetter her medicineman me she slights To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins of man's flesh made not in God's likeness the serpent's prey And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes Do you understand what he says Stephen asked her Is it French you are talking sir the old woman **said to** Haines **Haines** spoke to her again a longer speech confidently Irish Buck Mulligan said **Is** there Gaelic on you I thought it was Irish she said by the sound of it Are you from the west sir I am an Englishman Haines answered He's English Buck Mulligan said **and he** thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland Sure we ought to the old woman said **and** I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows Grand is no name for it said Buck Mulligan Wonderful entirely Fill us out some more tea Kinch Would you like a **cup** ma'am No thank you sir the old woman said **slipping** the ring of the milkcan **on her** forearm and about to go Haines said to her Have you your bill We had better pay her Mulligan hadn't we Stephen filled again the three cups Bill sir she said halting Well it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over **and** these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a

shilling That's a shilling and one and two is two and two sir Buck Mulligan
 sighed and having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both
 sides stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets Pay
 up and look pleasant Haines said to him smiling Stephen filled a third
 cup a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk Buck Mulligan
 brought up a florin twisted it round in his fingers and cried A miracle He
 passed it along the table towards the old woman saying Ask nothing more of
 me sweet All I can give you I give Stephen laid the coin in her uneager
 hand We'll owe twopence he said Time enough sir she said taking the coin
 Time enough Good morning sir She curtseyed and went out followed by Buck
 Mulligan's tender chant Heart of my heart were it more More would be laid
 at your feet He turned to Stephen and said Seriously Dedalus I'm stony
 Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back some money Today the bards
 must drink and junket Ireland expects that every man this day will do his
 duty That reminds me Haines said rising that I have to visit your national
 library today Our swim first Buck Mulligan said He turned to Stephen and
 asked blandly Is this the day for your monthly wash Kinch Then he said to
 Haines The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month All Ireland
 is washed by the gulfstream Stephen said as he let honey trickle over a
 slice of the loaf Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a
 scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke I intend to make
 a collection of your sayings if you will let me Speaking to me They wash
 and tub and scrub Agenbite of inwit Conscience Yet here's a spot That one
 about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish art
 is deuced good Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and
 said with warmth of tone Wait till you hear him on Hamlet Haines Well I
 mean it Haines said still speaking to Stephen I was just thinking of it
 when that poor old creature came in Would I make any money by it Stephen
 asked Haines laughed and as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast
 of the hammock said I don't know I'm sure He strolled out to the doorway
 Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour You put
 your hoof in it now What did you say that for Well Stephen said The problem
 is to get money From whom From the milkwoman or from him It's a toss up I
 think I blow him out about you Buck Mulligan said and then you come along
 with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes I see little hope Stephen
 said from her or from him Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid his hand
 on Stephen's arm From me Kinch he said In a suddenly changed tone he added
 To tell you the God's truth I think you're right Damn all else they are
 good for Why don't you play them as I do To hell with them all Let us get
 out of the kip He stood up gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his
 gown saying resignedly Mulligan is stripped of his garments He emptied his
 pockets on to the table There's your snotrag he said And putting on his
 stiff collar and rebellious tie he spoke to them chiding them and to his
 dangling watchchain His hands plunged and rummaged in his trunk while he
 called for a clean handkerchief God we'll simply have to dress the character
 I want puce gloves and green boots Contradiction Do I contradict myself
 Very well then I contradict myself Mercurial Malachi A limp black missile
 flew out of his talking hands And there's your Latin quarter hat he said
 Stephen picked it up and put it on Haines called to them from the doorway
 Are you coming you fellows I'm ready Buck Mulligan answered going towards
 the door Come out Kinch You have eaten all we left I suppose Resigned he

passed out with grave words and gait saying wellnigh with sorrow And going forth he met Butterly Stephen taking his ashplant from its leaningplace followed them out and as they went down the ladder pulled to the slow iron door and locked it He put the huge key in his inner pocket At the foot of the ladder Buck Mulligan asked Did you bring the key I have it Stephen said preceding them He walked on Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses Down sir How dare you sir Haines asked Do you pay rent for this tower Twelve quid Buck Mulligan said To the secretary of state for war Stephen added over his shoulder They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last Rather bleak in wintertime I should say Martello you call it Billy Pitt had them built Buck Mulligan said when the French were on the sea But ours is the omphalos What is your idea of Hamlet Haines asked Stephen No no Buck Mulligan shouted in pain I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive reasons he has made out to prop it up Wait till I have a few pints in me first He turned to Stephen saying as he pulled down neatly the peaks of his primrose waistcoat You couldn't manage it under three pints Kinch could you It has waited so long Stephen said listlessly it can wait longer You pique my curiosity Haines said amiably Is it some paradox Pooh Buck Mulligan said We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes It's quite simple He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father What Haines said beginning to point at Stephen He himself Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise round his neck and bending in loose laughter said to Stephen's ear O shade of Kinch the elder Japhet in search of a father We're always tired in the morning Stephen said to Haines And it is rather long to tell Buck Mulligan walking forward again raised his hands The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus he said I mean to say Haines explained to Stephen as they followed this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore That beetles o'er his base into the sea isn't it Buck Mulligan turned suddenly for an instant towards Stephen but did not speak In the bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in cheap dusty mourning between their gay attires It's a wonderful tale Haines said bringing them to halt again Eyes pale as the sea the wind had freshened paler firm and prudent The seas' ruler he gazed southward over the bay empty save for the smokeplume of the mailboat vague on the bright skyline and a sail tacking by the Muglins I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere he said bemused The Father and the Son idea The Son striving to be atoned with the Father Buck Mulligan at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face He looked at them his wellshaped mouth open happily his eyes from which he had suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense blinking with mad gaiety He moved a doll's head to and fro the brims of his Panama hat quivering and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard My mother's a jew my father's a bird With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree So here's to disciples and Calvary He held up a forefinger of warning If anyone thinks that I amn't divine He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine But have to drink water and wish it were plain That I make when the wine becomes water again He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and running forward to a brow of the cliff fluttered his hands at his sides like fins or wings of one about to rise in the air and chanted Goodbye now goodbye Write down all I said And tell Tom Dick

and Harry I rose from the **dead** What's bred in the bone **cannot** fail me to fly And Olivet's breezy Goodbye now goodbye He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole fluttering his winglike hands leaping nimbly Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh **wind** that bore back to them **his** brief birdsweet cries Haines who had been laughing guardedly walked on beside Stephen and said We oughtn't to laugh I suppose He's rather blasphemous I'm not a believer myself that is to say Still his gaiety takes the harm out of it somehow doesn't it What did he call it Joseph the Joiner The ballad of joking Jesus Stephen answered O Haines said you have heard it before Three times a day after meals Stephen said drily You're not a believer are you Haines asked I mean a believer in the narrow sense of the word Creation **from** nothing and miracles and a personal God There's only one sense of the word it seems to me **Stephen** said Haines stopped to take out a smooth silver case in which twinkled a green stone He sprang it open with his thumb and offered it **Thank** you Stephen said taking a cigarette Haines helped himself and snapped the case to He put it back in **his** sidepocket **and** took from his waistcoatpocket a nickel tinderbox sprang it open too and having lit his cigarette held the flaming spunk towards Stephen in the shell of his hands Yes of course he said as they went on again Either you believe or you don't isn't it Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God You don't stand for that I suppose You behold in me Stephen said with grim displeasure a horrible example of free thought He walked on **waiting** to be spoken to trailing his ashplant by his side Its ferrule followed lightly on the path squealing at his heels My familiar after me calling Steeeeeeeeeeeephen A wavering line along the path They will walk on it tonight coming here in the dark **He wants** that key It is mine I paid the rent Now I eat his salt bread Give him the key too All He will ask for it That was **in** his **eyes** **After** all Haines began Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind After all I should think **you** are able to free yourself You are your own master it seems to me **I** am a servant of **two masters** Stephen said an English and an Italian Italian Haines said A crazy queen old and jealous Kneel down before me And a third **Stephen** said there is who wants me for odd jobs Italian Haines said again What do you mean **The** imperial British state Stephen answered his colour rising and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke I can quite understand that he said calmly **An** Irishman must think like that I daresay We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly It seems history is to blame **The** proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts a chemistry of stars Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus the voices blended singing alone loud in affirmation and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one and Arius warring his life long upon the **consubstantiality** of the Son with the Father and Valentine spurning Christ's terrene body and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger **Idle** mockery The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind a menace a disarming and a worsting

from those embattled angels of the church Michael's host who defend her
 ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields Hear hear
 Prolonged applause Zut Nom de Dieu Of course I'm a Britisher Haines's
 voice said and I feel as one I don't want to see my country fall into the
 hands of German jews either That's our national problem I'm afraid just
 now Two men stood at the verge of the cliff watching businessman boatman
 She's making for Bullock harbour The boatman nodded towards the north of
 the bay with some disdain There's five fathoms out there he said It'll be
 swept up that way when the tide comes in about one It's nine days today
 The man that was drowned A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a
 swollen bundle to bob up roll over to the sun a puffy face saltwhite Here
 I am They followed the winding path down to the creek Buck Mulligan stood
 on a stone in shirtsleeves his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder A
 young man clinging to a spur of rock near him moved slowly frogwise his
 green legs in the deep jelly of the water Is the brother with you Malachi
 Down in Westmeath With the Bannons Still there I got a card from Bannon
 Says he found a sweet young thing down there Photo girl he calls her
 Snapshot eh Brief exposure Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots An
 elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face He scrambled
 up by the stones water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey
 hair water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his
 black sagging loincloth Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and
 glancing at Haines and Stephen crossed himself piously with his thumbnail
 at brow and lips and breastbone Seymour's back in town the young man said
 grasping again his spur of rock Chucked medicine and going in for the army
 Ah go to God Buck Mulligan said Going over next week to stew You know
 that red Carlisle girl Lily Yes Spooning with him last night on the pier
 The father is rotto with money Is she up the pole Better ask Seymour that
 Seymour a bleeding officer Buck Mulligan said He nodded to himself as he
 drew off his trousers and stood up saying tritely Redheaded women buck like
 goats He broke off in alarm feeling his side under his flapping shirt My
 twelfth rib is gone he cried I'm the Übermensch Toothless Kinch and I the
 supermen He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where
 his clothes lay Are you going in here Malachi Yes Make room in the bed
 The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the
 middle of the creek in two long clean strokes Haines sat down on a stone
 smoking Are you not coming in Buck Mulligan asked Later on Haines said Not
 on my breakfast Stephen turned away I'm going Mulligan he said Give us
 that key Kinch Buck Mulligan said to keep my chemise flat Stephen handed
 him the key Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes And twopence
 he said for a pint Throw it there Stephen threw two pennies on the soft
 heap Dressing undressing Buck Mulligan erect with joined hands before
 him said solemnly He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord Thus
 spake Zarathustra His plump body plunged We'll see you again Haines said
 turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish Horn of a
 bull hoof of a horse smile of a Saxon The Ship Buck Mulligan cried Half
 twelve Good Stephen said He walked along the upwardcurving path Liliata
 rutilantium Turma circumdet Iubilantium te virginum The priest's grey nimbus
 in a niche where he dressed discreetly I will not sleep here tonight Home
 also I cannot go A voice sweettoned and sustained called to him from the
 sea Turning the curve he waved his hand It called again A sleek brown head

a seal's far out on the water round Usurper [2] You Cochrane what city sent for him Tarentum sir Very good Well There was a battle sir Very good Where The boy's blank face asked the blank window Fabled by the daughters of memory And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it A phrase then of impatience thud of Blake's wings of excess I hear the ruin of all space shattered glass and toppling masonry and time one livid final flame What's left us then I forget the place sir 279 B C Asculum Stephen said glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book Yes sir And he said Another victory like that and we are done for That phrase the world had remembered A dull ease of the mind From a hill above a corpsestrewn plain a general speaking to his officers leaned upon his spear Any general to any officers They lend ear You Armstrong Stephen said What was the end of Pyrrhus End of Pyrrhus sir I know sir Ask me sir Comyn said Wait You Armstrong Do you know anything about Pyrrhus A bag of figrolls lay snugly in Armstrong's satchel He curled them between his palms at whiles and swallowed them softly Crumbs adhered to the tissue of his lips A sweetened boy's breath Welloff people proud that their eldest son was in the navy Vico Road Dalkey Pyrrhus sir Pyrrhus a pier All laughed Mirthless high malicious laughter Armstrong looked round at his classmates silly glee in profile In a moment they will laugh more loudly aware of my lack of rule and of the fees their papas pay Tell me now Stephen said poking the boy's shoulder with the book what is a pier A pier sir Armstrong said A thing out in the water A kind of a bridge Kingstown pier sir Some laughed again mirthless but with meaning Two in the back bench whispered Yes They knew had never learned nor ever been innocent All With envy he watched their faces Edith Ethel Gerty Lily Their likes their breaths too sweetened with tea and jam their bracelets tittering in the struggle Kingstown pier Stephen said Yes a disappointed bridge The words troubled their gaze How sir Comyn asked A bridge is across a river For Haines's chapbook No one here to hear Tonight deftly amid wild drink and talk to pierce the polished mail of his mind What then A jester at the court of his master indulged and disesteemed winning a clement master's praise Why had they chosen all that part Not wholly for the smooth caress For them too history was a tale like any other too often heard their land a pawnshop Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death They are not to be thought away Time has branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the infinite possibilities they have ousted But can those have been possible seeing that they never were Or was that only possible which came to pass Weave weaver of the wind Tell us a story sir O do sir A ghoststory Where do you begin in this Stephen asked opening another book Weep no more Comyn said Go on then Talbot And the story sir After Stephen said Go on Talbot A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork of his satchel He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text Weep no more woful shepherds weep no more For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor It must be a movement then an actuality of the possible as possible Aristotle's phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read sheltered from the sin of Paris night by night By his elbow a delicate Siamese conned a handbook of strategy Fed and feeding brains about me under glowlamps impaled with faintly beating feelers and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld

reluctant shy of brightness shifting her dragon scaly folds Thought is the
 thought of thought Tranquil **brightness** The soul is in a manner all that is
 the soul is the form of forms Tranquility sudden vast candescent form of
 forms Talbot repeated Through the dear **might of** Him that walked the waves
Through the dear might **Turn** over Stephen said quietly I don't see anything
 What sir Talbot asked simply bending forward His hand turned the page over
 He leaned back and went on again having just remembered Of him that walked
 the waves **Here** also over these craven hearts his shadow lies and on the
 scoffer's heart and lips and on mine It lies upon their eager faces who
 offered him a coin of the tribute To Caesar what is Caesar's to God what
 is God's A long look from dark eyes a riddling sentence to be woven and
 woven on the church's looms Ay Riddle me riddle me randy ro My father gave
 me seeds to sow Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel **Have I** heard
 all Stephen asked Yes sir Hockey at ten sir Half day sir Thursday Who
 can answer a riddle Stephen asked They bundled their books away pencils
 clacking pages rustling Crowding together they strapped and buckled their
 satchels all gabbling gaily A riddle sir Ask me sir **O** ask me sir A hard
 one sir This is the riddle Stephen said The cock crew The sky was blue The
 bells in heaven **Were striking** eleven 'Tis time for this poor soul To go
 to heaven What is that **What** sir Again sir We didn't hear Their eyes grew
 bigger as the lines were repeated After a silence Cochrane said What is
 it sir We give it up Stephen his throat itching answered The fox burying
 his grandmother under a hollybush He stood up and gave a **shout of nervous**
 laughter to which their cries echoed dismay A stick struck the door and
 a voice in the **corridor called** Hockey They broke asunder sidling out of
 their benches leaping them Quickly they were gone and from the lumberroom
came the rattle of sticks and clamour of their boots and tongues Sargent
 who alone had lingered came forward slowly showing an open copybook His
 tangled hair and scraggy neck gave witness of unreadiness and through his
 misty glasses weak eyes looked up pleading On his cheek **dull** and bloodless
 a soft stain of ink lay dateshaped recent and damp as a snail's bed **He**
 held out his copybook The word Sums was written on the headline Beneath
 were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with blind loops
 and a blot Cyril Sargent his name and seal Mr Deasy told me to write them
 out all again he said **and** show them to you sir Stephen touched the edges
 of **the** book **Futility** Do you understand how to do them now he asked Numbers
 eleven to fifteen Sargent answered Mr Deasy said **I** was to copy them off the
 board sir Can you do them yourself Stephen asked No sir Ugly and futile
 lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink a snail's bed Yet someone
 had loved him borne him in her arms and in her heart But for her the race
 of the world **would** have trampled him underfoot a squashed boneless snail
 She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own Was that then
 real The only true thing in life His mother's prostrate body the fiery
 Columbanus in holy zeal bestrode She was no more the trembling skeleton
 of a twig burnt in the fire **an** odour of rosewood and wetted ashes She had
 saved him from being trampled underfoot and had gone scarcely having been
 A poor soul gone to heaven and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox red
 reek of rapine in his fur with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth
listened scraped up the earth listened scraped and scraped Sitting at his
 side **Stephen** solved out the problem He proves by algebra that **Shakespeare's**
 ghost is Hamlet's grandfather Sargent peered askance through his slanted

glasses Hockeysticks rattled in the lumberroom the hollow **knock** of a ball and calls from the field Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice in the mummerly of their letters wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes Give hands traverse bow to partner so imps of fancy of the Moors Gone too from the world Averroes and Moses Maimonides dark men in mien and movement flashing in their mocking mirrors the obscure soul of the world a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend Do you understand now Can you work the second for yourself Yes sir In long shaky strokes Sargent copied the data Waiting always for a word of help his hand moved faithfully the unsteady symbols a faint hue of shame flickering behind his dull skin Amor matris subjective and objective genitive With her weak blood and wheysour milk she had fed him and hid from sight of others his swaddling bands Like him was I these sloping shoulders this gracelessness My childhood bends beside me Too far for me to lay a hand there once or lightly Mine is far and his secret as our eyes Secrets silent stony sit in the dark **palaces of** both our hearts secrets weary of their tyranny tyrants willing to be dethroned The sum was done It is very simple Stephen said as he **stood** up Yes sir Thanks Sargent answered He dried the page with a sheet of thin blottingpaper and carried his copybook back to his bench You had better get your stick and go out to the others Stephen said as he **followed** towards the door the boy's graceless form Yes sir In the corridor **his** name was **heard** called from the playfield Sargent Run on Stephen said Mr Deasy is calling you He stood in the porch and watched the **laggard** hurry towards the scrappy field where sharp voices were in strife They were sorted in teams and Mr Deasy came away stepping over wisps of grass with gaitered feet When he had reached the schoolhouse voices again contending called to him **He** turned his angry white moustache What is it now **he** cried continually without listening Cochrane and Halliday are on the same side sir Stephen said **Will** you wait in my study for a moment **Mr Deasy** said **till** I restore order here And as he stepped fussily back across the field his old man's voice cried sternly What is the matter What is it now **Their** sharp voices cried about him on all sides their many forms closed round him the garish sunshine bleaching the honey of his illdyed **head** Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of **drab** abraded leather of its **chairs** As on the first day he bargained with me here As it was in the beginning is now On the sideboard the tray of Stuart coins base treasure of a bog and ever shall be **And** snug in their **spooncase** of purple plush faded the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles world without end A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor **Blowing** out his rare moustache Mr Deasy halted **at** the table First our little financial settlement he said He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound by a leather thong It slapped open and he took from it two notes one of joined halves and laid them carefully on the table Two he said strapping **and** stowing his pocketbook away And now his strongroom for the gold Stephen's embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar whelks and money cowries and leopard shells and this whorled as an emir's turban and this the scallop of saint James An old pilgrim's hoard dead treasure hollow shells A sovereign fell **bright** and new on the soft pile of the tablecloth Three Mr Deasy said **turning** his little savingsbox about in his hand These are handy things to have See This is for sovereigns This is for shillings Sixpences halfcrowns And here crowns See He shot from

it two crowns and two shillings Three twelve he said I **think** you'll find
 that's right Thank you sir Stephen said **gathering** the money together with
 shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers **No** thanks at all
 Mr Deasy said You have **earned** it Stephen's hand free again went back to
 the hollow shells Symbols too of beauty and of power A lump in my pocket
 symbols soiled by greed and misery Don't carry it like that **Mr** Deasy said
You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it You just buy one of these machines
 You'll find them very handy Answer something Mine would be often empty
 Stephen said The same room and hour the same wisdom and I **the** same Three
 times now Three nooses round me here Well I can break them in this instant
 if I will Because you don't save Mr Deasy said **pointing** his finger You
 don't know yet what money is Money is power When you have lived as long as
 I have I know I know If youth but knew But what does Shakespeare say Put
 but money in thy purse Iago Stephen murmured He lifted his gaze from the
idle shells to the old man's stare He knew what money was Mr Deasy said **He**
made money A poet yes but an Englishman too Do you know what **is** the **pride**
 of the English **Do** you **know** what is the **proudest** word you will ever hear
 from an Englishman's mouth The seas' ruler His seacold eyes looked on the
 empty bay it seems history is to blame **on** me and on my words unhating That
 on his empire Stephen said the sun never sets Ba Mr Deasy cried That's
 not English A French Celt said that He tapped his savingsbox **against** his
 thumbnail I will tell you **he** said solemnly what is his proudest boast I
 paid my way Good **man** good man I paid my way I never borrowed a shilling in
 my life Can you feel that I owe nothing Can you Mulligan nine pounds three
 pairs of socks one pair brogues ties Curran ten guineas McCann one guinea
 Fred Ryan two shillings Temple two lunches Russell one guinea Cousins ten
 shillings Bob Reynolds half a guinea Koehler three guineas Mrs MacKernan
 five weeks' board The lump I have is useless For the moment no Stephen
 answered Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight putting back his savingsbox I
 knew you couldn't he said joyously But one day you must feel it We are a
 generous people but we must also be just I fear those big words Stephen
 said which make us so unhappy Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments
 over the mantelpiece at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan fillibegs
 Albert Edward prince of Wales You think me an old fogey and an old tory
 his thoughtful voice said I saw three generations since O'Connell's time I
 remember the famine in '46 Do you know that **the** orange lodges agitated for
 repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell did or before the prelates
 of your communion denounced him as a demagogue You fenians forget some
 things Glorious pious and immortal memory The lodge of Diamond in Armagh
 the splendid behung with corpses of papishes Hoarse masked and armed the
 planters' covenant The black north and true blue bible Croppies lie down
 Stephen sketched a brief gesture I have rebel **blood** in me too Mr Deasy said
On the spindle side But I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted
 for the union We are all Irish all kings' sons Alas Stephen said Per vias
 rectas Mr Deasy said **firmly was** his motto He voted for it and put on his
topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do so Lal the ral the
ra The rocky road to Dublin A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots
 Soft day sir John Soft day your honour Day Day Two topboots jog dangling
 on to Dublin Lal the ral the ra **Lal** the ral the **raddy That** reminds me Mr
 Deasy said **You can** do me a favour Mr Dedalus with some of your literary
 friends I have a letter here for the press **Sit** down a moment I have just

to copy the end He went to the desk near the window pulled in his chair twice and read off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter Sit down Excuse me he said over his shoulder the dictates of common sense Just a moment He peered from under his shaggy brows at the manuscript by his elbow and muttering began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard slowly sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error Stephen seated himself noiselessly before the princely presence Framed around the walls images of vanished horses stood in homage their meek heads poised in air lord Hastings' Repulse the duke of Westminster's Shotover the duke of Beaufort's Ceylon prix de Paris 1866 Elfin riders sat them watchful of a sign He saw their speeds backing king's colours and shouted with the shouts of vanished crowds Full stop Mr Deasy bade his keys But prompt ventilation of this allimportant question Where Cranly led me to get rich quick hunting his winners among the mudsplashed brakes amid the bawls of bookies on their pitches and reek of the canteen over the motley slush Even money Fair Rebel Ten to one the field Dicers and thimblerriggers we hurried by after the hoofs the vying caps and jackets and past the meatfaced woman a butcher's dame nuzzling thirstily her clove of orange Shouts rang shrill from the boys' playfield and a whirring whistle Again a goal I am among them among their battling bodies in a medley the joust of life You mean that knockkneed mother's darling who seems to be slightly crawsick Jousts Time shocked rebounds shock by shock Jousts slush and uproar of battles the frozen deathspew of the slain a shout of spearspikes baited with men's bloodied guts Now then Mr Deasy said rising He came to the table pinning together his sheets Stephen stood up I have put the matter into a nutshell Mr Deasy said It's about the foot and mouth disease Just look through it There can be no two opinions on the matter May I trespass on your valuable space That doctrine of laissez faire which so often in our history Our cattle trade The way of all our old industries Liverpool ring which jockeyed the Galway harbour scheme European conflagration Grain supplies through the narrow waters of the channel The pluterperfect imperturbability of the department of agriculture Pardoned a classical allusion Cassandra By a woman who was no better than she should be To come to the point at issue I don't mince words do I Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on Foot and mouth disease Known as Koch's preparation Serum and virus Percentage of salted horses Rinderpest Emperor's horses at Mürzsteg lower Austria Veterinary surgeons Mr Henry Blackwood Price Courteous offer a fair trial Dictates of common sense Allimportant question In every sense of the word take the bull by the horns Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns I want that to be printed and read Mr Deasy said You will see at the next outbreak they will put an embargo on Irish cattle And it can be cured It is cured My cousin Blackwood Price writes to me it is regularly treated and cured in Austria by cattledoctors there They offer to come over here I am trying to work up influence with the department Now I'm going to try publicity I am surrounded by difficulties by intrigues by backstairs influence by He raised his forefinger and beat the air oldly before his voice spoke Mark my words Mr Dedalus he said England is in the hands of the jews In all the highest places her finance her press And they are the signs of a nation's decay Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength I have seen it coming these years As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction Old England is dying He stepped

swiftly off his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam
 He faced about and back again Dying he said again if not dead by now The
 harlot's cry from street to street Shall weave old England's windingsheet
 His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he
 halted A merchant Stephen said is one who buys cheap and sells dear Jew or
 gentile is he not They sinned against the light Mr Deasy said gravely And
 you can see the darkness in their eyes And that is why they are wanderers
 on the earth to this day On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the
 goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers Gabble of geese
 They swarmed loud uncouth about the temple their heads thickplotting under
 maladroitness silk hats Not theirs these clothes this speech these gestures
 Their full slow eyes belied the words the gestures eager and unoffending
 but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain Vain
 patience to heap and hoard Time surely would scatter all A hoard heaped
 by the roadside plundered and passing on Their eyes knew their years of
 wandering and patient knew the dishonours of their flesh Who has not Stephen
 said What do you mean Mr Deasy asked He came forward a pace and stood by
 the table His underjaw fell sideways open uncertainly Is this old wisdom
 He waits to hear from me History Stephen said is a nightmare from which I
 am trying to awake From the playfield the boys raised a shout A whirring
 whistle goal What if that nightmare gave you a back kick The ways of the
 Creator are not our ways Mr Deasy said All human history moves towards one
 great goal the manifestation of God Stephen jerked his thumb towards the
 window saying That is God Hooray Ay Whirrwhew What Mr Deasy asked A shout
 in the street Stephen answered shrugging his shoulders Mr Deasy looked
 down and held for awhile the wings of his nose tweaked between his fingers
 Looking up again he set them free I am happier than you are he said We have
 committed many errors and many sins A woman brought sin into the world
 For a woman who was no better than she should be Helen the runaway wife
 of Menelaus ten years the Greeks made war on Troy A faithless wife first
 brought the strangers to our shore here MacMurrough's wife and her leman
 O'Rourke prince of Breffni A woman too brought Parnell low Many errors
 many failures but not the one sin I am a struggler now at the end of my
 days But I will fight for the right till the end For Ulster will fight
 And Ulster will be right Stephen raised the sheets in his hand Well sir
 he began I foresee Mr Deasy said that you will not remain here very long
 at this work You were not born to be a teacher I think Perhaps I am wrong
 A learner rather Stephen said And here what will you learn more Mr Deasy
 shook his head Who knows he said To learn one must be humble But life is
 the great teacher Stephen rustled the sheets again As regards these he
 began Yes Mr Deasy said You have two copies there If you can have them
 published at once Telegraph Irish Homestead I will try Stephen said and
 let you know tomorrow I know two editors slightly That will do Mr Deasy
 said briskly I wrote last night to Mr Field M.P There is a meeting of the
 cattletraders' association today at the City Arms hotel I asked him to
 lay my letter before the meeting You see if you can get it into your two
 papers What are they The Evening Telegraph That will do Mr Deasy said There
 is no time to lose Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin Good
 morning sir Stephen said putting the sheets in his pocket Thank you Not at
 all Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk I like to break
 a lance with you old as I am Good morning sir Stephen said again bowing

to his bent back He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path under the trees hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the playfield The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the gate toothless terrors Still I will help him in his fight Mulligan will dub me a new name the bullockbefriending bard Mr Dedalus Running after me No more letters I hope Just one moment Yes sir Stephen said turning back at the gate Mr Deasy halted breathing hard and swallowing his breath I just wanted to say he said Ireland they say has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the jews Do you know that No And do you know why He frowned sternly on the bright air Why sir Stephen asked beginning to smile Because she never let them in Mr Deasy said solemnly A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of phlegm He turned back quickly coughing laughing his lifted arms waving to the air She never let them in he cried again through his laughter as he stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path That's why On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles dancing coins [3] Ineluctable modality of the visible at least that if no more thought through my eyes Signatures of all things I am here to read seaspawn and seawrack the nearing tide that rusty boot Snotgreen bluesilver rust coloured signs Limits of the diaphane But he adds in bodies Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured How By knocking his scone against them sure Go easy Bald he was and a millionaire maestro di color che sanno Limit of the diaphane in Why in Diaphane adiaphane If you can put your five fingers through it it is a gate if not a door Shut your eyes and see Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells You are walking through it howsomever I am a stride at a time A very short space of time through very short times of space Five six the nacheinander Exactly and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible Open your eyes No Jesus If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base fell through the nebeneinander ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the dark My ash sword hangs at my side Tap with it they do My two feet in his boots are at the ends of his legs nebeneinander Sounds solid made by the mallet of Los Demiurgos Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand Crush crack crick crick Wild sea money Dominie Deasy kens them a' Won't you come to Sandymount Madeline the mare Rhythm begins you see I hear A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching No agallop deline the mare Open your eyes now I will One moment Has all vanished since If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane Basta I will see if I can see See now There all the time without you and ever shall be world without end They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently Frauenzimmer and down the shelving shore flabbily their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand Like me like Algy coming down to our mighty mother Number one swung lourdily her midwife's bag the other's gamp poked in the beach From the liberties out for the day Mrs Florence MacCabe relict of the late Patk MacCabe deeply lamented of Bride Street One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life Creation from nothing What has she in the bag A misbirth with a trailing navelcord hushed in ruddy wool The cords of all link back strandentwining cable of all flesh That is why mystic monks Will you be as gods Gaze in your omphalos Hello Kinch here Put me on to Edenville Aleph alpha nought nought one Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon Heva naked Eve She had no navel Gaze Belly without blemish bulging big a buckler of taut

vellum no whiteheaped corn orient and immortal standing from everlasting to everlasting Womb of sin Wombed in sin darkness I was too made not begotten By them the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath They clasped and sundered did the coupler's will From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever A lex eterna stays about Him Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son are consubstantial Where is poor dear Arius to try conclusions Warring his life long upon the contransmagnificandjewbangtentiality Illstarred heresiarch In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last euthanasia With beaded mitre and with crozier stalled upon his throne widower of a widowed see with upstuffed omophorion with clotted hinderparts Airs romped round him nipping and eager airs They are coming waves The whitemaned seahorses champing brightwindbridled the steeds of Mananaan I mustn't forget his letter for the press And after The Ship half twelve By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile Yes I must His pace slackened Here Am I going to aunt Sara's or not My consubstantial father's voice Did you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately No Sure he's not down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally Couldn't he fly a bit higher than that eh And and and and tell us Stephen how is uncle Si O weeping God the things I married into De boys up in de hayloft The drunken little costdrawer and his brother the cornet player Highly respectable gondoliers And skeweyed Walter sirring his father no less Sir Yes sir No sir Jesus wept and no wonder by Christ I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage and wait They take me for a dun peer out from a coign of vantage It's Stephen sir Let him in Let Stephen in A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me We thought you were someone else In his broad bed nuncle Richie pillowed and blanketed extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm Cleanchested He has washed the upper moiety Morrow nephew He lays aside the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of master Goff and master Shapland Tandy filing consents and common searches and a writ of Duces Tecum A bogoak frame over his bald head Wilde's Requiescat

The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back Yes sir Malt for Richie and Stephen tell mother Where is she Bathing Crissie sir Papa's little bedpal Lump of love No uncle Richie Call me Richie Damn your lithia water It lowers Whusky Uncle Richie really Sit down or by the law Harry I'll knock you down Walter squints vainly for a chair He has nothing to sit down on sir He has nowhere to put it you mug Bring in our chippendale chair Would you like a bite of something None of your damned lawdeedaw airs here The rich of a rasher fried with a herring Sure So much the better We have nothing in the house but backache pills All'erta He drones bars of Ferrando's aria di sortita The grandest number Stephen in the whole opera Listen His tuneful whistle sounds again finely shaded with rushes of the air his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees This wind is sweeter Houses of decay mine his and all You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a judge and an uncle a general in the army Come out of them Stephen Beauty is not there Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas For whom The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness his mane foaming in the moon his eyeballs stars Houyhnhnm horsenostrilled The oval equine faces Temple Buck Mulligan Foxy Campbell Lanternjaws Abbas father furious dean what offence laid fire to their brains Paff Descende

calve ut ne nimium decalveris A garland of grey hair **on** his comminated head see him me clambering down to the **footpace** (descende) clutching a monstrance basilisk-eyed Get down baldpoll A choir gives back menace and echo assisting about the altar's horns the snorted Latin of jackpriests moving burly in their albs tonsured and oiled and gelded fat with the fat of kidneys of wheat And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the corner is elevating it Dringdring And two streets off another locking it into a pyx Dringadring And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his own cheek Dringdring Down up forward back Dan Occam thought of that invincible doctor A misty English morning the imp hypostasis tickled his brain Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and rising heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong Cousin Stephen you will never be **a** saint Isle of saints You were awfully holy weren't you You prayed to the **Blessed** Virgin that you might not have **a red nose** You prayed to the **devil** in Serpentine avenue that the fussy widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street O si certo Sell your soul for that do dyed rags pinned round a squaw More tell me more **still** On the top of the **Howth** tram alone crying to the rain Naked women Naked women What about that eh What about what What else were they invented for Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night eh I was young You bowed to yourself in the mirror stepping forward to applause earnestly striking face Hurray for the Goddamned idiot Hray No one saw tell no one Books you were going to **write with** letters for titles Have you read his F O yes but I prefer Q Yes but W is wonderful O yes W Remember your epiphanies written on green oval leaves deeply deep copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the **world** including Alexandria Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years a mahamanvantara Pico della Mirandola like Ay very like a whale When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once The grainy sand had gone from under his **feet** His boots trod again a damp crackling mast razorshells squeaking pebbles that on the unnumbered pebbles beats wood sieved by the shipworm lost Armada Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles breathing upward sewage breath a pocket of seaweed smouldered in seafire under a midden of man's ashes He coasted them walking warily A porterbottle stood up stogged to its waist in the cakey **sand** dough A sentinel isle of dreadful thirst Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts Ringsend wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners Human shells He halted I have passed the way to **aunt** Sara's Am I not going there Seems not No one about He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand towards the Pigeonhouse Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position C'est le pigeon Joseph Patrice home on furlough lapped warm milk with me in the bar MacMahon Son of the wild goose Kevin Egan of Paris My father's a bird he lapped the sweet lait chaud with pink young tongue plump bunny's face Lap lapin He hopes to win in the gros lots About the nature of women he read in Michelet But he must **send me** La Vie de Jésus by M Léo Taxil Lent it to his friend C'est tordant vous savez Moi je suis socialiste Je ne crois pas en l'existence de Dieu Faut pas le dire à mon père Il croit Mon père oui Schluss He laps My Latin quarter hat God we simply must dress

the character I want puce gloves You were a student weren't you Of what
 in the other devil's name Paysayenn P C N you know physiques chimiques et
 naturelles Aha Eating your groatsworth of mou en civet fleshpots of Egypt
 elbowed by belching cabmen Just say in the most natural tone when I was in
 Paris; boul' Mich' I used to Yes used to carry punched tickets to prove
 an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere Justice On the night of
 the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses
 Other fellow did it other me Hat tie overcoat nose Lui c'est moi You seem
 to have enjoyed yourself Proudly walking Whom were you trying to walk
 like Forget a dispossessed With mother's money order eight shillings the
 banging door of the post office slammed in your face by the usher Hunger
 toothache Encore deux minutes Look clock Must get Fermé Hired dog Shoot
 him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun bits man splattered walls all brass
 buttons Bits all khrrrrklak in place clack back Not hurt O that's all
 right Shake hands See what I meant see O that's all right Shake a shake O
 that's all only all right You were going to do wonders what Missionary to
 Europe after fiery Columbanus Fiacre and Scotus on their creepystools in
 heaven spilt from their pintpots loudlatinlaughing Euge Euge Pretending
 to speak broken English as you dragged your valise porter threepence
 across the slimy pier at Newhaven Comment Rich booty you brought back; Le
 Tutu five tattered numbers of Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge ; a blue
 French telegram curiosity to show Mother dying come home father The aunt
 thinks you killed your mother That's why she won't Then here's a health to
 Mulligan's aunt And I'll tell you the reason why She always kept things
 decent in The Hannigan famileye His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm
 over the sand furrows along by the boulders of the south wall He stared
 at them proudly piled stone mammoth skulls Gold light on sea on sand on
 boulders The sun is there the slender trees the lemon houses Paris rawly
 waking crude sunlight on her lemon streets Moist pith of farls of bread
 the froggreen wormwood her matin incense court the air Belluomo rises from
 the bed of his wife's lover's wife the kerchiefed housewife is astir a
 saucer of acetic acid in her hand In Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake
 their tumbled beauties shattering with gold teeth chaussons of pastry
 their mouths yellowed with the pus of flan bréton Faces of Paris men go
 by their wellpleased pleasers curled conquistadores Noon slumbers Kevin
 Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer's ink
 sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white About us gobblers fork spiced
 beans down their gullets Un demi sétier A jet of coffee steam from the
 burnished caldron She serves me at his beck Il est irlandais Hollandais
 Non fromage Deux irlandais nous Irlande vous savez ah oui She thought
 you wanted a cheese hollandais Your postprandial do you know that word
 Postprandial There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona queer fellow used
 to call it his postprandial Well slainte Around the slabbed tables the
 tangle of wined breaths and grumbling gorges His breath hangs over our
 saucestained plates the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips Of
 Ireland the Dalcassians of hopes conspiracies of Arthur Griffith now A E
 pimander good shepherd of men To yoke me as his yokefellow our crimes our
 common cause You're your father's son I know the voice His fustian shirt
 sanguineflowered trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets M Drumont
 famous journalist Drumont know what he called queen Victoria Old hag with
 the yellow teeth Vieille ogresse with the dents jaunes Maud Gonne beautiful

woman La Patrie M Millevoye Félix Faure know how he died Licentious men
 The froeken bonne à tout faire who rubs male nakedness in the bath at
 Upsala Moi faire she said Tous les messieurs Not this Monsieur I said
 Most licentious custom Bath a most private thing I wouldn't let my brother
 not even my own brother most lascivious thing Green eyes I see you Fang I
 feel Lascivious people The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns
 clear Loose tobaccoshreds catch fire a flame and acrid smoke light our
 corner Raw facebones under his peep of day boy's hat How the head centre
 got away authentic version Got up as a young bride man veil orangeblossoms
 drove out the road to Malahide Did faith Of lost leaders the betrayed wild
 escapes Disguises clutched at gone not here Spurned lover I was a strapping
 young gossoon at that time I tell you I'll show you my likeness one day I
 was faith Lover for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke tanist
 of his sept under the walls of Clerkenwell and crouching saw a flame of
 vengeance hurl them upward in the fog Shattered glass and toppling masonry
 In gay Paree he hides Egan of Paris unsought by any save by me Making his
 day's stations the dingy printingcase his three taverns the Montmartre lair
 he sleeps short night in rue de la Goutte d'Or damascened with flyblown
 faces of the gone Loveless landless wifeless She is quite nicey comfy
 without her outcast man madame in rue Gît le Cœur canary and two buck
 lodgers Peachy cheeks a zebra skirt frisky as a young thing's Spurned and
 undespairing Tell Pat you saw me won't you I wanted to get poor Pat a job
 one time Mon fils soldier of France I taught him to sing The boys of
 Kilkenny are stout roaring blades Know that old lay I taught Patrice that
 Old Kilkenny saint Canice Strongbow's castle on the Nore Goes like this
 O O He takes me Napper Tandy by the hand O O the boys of Kilkenny Weak
 wasting hand on mine They have forgotten Kevin Egan not he them Remembering
 thee O Sion He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped
 his boots The new air greeted him harping in wild nerves wind of wild air
 of seeds of brightness Here I am not walking out to the Kish lightship
 am I He stood suddenly his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking
 soil Turn back Turning he scanned the shore south his feet sinking again
 slowly in new sockets The cold domed room of the tower waits Through the
 barbacans the shafts of light are moving ever slowly ever as my feet are
 sinking creeping duskward over the dial floor Blue dusk nightfall deep
 blue night In the darkness of the dome they wait their pushedback chairs
 my obelisk valise around a board of abandoned platters Who to clear it
 He has the key I will not sleep there when this night comes A shut door
 of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies the panthersahib and his
 pointer Call no answer He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned
 back by the mole of boulders Take all keep all My soul walks with me form
 of forms So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks in
 sable silvered hearing Elsinore's tempting flood The flood is following
 me I can watch it flow past from here Get back then by the Poolbeg road
 to the strand there He climbed over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sat
 on a stool of rock resting his ashplant in a grike A bloated carcass of a
 dog lay lolled on bladderwrack Before him the gunwale of a boat sunk in
 sand Un coche ensablé Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose These heavy
 sands are language tide and wind have silted here And these the stoneheaps
 of dead builders a warren of weasel rats Hide gold there Try it You have
 some Sands and stones Heavy of the past Sir Lout's toys Mind you don't

get one bang on the ear I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody well boulders bones for my steppingstones Feefawfum I zmelz de bloodz odz an Iridzman A point live dog grew into sight running across the sweep of sand **Lord** is he going to attack me Respect his liberty You will not be master of others or their slave I have my stick Sit tight From farther away walking shoreward across from the crested tide figures two The two maries They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes Peekaboo I see you **No** the dog He is running back to them **Who** Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach in quest of prey their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf Dane vikings torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the collar of gold A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon spouting hobbling in the shallows **Then** from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs my people with flayers' knives running scaling hacking in green blubbery whalemeat Famine plague and slaughters Their blood is in me their lusts my waves I moved among them on the frozen Liffey that I a changeling among the spluttering resin fires I spoke to no one none to me The dog's bark ran towards him stopped ran back Dog of my enemy I just simply stood pale silent bayed about Terribilia meditans

A primrose doublet fortune's knave smiled on my fear For that are you pining the bark of their applause Pretenders live their lives The Bruce's brother Thomas Fitzgerald silken knight Perkin Warbeck York's false scion in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory wonder of a day and Lambert Simnel with a tail of nans and **sutlers** a scullion crowned All kings' sons Paradise of pretenders then and now He saved men from drowning **and** you shake at a cur's yelping But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in their own house House of We don't want any of your medieval abstrusiosities Would you do what he did A boat would be near a lifebuoy Natürlich put there for you Would you or would you not The man that was drowned **nine** days ago off Maiden's rock They are waiting for him now The truth spit it out I would want to I would try I am not a strong swimmer Water cold soft When I put my face into it in the basin **at** Clongowes Can't see Who's behind me Out quickly quickly Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides sheeting the lows of sand quickly shellcocoacoloured If I had land under my feet I want his life still to be his mine to be mine A drowning man His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death I With him together down I could not save her Waters bitter death lost A woman and a man I see her skirties Pinned up I bet Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand trotting sniffing on all sides Looking for something lost in a past life Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare ears flung back chasing the shadow of a lowskimming gull The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp ears He turned bounded back came nearer trotted on twinkling shanks On a field tenney a buck trippant proper unattired At the lacefringe of the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs seawardpointed ears His snout lifted barked at the wavenoise herds of seamorse **They** serpented towards his feet curling unfurling many crests every ninth breaking plashing from far from farther out waves and waves Cocklepickers They waded a little way in the water and stooping soused their bags and lifting them again waded out The dog yelped running to them reared up and pawed them dropping on all fours again reared up at them with mute bearish fawning Unheeded he kept by them as they came towards the drier sand a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from his jaws His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then loped off at a

calf's gallop The carcass lay on his path He stopped sniffed stalked round
 it brother nosing closer went round it sniffing rapidly like a dog all
 over the dead dog's bedraggled fell Dogskull dogsniff eyes on the **ground**
 moves to one great goal Ah poor dogsbody Here lies poor dogsbody's body
 Tatters Out of that you mongrel The cry brought him skulking back to his
 master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand
 crouched in flight He slunk back in a curve Doesn't see me Along by the
 edge of the **mole** he lolloped dawdled smelt a rock and from under a cocked
 hindleg pissed against it He trotted forward and lifting again his hindleg
 pissed quick short at an unsmelt rock The simple pleasures of the poor
 His hindpaws then scattered the sand then his forepaws dabbled and delved
 Something he buried there his grandmother He rooted in the sand **dabbling**
 delving and stopped to listen to the air scraped up the sand again with
 a fury of his claws soon ceasing a pard a panther got in spousebreach
 vulturing the dead After he woke me last night same dream or was it Wait
 Open hallway Street of harlots Remember Haroun al Raschid I am almosting
 it That man led me spoke I was not afraid The melon he had he held against
 my face Smiled creamfruit smell That was the rule said In Come Red carpet
 spread You will see who Shouldering their bags they trudged the red Egyptians
 His blue feet out of turnedup trousers slapped the clammy sand a dull
 brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck With woman steps she followed
 the ruffian and his strolling mort Spoils slung at her back Loose sand
 and shellgrit crusted her bare feet About her windraw face hair trailed
 Behind her lord **his** helpmate bing awast to Romeville When night hides her
 body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs
 have mired Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of
 Blackpitts Buss her wap in rogues' rum lingo for O my dimber wapping dell
 A shefiend's whiteness under her rancid rags Fumbally's lane that night
 the tanyard smells White thy fambles red thy gan And thy quarrons dainty
 is Couch a hogshead with me then In the darkmans clip and kiss Morose
 delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this frate porcospino Unfallen Adam
 rode and not rutted Call away let him thy quarrons dainty is Language no
 whit worse than his Monkwords marybeads jabber on their girdles roguewords
 tough nuggets patter in their pockets Passing now A side eye at my Hamlet
 hat If I were suddenly naked here as I sit I am not Across the sands of
 all the world followed by the sun's flaming sword to the west trekking
 to evening lands She trudges schlepps trains drags trascines her load A
 tide westering moondrawn in her wake Tides myriadislanded within her blood
 not mine oinopa ponton a winedark sea Behold the handmaid of the moon In
 sleep the wet sign calls her hour bids her rise Bridebed childbed bed of
 death ghostcandled Omnis caro ad te veniet He comes pale vampire **through**
 storm his eyes his bat sails bloodying the sea mouth to her mouth's kiss
 Here Put a pin in that chap will you My tablets Mouth to her kiss No Must
 be two of em Glue em well Mouth to her mouth's kiss His lips lipped and
 mouthed fleshless lips of air mouth to her moomb Oomb allwombing tomb
 His mouth moulded issuing breath unspeched ooeeahah roar of cataractic
 planets globed blazing roaring wayawayawayawayaway Paper The banknotes
 blast them Old Deasy's letter Here Thanking you for the hospitality **tear**
 the blank end off Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table
 of rock and scribbled words That's twice I forgot to take slips from the
 library counter His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent ending Why not

endless till the farthest star Darkly they are there behind this light
 darkness shining in the brightness **delta** of Cassiopeia worlds Me sits there
 with his augur's rod of ash in borrowed sandals by day beside a livid sea
 unbeheld in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars I throw
 this ended shadow from me manshape ineluctable call it back Endless would
 it be mine form of my form Who watches me here Who ever anywhere will
 read these written words Signs on a white field Somewhere to someone in
 your flutiest voice The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple
 out of his shovel hat veil of space with coloured emblems hatched on its
 field Hold hard Coloured on a flat yes that's right Flat I see then think
 distance near far flat I see east back Ah see now Falls back suddenly
 frozen in stereoscope Click does the trick You find my words dark Darkness
 is in our souls do you not think Flutier Our souls shamewounded by our
 sins cling to us yet more a woman to her lover clinging the more the more
 She trusts me her hand gentle the longlashed eyes Now where the blue hell
 am I bringing her beyond the veil Into the ineluctable modality of the
ineluctable visuality She she she What she The virgin at Hodges Figgis'
 window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going
 to write **Keen** glance you gave her Wrist through the braided jesse of her
 sunshade She lives in Leeson park with a grief and kickshaws a lady of
 letters Talk that to someone else Stevie a pickmeup Bet she wears those
 curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings darned with lumpy wool
 Talk about apple dumplings piuttosto Where are your wits Touch me Soft
 eyes Soft soft soft hand I am lonely here O touch me soon now What is
 that **word** known to all men I am quiet here alone Sad too Touch touch me
 He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks cramming the scribbled
 note and pencil into a pocket his hat tilted down on his eyes That is
 Kevin Egan's movement I made nodding for his nap sabbath sleep Et vidit
 Deus Et erant valde bona Alo Bonjour Welcome as the flowers in May Under
 its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun I
 am caught in this burning **scene** Pan's hour the faunal noon Among gumheavy
 serpentplants milkoozing fruits where on the tawny waters leaves lie
 wide Pain is far And no more turn aside and brood **His** gaze brooded on his
 broadtoed boots a buck's castoffs nebeneinander He counted the creases
 of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm The foot that
 beat the ground in tripudium foot I dislove But you were delighted when
 Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you girl I knew in Paris Tiens quel petit
 pied Staunch friend a brother soul Wilde's love that dare not speak its
 name His arm Cranly's arm He now will leave me And the blame As I am As I
 am All or not at all In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed
 full covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand rising **flowing** My ashplant
 will float away I shall wait No they will pass on passing chafing against
 the low rocks swirling passing Better get this job over quick Listen a
 fourworded wavespeech seesoo hrss rsseeiss ooos Vehement breath of waters
 amid seasnakes rearing horses rocks In cups of rocks it slops flop slop
 slap bounded in barrels And spent its speech ceases It flows purling
 widely flowing floating foampool flower unfurling Under the upswelling
 tide he saw the **writhing** weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms
 hising up their petticoats in whispering water swaying and upturning coy
 silver fronds Day by day night by night lifted flooded and let fall Lord
 they are weary; and whispered to **they** sigh Saint Ambrose heard it sigh

of leaves and waves waiting awaiting the fullness of their times diebus
 ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit To no end gathered; vainly then
 released forthflowing wending back loom of the moon Weary too in sight
 of lovers lascivious men a naked woman shining in her courts she draws a
 toil of waters Five fathoms out there Full fathom five thy father lies
 At one he said Found drowned High water at Dublin bar Driving before it
 a loose drift of rubble fanshoals of fishes silly shells A corpse rising
 saltwhite from the undertow bobbing a pace a pace a porpoise landward
 There he is Hook it quick Pull Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor
 We have him Easy now Bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine A quiver of
 minnows fat of a spongy titbit flash through the slits of his buttoned
 trouserfly God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes
 featherbed mountain Dead breaths I living breathe tread dead dust devour
 a urinous offal from all dead Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes
 upward the stench of his green grave his leprous nosehole snoring to the
 sun A seachange this brown eyes saltblue Seadeath mildest of all deaths
 known to man Old Father Ocean Prix de Paris beware of imitations Just
 you give it a fair trial We enjoyed ourselves immensely Come I thirst
 Clouding over No black clouds anywhere are there Thunderstorm Allbright
 he falls proud lightning of the intellect Lucifer dico qui nescit occasum
 No My cockle hat and staff and hismy sandal shoon Where To evening lands
 Evening will find itself He took the hilt of his ashplant lunging with it
 softly dallying still Yes evening will find itself in me without me All
 days make their end By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest
 day Of all the glad new year mother the rum tum tiddledy tum Lawn Tennyson
 gentleman poet Già For the old hag with the yellow teeth And Monsieur
 Drumont gentleman journalist Già My teeth are very bad Why I wonder Feel
 That one is going too Shells Ought I go to a dentist I wonder with that
 money That one This Toothless Kinch the superman Why is that I wonder or
 does it mean something perhaps My handkerchief He threw it I remember Did
 I not take it up His hand groped vainly in his pockets No I didn't Better
 buy one He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock
 carefully For the rest let look who will Behind Perhaps there is someone
 He turned his face over a shoulder rere regardant Moving through the air
 high spars of a threemaster her sails brailed up on the crosstrees homing
 upstream silently moving a silent ship II [4] Mr Leopold Bloom ate with
 relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls He liked thick giblet soup
 nutty gizzards a stuffed roast heart liverslices fried with crustcrumbs
 fried hencods' roes Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which
 gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine Kidneys were
 in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly righting her breakfast
 things on the humpy tray Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out
 of doors gentle summer morning everywhere Made him feel a bit peckish The
 coals were reddening Another slice of bread and butter three four right
 She didn't like her plate full Right He turned from the tray lifted the
 kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire It sat there dull and
 squat its spout stuck out Cup of tea soon Good Mouth dry The cat walked
 stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high Mkgnao O there you are
 Mr Bloom said turning from the fire The cat mewed in answer and stalked
 again stiffly round a leg of the table mewing Just how she stalks over my
 writingtable Prr Scratch my head Prr Mr Bloom watched curiously kindly

the lithe black form Clean to see the gloss of her sleek hide the white
 button under the butt of her tail the green flashing eyes He bent down to
 her his hands on his knees Milk for the pussens he said Mrkgrnao the cat
 cried They call them stupid They understand what we say better than we
 understand them She understands all she wants to Vindictive too Cruel Her
 nature Curious mice never squeal Seem to like it Wonder what I look like
 to her Height of a tower No she can jump me Afraid of the chickens she
 is he said mockingly Afraid of the chookchooks I never saw such a stupid
 pussens as the pussens Mrkgrnao the cat said loudly She blinked up out of
 her avid shameclosing eyes mewling plaintively and long showing him her
 milkwhite teeth He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her
 eyes were green stones Then he went to the dresser took the jug Hanlon's
 milkman had just filled for him poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer and
 set it slowly on the floor Gurrhr she cried running to lap He watched the
 bristles shining wirily in the weak light as she tipped three times and
 licked lightly Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after
 Why They shine in the dark perhaps the tips Or kind of feelers in the
 dark perhaps He listened to her licking lap Ham and eggs no No good eggs
 with this drouth Want pure fresh water Thursday not a good day either for
 a mutton kidney at Buckley's Fried with butter a shake of pepper Better
 a pork kidney at Dlugacz's While the kettle is boiling She lapped slower
 then licking the saucer clean Why are their tongues so rough To lap better
 all porous holes Nothing she can eat He glanced round him No On quietly
 creaky boots he went up the staircase to the hall paused by the bedroom
 door She might like something tasty Thin bread and butter she likes in
 the morning Still perhaps once in a way He said softly in the bare hall
 I'm going round the corner Be back in a minute And when he had heard his
 voice say it he added You don't want anything for breakfast A sleepy soft
 grunt answered Mn No She didn't want anything He heard then a warm heavy
 sigh softer as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead
 jingled Must get those settled really Pity All the way from Gibraltar
 Forgotten any little Spanish she knew Wonder what her father gave for it
 Old style Ah yes of course Bought it at the governor's auction Got a short
 knock Hard as nails at a bargain old Tweedy Yes sir At Plevna that was I
 rose from the ranks sir and I'm proud of it Still he had brains enough
 to make that corner in stamps Now that was farseeing His hand took his
 hat from the peg over his initialled heavy overcoat and his lost property
 office secondhand waterproof Stamps stickyback pictures Daresay lots of
 officers are in the swim too Course they do The sweated legend in the
 crown of his hat told him mutely Plasto's high grade ha He peeped quickly
 inside the leather headband White slip of paper Quite safe On the doorstep
 he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey Not there In the trousers I
 left off Must get it Potato I have Creaky wardrobe No use disturbing her
 She turned over sleepily that time He pulled the halldoor to after him
 very quietly more till the footleaf dropped gently over the threshold a
 limp lid Looked shut All right till I come back anyhow He crossed to the
 bright side avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive The sun
 was nearing the steeple of George's church Be a warm day I fancy Specially
 in these black clothes feel it more Black conducts reflects (refracts
 is it?) the heat But I couldn't go in that light suit Make a picnic of
 it His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth Boland's

breadvan delivering with trays our daily but she prefers yesterday's loaves
 turnovers crisp crowns hot Makes you feel young Somewhere in the east
 early morning set off at dawn Travel round in front of the sun steal a
 day's march on him Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically
 Walk along a strand strange land come to a city gate sentry there old
 ranker too old Tweedy's big moustaches leaning on a long kind of a spear
 Wander through awned streets Turbaned faces going by Dark caves of carpet
 shops big man Turko the terrible seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe
 Cries of sellers in the streets Drink water scented with fennel sherbet
 Dander along all day Might meet a robber or two Well meet him Getting
 on to sundown The shadows of the mosques among the pillars priest with
 a scroll rolled up A shiver of the trees signal the evening wind I pass
 on Fading gold sky A mother watches me from her doorway She calls her
 children home in their dark language High wall beyond strings twanged
 Night sky moon violet colour of Molly's new garters Strings Listen A girl
 playing one of those instruments what do you call them dulcimers I pass
 Probably not a bit like it really Kind of stuff you read in the track of
 the sun Sunburst on the titlepage He smiled pleasing himself What Arthur
 Griffith said about the headpiece over the Freeman leader a homerule sun
 rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland He
 prolonged his pleased smile Ikey touch that homerule sun rising up in the
 northwest He approached Larry O'Rourke's From the cellar grating floated
 up the flabby gush of porter Through the open doorway the bar squirted out
 whiffs of ginger teadust biscuitmush Good house however just the end of the
 city traffic For instance M'Auley's down there n g as position Of course
 if they ran a tramline along the North Circular from the cattlemarket to
 the quays value would go up like a shot Baldhead over the blind Cute old
 codger No use canvassing him for an ad Still he knows his own business
 best There he is sure enough my bold Larry leaning against the sugarbin in
 his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket
 Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tee with his eyes screwed up Do you know
 what I'm going to tell you What's that Mr O'Rourke Do you know what The
 Russians they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese Stop
 and say a word about the funeral perhaps Sad thing about poor Dignam Mr
 O'Rourke Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through
 the doorway Good day Mr O'Rourke Good day to you Lovely weather sir 'Tis
 all that Where do they get the money Coming up redheaded curates from
 the county Leitrim rinsing empties and old man in the cellar Then lo and
 behold they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons Then think of
 the competition General thirst Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without
 passing a pub Save it they can't Off the drunks perhaps Put down three
 and carry five What is that a bob here and there dribs and drabs On the
 wholesale orders perhaps Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers
 Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job see How much would that
 tot to off the porter in the month Say ten barrels of stuff Say he got
 ten per cent off O more Fifteen He passed Saint Joseph's National school
 Brats' clamour Windows open Fresh air helps memory Or a lilt Ahbeesee
 defeegee kelomen opeecue rustyouvee doubleyou Boys are they Yes Inishturk
 Inishark Inishboffin At their joggerfry Mine Slieve Bloom He halted
 before Dlugacz's window staring at the hanks of sausages polonies black
 and white Fifteen multiplied by The figures whitened in his mind unsolved

displeased he let them fade The shiny links packed with forcemeat fed his
 gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy
 pigs' blood A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willowpatterned dish the last
 He stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter Would she buy it too calling
 the items from a slip in her hand Chapped washingsoda And a pound and a
 half of Denny's sausages His eyes rested on her vigorous hips Woods his
 name is Wonder what he does Wife is oldish New blood No followers allowed
 Strong pair of arms Whacking a carpet on the clothesline She does whack it
 by George The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack The ferretereyed
 porkbutcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with blotchy fingers
 sausagepink Sound meat there like a stallfed heifer He took a page up
 from the pile of cut sheets the model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore
 of Tiberias Can become ideal winter sanatorium Moses Montefiore I thought
 he was Farmhouse wall round it blurred cattle cropping He held the page
 from him interesting read it nearer the title the blurred cropping cattle
 the page rustling A young white heifer Those mornings in the cattlemarket
 the beasts lowing in their pens branded sheep flop and fall of dung the
 breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter slapping a palm on
 a ripemeated hindquarter there's a prime one unpeeled switches in their
 hands He held the page aslant patiently bending his senses and his will
 his soft subject gaze at rest The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack
 by whack The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile wrapped up her
 prime sausages and made a red grimace Now my miss he said She tendered
 a coin smiling boldly holding her thick wrist out Thank you my miss And
 one shilling threepence change For you please Mr Bloom pointed quickly To
 catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly behind her moving hams
 Pleasant to see first thing in the morning Hurry up damn it Make hay while
 the sun shines She stood outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily
 to the right He sighed down his nose they never understand Sodachapped
 hands Crusted toenails too Brown scapulars in tatters defending her both
 ways The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast
 For another a constable off duty cuddling her in Eccles' Lane They like
 them sizeable Prime sausage O please Mr Policeman I'm lost in the wood
 Threepence please His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into
 a sidepocket Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and
 laid them on the rubber prickles They lay were read quickly and quickly
 slid disc by disc into the till Thank you sir Another time A speck of
 eager fire from foxeyes thanked him He withdrew his gaze after an instant
 No better not another time Good morning he said moving away Good morning
 sir No sign Gone What matter He walked back along Dorset street reading
 gravely Agendath Netaim planters' company To purchase waste sandy tracts
 from Turkish government and plant with eucalyptus trees Excellent for shade
 fuel and construction Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa
 You pay eighty marks and they plant a dunam of land for you with olives
 oranges almonds or citrons Olives cheaper oranges need artificial irrigation
 Every year you get a sending of the crop Your name entered for life as
 owner in the book of the union Can pay ten down and the balance in yearly
 instalments Bleibtreustrasse 34 Berlin W 15 Nothing doing Still an idea
 behind it He looked at the cattle blurred in silver heat Silverpowdered
 olivetrees Quiet long days pruning ripening Olives are packed in jars eh
 I have a few left from Andrews Molly spitting them out Knows the taste

of them now Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates Citrons too Wonder
 is poor Citron still in Saint Kevin's parade And Mastiansky with the
 old cither Pleasant evenings we had then Molly in Citron's basketchair
 Nice to hold cool waxen fruit hold in the hand **lift** it to the nostrils
 and smell the perfume Like that heavy sweet wild perfume Always the same
 year after year They fetched high prices too Moisel told me Arbutus place
 Pleasants street pleasant old times Must be without a flaw he said Coming
 all **that** way Spain Gibraltar Mediterranean the Levant Crates lined up on
 the **quayside at** Jaffa chap ticking them off in a book navvies handling
 them barefoot in soiled dungarees There's whatdoyoucallhim out of How do
 you Doesn't **see** Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore His back is
 like that Norwegian captain's Wonder if I'll meet him today Watering cart
 To provoke the rain On earth as it is in heaven **A** cloud began to cover
 the sun slowly wholly **Grey** Far No not like that **A** barren land bare waste
 Volcanic lake the dead sea no fish weedless sunk deep in the earth **No**
 wind could lift those waves grey metal poisonous foggy waters Brimstone
 they called it raining down the cities of the plain Sodom Gomorrah Edom
 All dead names A dead sea in a dead **land grey** and old Old now It **bore**
 the oldest the first race A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a
 naggin bottle by the neck The oldest people Wandered far away over all
 the earth captivity to captivity multiplying dying being born everywhere
 It lay there now Now it could bear no more Dead an old woman's the grey
 sunken cunt of the world Desolation Grey horror seared his flesh Folding
 the page into his pocket he **turned** into Eccles street hurrying homeward
 Cold oils slid along his veins chilling his blood age crusting him with a
 salt cloak Well I am here now **Yes** I am here now **Morning** mouth bad images
 Got up wrong side of the bed Must **begin** again those Sandow's exercises On
 the hands down Blotchy brown brick houses Number eighty still unlet Why
 is that **Valuation** is only twentyeight Towers Battersby North MacArthur
 parlour windows plastered with bills Plasters on a sore eye To smell the
 gentle smoke of tea fume of the pan sizzling butter Be near her ample
 bedwarmed flesh Yes yes Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley
 road swiftly in slim sandals along the brightening footpath Runs she runs
 to meet me a girl with gold hair on the wind Two letters and a card lay on
 the hallfloor **He** stooped and gathered them Mrs Marion Bloom His quickened
 heart slowed at once Bold hand Mrs Marion Poldy Entering the bedroom he
 halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her
 tousled head Who are the letters for He looked at them **Mullingar** Milly A
 letter for me from Milly he said carefully and a card to you And a letter
 for you He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve
 of her knees Do you want the blind up Letting the blind up by gentle tugs
 halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under
 her pillow That do he asked turning She was reading the card propped on
 her elbow She got the things she said He **waited** till she had laid the card
 aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh Hurry up with that
 tea she said I'm parched The kettle is boiling he said But he delayed to
 clear the chair her striped petticoat tossed soiled linen and lifted all
 in an armful on to the **foot** of the **bed As he** went down the kitchen stairs
 she called Poldy What Scald the teapot On the boil **sure** enough a plume of
 steam from the spout He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four
 full spoons of tea tilting the kettle then to let the water flow in Having

set it to draw he took off the kettle crushed the pan flat on the live
 coals and watched the lump of butter slide and melt While he unwrapped the
 kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him Give her too much meat she won't
 mouse Say they won't eat pork Kosher Here He let the bloodsmeared paper
 fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce Pepper
 He sprinkled it through his fingers ringwise from the chipped eggcup Then
 he slit open his letter glancing down the page and over Thanks new tam
 Mr Coghlan lough Owel picnic young student Blazes Boylan's seaside girls
 The tea was drawn He filled his own moustachecup sham crown Derby smiling
 Silly Milly's birthday gift Only five she was then No wait four I gave her
 the amberoid necklace she broke Putting pieces of folded brown paper in
 the letterbox for her He smiled pouring O Milly Bloom you are my darling
 You are my lookingglass from night to morning I'd rather have you without
 a farthing Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden Poor old professor
 Goodwin Dreadful old case Still he was a courteous old chap Oldfashioned
 way he used to bow Molly off the platform And the little mirror in his
 silk hat The night Milly brought it into the parlour O look what I found
 in professor Goodwin's hat All we laughed Sex breaking out even then
 Pert little piece she was He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped
 it over then fitted the teapot on the tray Its hump bumped as he took it
 up Everything on it Bread and butter four sugar spoon her cream Yes He
 carried it upstairs his thumb hooked in the teapot handle Nudging the door
 open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the
 bedhead What a time you were she said She set the brasses jingling as she
 raised herself briskly an elbow on the pillow He looked calmly down on her
 bulk and between her large soft bubs sloping within her nightdress like a
 shegoat's udder The warmth of her couched body rose on the air mingling
 with the fragrance of the tea she poured A strip of torn envelope peeped
 from under the dimpled pillow In the act of going he stayed to straighten
 the bedspread Who was the letter from he asked Bold hand Marion O Boylan
 she said He's bringing the programme What are you singing Là ci darem with
 J C Doyle she said and Love's Old Sweet Song Her full lips drinking smiled
 Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day Like foul flowerwater Would
 you like the window open a little She doubled a slice of bread into her
 mouth asking What time is the funeral Eleven I think he answered I didn't
 see the paper Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her
 soiled drawers from the bed No Then a twisted grey garter looped round a
 stocking rumpled shiny sole No that book Other stocking Her petticoat It
 must have fell down she said He felt here and there Voglio e non vorrei
 Wonder if she pronounces that right voglio Not in the bed Must have slid
 down He stooped and lifted the valance The book fallen sprawled against
 the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot Show here she said I put a mark
 in it There's a word I wanted to ask you She swallowed a draught of tea
 from her cup held by nothandle and having wiped her fingertips smartly on
 the blanket began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the
 word Met him what he asked Here she said What does that mean He leaned
 downward and read near her polished thumbnail Metempsychosis Yes Who's
 he when he's at home Metempsychosis he said frowning It's Greek from the
 Greek That means the transmigration of souls O rocks she said Tell us in
 plain words He smiled glancing askance at her mocking eyes The same young
 eyes The first night after the charades Dolphin's Barn He turned over

the smudged pages Ruby the Pride of the Ring Hello Illustration Fierce
 Italian with carriagewhip Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked
 Sheet kindly lent The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from
 him with an oath Cruelty behind it all Doped animals Trapeze at Hengler's
 Had to look the other way Mob gaping Break your neck and we'll break our
 sides Families of them Bone them young so they metempsychosis That we live
 after death Our souls That a man's soul after he dies Dignam's soul Did
 you finish it he asked Yes she said There's nothing smutty in it Is she in
 love with the first fellow all the time Never read it Do you want another
 Yes Get another of Paul de Kock's Nice name he has She poured more tea
 into her cup watching it flow sideways Must get that Capel street library
 book renewed or they'll write to Kearney my guarantor Reincarnation that's
 the word Some people believe he said that we go on living in another body
 after death that we lived before They call it reincarnation That we all
 lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet
 They say we have forgotten it Some say they remember their past lives The
 sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea Better remind her of
 the word metempsychosis An example would be better An example The Bath of
 the Nymph over the bed Given away with the Easter number of Photo Bits
 Splendid masterpiece in art colours Tea before you put milk in Not unlike
 her with her hair down slimmer Three and six I gave for the frame She said
 it would look nice over the bed Naked nymphs Greece and for instance all
 the people that lived then He turned the pages back Metempsychosis he said
 is what the ancient Greeks called it They used to believe you could be
 changed into an animal or a tree for instance What they called nymphs for
 example Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar She gazed straight before
 her inhaling through her arched nostrils There's a smell of burn she said
 Did you leave anything on the fire The kidney he cried suddenly He fitted
 the book roughly into his inner pocket and stubbing his toes against the
 broken commode hurried out towards the smell stepping hastily down the
 stairs with a flurried stork's legs Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet
 from a side of the pan By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney
 he detached it and turned it turtle on its back Only a little burnt He
 tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle
 over it Cup of tea now He sat down cut and buttered a slice of the loaf He
 shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat Then he put a forkful
 into his mouth chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat Done
 to a turn A mouthful of tea Then he cut away dies of bread sopped one in
 the gravy and put it in his mouth What was that about some young student
 and a picnic He creased out the letter at his side reading it slowly as
 he chewed sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his
 mouth Dearest Papli Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present It
 suits me splendid Everyone says I am quite the belle in my new tam I got
 mummy's lovely box of creams and am writing They are lovely I am getting
 on swimming in the photo business now Mr Coghlan took one of me and Mrs
 Will send when developed We did great biz yesterday Fair day and all the
 beef to the heels were in We are going to lough Owel on Monday with a few
 friends to make a scrap picnic Give my love to mummy and to yourself a
 big kiss and thanks I hear them at the piano downstairs There is to be a
 concert in the Greville Arms on Saturday There is a young student comes
 here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells and

he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about
 those seaside girls Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects I must now
 close with fondest love Your fond daughter Milly P S Excuse bad writing
 am in hurry Byby M Fifteen yesterday Curious fifteenth of the month too
 Her first birthday away from home Separation Remember the summer morning
 she was born running to knock up Mrs Thornton in Denzille street Jolly old
 woman Lot of babies she must have helped into the world She knew from the
 first poor little Rudy wouldn't live Well God is good sir She knew at once
 He would be eleven now if he had lived His vacant face stared pityingly
 at the postscript Excuse bad writing Hurry Piano downstairs Coming out
 of her shell Row with her in the XL Café about the bracelet Wouldn't eat
 her cakes or speak or look Saucebox He sopped other dies of bread in the
 gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney Twelve and six a week Not much
 Still she might do worse Music hall stage Young student He drank a draught
 of cooler tea to wash down his meal Then he read the letter again twice
 O well she knows how to mind herself But if not No nothing has happened
 Of course it might Wait in any case till it does A wild piece of goods
 Her slim legs running up the staircase Destiny Ripening now Vain very He
 smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window Day I caught her in
 the street pinching her cheeks to make them red Anemic a little Was given
 milk too long On the Erin's King that day round the Kish Damned old tub
 pitching about Not a bit funky Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind with
 her hair All dimpled cheeks and curls Your head it simply swirls Seaside
 girls Torn envelope Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets jarvey off for
 the day singing Friend of the family Swirls he says Pier with lamps summer
 evening band Those girls those girls Those lovely seaside girls Milly too
 Young kisses the first Far away now past Mrs Marion Reading lying back
 now counting the strands of her hair smiling braiding A soft qualm regret
 flowed down his backbone increasing Will happen yes Prevent Useless can't
 move Girl's sweet light lips Will happen too He felt the flowing qualm
 spread over him Useless to move now Lips kissed kissing kissed Full gluey
 woman's lips Better where she is down there away Occupy her Wanted a dog
 to pass the time Might take a trip down there August bank holiday only two
 and six return Six weeks off however Might work a press pass Or through
 M'Coy The cat having cleaned all her fur returned to the meatstained paper
 nosed at it and stalked to the door She looked back at him mewing Wants
 to go out Wait before a door sometime it will open Let her wait Has the
 fidgets Electric Thunder in the air Was washing at her ear with her back
 to the fire too He felt heavy full then a gentle loosening of his bowels
 He stood up undoing the waistband of his trousers The cat mewed to him
 Miaow he said in answer Wait till I'm ready Heaviness hot day coming Too
 much trouble to fag up the stairs to the landing A paper He liked to read
 at stool Hope no ape comes knocking just as I'm In the tabledrawer he
 found an old number of Titbits He folded it under his armpit went to the
 door and opened it The cat went up in soft bounds Ah wanted to go upstairs
 curl up in a ball on the bed Listening he heard her voice Come come pussy
 Come He went out through the backdoor into the garden stood to listen
 towards the next garden No sound Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry The
 maid was in the garden Fine morning He bent down to regard a lean file
 of spearmint growing by the wall Make a summerhouse here Scarlet runners
 Virginia creepers Want to manure the whole place over scabby soil A coat

of liver of sulphur All soil like that without dung Household slops Loam
 what is this that is The hens in the next garden their droppings are very
 good top dressing Best of all though are the cattle especially when they
 are fed on those oilcakes Mulch of dung Best thing to clean ladies' kid
 gloves Dirty cleans Ashes too Reclaim the whole place Grow peas in that
 corner there Lettuce Always have fresh greens then Still gardens have
 their drawbacks That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday He walked on Where
 is my hat by the way Must have put it back on the peg Or hanging up on
 the floor Funny I don't remember that Hallstand too full Four umbrellas
 her raincloak Picking up the letters Drago's shopbell ringing Queer I was
 just thinking that moment Brown brillantined hair over his collar Just had
 a wash and brushup Wonder have I time for a bath this morning Tara street
 Chap in the paybox there got away James Stephens they say O'Brien Deep
 voice that fellow Dlugacz has Agendath what is it Now my miss Enthusiast
 He kicked open the crazy door of the jakes Better be careful not to get
 these trousers dirty for the funeral He went in bowing his head under the
 low lintel Leaving the door ajar amid the stench of mouldy limewash and
 stale cobwebs he undid his braces Before sitting down he peered through a
 chink up at the nextdoor windows The king was in his countinghouse Nobody
 Asquat on the cuckstool he folded out his paper turning its pages over
 on his bared knees Something new and easy No great hurry Keep it a bit
 Our prize titbit Matcham's Masterstroke Written by Mr Philip Beaufoy
 Playgoers' Club London Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has
 been made to the writer Three and a half Three pounds three Three pounds
 thirteen and six Quietly he read restraining himself the first column and
 yielding but resisting began the second Midway his last resistance yielding
 he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read reading still
 patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone Hope it's not
 too big bring on piles again No just right So Ah Costive One tabloid of
 cascara sagrada Life might be so It did not move or touch him but it was
 something quick and neat Print anything now Silly season He read on seated
 calm above his own rising smell Neat certainly Matcham often thinks of the
 masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now Begins and ends
 morally Hand in hand Smart He glanced back through what he had read and
 while feeling his water flow quietly he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had
 written it and received payment of three pounds thirteen and six Might
 manage a sketch By Mr and Mrs L M Bloom Invent a story for some proverb
 Which Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing
 Dislike dressing together Nicked myself shaving Biting her nether lip
 hooking the placket of her skirt Timing her 9.15 Did Roberts pay you yet
 9.20 What had Gretta Conroy on 9.23 What possessed me to buy this comb
 9.24 I'm swelled after that cabbage A speck of dust on the patent leather
 of her boot Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf
 Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance
 of the hours Explain that morning hours noon then evening coming on then
 night hours Washing her teeth That was the first night Her head dancing
 Her fansticks clicking Is that Boylan well off He has money Why I noticed
 he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing No use humming then Allude
 to it Strange kind of music that last night The mirror was in shadow
 She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen vest against her full
 wagging bub Peering into it Lines in her eyes It wouldn't pan out somehow

Evening hours girls in grey gauze Night hours then black with daggers
 and eyemasks Poetical idea pink then golden then grey then black Still
 true to life also Day then the night He tore away half the prize story
 sharply and wiped himself with it Then he girded up his trousers braced
 and buttoned himself He pulled back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and
 came forth from the gloom into the air In the bright light lightened and
 cooled in limb he eyed carefully his black trousers the ends the knees
 the houghs of the knees What time is the funeral Better find out in the
 paper A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up The bells of George's
 church They tolled the hour loud dark iron Heigho Heigho Heigho Heigho
 Heigho Heigho Quarter to There again the overtone following through the
 air A third Poor Dignam [5] By lorries along sir John Rogerson's quay
 Mr Bloom walked soberly past Windmill lane Leask's the linseed crusher
 the postal telegraph office Could have given that address too And past
 the sailors' home He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and
 walked through Lime street By Brady's cottages a boy for the skins lolled
 his bucket of offal linked smoking a chewed fagbutt A smaller girl with
 scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him listlessly holding her battered
 caskhoop Tell him if he smokes he won't grow O let him His life isn't
 such a bed of roses Waiting outside pubs to bring da home Come home to ma
 da Slack hour won't be many there He crossed Townsend street passed the
 frowning face of Bethel El yes house of Aleph Beth And past Nichols' the
 undertaker At eleven it is Time enough Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged the
 job for O'Neill's Singing with his eyes shut Corny Met her once in the
 park In the dark What a lark Police tout Her name and address she then
 told with my tooraloom tooraloom tay O surely he bagged it Bury him cheap
 in a whatyoumaycall With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom In
 Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea
 Company and read the legends of leadpapered packets choice blend finest
 quality family tea Rather warm Tea Must get some from Tom Kernan Couldn't
 ask him at a funeral though While his eyes still read blandly he took
 off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with
 slow grace over his brow and hair Very warm morning Under their dropped
 lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high
 grade ha Just there His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat His
 fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to
 his waistcoat pocket So warm His right hand once more more slowly went
 over his brow and hair Then he put on his hat again relieved and read
 again choice blend made of the finest Ceylon brands The far east Lovely
 spot it must be the garden of the world big lazy leaves to float about on
 cactuses flowery meads snaky lianas they call them Wonder is it like that
 Those Cinghalese lobbing about in the sun in dolce far niente not doing
 a hand's turn all day Sleep six months out of twelve Too hot to quarrel
 Influence of the climate Lethargy Flowers of idleness The air feeds most
 Azotes Hothouse in Botanic gardens Sensitive plants Waterlilies Petals too
 tired to Sleeping sickness in the air Walk on roseleaves Imagine trying to
 eat tripe and cowheel Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere
 Ah yes in the dead sea floating on his back reading a book with a parasol
 open Couldn't sink if you tried so thick with salt Because the weight of
 the water no the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of
 the what Or is it the volume is equal to the weight It's a law something

like that Vance in High school cracking his fingerjoints teaching The college curriculum Cracking curriculum What is weight really when you say the weight Thirtytwo feet per second per second **Law** of falling bodies per second per second **They** all fall to the ground The earth It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight He turned away and sauntered across the road **How** did she walk with her sausages Like that something As he walked he took the folded Freeman from his sidepocket unfolded it rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg Careless air just drop in to see Per second per second Per second for every second it means From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of the **postoffice** Too late box Post here No one In He handed the card through the brass grill Are there any letters for me he asked While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the **recruiting** poster with soldiers of all arms on parade and held the tip of his baton against his nostrils smelling freshprinted rag paper No answer probably Went too far last time The postmistress handed him back through the grill his card with a letter He thanked her and glanced rapidly at the typed envelope Henry Flower Esq c/o P O Westland Row City Answered anyhow He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket reviewing again the soldiers on parade Where's old Tweedy's regiment Castoff soldier There bearskin cap and hackle plume No he's a grenadier Pointed cuffs There he is royal Dublin fusiliers Redcoats Too showy That must be why the women go after them Uniform Easier to enlist and drill Maud Gonne's letter about taking them off O'Connell street at night disgrace to our Irish capital Griffith's paper is on the same tack now an army rotten with venereal disease overseas or halfseasover empire Half baked they look hypnotised like Eyes front Mark time Table able Bed ed The King's own Never see him dressed up as a fireman or a bobby A mason yes He strolled out of the **postoffice** and turned to the right **Talk** as if that would mend matters His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger felt its way under the flap of the envelope ripping it open in jerks Women will pay a lot of heed I don't think His fingers drew forth the letter the letter and crumpled the envelope in his pocket Something pinned on photo perhaps Hair No M'Coy Get rid of him quickly Take me out of my way **Hate** company when you Hello Bloom Where are you off to Hello M'Coy Nowhere in particular How's the body Fine How are you Just keeping alive M'Coy said His eyes on the black tie and clothes he asked with low respect Is there any no trouble I hope I see you're O no Mr Bloom said **Poor** Dignam you know The funeral is today To be sure poor fellow So it is What time A photo it isn't A badge maybe E...eleven Mr Bloom answered I **must** try to get out there M'Coy said Eleven is it I only heard it last night Who was telling me Holohan You know Hoppy I know Mr Bloom gazed across the road **at** the outsider drawn up before the door of the **Grosvenor** The porter hoisted the valise up on the well She stood still waiting while the man husband brother like her searched his pockets for change Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar warm for a day like this looks like blanketcloth Careless stand of her with her hands in those patch pockets Like that haughty creature at the polo match Women **all** for caste till you touch the spot Handsome is and handsome **does** Reserved about to yield The honourable Mrs and Brutus is an honourable man Possess her once take the starch out of her I was with Bob Doran he's on one of his periodical bends and what do you call **him**

Bantam Lyons Just down there in Conway's we were Doran Lyons in Conway's
 She raised a gloved hand to her hair In came Hoppy Having a wet Drawing
 back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids he saw the
 bright fawn skin shine in the glare the braided drums Clearly I can see
 today Moisture about gives long sight perhaps Talking of one thing or
 another Lady's hand Which side will she get up And he said Sad thing about
 our poor friend Paddy What Paddy I said Poor little Paddy Dignam he
 said Off to the country Broadstone probably High brown boots with laces
 dangling Wellturned foot What is he foostering over that change for Sees
 me looking Eye out for other fellow always Good fallback Two strings to
 her bow Why I said What's wrong with him I said Proud rich silk stockings
 Yes Mr Bloom said He moved a little to the side of M'Coy's talking head
 Getting up in a minute What's wrong with him He said He's dead he said
 And faith he filled up Is it Paddy Dignam I said I couldn't believe it
 when I heard it I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was
 it in the Arch Yes he said He's gone He died on Monday poor fellow Watch
 Watch Silk flash rich stockings white Watch A heavy tramcar honking its
 gong slewed between Lost it Curse your noisy pugnose Feels locked out of
 it Paradise and the peri Always happening like that The very moment Girl
 in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter Her friend
 covering the display of Esprit de corps Well what are you gaping at Yes
 yes Mr Bloom said after a dull sigh Another gone One of the best M'Coy
 said The tram passed They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge her rich
 gloved hand on the steel grip Flicker flicker the laceflare of her hat
 in the sun flicker flick Wife well I suppose M'Coy's changed voice said
 O yes Mr Bloom said Tiptop thanks He unrolled the newspaper baton idly
 and read idly What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat Incomplete With
 it an abode of bliss My missus has just got an engagement At least it's
 not settled yet Valise tack again By the way no harm I'm off that thanks
 Mr Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness My wife
 too he said She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster Hall
 Belfast on the twentyfifth That so M'Coy said Glad to hear that old man
 Who's getting it up Mrs Marion Bloom Not up yet Queen was in her bedroom
 eating bread and No book Blackened court cards laid along her thigh by
 sevens Dark lady and fair man Letter Cat furry black ball Torn strip of
 envelope Love's Old Sweet Song Comes lo ove's old It's a kind of a tour
 don't you see Mr Bloom said thoughtfully Sweeet song There's a committee
 formed Part shares and part profits M'Coy nodded picking at his moustache
 stubble O well he said That's good news He moved to go Well glad to see
 you looking fit he said Meet you knocking around Yes Mr Bloom said Tell
 you what M'Coy said You might put down my name at the funeral will you
 I'd like to go but I mightn't be able you see There's a drowning case at
 Sandycove may turn up and then the coroner and myself would have to go
 down if the body is found You just shove in my name if I'm not there will
 you I'll do that Mr Bloom said moving to get off That'll be all right
 Right M'Coy said brightly Thanks old man I'd go if I possibly could Well
 tolloll Just C P M'Coy will do That will be done Mr Bloom answered firmly
 Didn't catch me napping that wheeze The quick touch Soft mark I'd like my
 job Valise I have a particular fancy for Leather Capped corners rivetted
 edges double action lever lock Bob Cowley lent him his for the Wicklow
 regatta concert last year and never heard tidings of it from that good day

to this Mr Bloom strolling towards Brunswick street smiled My missus has just got an **Reedy** freckled soprano Cheeseparings nose Nice enough in its way for a little ballad No guts in it You and me don't you know in the same boat **Softsoaping** Give you the needle that would Can't he hear the difference Think he's that way inclined a bit Against my grain somehow Thought that Belfast would fetch him I hope that smallpox up there doesn't get worse Suppose she wouldn't let herself be vaccinated again Your wife and my wife Wonder is he pimping after me Mr Bloom stood at the corner his eyes wandering over the multicoloured hoardings Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale (Aromatic) Clery's Summer Sale No he's going on straight Hello Leah tonight Mrs Bandmann Palmer Like to see her again in that Hamlet she played last night Male impersonator Perhaps he was a woman Why Ophelia committed suicide Poor papa How he used to talk of Kate Bateman in that Outside the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to get in Year before I was born **that** was sixtyfive And Ristori in Vienna What is this **the** right name is By Mosenthal it is Rachel is it No The scene he was always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises the voice and puts his fingers on his face Nathan's voice His son's voice I hear the voice of **Nathan** who left his father to die of grief and misery **in** my arms who left the house of his father and left the God of his father Every word is so deep Leopold Poor papa Poor man I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at **his** face That day O dear O dear Ffoo Well perhaps it was best for him Mr Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping nags of the hazard No use thinking of it any more Nosebag time Wish I hadn't met that M'Coy fellow He came nearer and heard a crunching of gilded oats the gently champing teeth Their full buck eyes regarded him as he **went** by amid the sweet oaten reek of horsepiss Their Eldorado Poor jugginses Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags Too full for words Still they get their feed all right and their doss Gelded too a stump of black guttapercha wagging limp between their haunches Might be happy all the same that way Good poor **brutes** they look Still their neigh can be very irritating He drew the letter from his pocket and **folded** it into the newspaper he carried Might just walk into her here The lane is safer He passed the cabman's shelter Curious the life of drifting cabbies All weathers all places time or setdown no will of their own Voglio **e** non Like to give them an odd cigarette Sociable Shout a few flying syllables as they pass He hummed Là ci darem la mano La la lala la la He turned into Cumberland street and going on some paces halted in the lee of the station wall No one Meade's timberyard Piled balks Ruins and tenements With careful tread he passed over a hopscotch court with its forgotten picketstone Not a sinner Near the timberyard a squatted child at marbles alone shooting the taw with a cunnythumb A wise tabby a blinking sphinx watched from her warm sill Pity to disturb them Mohammed cut a piece out of his mantle not to wake her Open it And once I played marbles when I went to that old dame's school She liked mignonette Mrs Ellis's And Mr He opened the letter within the newspaper A flower I think it's a A yellow flower with flattened petals Not annoyed then What does she say Dear Henry I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it I am sorry you did not like my last letter **why** did you enclose the stamps I am awfully angry with you I do wish I could **punish** you for that I called you naughty boy because I do not like that

other world Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word Are you
 not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy I do wish I could do
 something for you Please tell me what you think of poor me I often think
 of the beautiful name you have Dear Henry when will we meet I think of
 you so often you have no idea I have never felt myself so much drawn to
 a man as you I feel so bad about Please write me a long letter and tell
 me more Remember if you do not I will punish you So now you know what I
 will do to you you naughty boy if you do not wrote O how I long to meet
 you Henry dear do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted
 Then I will tell you all Goodbye now naughty darling I have such a bad
 headache today and write by return to your longing Martha P S Do tell
 me what kind of perfume does your wife use I want to know He tore the
 flower gravely from its pinhole smelt its almost no smell and placed it
 in his heart pocket Language of flowers They like it because no one can
 hear Or a poison bouquet to strike him down Then walking slowly forward
 he read the letter again murmuring here and there a word Angry tulips
 with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor
 forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet
 all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume Having read it all he took
 it from the newspaper and put it back in his sidepocket Weak joy opened
 his lips Changed since the first letter Wonder did she wrote it herself
 Doing the indignant a girl of good family like me respectable character
 Could meet one Sunday after the rosary Thank you not having any Usual love
 scrimmage Then running round corners Bad as a row with Molly Cigar has a
 cooling effect Narcotic Go further next time Naughty boy punish afraid of
 words of course Brutal why not Try it anyhow A bit at a time Fingering
 still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it Common pin eh He
 threw it on the road Out of her clothes somewhere pinned together Queer
 the number of pins they always have No roses without thorns Flat Dublin
 voices bawled in his head Those two sluts that night in the Coombe linked
 together in the rain O Mairy lost the pin of her drawers She didn't know
 what to do To keep it up To keep it up It Them Such a bad headache Has her
 roses probably Or sitting all day typing Eyefocus bad for stomach nerves
 What perfume does your wife use Now could you make out a thing like that
 To keep it up Martha Mary I saw that picture somewhere I forget now old
 master or faked for money He is sitting in their house talking Mysterious
 Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen To keep it up Nice kind of
 evening feeling No more wandering about Just loll there quiet dusk let
 everything rip Forget Tell about places you have been strange customs The
 other one jar on her head was getting the supper fruit olives lovely cool
 water out of a well stonecold like the hole in the wall at Ashtown Must
 carry a paper goblet next time I go to the trottingmatches She listens
 with big dark soft eyes Tell her more and more all Then a sigh silence
 Long long long rest Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope
 tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road The shreds
 fluttered away sank in the dank air a white flutter then all sank Henry
 Flower You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way
 Simple bit of paper Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for
 a million in the bank of Ireland Shows you the money to be made out of
 porter Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four
 times a day they say Skin breeds lice or vermin A million pounds wait a

moment Twopence a pint fourpence a quart eightpence a gallon of porter
 no one and fourpence a gallon of porter One and four into twenty fifteen
 about Yes exactly Fifteen millions of barrels of porter What am I saying
 barrels Gallons About a million barrels all the same An incoming train
 clanked heavily above his head coach after coach Barrels bumped in his
 head dull porter slopped and churned inside The bungholes sprang open and
 a huge dull flood leaked out flowing together winding through mudflats
 all over the level land a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along
 wideleaved flowers of its froth He had reached the open backdoor of All
 Hallows Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat took the card from his
 pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband Damn it I might
 have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar Same notice on the door
 Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S J on saint Peter Claver S J and
 the African Mission Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too
 when he was almost unconscious The protestants are the same Convert Dr
 William J Walsh D.D to the true religion Save China's millions Wonder how
 they explain it to the heathen Chinees Prefer an ounce of opium Celestials
 Rank heresy for them Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum
 Taking it easy with hand under his cheek Josssticks burning Not like Ecce
 Homo Crown of thorns and cross Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock
 Chopsticks Conmee Martin Cunningham knows him distinguishedlooking Sorry I
 didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father
 Farley who looked a fool but wasn't They're taught that He's not going out
 in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks is he The
 glasses would take their fancy flashing Like to see them sitting round in
 a ring with blub lips entranced listening Still life Lap it up like milk I
 suppose The cold smell of sacred stone called him He trod the worn steps
 pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere Something going on
 some sodality Pity so empty Nice discreet place to be next some girl Who
 is my neighbour Jammed by the hour to slow music That woman at midnight
 mass Seventh heaven Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round
 their necks heads bowed A batch knelt at the altarrails The priest went
 along by them murmuring holding the thing in his hands He stopped at each
 took out a communion shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and
 put it neatly into her mouth Her hat and head sank Then the next one Her
 hat sank at once Then the next one a small old woman The priest bent down
 to put it into her mouth murmuring all the time Latin The next one Shut
 your eyes and open your mouth What Corpus body Corpse Good idea the Latin
 Stupefies them first Hospice for the dying They don't seem to chew it only
 swallow it down Rum idea eating bits of a corpse Why the cannibals cotton
 to it He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle one by
 one and seek their places He approached a bench and seated himself in its
 corner nursing his hat and newspaper These pots we have to wear We ought
 to have hats modelled on our heads They were about him here and there with
 heads still bowed in their crimson halters waiting for it to melt in their
 stomachs Something like those mazzoth it's that sort of bread unleavened
 shewbread Look at them Now I bet it makes them feel happy Lollipop It
 does Yes bread of angels it's called There's a big idea behind it kind
 of kingdom of God is within you feel First communicants Hokypoky penny a
 lump Then feel all like one family party same in the theatre all in the
 same swim They do I'm sure of that Not so lonely In our confraternity Then

come out a bit spreeish Let off steam Thing is if you really believe in it
 Lourdes cure waters of oblivion and the Knock apparition statues bleeding
 Old fellow asleep near that confessionbox Hence those snores Blind faith
 Safe in the arms of kingdom come Lulls all pain Wake this time next year
 He saw the priest **stow** the communion cup away well in and kneel an instant
 before it showing a large grey bootsole from under the **lace** affair he had
 on Suppose he lost the pin of **his** He **wouldn't** know what to do **to** Bald
 spot behind Letters on his back I.N.R.I No I.H.S Molly told me one time I
 asked her I have sinned or no I have suffered it is And the other one Iron
 nails ran in Meet one Sunday after the rosary **Do** not deny my request Turn
 up with a veil and black bag Dusk and the light behind her She might be
 here with a ribbon **round** her neck and do the other thing all the same on
 the sly Their character That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the
 invincibles he used to receive the Carey was his name the communion every
 morning This very church Peter Carey yes No Peter Claver I am thinking
of Denis Carey And just imagine that Wife and six children at home And
 plotting that murder all the time Those crawthumpers now that's a good
 name for them there's always something shiftylooking about them They're
 not straight men of business either O no she's not here the flower no no
 By the way did I tear up that envelope Yes under the bridge The priest
 was rinsing out the chalice then he tossed off the dregs smartly Wine
 Makes it more aristocratic than for example if he drank what they are
 used to Guinness's porter or some temperance beverage Wheatley's Dublin
 hop bitters or Cantrell and Cochrane's ginger ale (aromatic) Doesn't
 give them any of it shew wine only the other Cold comfort Pious fraud but
 quite right otherwise they'd have one old booser worse than another coming
 along cadging for a drink Queer the whole atmosphere of the Quite right
 Perfectly right that is Mr Bloom looked back towards the choir Not going
 to be any music Pity Who has the **organ** here I wonder Old Glynn he knew how
 to make that instrument talk the vibrato fifty pounds a year they say he
 had in Gardiner street Molly was in fine voice that day the Stabat Mater
 of Rossini Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon first Christ or Pilate Christ
 but don't keep us all night over it Music they wanted Footdrill stopped
 Could hear a pin drop I told her to **pitch** her voice against that corner I
 could feel the thrill in the air **the** full the people looking up Quis est
 homo Some of that old sacred music splendid Mercadante seven last words
 Mozart's twelfth mass Gloria in that Those old popes keen on music on art
 and statues and pictures of all kinds Palestrina for example too They had a
 gay old time while it lasted Healthy too chanting regular hours then brew
 liqueurs Benedictine Green Chartreuse Still having eunuchs in their choir
 that was coming it a bit thick What kind of voice is it Must be curious
 to hear after their own strong basses Connoisseurs Suppose they wouldn't
 feel anything after Kind of a placid No worry Fall into flesh don't they
 Gluttons tall long legs Who knows Eunuch One way out of it He **saw** the
 priest **bend** down and kiss the altar and then face about and bless all the
 people All crossed themselves and stood up Mr **Bloom** glanced **about** him and
 then stood up looking over the risen hats Stand up at the gospel of course
 Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his
 bench The priest came down from the altar holding the thing out from him
 and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin Then the priest knelt
 down and began to read off a card O God our refuge and our strength Mr

Bloom put his face forward to catch the words English Throw them the bone
 I remember slightly How long since your last mass Glorious and immaculate
 virgin Joseph her spouse Peter and Paul More interesting if you understood
 what it was all about Wonderful organisation certainly goes like clockwork
 Confession Everyone wants to Then I will tell you all Penance Punish me
 please Great weapon in their hands More than doctor or solicitor Woman
 dying to And I schschschschsch And did you chachachachacha And why did
 you Look down at her ring to find an excuse Whispering gallery walls have
 ears Husband learn to his surprise God's little joke Then out she comes
 Repentance skindeep Lovely shame Pray at an altar Hail Mary and Holy Mary
 Flowers incense candles melting Hide her blushes Salvation army blatant
 imitation Reformed prostitute will address the meeting How I found the
 Lord Squareheaded chaps those must be in Rome they work the whole show
 And don't they rake in the money too Bequests also to the P.P for the
 time being in his absolute discretion Masses for the repose of my soul
 to be said publicly with open doors Monasteries and convents The priest
 in that Fermanagh will case in the witnessbox No browbeating him He had
 his answer pat for everything Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother
 the church The doctors of the church they mapped out the whole theology
 of it The priest prayed Blessed Michael archangel defend us in the hour
 of conflict Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the
 devil (may God restrain him we humbly pray!) and do thou O prince of the
 heavenly host by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him
 those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of
 souls The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off All over The
 women remained behind thanksgiving Better be shoving along Brother Buzz
 Come around with the plate perhaps Pay your Easter duty He stood up Hello
 Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time Women enjoy it
 Never tell you But we Excuse miss there's a (whh!) just a (whh!) fluff Or
 their skirt behind placket unhooked Glimpses of the moon Annoyed if you
 don't Why didn't you tell me before Still like you better untidy Good job
 it wasn't farther south He passed discreetly buttoning down the aisle and
 out through the main door into the light He stood a moment unseeing by the
 cold black marble bowl while before him and behind two worshippers dipped
 furtive hands in the low tide of holy water Trams a car of Prescott's
 dyeworks a widow in her weeds Notice because I'm in mourning myself He
 covered himself How goes the time Quarter past Time enough yet Better get
 that lotion made up Where is this Ah yes the last time Sweny's in Lincoln
 place Chemists rarely move Their green and gold beaconjars too heavy to
 stir Hamilton Long's founded in the year of the flood Huguenot churchyard
 near there Visit some day He walked southward along Westland row But the
 recipe is in the other trousers O and I forgot that latchkey too Bore this
 funeral affair O well poor fellow it's not his fault When was it I got
 it made up last Wait I changed a sovereign I remember First of the month
 it must have been or the second O he can look it up in the prescriptions
 book The chemist turned back page after page Sandy shrivelled smell he
 seems to have Shrunken skull And old Quest for the philosopher's stone The
 alchemists Drugs age you after mental excitement Lethargy then Why Reaction
 A lifetime in a night Gradually changes your character Living all the day
 among herbs ointments disinfectants All his alabaster lilypots Mortar and
 pestle Aq Dist Fol Laur Te Virid Smell almost cure you like the dentist's

doorbell Doctor Whack He ought to physic himself a bit Electuary or emulsion
 The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck
 Simples Want to be careful Enough stuff here to chloroform you Test turns
 blue litmus paper red Chloroform Overdose of laudanum Sleeping draughts
 Lovephiltres Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough Clogs the pores or the
 phlegm Poisons the only cures Remedy where you least expect it Clever of
 nature About a fortnight ago sir Yes Mr Bloom said He waited by the counter
 inhaling slowly the keen reek of drugs the dusty dry smell of sponges and
 loofahs Lot of time taken up telling your aches and pains Sweet almond
 oil and tincture of benzoin Mr Bloom said and then orangeflower water It
 certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax And white wax also
 he said Brings out the darkness of her eyes Looking at me the sheet up
 to her eyes Spanish smelling herself when I was fixing the links in my
 cuffs Those homely recipes are often the best strawberries for the teeth
 nettles and rainwater oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk Skinfood One
 of the old queen's sons duke of Albany was it had only one skin Leopold
 yes Three we have Warts bunions and pimples to make it worse But you want
 a perfume too What perfume does your Peau d'Espagne That orangeflower
 water is so fresh Nice smell these soaps have Pure curd soap Time to get
 a bath round the corner Hammam Turkish Massage Dirt gets rolled up in
 your navel Nicer if a nice girl did it Also I think I Yes I Do it in the
 bath Curious longing I Water to water Combine business with pleasure Pity
 no time for massage Feel fresh then all the day Funeral be rather glum
 Yes sir the chemist said That was two and nine Have you brought a bottle
 No Mr Bloom said Make it up please I'll call later in the day and I'll
 take one of these soaps How much are they Fourpence sir Mr Bloom raised
 a cake to his nostrils Sweet lemony wax I'll take this one he said That
 makes three and a penny Yes sir the chemist said You can pay all together
 sir when you come back Good Mr Bloom said He strolled out of the shop
 the newspaper baton under his armpit the coolwrapped soap in his left
 hand At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said Hello Bloom What's
 the best news Is that today's Show us a minute Shaved off his moustache
 again by Jove Long cold upper lip To look younger He does look balmy
 Younger than I am Bantam Lyons's yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the
 baton Wants a wash too Take off the rough dirt Good morning have you used
 Pears' soap Dandruff on his shoulders Scalp wants oiling I want to see
 about that French horse that's running today Bantam Lyons said Where the
 bugger is it He rustled the pleated pages jerking his chin on his high
 collar Barber's itch Tight collar he'll lose his hair Better leave him
 the paper and get shut of him You can keep it Mr Bloom said Ascot Gold
 cup Wait Bantam Lyons muttered Half a mo Maximum the second I was just
 going to throw it away Mr Bloom said Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly
 and leered weakly What's that his sharp voice said I say you can keep it
 Mr Bloom answered I was going to throw it away that moment Bantam Lyons
 doubted an instant leering then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr
 Bloom's arms I'll risk it he said Here thanks He sped off towards Conway's
 corner God speed scut Mr Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square
 and lodged the soap in it smiling Silly lips of that chap Betting Regular
 hotbed of it lately Messenger boys stealing to put on sixpence Raffle for
 large tender turkey Your Christmas dinner for threepence Jack Fleming
 embezzling to gamble then smuggled off to America Keeps a hotel now They

never come back Fleshpots of Egypt He walked cheerfully towards the mosque
 of the baths Remind you of a mosque redbaked bricks the minarets College
 sports today I see He eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of college
 park cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot Damn bad ad Now if they had
 made it round like a wheel Then the spokes sports sports sports and the
 hub big college Something to catch the eye There's Hornblower standing at
 the porter's lodge Keep him on hands might take a turn in there on the
 nod How do you do Mr Hornblower How do you do sir Heavenly weather really
 If life was always like that Cricket weather Sit around under sunshades
 Over after over Out They can't play it here Duck for six wickets Still
 Captain Culler broke a window in the Kildare street club with a slog
 to square leg Donnybrook fair more in their line And the skulls we were
 acracking when M'Carthy took the floor Heatwave Won't last Always passing
 the stream of life which in the stream of life we trace is dearer than
 them all Enjoy a bath now clean trough of water cool enamel the gentle
 tepid stream This is my body He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at
 full naked in a womb of warmth oiled by scented melting soap softly laved
 He saw his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained buoyed lightly
 upward lemonyellow his navel bud of flesh and saw the dark tangled curls
 of his bush floating floating hair of the stream around the limp father of
 thousands a languid floating flower [6] Martin Cunningham first poked
 his silkhatted head into the creaking carriage and entering deftly seated
 himself Mr Power stepped in after him curving his height with care Come
 on Simon After you Mr Bloom said Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and
 got in saying Yes yes Are we all here now Martin Cunningham asked Come
 along Bloom Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place He pulled the
 door to after him and slammed it twice till it shut tight He passed an arm
 through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriagewindow at
 the lowered blinds of the avenue One dragged aside an old woman peeping
 Nose whiteflattened against the pane Thanking her stars she was passed
 over Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse Glad to see us go
 we give them such trouble coming Job seems to suit them Huggermugger in
 corners Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd wake Then getting
 it ready Laying it out Molly and Mrs Fleming making the bed Pull it more
 to your side Our windingsheet Never know who will touch you dead Wash
 and shampoo I believe they clip the nails and the hair Keep a bit in an
 envelope Grows all the same after Unclean job All waited Nothing was said
 Stowing in the wreaths probably I am sitting on something hard Ah that
 soap in my hip pocket Better shift it out of that Wait for an opportunity
 All waited Then wheels were heard from in front turning then nearer then
 horses' hoofs A jolt Their carriage began to move creaking and swaying
 Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind The blinds of the avenue
 passed and number nine with its craped knocker door ajar At walking pace
 They waited still their knees jogging till they had turned and were passing
 along the tramtracks Tritonville road Quicker The wheels rattled rolling
 over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the
 doorframes What way is he taking us Mr Power asked through both windows
 Irishtown Martin Cunningham said Ringsend Brunswick street Mr Dedalus
 nodded looking out That's a fine old custom he said I am glad to see it
 has not died out All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats
 lifted by passers Respect The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the

smoother road past Watery lane Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man clad in mourning a wide hat There's a friend of yours gone by Dedalus he said Who is that Your son and heir Where is he Mr Dedalus said **stretching** over across The carriage passing the open drains and mounds of rippedup roadway before the tenement houses lurched round the corner **and swerving** back to the tramtrack rolled on noisily with chattering wheels Mr Dedalus fell back saying Was that Mulligan cad with him His fidus Achates No Mr Bloom said **He was** alone Down with his aunt Sally I suppose Mr Dedalus said **the** Goulding faction the drunken little costdrawer and **Crissie** papa's little lump of dung the wise child that knows her own father Mr Bloom smiled joylessly on Ringsend road Wallace Bros the bottleworks Dodder bridge Richie Goulding and the legal bag Goulding Collis and Ward he calls the firm His jokes are getting a bit damp Great card he was Waltzing in Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning the landlady's two hats pinned on his head Out on the rampage all night Beginning to tell on him now that backache of his I fear Wife ironing his back Thinks he'll cure it with pills All breadcrumbs they are About six hundred per cent profit He's in with a lowdown crowd Mr Dedalus snarled **That** Mulligan is a contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts His name stinks all over Dublin But with the help of God and His blessed mother I'll make it my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate I'll tickle his catastrophe believe you me He cried above the clatter of the wheels I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son A counterjumper's son Selling tapes in my cousin Peter Paul M'Swiney's Not likely He ceased Mr Bloom glanced **from** his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild face and Martin Cunningham's eyes and beard gravely shaking Noisy selfwilled man Full of his son He is right Something to hand on If little Rudy had lived See him grow up Hear his voice in the house Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit My son Me in his eyes **Strange** feeling it would be From me Just a chance Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window watching **the** two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil And the sergeant grinning up She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched Give us a touch Poldy God I'm dying for it How life begins Got big then Had to refuse the Greystones concert My son inside her I could have helped him on in life I could Make him independent Learn German too Are we late Mr Power asked Ten minutes Martin Cunningham said **looking** at his watch Molly Milly Same thing watered down Her tomboy oaths O jumping Jupiter Ye gods and little fishes Still she's a dear girl Soon be a woman Mullingar Dearest Papli Young student Yes yes a woman too Life life The carriage heeled over and back their four trunks swaying Corny might have given us a more commodious yoke Mr Power said **He might** Mr Dedalus said **if** he hadn't that squint troubling him Do you follow me He closed his left eye Martin Cunningham began to brush away crustcrumbs from under his **thighs** What is this he said **in** the **name of** God **Crumbs** Someone seems to have been **making** a picnic party here lately Mr Power said **All** raised their thighs and eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats Mr Dedalus twisting **his** nose frowned downward and said Unless I'm greatly mistaken What do you think **Martin** It struck me too Martin Cunningham said **Mr Bloom set** his thigh down Glad I took that bath Feel my feet quite clean But I wish Mrs Fleming had darned these socks better Mr Dedalus sighed

resignedly After all he said it's the most natural **thing** in **the** world Did **Tom** Kernan turn up Martin Cunningham asked twirling the peak of his beard **gently** Yes Mr Bloom answered He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes And Corny Kelleher himself Mr Power asked At the cemetery Martin Cunningham said **I** met M'Coy this morning Mr Bloom **said He said** he'd try to come The carriage halted short What's wrong We're stopped Where are we Mr Bloom put **his head** out of the **window** **The** grand canal he said Gasworks Whooping cough they say it cures Good job Milly never got it Poor children Doubles them up black and blue in convulsions Shame really Got off lightly with illnesses compared Only measles Flaxseed tea Scarlatina influenza epidemics Canvassing for death Don't miss this chance Dogs' home over there Poor old Athos Be good to Athos Leopold is my last wish Thy will be done We obey them in the grave A dying scrawl He took it to heart pined away Quiet brute Old men's dogs usually are A raindrop spat on his hat **He** drew back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags Apart Curious Like through a colander I thought it would My boots were creaking I remember now The weather is changing he said quietly A pity it did not keep up fine Martin Cunningham said **Wanted** for the country Mr Power said **There's** the sun again coming out Mr Dedalus peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun hurled a mute curse at the sky It's as uncertain as a child's bottom he said We're off again The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks swayed gently Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak of his beard **Tom** Kernan was immense last night he said And Paddy Leonard taking him off to his face O draw him out Martin Mr Power said **eagerly** Wait till you hear him **Simon** on Ben Dollard's singing of The Croppy Boy Immense Martin Cunningham said **pompously** His singing of that simple ballad Martin is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the whole course of my experience Trenchant Mr Power said **laughing** He's dead nuts on that And the retrospective arrangement Did you read Dan Dawson's speech Martin Cunningham asked I did not then Mr Dedalus said **Where** is it In the paper this morning Mr Bloom **took** the paper from his inside pocket That book I must change for her No no Mr Dedalus said **quickly** **Later** on please Mr Bloom's glance travelled down the edge of the **paper** scanning the deaths Callan Coleman Dignam Fawcett Lowry Naumann Peake what Peake is that is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's no Sexton Urbright Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper Thanks to the **Little** Flower Sadly missed To the inexpressible grief of his Aged 88 after a long and tedious illness Month's mind Quinlan On whose soul Sweet Jesus have mercy It is now a month since dear Henry fled To his home up above in the sky While his family weeps and mourns his loss Hoping some day to meet him on high I tore up the envelope Yes Where did I put her letter after I read it in the bath He patted his waistcoatpocket There all right Dear Henry fled Before my patience are exhausted **National** school Meade's yard The hazard Only two there now Nodding Full as a tick Too much bone in their skulls The other trotting round with a fare An hour ago I was passing there The jarvies raised their hats A pointsman's back straightened itself upright suddenly against a tramway standard by Mr Bloom's window Couldn't they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself much handier Well but that fellow would lose his job then Well but then another fellow would get a job making the new invention Antient concert rooms Nothing on there A man in a buff suit with a crape armlet Not much grief

there Quarter mourning People in law perhaps They went past the bleak
 pulpit of saint Mark's under the railway bridge past the Queen's theatre
 in silence Hoardings Eugene Stratton Mrs Bandmann Palmer Could I go to see
 Leah tonight I wonder I said I Or the Lily of Killarney Elster Grimes
 Opera Company Big powerful change Wet bright bills for next week Fun on
 the Bristol Martin Cunningham could **work** a pass for the Gaiety Have to
 stand a drink or two As broad as it's long He's coming in the afternoon
 Her songs Plasto's Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust Who was
 he How do you do **Martin** Cunningham said **raising** his palm to his brow in
 salute He doesn't see us Mr Power said **Yes** he does How do you do **Who** Mr
 Dedalus asked Blazes Boylan Mr Power said **There** he is airing his quiff
 Just that moment I was thinking Mr Dedalus bent across to salute From the
 door of the **Red** Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply spruce
 figure passed Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand then those of
 his right hand The nails yes Is there anything more in him that they she
 sees Fascination Worst man in Dublin That keeps him alive They sometimes
 feel what a person is Instinct But a type like that My nails I am just
 looking at them well pared And after thinking alone Body getting a bit
 softy I would notice that from remembering What causes that I suppose
 the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off But the
 shape is there The shape is there still Shoulders Hips Plump Night of
 the dance dressing Shift stuck between the cheeks behind He clasped his
 hands between his knees and satisfied sent his vacant glance over their
 faces Mr Power asked How is the concert tour getting on Bloom O very well
 Mr Bloom said **I** hear **great** accounts of it It's a good idea you see Are
 you going yourself Well no Mr Bloom said **In** point of fact I have to go
 down to the **county** Clare on some private business You see the idea is to
 tour the chief towns What you lose on one you can make up on the **other**
 Quite so Martin Cunningham said **Mary** Anderson is up there now Have you
 good artists Louis Werner is touring her Mr Bloom said **O yes** we'll have
 all topnobbers J C Doyle and John MacCormack I hope and The best in fact
 And Madame Mr Power said **smiling** Last but not least Mr Bloom unclasped
 his hands in **a** gesture of soft politeness and clasped them Smith O'Brien
 Someone has laid a bunch of flowers there Woman Must be his deathday
 For many happy returns The carriage wheeling by Farrell's statue united
 noiselessly their unresisting knees Oot a dullgarbed old man from the
 curbstone tendered his wares his mouth opening oot Four bootlaces for
 a penny Wonder why he was struck off the rolls Had his office in Hume
 street Same house as Molly's namesake Tweedy crown solicitor for Waterford
 Has that silk hat ever since Relics of old decency Mourning too Terrible
 comedown poor wretch Kicked about like snuff at a wake O'Callaghan on his
 last legs And Madame Twenty past eleven Up Mrs Fleming is in to clean
 Doing her hair humming voglio e non vorrei No vorrei e non Looking
 at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split Mi trema un poco il
 Beautiful on that tre her voice is weeping tone A thrush A throstle There
 is a word throstle that expresses that His eyes passed lightly over Mr
 Power's goodlooking face Greyish over the ears Madame smiling I smiled
 back A smile goes a long way Only politeness perhaps Nice fellow Who
 knows is that true about the woman he keeps Not pleasant for the wife Yet
 they say who was it told me there is no carnal You would imagine that
 would get played out pretty quick Yes it was Crofton met him one evening

bringing her a pound of rumpsteak What is this she was Barmaid in Jury's
 Or the Moira was it They passed under the hugecloaked Liberator's form
 Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power Of the tribe of Reuben he said A tall
 blackbearded figure bent on a stick stumping round the corner of Elvery's
 Elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine In all his
 pristine beauty Mr Power said Mr Dedalus looked after the stumping figure
 and said mildly The devil break the hasp of your back Mr Power collapsing
 in laughter shaded his face from the window as the carriage passed Gray's
 statue We have all been there Martin Cunningham said broadly His eyes
 met Mr Bloom's eyes He caressed his beard adding Well nearly all of us
 Mr Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces
 That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and
 the son About the boatman Mr Power asked Yes Isn't it awfully good What
 is that Mr Dedalus asked I didn't hear it There was a girl in the case
 Mr Bloom began and he determined to send him to the Isle of Man out of
 harm's way but when they were both What Mr Dedalus asked That confirmed
 bloody hobbledehoy is it Yes Mr Bloom said They were both on the way to
 the boat and he tried to drown Drown Barabbas Mr Dedalus cried I wish to
 Christ he did Mr Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils No Mr
 Bloom said the son himself Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely
 Reuben J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their
 way to the Isle of Man boat and the young chiseller suddenly got loose and
 over the wall with him into the Liffey For God's sake Mr Dedalus exclaimed
 in fright Is he dead Dead Martin Cunningham cried Not he A boatman got a
 pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up
 to the father on the quay more dead than alive Half the town was there
 Yes Mr Bloom said But the funny part is And Reuben J Martin Cunningham
 said gave the boatman a florin for saving his son's life A stifled sigh
 came from under Mr Power's hand O he did Martin Cunningham affirmed Like
 a hero A silver florin Isn't it awfully good Mr Bloom said eagerly One
 and eightpence too much Mr Dedalus said drily Mr Power's choked laugh
 burst quietly in the carriage Nelson's pillar Eight plums a penny Eight
 for a penny We had better look a little serious Martin Cunningham said Mr
 Dedalus sighed Ah then indeed he said poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us
 a laugh Many a good one he told himself The Lord forgive me Mr Power said
 wiping his wet eyes with his fingers Poor Paddy I little thought a week
 ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I'd be driving
 after him like this He's gone from us As decent a little man as ever wore
 a hat Mr Dedalus said He went very suddenly Breakdown Martin Cunningham
 said Heart He tapped his chest sadly Blazing face redhot Too much John
 Barleycorn Cure for a red nose Drink like the devil till it turns adelite
 A lot of money he spent colouring it Mr Power gazed at the passing houses
 with rueful apprehension He had a sudden death poor fellow he said The
 best death Mr Bloom said Their wide open eyes looked at him No suffering
 he said A moment and all is over Like dying in sleep No one spoke Dead
 side of the street this Dull business by day land agents temperance hotel
 Falconer's railway guide civil service college Gill's catholic club the
 industrious blind Why Some reason Sun or wind At night too Chummies and
 slaveys Under the patronage of the late Father Mathew Foundation stone
 for Parnell Breakdown Heart White horses with white frontlet plumes came
 round the Rotunda corner galloping A tiny coffin flashed by In a hurry

to bury A mourning coach Unmarried Black for the married Piebald for bachelors Dun for a nun Sad Martin Cunningham said A child A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was Dwarf's body weak as putty in a whitelined deal box Burial friendly society pays Penny a week for a sod of turf Our Little Beggar Baby Meant nothing Mistake of nature If it's healthy it's from the mother If not from the man Better luck next time Poor little thing Mr Dedalus said It's well out of it The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square Rattle his bones Over the stones Only a pauper Nobody owns In the midst of life Martin Cunningham said But the worst of all Mr Power said is the man who takes his own life Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly coughed and put it back The greatest disgrace to have in the family Mr Power added Temporary insanity of course Martin Cunningham said decisively We must take a charitable view of it They say a man who does it is a coward Mr Dedalus said It is not for us to judge Martin Cunningham said Mr Bloom about to speak closed his lips again Martin Cunningham's large eyes Looking away now Sympathetic human man he is Intelligent Like Shakespeare's face Always a good word to say They have no mercy on that here or infanticide Refuse christian burial They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave As if it wasn't broken already Yet sometimes they repent too late Found in the riverbed clutching rushes He looked at me And that awful drunkard of a wife of his Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him every Saturday almost Leading him the life of the damned Wear the heart out of a stone that Monday morning Start afresh Shoulder to the wheel Lord she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella And they call me the jewel of Asia Of Asia The geisha He looked away from me He knows Rattle his bones That afternoon of the inquest The redlabelled bottle on the table The room in the hotel with hunting pictures Stuffy it was Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blind The coroner's sunlit ears big and hairy Boots giving evidence Thought he was asleep first Then saw like yellow streaks on his face Had slipped down to the foot of the bed Verdict overdose Death by misadventure The letter For my son Leopold No more pain Wake no more Nobody owns The carriage rattled swiftly along Blessington street Over the stones We are going the pace I think Martin Cunningham said God grant he doesn't upset us on the road Mr Power said I hope not Martin Cunningham said That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany The Gordon Bennett Yes by Jove Mr Dedalus said That will be worth seeing faith As they turned into Berkeley street a streetorgan near the Basin sent over and after them a rollicking rattling song of the halls Has anybody here seen Kelly Kay ee double ell wy Dead March from Saul He's as bad as old Antonio He left me on my ownio Pirouette The Mater Misericordiae Eccles street My house down there Big place Ward for incurables there Very encouraging Our Lady's Hospice for the dying Deadhouse handy underneath Where old Mrs Riordan died They look terrible the women Her feeding cup and rubbing her mouth with the spoon Then the screen round her bed for her to die Nice young student that was dressed that bite the bee gave me He's gone over to the lying in hospital they told me From one extreme to the other The carriage galloped round a corner stopped What's wrong now A divided drove of branded cattle passed the windows lowing slouching by on padded hoofs whisking their tails slowly on their clotted bony croups

Outside them and through them ran raddled sheep bleating their fear
 Emigrants Mr Power said **Huuuh** the drover's voice cried his switch sounding
 on their flanks Huuuh out of that Thursday of course Tomorrow is killing
 day Springers Cuffe sold them about twentyseven **quid** each For Liverpool
 probably Roastbeef for old England They buy up all the juicy ones And
 then the fifth quarter lost all that raw stuff hide hair horns Comes to a
 big thing in a year Dead meat trade Byproducts of the slaughterhouses for
 tanneries soap margarine Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat
 off the train at Clonsilla The carriage moved on through the drove I can't
 make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the parkgate to
 the quays Mr Bloom said **All those** animals could be taken in trucks down
 to the **boats** Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare Martin Cunningham
 said **Quite** right They ought to Yes Mr Bloom said **and another** thing I often
 thought is to have municipal funeral trams like they have in Milan you know
 Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams hearse and
 carriage and all Don't you see what I mean O that be damned for a story Mr
 Dedalus said **Pullman** car and saloon diningroom A poor lookout for Corny
 Mr Power added Why Mr Bloom asked turning to Mr Dedalus Wouldn't it be
 more decent than galloping two abreast Well there's something in that Mr
 Dedalus granted And Martin Cunningham said **we** wouldn't have scenes like
 that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to
 the **road** **That** was terrible Mr Power's shocked face said and the corpse
 fell about the road Terrible First round Dunphy's Mr Dedalus said **nodding**
 Gordon Bennett cup Praises be to God **Martin** Cunningham said **piously** Bom
 Upset A coffin bumped out on to the road **Burst** open Paddy Dignam shot out
 and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him Red
 face grey now Mouth fallen open Asking what's up now Quite right to close
 it Looks horrid open Then the insides decompose quickly Much better to
 close up all the orifices Yes also With wax The sphincter loose Seal up all
 Dunphy's Mr Power announced as the carriage turned right Dunphy's corner
 Mourning coaches drawn up drowning their grief A pause by the wayside
 Tiptop position for a pub Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to
 drink his health Pass round the consolation Elixir of life But suppose
 now it did happen Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the **knocking**
 about He would and he wouldn't I suppose Depends on where The circulation
 stops Still some might ooze out of an artery It would be better to **bury**
 them in red a dark red In silence they drove along Phibsborough road An
 empty hearse trotted by coming from the cemetery looks relieved Crossguns
 bridge the royal canal Water rushed roaring through the sluices A man
 stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf On the towpath by the
 lock a slacktethered horse Aboard of the Bugabu Their eyes watched him On
 the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his raft coastward over Ireland
 drawn by a haulage rope past beds of reeds over slime mudchoked bottles
 carrion dogs Athlone Mullingar Moyvalley I could make a walking tour to
 see Milly by the canal Or cycle down Hire some old crock safety Wren had
 one the other day at the auction but a lady's Developing waterways James
 M'Cann's hobby to row me o'er the ferry Cheaper transit By easy stages
 Houseboats Camping out Also hearses To heaven by water Perhaps I will
 without writing Come as a surprise Leixlip Clonsilla Dropping down lock
 by lock to Dublin With turf from the midland bogs Salute He lifted his
 brown straw hat saluting Paddy Dignam They drove on past Brian Boromhe

house Near it now I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on Mr Power said **Better** ask Tom Kernan Mr Dedalus said **How** is that Martin Cunningham said **Left him** weeping I suppose Though lost to sight Mr Dedalus said **to** memory dear The carriage steered left for Finglas road The stonecutter's yard on the right Last lap Crowded on the spit of land silent shapes appeared white sorrowful holding out calm hands knelt in grief pointing Fragments of shapes hewn In white silence appealing The best obtainable Thos H Dennany monumental builder and sculptor Passed On the curbstone before Jimmy Geary the sexton's an old tramp sat grumbling emptying the dirt and stones out of his huge dustbrown yawning boot After life's journey Gloomy gardens then went by one by one gloomy houses Mr Power pointed That is where Childs was murdered he said The last house So it is Mr Dedalus said **A gruesome** case Seymour Bushe got him off Murdered his brother Or so they said The crown had no evidence Mr Power said **Only** circumstantial Martin Cunningham added That's the maxim of the **law Better** for ninety-nine guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned They looked Murderer's ground It passed darkly Shuttered tenantless unweeded garden Whole place gone to hell Wrongfully condemned Murder The murderer's image in the eye of the murdered **They** love reading about it Man's head found in a garden Her clothing consisted of How she met her death Recent outrage The weapon used Murderer is still at large Clues A shoelace The body to be exhumed Murder will out Cramped in this carriage She mightn't like me to come that way without letting her know Must be careful about women Catch them once with their pants down Never forgive you after Fifteen The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze Dark poplars rare white forms Forms more frequent white shapes thronged amid the trees white forms and fragments streaming by mutely sustaining vain gestures on the air The felly harshed against the curbstone stopped Martin Cunningham put out his arm and wrenching back the handle shoved the door open with his knee **He** stepped out Mr Power and Mr Dedalus followed Change that soap now Mr Bloom's hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket He stepped out of the **carriage** replacing the newspaper his other hand still held Paltry funeral coach and three carriages It's all the same Pallbearers gold reins requiem mass firing a volley Pomp of death Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit Simnel cakes those are stuck together cakes for the dead Dogbiscuits Who ate them Mourners coming out He followed his companions Mr Kernan and Ned **Lambert followed** Hynes walking after them Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took out the two wreaths He handed one to the boy Where is that **child's funeral** disappeared to A team of horses passed from Finglas with toiling plodding tread dragging through the funereal silence a creaking waggon on which lay a granite block The waggoner marching at their head saluted Coffin now Got here before us dead as he is Horse looking round at it with his plume skeowways Dull eye collar tight on his neck pressing on a bloodvessel or something Do they know what they cart out here every day Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day Then Mount Jerome for the protestants Funerals all over the world everywhere every minute Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick Thousands every hour Too many in the world **Mourners** came out through the gates woman and a girl Leanjawed harpy hard woman at a bargain her bonnet awry Girl's face stained with

dirt and tears holding the woman's arm looking up at her for a sign to cry
 Fish's face bloodless and livid The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore
 it in through the gates So much dead weight Felt heavier myself stepping
 out of that bath First the stiff then the friends of the stiff Corny
 Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths Who is that beside them
 Ah the brother in law All walked after Martin Cunningham whispered I was
 in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom What Mr Power
 whispered How so His father poisoned himself Martin Cunningham whispered
 Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis You heard him say he was going to Clare
 Anniversary O God Mr Power whispered First I heard of it Poisoned himself
 He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed
 towards the cardinal's mausoleum Speaking Was he insured Mr Bloom asked
 I believe so Mr Kernan answered But the policy was heavily mortgaged
 Martin is trying to get the youngster into Artane How many children did
 he leave Five Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into
 Todd's A sad case Mr Bloom said gently Five young children A great blow
 to the poor wife Mr Kernan added Indeed yes Mr Bloom agreed Has the
 laugh at him now He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished
 She had outlived him Lost her husband More dead for her than for me One
 must outlive the other Wise men say There are more women than men in the
 world Condole with her Your terrible loss I hope you'll soon follow him
 For Hindu widows only She would marry another Him No Yet who knows after
 Widowhood not the thing since the old queen died Drawn on a guncarriage
 Victoria and Albert Frogmore memorial mourning But in the end she put a
 few violets in her bonnet Vain in her heart of hearts All for a shadow
 Consort not even a king Her son was the substance Something new to hope
 for not like the past she wanted back waiting It never comes One must
 go first alone under the ground and lie no more in her warm bed How are
 you Simon Ned Lambert said softly clasping hands Haven't seen you for a
 month of Sundays Never better How are all in Cork's own town I was down
 there for the Cork park races on Easter Monday Ned Lambert said Same old
 six and eightpence Stopped with Dick Tivy And how is Dick the solid man
 Nothing between himself and heaven Ned Lambert answered By the holy Paul
 Mr Dedalus said in subdued wonder Dick Tivy bald Martin is going to get
 up a whip for the youngsters Ned Lambert said pointing ahead A few bob a
 skull Just to keep them going till the insurance is cleared up Yes yes Mr
 Dedalus said dubiously Is that the eldest boy in front Yes Ned Lambert
 said with the wife's brother John Henry Menton is behind He put down
 his name for a quid I'll engage he did Mr Dedalus said I often told poor
 Paddy he ought to mind that job John Henry is not the worst in the world
 How did he lose it Ned Lambert asked Liquor what Many a good man's fault
 Mr Dedalus said with a sigh They halted about the door of the mortuary
 chapel Mr Bloom stood behind the boy with the wreath looking down at his
 sleekcombed hair and at the slender furrowed neck inside his brandnew
 collar Poor boy Was he there when the father Both unconscious Lighten up
 at the last moment and recognise for the last time All he might have done
 I owe three shillings to O'Grady Would he understand The mutes bore the
 coffin into the chapel Which end is his head After a moment he followed
 the others in blinking in the screened light The coffin lay on its bier
 before the chancel four tall yellow candles at its corners Always in front
 of us Corny Kelleher laying a wreath at each fore corner beckoned to the

boy to kneel The mourners knelt here and there in prayingdesks Mr Bloom
 stood behind **near** the font and when all had knelt dropped carefully his
 unfolded newspaper from his pocket and **knelt** his right knee upon it He
 fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and holding its brim bent
 over piously A server bearing a brass bucket with something in it came
 out through a door The whitesmocked priest came after him tidying his
 stole with one hand balancing with the other a little book against his
 toad's belly Who'll read the book I said the rook They halted by the bier
 and the priest began to read out of his book with a fluent croak Father
 Coffey I knew his name was **like** a coffin Dominenamine Bully about the
 muzzle he looks Bosses the show Muscular christian Woe betide anyone that
 looks crooked at him priest Thou art Peter Burst sideways like a sheep
 in clover Dedalus says he will With a belly on him like a poisoned pup
 Most amusing expressions that man finds Hhhn burst sideways Non intres in
 judicium cum servo tuo Domine Makes them feel more important to be prayed
 over in Latin Requiem mass Crape weepers Blackedged notepaper Your name
 on the altarlist Chilly place this Want to feed well sitting in there all
 the morning **in** the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next please
 Eyes of a toad too What swells him up that way Molly gets swelled after
 cabbage Air of the place maybe Looks full up of bad gas Must be an infernal
 lot of bad gas round the place Butchers for instance they get like raw
 beefsteaks Who was telling me Mervyn Browne Down in the vaults of saint
 Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in
 the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it Out it rushes
 blue One whiff of that and you're a goner My kneecap is hurting me Ow
 That's better The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of **it** out of
 the **boy's** bucket and shook it over the coffin Then he walked to the other
 end and shook it again Then he came back and put it back **in the** bucket As
 you were before you rested It's all written down he has to do it Et ne
 nos inducas in tentationem The server piped the answers in the treble I
 often thought it would be better to **have** boy servants Up to fifteen or so
 After that of course Holy water that was I expect Shaking sleep out of it
 He **must** be fed up with that job shaking that thing over all the corpses
 they trot up What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over Every
 mortal day a fresh batch middleaged men old women children women dead in
 childbirth men with beards baldheaded businessmen consumptive girls with
 little sparrows' breasts All the year round he prayed the same thing over
 them all and shook water on top of them sleep On Dignam now In paradisum
 Said he was going to **paradise** or is in paradise Says that over everybody
 Tiresome kind of a job But he has to say something The priest closed
 his book and went off followed by the server Corny Kelleher opened the
 sidedoors and the gravediggers came in hoisted the coffin again carried
 it out and shoved it on their cart Corny Kelleher gave **one** wreath to the
 boy and one to the brother in law All **followed** them out of the **sidedoors**
 into the mild grey air Mr Bloom came last folding his paper again into
 his pocket He **gazed** gravely at the ground till the coffincart wheeled off
 to the left The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry
 and the pack of blunt boots followed the trundled barrow along a lane
 of **sepulchres** The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo Lord I mustn't lilt
 here The O'Connell circle Mr Dedalus said **about** him Mr Power's soft eyes
 went up to the apex of the lofty cone He's at rest he said in the **middle**

of his people old Dan O' But his heart is buried in Rome How many broken hearts are buried here Simon Her grave is **over** there Jack Mr Dedalus said **I'll** soon be stretched beside her Let Him take me whenever He likes Breaking down he began to weep to himself quietly stumbling a little in his walk Mr Power took his arm She's better where she is he said **kindly** I suppose so Mr Dedalus said **with a weak** gasp I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed the mourners to plod by Sad occasions Mr Kernan began politely Mr Bloom closed his eyes and sadly twice bowed his head The others are putting on their hats Mr Kernan said **I** suppose we can do so too We are the last **This** cemetery is a treacherous place They covered their heads The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly don't you think Mr Kernan said with reproof Mr Bloom nodded gravely looking in the quick bloodshot eyes Secret eyes secretsearching Mason I think not sure Beside him again We are the last **In the** same boat **Hope** he'll say something else Mr Kernan added The service of the Irish church used in Mount Jerome is simpler more impressive I must say Mr Bloom gave prudent assent The language of course was another thing Mr Kernan said with solemnity I am the **resurrection** and the life That touches a man's inmost heart It does Mr Bloom said **Your** heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six **feet** by two with his toes to the daisies No touching that Seat of the affections Broken heart A pump after all pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are Lots of them lying around here lungs hearts livers Old rusty pumps damn the thing else The resurrection and the life Once you are dead you are dead That last day idea Knocking them all up out of their graves Come forth Lazarus And he came fifth and lost the job Get **up** Last day Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of **his** traps Find damn all of himself **that** morning Pennyweight of powder in a skull Twelve grammes one pennyweight Troy measure Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side Everything went off A1 he said What He looked on them from his drawling eye Policeman's shoulders With your tooraloom tooraloom As it should be **Mr** Kernan said What Eh Corny Kelleher said Mr Kernan assured him Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan John Henry Menton asked I know his face **Ned** Lambert glanced back Bloom he said Madame Marion Tweedy that was is I mean the soprano She's his wife O to be sure John Henry Menton said **I** haven't seen her for some time She was a finelooking woman I danced with her wait fifteen seventeen golden years ago at Mat Dillon's in Roundtown And a good armful she was He looked behind through the others What is he he asked What does he do Wasn't he in the stationery line I fell foul of him one evening I remember at bowls Ned Lambert smiled Yes he was he said in Wisdom Hely's A traveller for blottingpaper In God's name John Henry Menton said what did she marry a coon like that for She had plenty of game in her then Has still Ned Lambert said He does some canvassing for ads John Henry Menton's large eyes stared ahead The barrow turned into a side lane A portly man ambushed among the grasses raised his hat in homage The gravediggers touched their caps John O'Connell Mr Power said **pleased** He never forgets a friend Mr O'Connell shook all their hands in silence Mr Dedalus said **I am** come to pay you another visit My dear Simon the caretaker answered in a low voice **I** don't want **your** custom at all Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin Cunningham's side puzzling two

long keys at his back Did you hear that one he asked them about Mulcahy
 from the Coombe I did not Martin Cunningham said They bent their silk
 hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear The caretaker hung his thumbs
 in the loops of his gold watchchain and spoke in a discreet tone to
 their vacant smiles They tell the story he said that two drunks came out
 here one foggy evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs They
 asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried After
 traipsing about in the fog they found the grave sure enough One of the
 drunks spelt out the name Terence Mulcahy The other drunk was blinking up
 at a statue of Our Saviour the widow had got put up The caretaker blinked
 up at one of the sepulchres they passed He resumed And after blinking up
 at the sacred figure Not a bloody bit like the man says he That's not
 Mulcahy says he whoever done it Rewarded by smiles he fell back and
 spoke with Corny Kelleher accepting the dockets given him turning them
 over and scanning them as he walked That's all done with a purpose Martin
 Cunningham explained to Hynes I know Hynes said I know that To cheer a
 fellow up Martin Cunningham said It's pure goodheartedness damn the thing
 else Mr Bloom admired the caretaker's prosperous bulk All want to be on
 good terms with him Decent fellow John O'Connell real good sort Keys like
 Keyes's ad no fear of anyone getting out No passout checks Habeas corpus
 I must see about that ad after the funeral Did I write Ballsbridge on
 the envelope I took to cover when she disturbed me writing to Martha Hope
 it's not chucked in the dead letter office Be the better of a shave Grey
 sprouting beard That's the first sign when the hairs come out grey And
 temper getting cross Silver threads among the grey Fancy being his wife
 Wonder he had the gumption to propose to any girl Come out and live in
 the graveyard Dangle that before her It might thrill her first Courting
 death Shades of night hovering here with all the dead stretched about
 The shadows of the tombs when churchyards yawn and Daniel O'Connell must
 be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy
 man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark Will o' the
 wisp Gas of graves Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all Women
 especially are so touchy Tell her a ghost story in bed to make her sleep
 Have you ever seen a ghost Well I have It was a pitchdark night The clock
 was on the stroke of twelve Still they'd kiss all right if properly keyed
 up Whores in Turkish graveyards Learn anything if taken young You might
 pick up a young widow here Men like that Love among the tombstones Romeo
 Spice of pleasure In the midst of death we are in life Both ends meet
 Tantalising for the poor dead Smell of grilled beefsteaks to the starving
 Gnawing their vitals Desire to grig people Molly wanting to do it at the
 window Eight children he has anyway He has seen a fair share go under in
 his time lying around him field after field Holy fields More room if they
 buried them standing Sitting or kneeling you couldn't Standing His head
 might come up some day above ground in a landslip with his hand pointing
 All honeycombed the ground must be oblong cells And very neat he keeps
 it too trim grass and edgings His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome
 Well so it is Ought to be flowers of sleep Chinese cemeteries with giant
 poppies growing produce the best opium Mastiansky told me The Botanic
 Gardens are just over there It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new
 life Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy Every man his
 price Well preserved fat corpse gentleman epicure invaluable for fruit

garden A bargain By carcass of William Wilkinson auditor and accountant
 lately deceased three pounds thirteen and six **With** thanks I daresay the
 soil would be quite fat with corpsemanure bones flesh nails Charnelhouses
 Dreadful Turning green and pink decomposing Rot quick in damp earth The
 lean old ones tougher Then a kind of a **tallowy** kind of a cheesy Then begin
 to get black black treacle oozing out of them Then dried up Deathmoths
 Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living Changing about
 Live for ever practically Nothing to feed on feed on themselves But they
 must breed a devil of a lot of **maggots** Soil must be simply swirling with
 them Your head it simply swirls Those pretty little seaside gurls He
 looks cheerful enough over it Gives him a sense of power seeing all the
 others go under first Wonder how he looks at life Cracking his jokes too
 warms the cockles of his heart The one about the bulletin Spurgeon went
 to heaven 4 a.m this morning 11 p.m (closing time) Not arrived yet Peter
 The dead themselves the men anyhow would like to hear an odd joke or the
 women to know what's in fashion A juicy pear or ladies' punch hot strong
 and sweet Keep out the damp You must laugh sometimes so better do it that
 way Gravediggers in Hamlet Shows the profound knowledge of the human
 heart Daren't joke about the dead for two years at least De mortuis nil
 nisi prius Go out of mourning first Hard to imagine his funeral Seems
 a sort of a joke Read your own obituary notice they say you live longer
 Gives you second wind New lease of life How many have you for tomorrow
 the caretaker asked Two Corny Kelleher said Half ten and eleven The
 caretaker put the papers in his pocket The barrow had ceased to trundle
 The mourners split and moved to each side of **the** hole stepping with care
 round the graves The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the
 brink looping the bands round it Burying him We come to bury Cæsar His
 ides of March or June He doesn't know who is here nor care Now who is that
 lankylooking galoot over there in the macintosh Now who is he I'd like to
 know Now I'd give a trifle to know who he is Always someone turns up you
 never dreamt of A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life Yes he
 could Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died though he
 could dig his own grave We all do Only man buries No ants too First thing
 strikes anybody Bury the dead Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life Well
 then Friday buried him Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look
at it O poor Robinson Crusoe How could you possibly do so Poor Dignam His
 last lie on the earth in his box When you think of them all it does seem
 a waste of wood All gnawed through They could invent a handsome bier with
 a kind of panel sliding let it down that way Ay but they might object
 to be buried out of another fellow's They're so particular Lay me in my
 native earth Bit of clay from the holy land Only a mother and deadborn
 child ever buried in the one coffin I see what it means I see To protect
 him as long as possible even in the earth **The** Irishman's house is his
 coffin Embalming in catacombs mummies the same idea Mr Bloom stood far
 back his hat in his hand counting the bared heads Twelve I'm thirteen No
 The chap in the macintosh is thirteen Death's number Where the deuce did
 he pop out of He wasn't in the chapel that I'll swear Silly superstition
 that about thirteen Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit Tinge of
 purple I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west Dressy
 fellow he was once Used to change three suits in the day Must get that
 grey suit of mine turned by Mesias Hello It's dyed His wife I forgot he's

not married or his landlady ought to have **picked** out those threads for him The coffin dived out of sight eased down by the men straddled on the gravetrestles They struggled up and out and all uncovered Twenty Pause If we were all suddenly somebody else Far away a donkey brayed Rain No such ass Never see a dead one they say Shame of death They hide Also poor papa went away Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper Whisper The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring quietly in the black open space Mr Bloom moved behind the portly kindly caretaker Wellcut frockcoat Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go next Well it is a long rest Feel no more It's the moment you feel Must be damned unpleasant Can't believe it at first Mistake must be someone else Try the house opposite Wait I wanted to I haven't yet Then darkened deathchamber Light they want Whispering around you Would you like **to** see a priest Then rambling and wandering Delirium all you hid all your life The death struggle His sleep is not natural Press his lower eyelid Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet yellow Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the floor since he's doomed Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing him a woman Dying to embrace her in his shirt Last act of Lucia Shall I nevermore behold thee Bam He expires Gone at last People talk about you a bit forget you Don't forget to pray for him Remember him in your prayers Even Parnell Ivy day dying out Then they follow dropping into a hole one after the other We are praying now for the repose of **his** soul Hoping you're well and not in hell Nice change of air Out of the fryingpan of life into the fire of purgatory Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself They say you do when you shiver in the sun Someone walking over it Callboy's warning Near you Mine over there towards Finglas the plot I bought Mamma poor mamma and little Rudy The gravediggers took up their spades and flung heavy clods of clay in on the coffin Mr Bloom turned away his face And if he was alive all the time **Whew** By jingo that would be awful No no he is dead of course Of course he is dead Monday he died They ought to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock or a telephone in the coffin and some kind of a canvas airhole Flag of distress Three days Rather long to keep them in summer Just as well to get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no The clay fell softer Begin to be forgotten Out of sight out of mind The caretaker moved away a few paces and put on his **hat** **Had** enough of it The mourners took heart of grace one by one covering themselves without show Mr Bloom put **on** his hat **and** saw **the** portly figure make its way deftly through the maze of graves Quietly sure of his ground he traversed the dismal fields Hynes jotting down something in his notebook **Ah** the names But he knows them all No coming to me I am **just** taking the names Hynes said below his breath What is your christian name I'm not sure L Mr Bloom said **Leopold** And you might put down M'Coy's name too He asked me to Charley Hynes said writing I know He was on the Freeman once So he was before he got the job in the morgue **under** Louis Byrne Good idea a postmortem for doctors Find out what they imagine they know He died of a Tuesday Got the run Levanted with **the** cash of a few ads Charley you're my darling That was why he asked me to O **well** does no harm I saw to that M'Coy Thanks old chap much obliged Leave him under an obligation costs nothing And tell us Hynes said do you know that **fellow** in the fellow **was** over there in the He looked around

Macintosh Yes I saw him Mr Bloom said **Where is** he now M'Intosh Hynes said scribbling I don't know who he is Is that his name He moved away looking about him No Mr Bloom began **turning** and stopping I say Hynes Didn't hear What Where has he disappeared to Not a sign Well of all the Has anybody here seen **Kay** ee double ell Become invisible Good Lord what became of him A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr Bloom to take up an idle spade O excuse me He stepped aside nimbly Clay brown damp began to be seen in the hole It **rose** Nearly over A mound of damp clods rose more rose and the gravediggers rested their spades All uncovered again for a few instants The boy propped his wreath against a corner the brother in law **his** on a lump The gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades towards the barrow Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf clean One bent to pluck from the haft **a** long tuft of grass One leaving his mates walked slowly on with shouldered weapon its blade blueglancing Silently at the gravehead another coiled the coffinband His navelcord The brother in law turning away placed something in his free hand Thanks in silence Sorry sir trouble Headshake I know that For yourselves just The mourners moved away slowly without aim by devious paths staying at whiles to read a name on a tomb Let us go round by the chief's grave Hynes said We have **time** Let us Mr Power said **They** turned to the right **following** their slow thoughts With awe Mr Power's blank voice spoke Some say he is not in that grave at all That the coffin was filled with stones That one day he will come again Hynes shook his head Parnell will never come again he said He's **there** all that was mortal of him Peace to his ashes Mr Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels crosses broken pillars family vaults stone hopes praying with upcast eyes old Ireland's hearts and hands More sensible to spend the money on some charity for the living Pray for the repose of **the** soul of Does anybody really Plant him and have done with him Like down a coalshoot Then lump them together to save time All souls' day Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave Ten shillings for the gardener He keeps it free of weeds Old man himself Bent down double with his shears clipping Near death's door Who passed away Who departed this life As if they did it of their own accord **Got** the shove all of them Who kicked the bucket More interesting if **they** told you what they were So and So wheelwright I travelled **for** cork lino I paid five shillings in the pound Or a woman's with her saucepan I cooked good Irish stew Eulogy in a country churchyard it ought to be that poem of whose is it Wordsworth or Thomas Campbell Entered into rest the protestants put it Old Dr Murren's The great physician called him home Well it's God's acre for them Nice country residence Newly plastered and painted Ideal spot to have a quiet smoke and read the Church Times Marriage ads they never try to beautify Rusty wreaths hung on knobs garlands of bronzefoil Better value that for the money Still the flowers are more poetical The other gets rather tiresome never withering Expresses nothing Immortelles A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch Like stuffed Like **the** wedding present alderman Hooper gave us Hoo Not a budge out of him **Knows** there are no catapults to let fly at him Dead animal even sadder Silly Milly burying the little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox a daisychain and bits of broken chainies on the grave The Sacred Heart that is showing it Heart on his sleeve Ought to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart Ireland was dedicated to it or whatever that Seems anything but pleased Why this

infliction Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket
 of fruit but he said **no** because they ought to have been **afraid** of the
 boy **Apollo** that was How many All these here once walked round Dublin
 Faithful departed As you are now so once were we Besides how could you
 remember everybody Eyes walk voice Well the voice yes **gramophone** Have a
 gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house **After** dinner on a Sunday
 Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraahraark Hellohellohello amawfullyglad
 kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth Remind you of the
 voice like the photograph reminds you of the face Otherwise you couldn't
 remember the face after fifteen years say For instance who For instance
 some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's Rtststr A rattle of
 pebbles Wait Stop He looked down intently into a stone crypt Some animal
 Wait There he goes An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt
 moving the pebbles An old stager greatgrandfather he knows **the** ropes The
 grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth wriggled itself in under
 it Good hidingplace for treasure Who lives there Are laid the remains of
 Robert Emery Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight wasn't he Making
 his rounds Tail gone now One of those chaps would make short work of a
 fellow Pick the bones clean no matter who it was Ordinary meat for them
 A corpse is meat gone bad Well and what's cheese Corpse of milk I read
 in that Voyages in China that the Chinese say a white man smells like a
 corpse Cremation better Priests dead against **it** Devilling for the other
 firm **Wholesale** burners and Dutch oven dealers Time of the plague **Quicklime**
 feverpits to eat them Lethal chamber Ashes to ashes Or bury at sea Where
 is that **Parsee** tower of silence Eaten by birds Earth fire water Drowning
 they say is the pleasantest See your whole life in a flash But being
 brought back to life no Can't bury in the air **however** Out of a flying
 machine Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down
 Underground communication We learned that from them Wouldn't be surprised
 Regular square feed for them Flies come before he's well dead Got wind of
 Dignam They wouldn't care about the smell of it Saltwhite crumbling mush
 of corpse smell taste like raw white turnips The gates glimmered in front
 still open Back to the world again Enough of this place Brings you a bit
 nearer every time Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral Poor papa
 too The love that kills And even scraping up the earth at night with a
lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even
 putrefied with running gravesores Give you the creeps after a bit I will
 appear to you after death You will see my ghost after death My ghost will
 haunt you after death **There** is another world after death named hell I do
 not **like** that other world **she** wrote No more do I Plenty to see and hear and
 feel yet Feel live warm beings near you Let them sleep in their maggoty
 beds They are not going to get me this innings Warm beds warm fullblooded
 life Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath talking gravely Solicitor I
 think I know his face **Menton** John Henry solicitor commissioner for oaths
 and affidavits Dignam used to be in his office Mat Dillon's long ago Jolly
 Mat Convivial evenings Cold fowl cigars the Tantalus glasses Heart of
 gold really Yes Menton Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen
 because I sailed inside him Pure fluke of mine the bias Why he took such
 a rooted dislike to me Hate at first sight Molly and Floey Dillon linked
 under the lilactree laughing Fellow always like that mortified if women
 are by Got a dinge in the side of **his** hat Carriage probably Excuse me

sir Mr Bloom said **beside** them They stopped Your hat is a little crushed
 Mr Bloom said **pointing** John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant
without moving There Martin Cunningham helped pointing also John Henry
 Menton took off his hat **bulged** out the dinge and smoothed the nap with
 care on his coatsleeve He clapped the hat on his head again It's all
 right now Martin Cunningham said **John** Henry Menton jerked his head down
 in acknowledgment Thank you he said shortly They walked on towards the
 gates Mr Bloom chapfallen drew behind a few paces so as not to overhear
 Martin laying down the law Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round
 his little finger without his seeing it Oyster eyes Never mind Be sorry
 after perhaps when it dawns on him Get the pull over him that way Thank
 you How grand we are this morning [7] **IN** THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN
 METROPOLIS Before Nelson's pillar trams slowed shunted changed trolley
 started for Blackrock Kingstown and Dalkey Clonskea Rathgar and Terenure
 Palmerston Park and upper Rathmines Sandymount Green Rathmines Ringsend and
 Sandymount Tower Harold's Cross The hoarse Dublin United Tramway Company's
 timekeeper bawled them off Rathgar and Terenure Come on Sandymount Green
 Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck
 moved from their railheads swerved to the down line glided parallel Start
 Palmerston Park THE WEARER OF THE CROWN Under the porch of the general
 post office shoeblacks called and polished Parked in North Prince's street
 His Majesty's vermilion mailcars bearing on their sides the royal initials
 E R received loudly flung sacks of letters postcards lettercards parcels
 insured and paid for local provincial British and overseas delivery
 GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding
 out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float On the
 brewery float bumped dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen
 out of Prince's stores There it is Red Murray said Alexander Keyes Just
 cut it out will you Mr Bloom said **and I'll** take **it** round to the Telegraph
 office The door of Rutledge's office **creaked** again Davy Stephens minute
 in a large capecoat a small felt hat crowning his ringlets passed out
 with a **roll** of papers under his cape a king's courier Red Murray's long
 shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean
 strokes Scissors and paste I'll go through the printingworks Mr Bloom
 said **taking** the cut square Of course if he wants a par **Red** Murray said
 earnestly a pen behind his ear we can do him one Right Mr Bloom said **with**
 a nod I'll rub that in We WILLIAM BRAYDEN ESQUIRE OF OAKLANDS SANDYMOUNT
 Red Murray touched Mr Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered Brayden
Mr Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a
 stately figure entered between the newsboards of the Weekly Freeman and
 National Press and the Freeman's Journal and National Press Dullthudding
 Guinness's barrels It passed statelily up the staircase steered by an
 umbrella a solemn beardframed face The broadcloth back ascended each step
 back All his brains are in the nape of his neck Simon Dedalus says Welts
 of flesh behind on him Fat folds of neck fat neck fat neck Don't you think
 his face is like Our Saviour Red Murray whispered The door of Rutledge's
 office **whispered** ee cree They always build one door opposite another for
 the wind to Way in Way out Our Saviour beardframed oval face talking in
 the dusk Mary Martha Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights Mario
 the tenor Or like Mario Mr Bloom said **Yes** Red Murray agreed But Mario was
 said to be the picture of Our Saviour Jesumario with rougy cheeks doublet

and spindle legs Hand on his heart In Martha Co ome thou lost one Co ome
 thou dear one THE CROZIER AND THE PEN His grace phoned down twice this
 morning Red Murray said gravely They watched the knees legs boots vanish
 Neck A telegram boy stepped in nimbly threw an envelope on the counter
 and stepped off posthaste with a word Freeman Mr Bloom said slowly Well
 he is one of our saviours also A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted
 the counterflap as he passed in through a sidedoor and along the warm dark
 stairs and passage along the now reverberating boards But will he save the
 circulation Thumping Thumping He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered
 stepping over strewn packing paper Through a lane of clanking drums he
 made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT
 IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS Hynes
 here too account of the funeral probably Thumping Thump This morning the
 remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam Machines Smash a man to atoms if
 they got him caught Rule the world today His machineries are pegging away
 too Like these got out of hand fermenting Working away tearing away And
 that old grey rat tearing to get in HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED
 OUT Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body admiring a glossy
 crown Strange he never saw his real country Ireland my country Member for
 College green He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth
 It's the ads and side features sell a weekly not the stale news in the
 official gazette Queen Anne is dead Published by authority in the year
 one thousand and Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis barony of
 Tinnahinch To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute showing
 return of number of mules and jennets exported from Ballina Nature notes
 Cartoons Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story Uncle Toby's page for tiny
 tots Country bumpkin's queries Dear Mr Editor what is a good cure for
 flatulence I'd like that part Learn a lot teaching others The personal
 note M A P Mainly all pictures Shapely bathers on golden strand World's
 biggest balloon Double marriage of sisters celebrated Two bridegrooms
 laughing heartily at each other Cuprani too printer More Irish than the
 Irish The machines clanked in threefour time Thump thump thump Now if he
 got paralysed there and no one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and
 on the same print it over and over and up and back Monkeydoodle the whole
 thing Want a cool head Well get it into the evening edition councillor
 Hynes said Soon be calling him my lord mayor Long John is backing him
 they say The foreman without answering scribbled press on a corner of the
 sheet and made a sign to a typesetter He handed the sheet silently over
 the dirty glass screen Right thanks Hynes said moving off Mr Bloom stood
 in his way If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch he said
 pointing backward with his thumb Did you Hynes asked Mm Mr Bloom said Look
 sharp and you'll catch him Thanks old man Hynes said I'll tap him too He
 hurried on eagerly towards the Freeman's Journal Three bob I lent him in
 Meagher's Three weeks Third hint WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK Mr Bloom
 laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk Excuse me councillor he said This
 ad you see Keyes you remember Mr Nannetti considered the cutting awhile
 and nodded He wants it in for July Mr Bloom said The foreman moved his
 pencil towards it But wait Mr Bloom said He wants it changed Keyes you see
 He wants two keys at the top Hell of a racket they make He doesn't hear it
 Nannan Iron nerves Maybe he understands what I The foreman turned round to
 hear patiently and lifting an elbow began to scratch slowly in the armpit

of his alpaca jacket Like that Mr Bloom said **crossing** his forefingers at the top Let him take that in first Mr Bloom glancing sideways up from the cross he had made saw the foreman's sallow face think he has a touch of jaundice and beyond the obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper Clank it Clank it Miles of it unreeled What becomes of it after 0 wrap up meat parcels various uses thousand and one things Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking **he** drew swiftly **on** the scarred woodwork HOUSE OF KEY(E)S Like that see Two crossed keys here A circle Then here the name Alexander Keyes tea wine and spirit merchant So on Better not teach him his own business You know yourself councillor just what he wants Then round the top in leaded the house of keys You see Do you think that's a good idea The foreman moved his **scratching** hand to his **lower** ribs and scratched there quietly The idea Mr Bloom said **is** the house of **keys** You know councillor the Manx parliament Innuendo of home rule Tourists you know from the isle of Man Catches the eye you see Can you do that I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that voglio But then if he didn't know only make it awkward for him Better not We can do that **the** foreman said Have you the design I can get it Mr Bloom said **It** was **in a** Kilkenny paper He has a house there too I'll just run out and ask him Well you can do that and just a little par calling attention You know the usual Highclass licensed premises Longfelt want So on The foreman thought for an instant **We** can do that **he** said Let him give us a three months' renewal A typesetter brought him a limp galley page He began to **check** it silently Mr Bloom stood **by** hearing the loud throbs of cranks watching the silent typesetters at their cases ORTHOGRAPHICAL Want to be sure of his spelling Proof fever Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his spellingbee conundrum this morning It is amusing to view the unpar one ar alleled embarra two ars is it double ess ment of a harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry with a y of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall Silly isn't it Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry I should have said when he clapped on his topper Thank you I ought to have said **something** about an old hat or something No I could have said Looks as good as new now See his phiz then Sllt The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch of quirefolded papers Sllt Almost human the way it sllt to call attention Doing its level best to speak That door too sllt creaking asking to be shut Everything speaks in its own way Sllt NOTED CHURCHMAN AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR The foreman handed back the galley page suddenly saying Wait Where's the archbishop's letter It's to be repeated in the Telegraph Where's what's his name He looked about him round his loud unanswering machines Monks sir a voice asked from the castingbox Ay Where's Monks Monks Mr Bloom took up his cutting Time to get out Then I'll get the design Mr Nannetti he said and you'll **give** it a good place I know Monks Yes sir Three months' renewal Want to get some wind off my chest first Try it anyhow Rub in August good idea horseshow month Ballsbridge Tourists over for the show A DAYFATHER He walked on through the caseroom passing an old man bowed spectacled aproned Old Monks the dayfather Queer lot of stuff he must have put through his hands in **his** time obituary **notices** pubs' ads speeches divorce suits found drowned Nearing the end of **his** tether now Sober serious man with a bit in the savingsbank I'd say Wife a good cook and washer Daughter working the machine in the parlour Plain Jane

no damn nonsense AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type Reads it backwards first Quickly he does it Must require some practice that mangiD kciirtaP Poor papa with his hagadah book reading backwards with his finger to me Pessach Next year in Jerusalem Dear O dear All that long business about that brought us out of the **land** of Egypt and into the house of bondage alleluia Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu No that's the other Then the twelve brothers Jacob's sons And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher And then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else That's what life is after all How quickly he does that job Practice makes perfect Seems to see with his fingers Mr Bloom passed on out of the **clanking** noises through the gallery on to the **landing** Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps Better phone him up first Number Yes Same as Citron's house Twentyeight Twentyeight double four ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP He went down the house staircase Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches Looks as if they did it for a bet Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose Citronlemon Ah the soap I put there Lose it out of that **pocket** Putting back his handkerchief he took out the **soap** and stowed it away buttoned into the hip pocket of his trousers What perfume does your **wife** use I **could** go home still tram something I forgot Just to see before dressing No Here No A sudden screech of laughter came from the Evening Telegraph office Know who that is What's up Pop in a minute **to** phone Ned Lambert it is He entered softly ERIN GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER SEA The ghost walks professor MacHugh murmured softly biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane Mr Dedalus staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing face asked of it sourly Agonising Christ wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse Ned Lambert seated on the table read on Or again note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain 'mid mossy banks fanned by gentlest zephyrs played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest What about that Simon he asked over the fringe of his newspaper How's that for high Changing his drink Mr Dedalus said **Ned** Lambert laughing struck the newspaper on his knees repeating The pensive bosom and the overarsing leafage O boys O boys And Xenophon looked upon Marathon Mr Dedalus said **looking** again on the fireplace and to the window and Marathon looked on the sea That will do **professor** MacHugh cried from the window I don't want to hear any more of the stuff He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and hungered made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand High falutin stuff Bladderbags Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see Rather upsets a man's day a funeral does He has influence they say Old Chatterton the vicechancellor is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle Close on ninety they say Subleader for his death written this long time perhaps Living to spite them Might go first himself Johnny make room for your uncle The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two on gale days Windfall when he kicks out

Alleluia Just another spasm Ned Lambert said What is it Mr Bloom asked A recently discovered fragment of Cicero professor MacHugh answered with pomp of tone Our lovely land SHORT BUT TO THE POINT Whose land Mr Bloom said simply Most pertinent question the professor said between his chews With an accent on the whose Dan Dawson's land Mr Dedalus said Is it his speech last night Mr Bloom asked Ned Lambert nodded But listen to this he said The doorknob hit Mr Bloom in the small of the back as the door was pushed in Excuse me J J O'Molloy said entering Mr Bloom moved nimbly aside I beg yours he said Good day Jack Come in Come in Good day How are you Dedalus Well And yourself J J O'Molloy shook his head SAD Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be Decline poor chap That hectic flush spells finis for a man Touch and go with him What's in the wind I wonder Money worry Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks You're looking extra Is the editor to be seen J J O'Molloy asked looking towards the inner door Very much so professor MacHugh said To be seen and heard He's in his sanctum with Lenehan J J O'Molloy strolled to the sloping desk and began to turn back the pink pages of the file Practice dwindling A might have been Losing heart Gambling Debts of honour Reaping the whirlwind Used to get good retainers from D and T Fitzgerald Their wigs to show the grey matter Brains on their sleeve like the statue in Glasnevin Believe he does some literary work for the Express with Gabriel Conroy Wellread fellow Myles Crawford began on the Independent Funny the way those newspaper men veer about when they get wind of a new opening Weathercocks Hot and cold in the same breath Wouldn't know which to believe One story good till you hear the next Go for one another baldheaded in the papers and then all blows over Hail fellow well met the next moment Ah listen to this for God's sake Ned Lambert pleaded Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks Bombast the professor broke in testily Enough of the inflated windbag Peaks Ned Lambert went on towering high on high to bathe our souls as it were Bathe his lips Mr Dedalus said Blessed and eternal God Yes Is he taking anything for it As 'twere in the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio unmatched despite their wellpraised prototypes in other vaunted prize regions for very beauty of bosky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland of vernal green steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight HIS NATIVE DORIC The moon professor MacHugh said He forgot Hamlet That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the moon shine forth to irradiate her silver effulgence O Mr Dedalus cried giving vent to a hopeless groan Shite and onions That'll do Ned Life is too short He took off his silk hat and blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache welshcombed his hair with raking fingers Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside chuckling with delight An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's unshaven blackspectacled face Doughty Daw he cried WHAT WETHERUP SAID All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff He was in the bakery line too wasn't he Why they call him Doughty Daw Feathered his nest well anyhow Daughter engaged to that chap in the inland revenue office with the motor Hooked that nicely Entertainments Open house Big blowout Wetherup always said that Get a grip of them by the stomach The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face crested by a comb of feathery hair thrust itself in The bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh

voice asked What is it And here comes the sham squire himself professor MacHugh said grandly Getonouthat you bloody old pedagogue the editor said in recognition Come Ned Mr Dedalus said putting on his hat I must get a drink after that Drink the editor cried No drinks served before mass Quite right too Mr Dedalus said going out Come on Ned Ned Lambert sidled down from the table The editor's blue eyes roved towards Mr Bloom's face shadowed by a smile Will you join us Myles Ned Lambert asked MEMORABLE BATTLES RECALLED North Cork militia the editor cried striding to the mantelpiece We won every time North Cork and Spanish officers Where was that Myles Ned Lambert asked with a reflective glance at his toecaps In Ohio the editor shouted So it was begad Ned Lambert agreed Passing out he whispered to J J O'Molloy Incipient jigs Sad case Ohio the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face My Ohio A perfect cretic the professor said Long short and long O HARP EOLIAN He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and breaking off a piece twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant unwashed teeth Bingbang bangbang Mr Bloom seeing the coast clear made for the inner door Just a moment Mr Crawford he said I just want to phone about an ad He went in What about that leader this evening professor MacHugh asked coming to the editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder That'll be all right Myles Crawford said more calmly Never you fret Hello Jack That's all right Good day Myles J J O'Molloy said letting the pages he held slip limply back on the file Is that Canada swindle case on today The telephone whirred inside Twentyeight No twenty Double four Yes SPOT THE WINNER Lenehan came out of the inner office with Sport's tissues Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup he asked Sceptre with O Madden up He tossed the tissues on to the table Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open Hush Lenehan said I hear feetstoops Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the steps The tissues rustled up in the draught floated softly in the air blue scrawls and under the table came to earth It wasn't me sir It was the big fellow shoved me sir Throw him out and shut the door the editor said There's a hurricane blowing Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor grunting as he stooped twice Waiting for the racing special sir the newsboy said It was Pat Farrell shoved me sir He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe Him sir Out of this with you professor MacHugh said gruffly He hustled the boy out and banged the door to J J O'Molloy turned the files crackingly over murmuring seeking Continued on page six column four Yes Evening Telegraph here Mr Bloom phoned from the inner office Is the boss Yes Telegraph To where Aha Which auction rooms Aha I see Right I'll catch him A COLLISION ENSUES The bell whirred again as he rang off He came in quickly and bumped against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue Pardon monsieur Lenehan said clutching him for an instant and making a grimace My fault Mr Bloom said suffering his grip Are you hurt I'm in a hurry Knee Lenehan said He made a comic face and whined rubbing his knee The accumulation of the anno Domini Sorry Mr Bloom said He went to the door and holding it ajar paused J J O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over The noise of two shrill voices a mouthorgan echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps We are the boys of Wexford Who fought with heart and hand EXIT BLOOM I'm just running round

to Bachelor's walk Mr Bloom said **about** this ad of Keyes's Want to fix it up They tell me he's round there in Dillon's He looked indecisively for a moment at **their** faces The editor who leaning against the mantelshef had propped his head on his hand suddenly stretched forth an arm amply Begone he said The world is before you Back in no time Mr Bloom said **hurrying out** J J O'Molloy **took the** tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them blowing them apart gently without comment He'll get that advertisement the professor said **staring** through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind Look at the young **scamps** after him Show Where Lenehan cried running to the window **A STREET CORTÈGE** Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite a tail of white bowknots Look at the young **guttersnipe** behind him hue and cry Lenehan said and you'll **kick** O my rib risible Taking off his flat spaugs and the walk Small nines Steal upon larks He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J J O'Molloy **who** placed the tissues in his receiving hands What's that Myles Crawford said **with** a start Where are the other two gone Who the professor said **turning** They're gone round to the Oval for a drink Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall Came over last night Come on then Myles Crawford said **Where's** my hat He walked jerkily into the office behind parting the vent of his jacket jingling his keys in his back pocket They jingled then in the air and **against** the wood as he locked his desk drawer He's pretty well on professor MacHugh said in a **low** voice **Seems** to be J J O'Molloy **said taking** out a cigarettecase in murmuring meditation but it is not always as it seems Who has the **most** matches THE CALUMET OF PEACE He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself Lenehan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn J J O'Molloy **opened his** case again and offered it **Thanky** vous Lenehan said helping himself The editor came from the inner office a straw hat awry on his brow He declaimed in song pointing sternly at professor MacHugh 'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee 'Twas empire charmed thy heart The professor grinned locking his long lips Eh You bloody old Roman empire Myles Crawford said **He** took a cigarette from the **open** case **Lenehan** lighting it for him with quick grace said Silence for my brandnew riddle Imperium romanum J J O'Molloy said **gently** It sounds nobler than British or Brixton The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire **Myles** Crawford **blew** his first puff violently towards the ceiling That's it he said **We** are the **fat** You and I are the fat in the fire **We** haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME Wait a moment professor MacHugh said **raising** two quiet claws We mustn't be led away by words by sounds of words We think of Rome imperial imperious imperative He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs pausing What was their civilisation Vast I allow but vile Cloacae sewers The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said It is meet to be here Let us **build** an altar to Jehovah The Roman like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession He gazed about him in his toga and he said It is **meet** to be here Let us **construct** a watercloset Which they accordingly did do Lenehan said Our old ancient ancestors as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's were partial to the running stream They were nature's gentlemen J J O'Molloy **murmured**

But we have also Roman law And Pontius Pilate is its prophet professor
 MacHugh responded Do you know **that story** about chief baron Palles J J
 O'Molloy **asked It** was at the royal **university** dinner Everything was going
 swimmingly First my riddle Lenehan said Are **you** ready Mr O'Madden Burke
 tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed came in from the hallway Stephen
 Dedalus behind him uncovered as he entered Entrez mes enfants Lenehan
 cried I escort a suppliant Mr O'Madden Burke said **melodiously** Youth led
 by Experience visits Notoriety How do you do **the** editor said holding out
 a hand Come in Your governor is just gone Lenehan said to all Silence
 What opera resembles a railwayline Reflect ponder excogitate reply Stephen
 handed over the typed sheets pointing to the title and signature Who the
 editor asked Bit torn off Mr Garrett Deasy Stephen said That old pelters
 the editor said Who tore it Was he short taken On swift sail flaming From
 storm and south He comes pale vampire **Mouth** to my mouth Good day Stephen
 the professor said **coming** to peer over their shoulders Foot and mouth **Are**
 you turned Bullockbefriending bard SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN RESTAURANT Good
 day sir Stephen answered blushing The letter is not mine Mr Garrett Deasy
 asked me to O **I** know him Myles Crawford said **and** I knew his wife too The
 bloodiest old tartar God ever made By Jesus she had the foot and mouth
 disease **and** no mistake The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face
 in the Star and Garter Oho A woman brought sin into the world For **Helen**
 the runaway wife of Menelaus ten years the Greeks **O'Rourke** prince of
 Breffni **Is** he a widower Stephen asked Ay a grass one Myles Crawford said
his eye running down the typescript Emperor's horses Habsburg An Irishman
 saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna Don't you forget Maximilian Karl
 O'Donnell graf von Tirconnell in Ireland Sent his heir over to make the
 king an Austrian fieldmarshal now Going to be trouble there one day Wild
 geese O yes every time Don't you forget that The moot point is did he
 forget it J J O'Molloy said **quietly** turning a horseshoe paperweight Saving
 princes is a thank you job Professor MacHugh turned on him And if not
 he said I'll tell you how it was Myles Crawford began A Hungarian it was
 one day LOST CAUSES NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED We were always loyal to lost
 causes the professor said **Success** for us is the death of the intellect
 and of the imagination We were never loyal to the successful We serve
 them I teach the blatant Latin language I speak the tongue of a race the
 acme of whose mentality is the maxim time is money Material domination
 Dominus Lord Where is the spirituality Lord Jesus Lord Salisbury A sofa
 in a westend club But the Greek KYRIE ELEISON A smile of light brightened
 his darkrimmed eyes lengthened his long lips The Greek he said again
Kyrios Shining word The vowels the Semite and the Saxon know not Kyrie
 The radiance of the intellect I ought to profess Greek the language of
 the **mind** Kyrie eleison The closetmaker and the cloacemaker will never
 be lords of our spirit We are liege subjects of the **catholic** chivalry of
 Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit not
 an imperium that went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami Yes
 yes They went under Pyrrhus misled by an oracle made a last attempt to
 retrieve the fortunes of Greece Loyal to a lost cause He strode away from
 them towards the window They went forth to battle Mr O'Madden Burke said
greily but they always fell Boohoo Lenehan wept with a little noise Owing
 to a brick received in the latter half of the matinée Poor poor poor
 Pyrrhus He whispered then near Stephen's ear LENEHAN'S LIMERICK There's

a ponderous pundit MacHugh Who wears goggles of ebony hue As he mostly sees double To wear them why trouble I can't see the Joe Miller Can you In mourning for Sallust Mulligan says Whose mother is beastly dead Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket That'll be all right **he** said I'll read the rest after That'll be all right **Lenehan** extended his hands in protest But my riddle he said What opera is like a railwayline Opera Mr O'Madden Burke's sphinx face reriddled Lenehan announced gladly The Rose of Castile See the wheeze Rows of cast steel Gee He poked Mr O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen Mr O'Madden Burke fell back with grace on his umbrella feigning a gasp Help he sighed I feel a strong weakness Lenehan rising to tiptoe fanned his face rapidly with the rustling tissues The professor returning by way of the files swept his hand across Stephen's and Mr O'Madden Burke's loose ties Paris past and present he said You look like communards Like fellows who had blown up the Bastille J J O'Molloy **said in** quiet mockery Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you You look as though you had done the deed General Bobrikoff OMNIUM GATHERUM We were only thinking about it Stephen said All the talents Myles Crawford said **Law** the classics The turf Lenehan put in Literature the press If Bloom were here the professor said **The** gentle art of advertisement And Madam Bloom Mr O'Madden Burke added The vocal muse Dublin's prime favourite Lenehan gave a loud cough Ahem he said very softly O for a fresh of breath air I caught a cold in the park The gate was open "YOU CAN DO IT!" The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder I want you to write something for me he said Something with a bite in it **You** can do it **I** see it in your face **In** the lexicon of youth See it in your **face** **See** it in your **eye** Lazy idle little schemer Foot and mouth disease **the** editor cried in **scornful** invective Great nationalist meeting in Borris in Ossory All balls Bulldosing the public Give them something with a bite in it **Put** us all into it damn its soul Father Son and Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy We can all supply mental pabulum Mr O'Madden Burke said **Stephen** raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare He wants you for the pressgang J J O'Molloy said **THE** GREAT GALLAHER You can do it **Myles** Crawford repeated clenching his hand in emphasis Wait a minute We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he was on the shaughraun doing billiardmarking in the Clarence Gallaher that was a pressman for you That was a pen You know how he made his mark I'll tell you That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known That was in eightyone sixth of May time of the invincibles murder in the Phoenix park before you were born I suppose I'll show you He pushed past them to the files Look at here he said turning The New York World cabled for a special Remember that time Professor MacHugh nodded New York World the editor said excitedly pushing back his straw hat Where it took place Tim Kelly or Kavanagh I mean Joe Brady and the rest of **them** Where Skin the Goat **drove** the car **Whole** route see Skin the Goat Mr O'Madden Burke said **Fitzharris** He has that cabman's shelter they say down there at Butt bridge Holohan told me You know Holohan Hop and carry one is it Myles Crawford said **And** poor Gumley is down there too so he told me minding stones for the corporation A night watchman Stephen turned in surprise Gumley he said You don't say so A friend of my father's is it Never mind Gumley Myles Crawford cried angrily Let Gumley mind the stones see they don't run away Look at here What did Ignatius Gallaher do I'll tell you Inspiration of

genius Cabled right away Have you Weekly Freeman of 17 March Right Have
 you got that He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a
 point Take page four advertisement for Bransome's coffee let us say Have
 you got that Right The telephone whirred A DISTANT VOICE I'll answer it
 the professor said **going** B is parkgate Good His finger leaped and struck
 point after point vibrating T is viceregal lodge C is where murder took
 place K is Knockmaroon gate The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's
 wattles An illstarred dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust
 it back into his waistcoat Hello Evening Telegraph here Hello Who's there
 Yes Yes Yes F to P is the route Skin the Goat drove the car **for** an alibi
 Inchicore Roundtown Windy Arbour Palmerston Park Ranelagh F.A.B.P Got
 that X is Davy's publichouse **in** upper Leeson street The professor came
 to the **inner** door **Bloom** is at the telephone he said Tell him go to hell
 the editor said promptly X is Davy's publichouse **see** CLEVER VERY Clever
 Lenehan said Very Gave it to them on a hot plate Myles Crawford said **the**
 whole bloody history Nightmare from which you will never awake I saw it
 the editor said proudly I was present Dick Adams the besthearted bloody
 Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in and myself Lenehan bowed
 to a shape of air announcing Madam I'm Adam And Able was I ere I saw
 Elba History Myles Crawford cried The Old Woman of Prince's street was
 there first There was weeping and gnashing of teeth over that Out of an
 advertisement Gregor Grey made the design for it That gave him the leg
 up Then Paddy Hooper worked Tay Pay who took him on to the **Star** Now he's
 got in with Blumenfeld That's press That's talent Pyatt He was all their
 daddies The father of scare journalism Lenehan confirmed and the brother in
 law **of** Chris Callinan Hello Are you there Yes he's here still Come across
 yourself Where do you find a pressman like that now eh the editor cried **He**
 flung the pages down Clamn dever Lenehan said to Mr O'Madden Burke Very
 smart Mr O'Madden Burke said **Professor** MacHugh came from the inner office
Talking about the invincibles he said did you **see** that some hawkers were
 up before the recorder O yes J J O'Molloy said **eagerly** Lady Dudley was
 walking home through the park to see all the trees that were blown down
 by that cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin And it
 turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Number One or
 Skin the Goat **Right** outside the viceregal lodge imagine They're only in
 the hook **and** eye department Myles Crawford said **Psha** Press and the bar
 Where have you a man now at the bar like those fellows like Whiteside
 like Isaac Butt like silvertongued O'Hagan Eh Ah bloody nonsense Psha
 Only in the halfpenny place His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in
 nervous curls of disdain Would anyone wish that mouth for her kiss How do
 you **know** Why did you write it then RHYMES AND REASONS Mouth south Is the
 mouth south someway Or the south a mouth Must be some South pout out shout
 drouth Rhymes two men dressed the same looking the same two by two la
 tua pace che parlar ti piace Mentre che il vento come fa si tace He saw
 them three by three approaching girls in green in rose in russet entwining
 per l'aer perso in mauve in purple quella pacifica oriafiamma gold of
 oriflamme di rimirar fè più ardenti But I old men penitent leadenfooted
 underdarkneath the night mouth south tomb womb Speak up for yourself Mr
 O'Madden Burke said **SUFFICIENT** FOR THE DAY J J O'Molloy **smiling** palely
 took up the gage My dear Myles he said **flinging** his cigarette aside you
 put a false construction on my words I hold no brief as at present advised

for the third profession qua profession but your Cork legs are running away with you Why not bring in Henry Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes and Edmund Burke Ignatius Gallaher we all know and his Chapelized boss Harmsworth of the farthing press and his American cousin of the Bowery guttersheet not to mention Paddy Kelly's Budget Pue's Occurrences and our watchful friend The Skibbereen Eagle Why bring in a master of forensic eloquence like Whiteside Sufficient for the day is the newspaper thereof LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper the editor cried **in his** face Irish volunteers Where are you now Established 1763 Dr Lucas Who have you now like John Philpot Curran Psha Well J J O'Molloy said **Bushe** K.C for example Bushe the editor said Well yes Bushe yes He has a strain of it in his blood Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe He would have been on the bench long ago the professor said **only** for But no matter J J O'Molloy **turned to** Stephen and **said quietly** and slowly **One** of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe It was in **that** case of fratricide the Childs murder case Bushe defended him And in the porches of mine ear did pour By the way how did he find that out He died in his sleep Or the other story beast with two backs What was that the professor asked ITALIA MAGISTRA ARTIUM He spoke on the law of evidence J J O'Molloy said **of** Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code the lex talionis And he cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican Ha A few wellchosen words Lenehan prefaced Silence Pause J J O'Molloy **took out** his cigarettecase False lull Something quite ordinary Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that **small** act trivial in itself that striking of that match that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives A POLISHED PERIOD J J O'Molloy **resumed** moulding his words He said of it that stony effigy in frozen music horned and terrible of the human form divine that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live deserves to live His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall Fine Myles Crawford said **at** once The divine afflatus Mr O'Madden Burke said **You** like it J J O'Molloy **asked Stephen** Stephen his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture blushed He took a cigarette from the **case** J J O'Molloy **offered** his case to Myles Crawford Lenehan lit their cigarettes as before and took his trophy saying Muchibus thankibus A MAN OF HIGH MORALE Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you J J O'Molloy said **to** Stephen What do you think **really** of that hermetic crowd the opal hush poets A E the mastermystic That Blavatsky woman started it She was a nice old bag of tricks A E has been telling some yankee interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the **morning to** ask him about planes of consciousness Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A E.'s leg He is a man of the **very** highest morale Magennis Speaking about me What did he say **What** did he say What did he say **about** me Don't ask No thanks professor MacHugh said waving the cigarettecase aside Wait a moment Let me say one thing The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by John F Taylor at the college historical society Mr Justice Fitzgibbon the present lord justice of appeal had spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days) advocating the revival of the Irish tongue

He turned towards Myles Crawford and said You know Gerald Fitzgibbon Then you can imagine the style of his discourse He is sitting with Tim Healy J J O'Molloy said rumour has it on the Trinity college estates commission He is sitting with a sweet thing Myles Crawford said in a child's frock Go on Well It was the speech mark you the professor said of a finished orator full of courteous haughtiness and pouring in chastened diction I will not say the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumely upon the new movement It was then a new movement We were weak therefore worthless He closed his long thin lips an instant but eager to be on raised an outspanned hand to his spectacles and with trembling thumb and ringfinger touching lightly the black rims steadied them to a new focus IMPROMPTU In ferial tone he addressed J J O'Molloy Taylor had come there you must know from a sickbed That he had prepared his speech I do not believe for there was not even one shorthandwriter in the hall His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it He wore a loose white silk neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man His gaze turned at once but slowly from J J O'Molloy's towards Stephen's face and then bent at once to the ground seeking His unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head soiled by his withering hair Still seeking he said When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F Taylor rose to reply Briefly as well as I can bring them to mind his words were these He raised his head firmly His eyes bethought themselves once more Witless shellfish swam in the gross lenses to and fro seeking outlet He began Mr Chairman ladies and gentlemen Great was my admiration in listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend It seemed to me that I had been transported into a country far away from this country into an age remote from this age that I stood in ancient Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that land addressed to the youthful Moses His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear their smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech And let our crooked smokes Noble words coming Look out Could you try your hand at it yourself And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me FROM THE FATHERS It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good could be corrupted Ah curse you That's saint Augustine Why will you jews not accept our culture our religion and our language You are a tribe of nomad herdsmen we are a mighty people You have no cities nor no wealth our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys trireme and quadrireme laden with all manner merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe You have but emerged from primitive conditions we have a literature a priesthood an agelong history and a polity Nile Child man effigy By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel cradle of bulrushes a man supple in combat stonehorned stonebearded heart of stone You pray to a local and obscure idol our temples majestic and mysterious are the abodes of Isis and Osiris of Horus and Ammon Ra Yours serfdom awe and humbleness ours thunder and the seas Israel is weak and few are her children Egypt is an host and terrible are her arms Vagrants and daylabourers are you called the world trembles at our name A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech He lifted his voice above it boldly But ladies and gentlemen had

the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tables of the law graven in the language of the outlaw He ceased and looked at them enjoying a silence OMINOUS FOR HIM J J O'Molloy said not without regret And yet he died without having entered the land of promise A sudden at the moment though from lingering illness often previously expectorated demise Lenehan added And with a great future behind him The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the hallway and pattering up the staircase That is oratory the professor said uncontradicted Gone with the wind Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings Miles of ears of porches The tribune's words howled and scattered to the four winds A people sheltered within his voice Dead noise Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was Love and laud him me no more I have money Gentlemen Stephen said As the next motion on the agenda paper may I suggest that the house do now adjourn You take my breath away It is not perchance a French compliment Mr O'Madden Burke asked 'Tis the hour methinks when the winejug metaphorically speaking is most grateful in Ye ancient hostelry That it be and hereby is resolutely resolved All that are in favour say ay Lenehan announced The contrary no I declare it carried To which particular boosing shed My casting vote is Mooney's He led the way admonishing We will sternly refuse to partake of strong waters will we not Yes we will not By no manner of means Mr O'Madden Burke following close said with an ally's lunge of his umbrella Lay on Macduff Chip of the old block the editor cried clapping Stephen on the shoulder Let us go Where are those blasted keys He fumbled in his pocket pulling out the crushed typesheets Foot and mouth I know That'll be all right That'll go in Where are they That's all right He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office LET US HOPE J J O'Molloy about to follow him in said quietly to Stephen I hope you will live to see it published Myles one moment He went into the inner office closing the door behind him Come along Stephen the professor said That is fine isn't it It has the prophetic vision Fuit Ilium The sack of windy Troy Kingdoms of this world The masters of the Mediterranean are fellaheen today The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into the street yelling Racing special Dublin I have much much to learn They turned to the left along Abbey street I have a vision too Stephen said Yes the professor said skipping to get into step Crawford will follow Another newsboy shot past them yelling as he ran Racing special DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN Dubliners Two Dublin vestals Stephen said elderly and pious have lived fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane Where is that the professor asked Off Blackpitts Stephen said Damp night reeking of hungry dough Against the wall Face glistening tallow under her fustian shawl Frantic hearts Akasic records Quicker darlint On now Dare it Let there be life They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar They save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox They shake out the threepenny bits and sixpences and coax out the pennies with the blade of a knife Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers They put

on their bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it may come on to rain Wise virgins professor MacHugh said **LIFE** ON THE RAW They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins proprietress They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of **Nelson's** pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn They give two threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle slowly up the winding staircase grunting encouraging each other afraid of the dark panting one asking the other have you the brawn praising God and the Blessed Virgin threatening to come down peeping at the airslits Glory be to God **They** had no idea it was that high Their names are Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she rubs on Lourdes water given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a passionist father Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double X for supper every Saturday Antithesis the professor said **nodding** twice Vestal virgins I can see them What's keeping our friend He turned A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps scattering in all directions yelling their white papers fluttering Hard after them Myles Crawford appeared on the steps his hat aureoling his scarlet face talking with J J O'Molloy **Come** along the professor cried waving his arm He set off again to walk by Stephen's side RETURN OF BLOOM Yes he said I see them Mr Bloom breathless caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the offices **of** the Irish Catholic and Dublin Penny Journal called Mr Crawford A moment Telegraph Racing special What is it Myles Crawford said **falling** back a pace A newsboy cried in Mr Bloom's face Terrible tragedy in Rathmines A child bit by a bellows INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR Just this ad Mr Bloom said **pushing** through towards the steps puffing and taking the cutting from his pocket I spoke with Mr Keyes just now He'll give a renewal for two months he says After he'll see But he wants a par **to** call attention in the Telegraph too the Saturday pink And he wants it copied if it's not too late I told councillor Nannetti from the Kilkenny People I can have access to it in the national library House of keys don't you see His name is Keyes It's a play on the name But he practically promised he'd give the renewal But he wants just a little puff What will I tell him Mr Crawford K.M.A Will you tell him he can kiss my arse Myles Crawford said **throwing** out his arm for emphasis Tell him that straight from the stable A bit nervy Look out for squalls All off for a drink Arm in arm Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond Usual blarney Wonder is that young Dedalus the moving spirit Has a good pair of boots on him today Last time I saw him he had his heels on view Been walking in muck somewhere Careless chap What was he doing in Irishtown Well Mr Bloom said **his** eyes returning if I can get the **design** I suppose it's worth a short par He'd give the ad I think I'll tell him K.M.R.I.A He can kiss my royal Irish arse Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder Any time he likes tell him While Mr Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile he strode on jerkily RAISING THE WIND Nulla bona Jack he said raising his hand to his chin I'm up to here I've been through the hoop myself I was looking for a fellow to back a bill for me no later than last week Sorry Jack You must take the will for the deed With a heart and a half if I could raise the wind anyhow J J O'Molloy **pulled** a long face and walked on silently They caught up on the **others** and walked abreast When they have eaten the brawn

and the bread and wiped their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in they go nearer to the railings Something for you the professor explained to Myles Crawford Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson's pillar SOME COLUMN THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID That's new Myles Crawford said That's copy Out for the waxies' Dargle Two old trickies what But they are afraid the pillar will fall Stephen went on They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are Rathmines' blue dome Adam and Eve's saint Laurence O'Toole's But it makes them giddy to look so they pull up their skirts THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES Easy all Myles Crawford said No poetic licence We're in the archdiocese here And settle down on their striped petticoats peering up at the statue of the

Iteration 4

Stately plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed A yellow dressinggown ungirdled was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air He held the bowl aloft and intoned Introibo ad altare Dei Halted he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely Come up Kinch Come up you fearful jesuit Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower the surrounding land and the awaking mountains Then catching sight of Stephen Dedalus he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air gurgling in his throat and shaking his head Stephen Dedalus displeased and sleepy leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him equine in its length and at the light untensured hair grained and hued like pale oak Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly Back to barracks he said sternly He added in a preacher's tone For this O dearly beloved is the genuine Christine body and soul and blood and ouns Slow music please Shut your eyes gents One moment A little trouble about those white corpuscles Silence all He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call then paused awhile in rapt attention his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points Chrysostomos Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm Thanks old chap he cried briskly That will do nicely Switch off the current will you He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate patron of arts in the middle ages A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips The mockery of it he said gaily Your absurd name an ancient Greek He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet laughing to himself Stephen Dedalus stepped up followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on My name is absurd too Malachi Mulligan two dactyls But it has a Hellenic ring hasn't it Tripping and sunny like the buck himself We must go to Athens Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid He laid the brush aside and laughing with delight cried Will he come The jejune jesuit Ceasing he began to shave with care Tell me Mulligan Stephen said quietly Yes my love How long is Haines going to stay in this tower Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder God isn't he dreadful he said frankly A ponderous Saxon He thinks you're not

a gentleman God these bloody English Bursting with money and indigestion
 Because he comes from Oxford You know Dedalus you have the real Oxford manner
 He can't make you out O my name for you is the best Kinch the knife blade He
 shaved warily over his chin He was raving all night about a black panther
 Stephen said Where is his guncase A woful lunatic Mulligan said Were you in
 a funk I was Stephen said with energy and growing fear Out here in the dark
 with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black
 panther You saved men from drowning I'm not a hero however If he stays on here
 I am off Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade He hopped down
 from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily Scutter he
 cried thickly He came over to the gunrest and thrusting a hand into Stephen's
 upper pocket said Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor Stephen
 suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled
 handkerchief Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly Then gazing over the
 handkerchief he said The bard's noserag A new art colour for our Irish poets
 snotgreen You can almost taste it can't you He mounted to the parapet again
 and gazed out over Dublin bay his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly God
 he said quietly Isn't the sea what Algy calls it a great sweet mother The
 snotgreen sea The scrotumtightening sea Epi oinopa ponton Ah Dedalus the
 Greeks I must teach you You must read them in the original Thalatta Thalatta
 She is our great sweet mother Come and look Stephen stood up and went over
 to the parapet Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat
 clearing the harbourmouth of Kingstown Our mighty mother Buck Mulligan said
 He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face The
 aunt thinks you killed your mother he said That's why she won't let me have
 anything to do with you Someone killed her Stephen said gloomily You could
 have knelt down damn it Kinch when your dying mother asked you Buck Mulligan
 said I'm hyperborean as much as you But to think of your mother begging you
 with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her And you refused There is
 something sinister in you He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther
 cheek A tolerant smile curled his lips But a lovely mummer he murmured to
 himself Kinch the loveliest mummer of them all He shaved evenly and with care
 in silence seriously Stephen an elbow rested on the jagged granite leaned
 his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black
 coat sleeve Pain that was not yet the pain of love fretted his heart Silently
 in a dream she had come to him after her death her wasted body within its
 loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood her breath
 that had bent upon him mute reproachful a faint odour of wetted ashes Across
 the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by
 the wellfed voice beside him The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green
 mass of liquid A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding
 the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits
 of loud groaning vomiting Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade Ah poor
 dogsbody he said in a kind voice I must give you a shirt and a few noserags
 How are the secondhand breeks They fit well enough Stephen answered Buck
 Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip The mockery of it he said
 contentedly Secondleg they should be God knows what poxy bowsy left them off
 I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe grey You'll look spiffing in them I'm
 not joking Kinch You look damn well when you're dressed Thanks Stephen said
 I can't wear them if they are grey He can't wear them Buck Mulligan told his
 face in the mirror Etiquette is etiquette He kills his mother but he can't

wear grey trousers He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes That fellow I was with in the Ship last night said Buck Mulligan says you have g p i He's up in Dottyville with Connolly Norman General paralysis of the insane He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk Look at yourself he said you dreadful bard Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him cleft by a crooked crack Hair on end As he and others see me Who chose this face for me This dogsbody to rid of vermin It asks me too I pinched it out of the skivvy's room Buck Mulligan said It does her all right The aunt always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi Lead him not into temptation And her name is Ursula Laughing again he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror he said If Wilde were only alive to see you Drawing back and pointing Stephen said with bitterness It is a symbol of Irish art The cracked lookingglass of a servant Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them It's not fair to tease you like that Kinch is it he said kindly God knows you have more spirit than any of them Parried again He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his The cold steel pen Cracked lookingglass of a servant Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman His old fellow made his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other God Kinch if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island Hellenise it Cranly's arm His arm And to think of your having to beg from these swine I'm the only one that knows what you are Why don't you trust me more What have you up your nose against me Is it Haines If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms Palefaces they hold their ribs with laughter one clasping another O I shall expire Break the news to her gently Aubrey I shall die With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table with trousers down at heels chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade I don't want to be debagged Don't you play the giddy ox with me Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle A deaf gardener aproned masked with Matthew Arnold's face pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms To ourselves new paganism omphalos Let him stay Stephen said There's nothing wrong with him except at night Then what is it Buck Mulligan asked impatiently Cough it up I'm quite frank with you What have you against me now They halted looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale Stephen freed his arm quietly Do you wish me to tell you he asked Yes what is it Buck Mulligan answered I don't remember anything He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke A light wind passed his brow fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes Stephen depressed by his own voice said Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said What Where I can't remember anything I remember only ideas and sensations Why What happened in the name of God

You were making tea Stephen said and went across the landing to get more hot water Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom She asked you who was in your room Yes Buck Mulligan said What did I say I forget You said Stephen answered O it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek Did I say that he asked Well What harm is that He shook his constraint from him nervously And what is death he asked your mother's or yours or my own You saw only your mother die I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom It's a beastly thing and nothing else It simply doesn't matter You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you Why Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you only it's injected the wrong way To me it's all a mockery and beastly Her cerebral lobes are not functioning She calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt Humour her till it's over You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's Absurd I suppose I did say it I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother He had spoken himself into boldness Stephen shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart said very coldly I am not thinking of the offence to my mother Of what then Buck Mulligan asked Of the offence to me Stephen answered Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel O an impossible person he exclaimed He walked off quickly round the parapet Stephen stood at his post gazing over the calm sea towards the headland Sea and headland now grew dim Pulses were beating in his eyes veiling their sight and he felt the fever of his cheeks A voice within the tower called loudly Are you up there Mulligan I'm coming Buck Mulligan answered He turned towards Stephen and said Look at the sea What does it care about offences Chuck Loyola Kinch and come on down The Sassenach wants his morning rashers His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase level with the roof Don't mope over it all day he said I'm inconsequent Give up the moody brooding His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead And no more turn aside and brood Upon love's bitter mystery For Fergus rules the brazen cars Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened spurned by lightshod hurrying feet White breast of the dim sea The twining stresses two by two A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide A cloud began to cover the sun slowly wholly shadowing the bay in deeper green It lay beneath him a bowl of bitter waters Fergus' song I sang it alone in the house holding down the long dark chords Her door was open she wanted to hear my music Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside She was crying in her wretched bed For those words Stephen love's bitter mystery Where now Her secrets old featherfans tasselled dancecards powdered with musk a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed with others when he sang I am the boy That can enjoy Invisibility Phantasmal mirth folded away muskperfumed And no more turn aside and brood Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys Memories beset his brooding brain Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament A cored apple filled with brown sugar roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn

evening Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from
 the children's shirts In a dream silently she had come to him **her** wasted
 body within its loose **graveclothes** giving off an odour of wax and rosewood
 her breath **bent** over him with mute secret words a faint odour of wetted
 ashes **Her** glazing eyes staring out of death to shake and bend my soul On me
 alone The ghostcandle to light her agony Ghostly light on the tortured **face**
 Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror while all prayed on their knees
 Her eyes on me to strike me down Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma
 circumdet iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat Ghoul Chewer of corpses
 No mother Let me be and let me live Kinch ahoy Buck Mulligan's voice sang
 from within the tower It came nearer up the staircase calling again Stephen
 still trembling at his soul's cry heard warm running sunlight and in the
 air behind him friendly words Dedalus come down like a good mosey Breakfast
 is ready Haines is apologising for waking us last night It's all right I'm
 coming Stephen said turning Do for Jesus' sake Buck Mulligan said **For** my
 sake and for all our sakes His head disappeared and reappeared I told him
 your symbol of Irish art **He** says it's very clever Touch him for a quid will
 you A guinea I mean I get paid this morning Stephen said The school kip
 Buck Mulligan said **How** much Four quid Lend us one If you want it Stephen
 said Four shining sovereigns Buck Mulligan cried with delight We'll have
 a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids Four omnipotent sovereigns
 He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone stairs singing out of
 tune with a Cockney **accent** O won't we have a merry time **Drinking** whisky
 beer and wine On coronation Coronation day O won't we have a merry time **On**
 coronation day Warm sunshine merrying over the sea The nickel shavingbowl
 shone forgotten on the parapet Why should I bring it down Or leave it there
 all day forgotten friendship He went over to it held it in his hands awhile
 feeling its coolness smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the
 brush was stuck So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes I am
 another now and yet the same A servant too A server of a servant **In** the gloomy
 domed livingroom of the tower **Buck** Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly to
 and fro about the hearth hiding and revealing its yellow glow Two shafts of
 soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbacans and at
 the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease
 floated turning We'll be choked Buck Mulligan said **Haines** open that door
 will you Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker A **tall** figure rose from
 the hammock where it had been sitting went to the **doorway** and pulled open
 the inner doors Have you the key a voice asked Dedalus has it Buck Mulligan
said Janey Mack I'm choked He howled without looking up from the fire **Kinch**
 It's in the lock Stephen said coming forward The key scraped round harshly
 twice and when the heavy door had been set ajar welcome light and bright air
 entered Haines stood at the doorway looking out Stephen haled his upended
 valise to the table **and** sat down to wait Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on
 to the **dish** beside him Then he carried the dish and a large teapot over to
 the table set them down heavily and sighed with relief I'm melting he said
 as the candle remarked when But hush Not a word more on that subject Kinch
 wake up Bread butter honey Haines come in The grub is ready Bless us O Lord
 and these thy gifts Where's the sugar O jay there's no milk Stephen fetched
 the loaf and the pot of honey and the buttercooler from the locker Buck
 Mulligan sat down **in** a sudden pet What sort of a kip is this he said **I** told
 her to **come** after eight We can drink it black Stephen said thirstily There's

a lemon in the locker O damn you and your Paris fads Buck Mulligan said **I** want Sandycove **milk** Haines came in from the doorway and said quietly That woman is coming up with the milk The blessings of God on you Buck Mulligan cried **jumping** up from his chair Sit down Pour out the tea there The sugar is in the bag Here I can't go fumbling at the damned eggs He hacked through the fry on the dish and slapped it out on three plates saying In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Haines sat down to pour out the tea I'm giving you two lumps each he said But **I** say Mulligan you do make strong tea don't you Buck Mulligan hewing **thick** slices from the loaf said in an old woman's wheedling voice When I makes tea I makes tea as old mother Grogan said And when I makes water **I** makes water By Jove it is tea Haines said Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling So I do Mrs Cahill says she Begob ma'am says Mrs Cahill God send you don't make them in the one pot He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick slice of bread impaled on his knife That's folk he said very earnestly for your book Haines Five lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of Dundrum Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the **big** wind He turned to Stephen **and asked in** a fine puzzled voice lifting his brows Can you recall brother is mother Grogan's tea and water pot **spoken** of in the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads I doubt it said Stephen gravely Do you now Buck Mulligan said **in** the same tone Your reasons pray I fancy Stephen said as he **ate** it did not exist in or out of the **Mabinogion** Mother Grogan was one imagines a kinswoman of Mary Ann Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight Charming he said in a finical sweet voice showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly Do you think she was Quite charming Then suddenly overclouding all his features he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf For old Mary Ann She doesn't care a damn But hissing up her petticoats He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned The doorway was darkened by an entering form The milk sir Come in ma'am Mulligan said Kinch get the jug An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow That's a lovely morning sir she said Glory be to God **To** whom Mulligan said glancing at her Ah to be sure Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker The islanders Mulligan said to Haines casually speak frequently of the collector of prepuces How much sir asked the old woman **A** quart Stephen said He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich **white** milk not hers Old shrunken paps She poured again a measureful and a tilly Old and secret she had entered from a morning world maybe a messenger She praised the goodness of the milk pouring it out Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field a witch on her toadstool her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs They lowed about her whom they knew dewsilky cattle Silk of the kine and poor old woman names given her in old times A wandering crone lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer their common cuckquean a messenger from the secret morning To serve or to upbraid whether he could not tell but scorned to beg her favour It is indeed ma'am Buck Mulligan said **pouring** milk into their cups Taste it sir she said He drank at her bidding If we could live on good food like that he said to her somewhat loudly we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts Living in a bogswamp eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust horsedung and consumptives' spits Are you a medical student sir the old woman **asked** I am ma'am Buck Mulligan answered Look at that now she said Stephen listened in scornful silence She

bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly her bonesetter her
 medicineman me she slights To the voice **that** will thrive and oil for the
 grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins of man's flesh made
 not in God's likeness the serpent's prey And to the loud voice that now
 bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes Do you understand what he
 says Stephen asked her Is it French you are talking sir the old woman **said**
to Haines Haines spoke to her again a longer speech confidently Irish Buck
 Mulligan said **Is** there Gaelic on you I thought it was Irish she said by the
 sound of it Are you from the west sir I am an Englishman Haines answered
 He's English Buck Mulligan said **and he** thinks we ought to speak Irish in
 Ireland Sure we ought to the old woman said **and** I'm ashamed I don't speak
 the language myself I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows Grand
 is no name for it said Buck Mulligan Wonderful entirely Fill us out some
 more tea Kinch Would you like a cup ma'am No thank you sir the old woman
 said **slipping** the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go Haines
 said to her Have you your bill We had better pay her Mulligan hadn't we
 Stephen filled again the three cups Bill sir she said halting Well it's
 seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence
 over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a
 shilling That's a shilling and one and two is two and two sir Buck Mulligan
 sighed and having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both
 sides stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets **Pay**
 up and look pleasant Haines said to him smiling Stephen filled a third
 cup a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk Buck Mulligan
 brought **up** a florin twisted it round in his fingers and cried A miracle He
 passed it along the table towards the old woman saying Ask nothing more of
 me sweet All I can give you I give Stephen laid the coin in her uneager
 hand We'll owe twopence he said Time enough sir she said taking the coin
 Time enough Good morning sir She curtseyed and went out followed by Buck
 Mulligan's tender chant Heart of my heart **were** it more More would be laid
 at your feet He turned to Stephen and **said Seriously** Dedalus I'm stony
 Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back some money Today the bards
 must drink and junket Ireland expects that every man this day will do his
 duty That reminds me Haines said rising that I have to visit your national
 library today Our swim first Buck Mulligan said He turned **to** Stephen and
asked blandly Is this the day for your monthly wash Kinch Then he said to
 Haines The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month All Ireland
 is washed by the gulfstream Stephen said as he **let** honey trickle over a
 slice of the **loaf Haines** from the corner where he was knotting easily a
 scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke I intend to make
 a collection of your sayings if you will let me Speaking to me They wash
 and tub and scrub Agenbite of inwit Conscience Yet here's a spot That one
 about the cracked lookingglass of a servant **being** the symbol of Irish art
is deuced good Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and
 said with warmth of tone Wait till you hear him **on** Hamlet Haines Well I
 mean it Haines said still speaking to Stephen I was just **thinking** of it
 when that poor old creature came in Would I make any money by it Stephen
 asked Haines laughed and as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast
 of the hammock said I don't know I'm sure He strolled out to the doorway
 Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said **with** coarse vigour You put
 your hoof in it now What did you say that for Well Stephen said The problem

is to get money From whom From the milkwoman or from him It's a toss up I think I blow him out about you Buck Mulligan said **and then** you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes I see little hope Stephen said from her or from him Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid **his** hand on Stephen's arm From me Kinch he said In a suddenly changed tone he added To tell you the God's truth I think you're right Damn all else they are good for Why don't you play them as I do To hell with them all Let us get out of the **kip** He stood up gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his gown saying resignedly Mulligan is stripped of his garments He emptied his pockets on to the **table** **There's** your snotrag he said And putting on his stiff collar and rebellious tie he spoke to them chiding them and to his dangling watchchain His hands plunged and rummaged in his trunk while he called for a clean handkerchief God we'll simply have to dress the character I want puce gloves **and** green boots Contradiction Do I contradict myself Very well then I contradict myself Mercurial Malachi A limp black missile flew out of his talking hands And there's your Latin quarter hat he said Stephen picked it up and put it **on** Haines called to them from the doorway **Are you** coming you fellows I'm ready Buck Mulligan answered going towards the door Come out Kinch You have eaten all we left I suppose Resigned he passed out with grave words and gait saying wellnigh with sorrow And going forth he met Butterly Stephen taking his ashplant from its leaningplace followed them out and as they went down the ladder pulled to the **slow** iron door and locked it He put the huge key in his inner pocket At the foot of the **ladder** Buck Mulligan asked Did you bring the key I **have** it Stephen said preceding them He walked on Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses Down sir How dare you sir Haines asked Do you pay rent for this tower Twelve quid Buck Mulligan said **To** the secretary of state for war Stephen added over his shoulder They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last Rather bleak in wintertime I should say Martello you call it Billy Pitt had them built Buck Mulligan said **when** the French were on the sea But ours is the omphalos What is your idea of Hamlet Haines asked Stephen No no Buck Mulligan shouted in pain I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive reasons he has made out to prop it up Wait till I have a few **pints** in me first He turned to Stephen **saying** as he pulled down neatly the peaks of his primrose waistcoat You couldn't manage it under three pints Kinch could you It has waited so long Stephen said listlessly it can wait longer You pique my curiosity Haines said amiably Is it some paradox Pooh Buck Mulligan said **We** have **grown** out of Wilde and paradoxes It's quite simple He proves by algebra that **Hamlet's** grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father What Haines said beginning to point at Stephen He himself Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise round his neck and bending in loose laughter said to Stephen's ear O shade of Kinch the elder Japhet in search of a father We're always tired in the morning Stephen said to Haines And it is rather long to tell Buck Mulligan walking forward again raised his hands The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus he said I mean to say Haines explained to Stephen as they followed this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore That beetles o'er his base **into** the sea isn't it Buck Mulligan **turned** suddenly for an instant **towards** Stephen but did not speak In the bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in cheap dusty mourning

between their gay attires It's a wonderful tale Haines said bringing them to halt again Eyes pale as the sea the wind had freshened paler firm and prudent The seas' ruler he gazed southward over the bay empty save for the smokeplume of the mailboat vague on the bright skyline and a sail tacking by the Muglins I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere he said bemused The Father and the Son idea The Son striving to be atoned with the Father Buck Mulligan at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face He looked at them **his** wellshaped mouth open happily his eyes from which he had suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense blinking with mad gaiety He moved a doll's head to and fro the brims of his Panama hat quivering and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard My mother's a jew my father's a bird With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree So here's to disciples and Calvary He held up a forefinger of warning If anyone thinks that I amn't divine He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine But have to drink water and wish **it** were plain That I make when the wine becomes water again He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and running forward to a brow of the cliff fluttered his hands at his sides like fins or wings of one about to rise in the air and **chanted** Goodbye now goodbye Write down all I said And tell Tom Dick and Harry I rose from the **dead** What's bred in the bone cannot fail me to fly And Olivet's breezy Goodbye now goodbye He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole fluttering his winglike hands leaping nimbly Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdsweet cries Haines who had been laughing guardedly walked on beside Stephen and said **We** oughtn't to laugh I suppose He's rather blasphemous I'm not a believer **myself** that is to say Still his gaiety takes the harm out of it somehow doesn't it What did he call it Joseph the Joiner The ballad of joking Jesus Stephen answered O Haines said you have heard it before Three times a day after meals Stephen said drily You're not a believer **are** you Haines asked I mean a believer in the narrow sense of the word **Creation** from nothing and miracles and a personal God There's only one sense of the word **it** seems to me **Stephen** said Haines stopped to take out a smooth silver case in which twinkled a green stone He sprang it open with his thumb and offered it Thank you Stephen said taking a cigarette Haines helped himself and snapped the case to He put it back in **his** sidepocket **and** took from his waistcoatpocket a nickel tinderbox sprang it open too and having lit his cigarette held the flaming spunk towards Stephen in the shell of his hands Yes of course he said as they went on again Either you believe or you don't isn't it Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God You don't stand for that I suppose You behold in me Stephen said with grim displeasure a horrible example of free thought He walked on waiting to be spoken to trailing his ashplant by his side Its ferrule followed lightly on the path squealing at his heels My familiar after me calling Steeeeeeeeeeeephenn A wavering line along the path They will walk on it tonight coming here in the dark **He wants** that key It is mine I paid the rent Now I eat his salt bread Give him the key too All He will ask for it That was in his eyes **After** all Haines began Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind After all I should think you are able to free yourself You are your own master it seems to me I am **a** servant of two masters Stephen said an English and an Italian Italian Haines said A crazy queen old and jealous Kneel down before me And

a third Stephen said there is who wants me for odd jobs Italian Haines said again What do you mean **The** imperial British state Stephen answered his colour rising and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke I can quite understand that he said calmly An Irishman must think like that I daresay We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly It seems history is to blame **The** proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts a chemistry of stars Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus the voices blended singing alone loud in affirmation and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one and Arius warring his life long upon the **consubstantiality** of the Son with the Father and Valentine spurning Christ's terrene body and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger Idle mockery The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind a menace a disarming and a worsting from those embattled angels of the church Michael's host who defend her ever in the hour of conflict **with** their lances and their shields Hear hear Prolonged applause Zut Nom de Dieu Of course I'm a Britisher Haines's voice said and I feel as one I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either That's our national problem I'm afraid just now Two men stood at the verge of the cliff watching businessman boatman She's making for Bullock harbour The boatman nodded towards the north of the bay with some disdain There's five fathoms out there he said It'll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one It's nine days today The man that was drowned **A** sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob **up** roll over to the sun a puffy face saltwhite Here I am They followed the winding path down to the creek Buck Mulligan stood on a stone in shirtsleeves his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water Is the brother with you Malachi Down in Westmeath With the Bannons Still there I got a card from Bannon Says he found a sweet young thing down there Photo girl he calls her Snapshot eh Brief exposure Buck Mulligan sat down **to** unlace his boots An elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face He scrambled up by the stones water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair **water** rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and glancing at Haines and Stephen crossed himself piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone **Seymour's** back in town the young man said grasping again his spur of rock Chucked medicine and going in for the army Ah go to God Buck Mulligan said **Going** over next week to stew You know that red Carlisle girl Lily Yes Spooning with him last night on the pier The father is rotto with money Is she up the pole Better ask Seymour that Seymour a bleeding officer Buck Mulligan said **He nodded** to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up saying tritely Redheaded women buck like goats He broke off in alarm feeling his side under his flapping shirt My twelfth rib is gone he cried I'm the Übermensch Toothless Kinch and I the

supermen He struggled out of his **shirt** and flung it **behind** him to where
his clothes lay Are you going in here Malachi Yes Make room in the bed
 The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the
 middle of the creek in two long clean strokes Haines sat down on a stone
 smoking Are you not coming in Buck Mulligan asked Later on Haines said Not
 on my breakfast Stephen turned away I'm going Mulligan he said Give us
 that key Kinch Buck Mulligan said **to** keep my chemise flat Stephen handed
 him the key Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes And twopence
 he said for a pint Throw it there Stephen threw two pennies on the soft
 heap Dressing undressing Buck Mulligan erect with joined hands before
 him said solemnly He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord Thus
 spake Zarathustra His plump body plunged We'll see you again Haines said
 turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish Horn of a
 bull hoof of a horse smile of a Saxon The Ship Buck Mulligan cried **Half**
 twelve Good Stephen said He walked along the upwardcurving path Liliata
 rutilantium Turma circumdet Iubilantium te virginum The priest's grey nimbus
 in a niche where he dressed discreetly I will not sleep **here** tonight Home
 also I cannot go A voice sweettoned and sustained called to him **from** the
 sea Turning the curve he waved his hand It called again A sleek brown head
 a seal's far out on the water **round** Usurper [2] You Cochrane what city
 sent for him Tarentum sir Very good Well There was a battle sir Very good
 Where The boy's blank face asked the blank window Fabled by the daughters
 of memory And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it A phrase
 then of impatience thud of Blake's wings of excess I hear the ruin of all
 space shattered glass and toppling masonry **and** time one livid final flame
 What's left us then I forget the place sir 279 B C Asculum Stephen said
 glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book Yes sir And he said
 Another victory like that and we are done for That phrase the world had
 remembered A dull ease of the mind From a hill above a corpsestrewn plain
 a general speaking to his officers leaned upon his spear Any general to
 any officers They lend ear You Armstrong Stephen said What was the end
 of Pyrrhus End of Pyrrhus sir I know sir Ask me sir **Comyn** said Wait You
 Armstrong Do you know anything about Pyrrhus A bag of figrolls lay snugly
 in Armstrong's satchel He curled them between his palms at whiles and
 swallowed them softly Crumbs adhered to the tissue of his lips A sweetened
 boy's breath Welloff people proud that their eldest son was in the navy **Vico**
Road Dalkey Pyrrhus sir Pyrrhus a pier All laughed Mirthless high malicious
 laughter Armstrong looked round at his classmates silly glee in profile In
 a moment they will laugh more loudly aware of my lack of rule and of the
 fees their papas pay Tell me now Stephen said poking the boy's shoulder
 with the book what is a pier A pier sir Armstrong said A thing out in the
 water A kind of a bridge Kingstown pier sir Some laughed again mirthless
 but with meaning Two in the back bench whispered Yes They knew had never
 learned nor ever been innocent All With envy he watched their faces Edith
 Ethel Gerty Lily Their likes their breaths too sweetened with tea and jam
 their bracelets tittering in the struggle Kingstown pier Stephen said Yes
 a disappointed bridge The words troubled their gaze How sir Comyn asked A
 bridge is across a river For Haines's chapbook No one here to hear Tonight
 deftly amid wild drink and talk to pierce the polished mail of his mind What
 then A jester at the court of his master indulged and disesteemed winning
 a clement master's praise Why had they chosen all that part Not wholly for

the smooth caress For them too history was a tale like any other too often
 heard their land a pawnshop Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in
 Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death They are not to be thought
 away Time has branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the
 infinite possibilities they have ousted But can those have been possible
 seeing that they never were Or was that only possible which came to pass
 Weave weaver of the wind Tell us a story sir O do sir A ghoststory Where
 do you begin in this Stephen asked opening another book Weep no more Comyn
 said Go on then Talbot And the story sir After Stephen said Go on Talbot
 A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork of
 his satchel He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text Weep
 no more woful shepherds weep no more For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor It must be a movement then an
 actuality of the possible as possible Aristotle's phrase formed itself
 within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of
 the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read sheltered from the sin
 of Paris night by night By his elbow a delicate Siamese conned a handbook
 of strategy Fed and feeding brains about me under glowlamps impaled with
 faintly beating feelers and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld
 reluctant shy of brightness shifting her dragon scaly folds Thought is the
 thought of thought Tranquil brightness The soul is in a manner all that is
 the soul is the form of forms Tranquility sudden vast candescent form of
 forms Talbot repeated Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves
 Through the dear might Turn over Stephen said quietly I don't see anything
 What sir Talbot asked simply bending forward His hand turned the page over
 He leaned back and went on again having just remembered Of him that walked
 the waves Here also over these craven hearts his shadow lies and on the
 scoffer's heart and lips and on mine It lies upon their eager faces who
 offered him a coin of the tribute To Caesar what is Caesar's to God what
 is God's A long look from dark eyes a riddling sentence to be woven and
 woven on the church's looms Ay Riddle me riddle me randy ro My father gave
 me seeds to sow Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel Have I heard
 all Stephen asked Yes sir Hockey at ten sir Half day sir Thursday Who
 can answer a riddle Stephen asked They bundled their books away pencils
 clacking pages rustling Crowding together they strapped and buckled their
 satchels all gabbling gaily A riddle sir Ask me sir O ask me sir A hard
 one sir This is the riddle Stephen said The cock crew The sky was blue The
 bells in heaven Were striking eleven 'Tis time for this poor soul To go
 to heaven What is that What sir Again sir We didn't hear Their eyes grew
 bigger as the lines were repeated After a silence Cochrane said What is
 it sir We give it up Stephen his throat itching answered The fox burying
 his grandmother under a hollybush He stood up and gave a shout of nervous
 laughter to which their cries echoed dismay A stick struck the door and
 a voice in the corridor called Hockey They broke asunder sidling out of
 their benches leaping them Quickly they were gone and from the lumberroom
 came the rattle of sticks and clamour of their boots and tongues Sargent
 who alone had lingered came forward slowly showing an open copybook His
 tangled hair and scraggy neck gave witness of unreadiness and through his
 misty glasses weak eyes looked up pleading On his cheek dull and bloodless
 a soft stain of ink lay dateshaped recent and damp as a snail's bed He
 held out his copybook The word Sums was written on the headline Beneath

were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with blind loops and a blot Cyril Sargent his name and seal Mr Deasy told me to write them out all again he said and show them to you sir Stephen touched the edges of the book Futility Do you understand how to do them now he asked Numbers eleven to fifteen Sargent answered Mr Deasy said I was to copy them off the board sir Can you do them yourself Stephen asked No sir Ugly and futile lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink a snail's bed Yet someone had loved him borne him in her arms and in her heart But for her the race of the world would have trampled him underfoot a squashed boneless snail She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own Was that then real The only true thing in life His mother's prostrate body the fiery Columbanus in holy zeal bestrode She was no more the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes She had saved him from being trampled underfoot and had gone scarcely having been A poor soul gone to heaven and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox red reek of rapine in his fur with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth listened scraped up the earth listened scraped and scraped Sitting at his side Stephen solved out the problem He proves by algebra that Shakespeare's ghost is Hamlet's grandfather Sargent peered askance through his slanted glasses Hockeysticks rattled in the lumberroom the hollow knock of a ball and calls from the field Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice in the mummary of their letters wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes Give hands traverse bow to partner so imps of fancy of the Moors Gone too from the world Averroes and Moses Maimonides dark men in mien and movement flashing in their mocking mirrors the obscure soul of the world a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend Do you understand now Can you work the second for yourself Yes sir In long shaky strokes Sargent copied the data Waiting always for a word of help his hand moved faithfully the unsteady symbols a faint hue of shame flickering behind his dull skin Amor matris subjective and objective genitive With her weak blood and wheysour milk she had fed him and hid from sight of others his swaddling bands Like him was I these sloping shoulders this gracelessness My childhood bends beside me Too far for me to lay a hand there once or lightly Mine is far and his secret as our eyes Secrets silent stony sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts secrets weary of their tyranny tyrants willing to be dethroned The sum was done It is very simple Stephen said as he stood up Yes sir Thanks Sargent answered He dried the page with a sheet of thin blottingpaper and carried his copybook back to his bench You had better get your stick and go out to the others Stephen said as he followed towards the door the boy's graceless form Yes sir In the corridor his name was heard called from the playfield Sargent Run on Stephen said Mr Deasy is calling you He stood in the porch and watched the laggard hurry towards the scrappy field where sharp voices were in strife They were sorted in teams and Mr Deasy came away stepping over wisps of grass with gaitered feet When he had reached the schoolhouse voices again contending called to him He turned his angry white moustache What is it now he cried continually without listening Cochrane and Halliday are on the same side sir Stephen said Will you wait in my study for a moment Mr Deasy said till I restore order here And as he stepped fussily back across the field his old man's voice cried sternly What is the matter What is it now Their sharp voices cried about him on all sides their many forms

closed round him the garish sunshine bleaching the honey of his illdyed
 head Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded
 leather of its chairs As on the first day he bargained with me here As it
 was in the beginning **is** now On the sideboard the tray of Stuart coins base
 treasure of a bog and ever shall be **And** snug in their spooncase of purple
 plush faded the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles world
 without end A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor Blowing
 out his rare moustache Mr Deasy halted at the table First our little
 financial settlement he said He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound
 by a leather thong It slapped open and he took from it two notes one of
 joined halves and laid them carefully on the table Two he said strapping and
 stowing his pocketbook away And now his strongroom for the gold Stephen's
 embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar
 whelks and money cowries and leopard shells and this whorled as an emir's
 turban and this the scallop of saint James An old pilgrim's hoard dead
 treasure hollow shells A sovereign fell bright and new on the soft pile of
 the tablecloth Three Mr Deasy said **turning** his little savingsbox about in
 his hand These are handy things to have See This is for sovereigns This
 is for shillings Sixpences halfcrowns And here crowns See He shot from
 it two crowns and two shillings Three twelve he said I think you'll find
 that's right Thank you sir Stephen said gathering the money together with
 shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers No thanks at all
 Mr Deasy said You have **earned** it Stephen's hand free again went back to
 the hollow **shells** Symbols too of beauty and of power A lump in my pocket
 symbols soiled by greed and misery Don't carry it like that Mr Deasy said
You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it You just buy one of these machines
You'll find them very handy Answer something Mine would be often empty
 Stephen said The same room and hour the same wisdom and I the same Three
 times now Three nooses round me here Well I can break them in this instant
 if I will Because you don't save Mr Deasy said **pointing** his finger You
 don't know yet what money is Money is power When you have lived as long as
 I have I know I know If youth but knew But what does Shakespeare say Put
 but money in thy purse Iago Stephen murmured He lifted his gaze from the
idle shells to the old **man's** stare He knew what money was Mr Deasy said **He**
made money A poet yes but an Englishman too Do you know **what is** the **pride**
 of the English Do you know what is the **proudest** word you will ever hear
 from an Englishman's mouth The seas' ruler His seacold eyes looked on the
 empty bay it seems history is to blame **on** me and on my words unhating That
 on his empire Stephen said the sun never sets Ba Mr Deasy cried That's
 not English A French Celt said that He tapped his savingsbox against his
 thumbnail I will tell you he said solemnly what is his proudest boast I
 paid my way Good man good man I paid my way I never borrowed a shilling in
 my life Can you feel that I owe nothing Can you Mulligan nine pounds three
 pairs of socks one pair brogues ties Curran ten guineas McCann one guinea
 Fred Ryan two shillings Temple two lunches Russell one guinea Cousins ten
 shillings Bob Reynolds half a guinea Koehler three guineas Mrs MacKernan
 five weeks' board The lump I have is useless For the moment no Stephen
 answered Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight putting back his savingsbox I
 knew you couldn't he said joyously But one day you must feel it We are a
 generous people but we must also be just I fear those big words Stephen
 said which make us so unhappy Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments

over the mantelpiece at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan fillibegs
 Albert Edward prince of Wales You think me an old fogey and an old tory
 his thoughtful voice said I saw three generations since O'Connell's time I
 remember the famine in '46 Do you know that **the** orange lodges agitated for
 repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell did or before the prelates
 of your communion denounced him as a demagogue You fenians forget some
 things Glorious pious and immortal memory The lodge of Diamond in Armagh
 the splendid behung with corpses of papishes Hoarse masked and armed the
 planters' covenant The black north and true blue bible Croppies lie down
 Stephen sketched a brief gesture I have rebel blood in me too Mr Deasy said
On the spindle side But I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted
 for the union We are all Irish all kings' sons Alas Stephen said Per vias
 rectas Mr Deasy said **firmly** was his motto He voted for it and put on his
topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do so Lal the ral the
 ra **The** rocky road to Dublin A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots
 Soft day sir John Soft day your honour Day Day Two topboots jog dangling
 on to Dublin Lal the ral the **ra** Lal the ral the **raddy** That reminds me Mr
 Deasy said **You can** do me a favour Mr Dedalus with some of your literary
 friends I have a letter here for the press Sit down a moment I have just
 to copy the end He went to the **desk** near the window pulled in his chair
 twice and read off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter
 Sit down Excuse me he said over his shoulder the dictates of common sense
 Just a moment He peered from under his shaggy brows at the manuscript by
 his elbow and muttering began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard
 slowly sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error Stephen
 seated himself noiselessly before the princely presence Framed around the
 walls images of vanished horses stood in homage their meek heads poised in
 air lord Hastings' Repulse the duke of **Westminster's** Shotover the duke
 of **Beaufort's** Ceylon prix de Paris 1866 Elfin riders sat them watchful
 of a sign He saw their speeds backing king's colours and shouted with the
 shouts of vanished crowds Full stop Mr Deasy bade his keys But prompt
 ventilation of this allimportant question Where Cranly led me to get rich
 quick hunting his winners among the mudsplashed brakes amid the bawls of
 bookies on their pitches and reek of the canteen over the motley slush Even
 money Fair Rebel Ten to one the field Dicers and thimblerriggers we hurried
 by after the hoofs the vying caps and jackets and past the meatfaced woman
 a butcher's dame nuzzling thirstily her clove of orange Shouts rang shrill
 from the boys' playfield and a whirring whistle Again a goal I am among
 them among their battling bodies in a medley the joust of life You mean
 that knockkneed mother's darling who seems to be slightly crawsick Jousts
 Time shocked rebounds shock by shock Jousts slush and uproar of battles
 the frozen deathspew of the slain a shout of spearspikes baited with men's
 bloodied guts Now then Mr Deasy said **rising** He came to the table pinning
 together his sheets Stephen stood up I have put the matter into a nutshell
 Mr Deasy said **It's** about the foot and mouth disease **Just** look through it
 There can be no two opinions on the matter May I trespass on your valuable
 space That doctrine of laissez faire which so often in our history Our
 cattle trade The way of all our old industries Liverpool ring which jockeyed
 the Galway harbour scheme European conflagration Grain supplies through
 the narrow waters of the channel The pluterperfect imperturbability of the
 department of agriculture Pardoned a classical allusion Cassandra By a

woman who was no better than she should be To come to the point at issue I don't mince words do I Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on Foot and mouth disease Known as Koch's preparation Serum and virus Percentage of salted horses Rinderpest Emperor's horses at Mürzsteg lower Austria Veterinary surgeons Mr Henry Blackwood Price Courteous offer a fair trial Dictates of common sense Allimportant question In every sense of the word take the bull by the horns Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns I want that to be printed and read Mr Deasy said You will see at the next outbreak they will put an embargo on Irish cattle And it can be cured It is cured My cousin Blackwood Price writes to me it is regularly treated and cured in Austria by cattledoctors there They offer to come over here I am trying to work up influence with the department Now I'm going to try publicity I am surrounded by difficulties by intrigues by backstairs influence by He raised his forefinger and beat the air oldly before his voice spoke Mark my words Mr Dedalus he said England is in the hands of the jews In all the highest places her finance her press And they are the signs of a nation's decay Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength I have seen it coming these years As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction Old England is dying He stepped swiftly off his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam He faced about and back again Dying he said again if not dead by now The harlot's cry from street to street Shall weave old England's windingsheet His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he halted A merchant Stephen said is one who buys cheap and sells dear jew or gentile is he not They sinned against the light Mr Deasy said gravely And you can see the darkness in their eyes And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers Gabble of geese They swarmed loud uncouth about the temple their heads thickplotting under maladroitness silk hats Not theirs these clothes this speech these gestures Their full slow eyes belied the words the gestures eager and unoffending but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain Vain patience to heap and hoard Time surely would scatter all A hoard heaped by the roadside plundered and passing on Their eyes knew their years of wandering and patient knew the dishonours of their flesh Who has not Stephen said What do you mean Mr Deasy asked He came forward a pace and stood by the table His underjaw fell sideways open uncertainly Is this old wisdom He waits to hear from me History Stephen said is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake From the playfield the boys raised a shout A whirring whistle goal What if that nightmare gave you a back kick The ways of the Creator are not our ways Mr Deasy said All human history moves towards one great goal the manifestation of God Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window saying That is God Hooray Ay Whrrwhee What Mr Deasy asked A shout in the street Stephen answered shrugging his shoulders Mr Deasy looked down and held for awhile the wings of his nose tweaked between his fingers Looking up again he set them free I am happier than you are he said We have committed many errors and many sins A woman brought sin into the world For a woman who was no better than she should be Helen the runaway wife of Menelaus ten years the Greeks made war on Troy A faithless wife first brought the strangers to our shore here MacMurrough's wife and her leman O'Rourke prince of Breffni A woman too brought Parnell low Many errors

many failures but not the one sin I am a struggler now at the end of my
 days But I will fight for the right till the end For Ulster will fight
 And Ulster will be right Stephen raised the sheets in his hand Well sir
 he began I foresee Mr Deasy said that you will not remain here very long
 at this work You were not born to be a teacher I think Perhaps I am wrong
 A learner rather Stephen said And here what will you learn more Mr Deasy
 shook his head Who knows he said To learn one must be humble But life is
 the great teacher Stephen rustled the sheets again As regards these he
 began Yes Mr Deasy said You have two copies there If you can have them
 published at once Telegraph Irish Homestead I will try Stephen said and
 let you know tomorrow I know two editors slightly That will do Mr Deasy
 said briskly I wrote last night to Mr Field M.P There is a meeting of the
 cattletraders' association today at the City Arms hotel I asked him to
 lay my letter before the meeting You see if you can get it into your two
 papers What are they The Evening Telegraph That will do Mr Deasy said There
 is no time to lose Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin Good
 morning sir Stephen said putting the sheets in his pocket Thank you Not at
 all Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk I like to break
 a lance with you old as I am Good morning sir Stephen said again bowing
 to his bent back He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path
 under the trees hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the
 playfield The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the
 gate toothless terrors Still I will help him in his fight Mulligan will dub
 me a new name the bullockbefriending bard Mr Dedalus Running after me No
 more letters I hope Just one moment Yes sir Stephen said turning back at
 the gate Mr Deasy halted breathing hard and swallowing his breath I just
 wanted to say he said Ireland they say has the honour of being the only
 country which never persecuted the jews Do you know that No And do you know
 why He frowned sternly on the bright air Why sir Stephen asked beginning
 to smile Because she never let them in Mr Deasy said solemnly A coughball
 of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of
 phlegm He turned back quickly coughing laughing his lifted arms waving to
 the air She never let them in he cried again through his laughter as he
 stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path That's why On his wise
 shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles dancing
 coins [3] Ineluctable modality of the visible at least that if no more
 thought through my eyes Signatures of all things I am here to read seaspawn
 and seawrack the nearing tide that rusty boot Snotgreen bluesilver rust
 coloured signs Limits of the diaphane But he adds in bodies Then he was
 aware of them bodies before of them coloured How By knocking his scone
 against them sure Go easy Bald he was and a millionaire maestro di color
 che sanno Limit of the diaphane in Why in Diaphane adiaphane If you can
 put your five fingers through it it is a gate if not a door Shut your eyes
 and see Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack
 and shells You are walking through it howsomever I am a stride at a time
 A very short space of time through very short times of space Five six the
 nacheinander Exactly and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible
 Open your eyes No Jesus If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base
 fell through the nebeneinander ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the
 dark My ash sword hangs at my side Tap with it they do My two feet in his
 boots are at the ends of his legs nebeneinander Sounds solid made by

the mallet of Los Demiurgos Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount
 strand Crush crack crick crick Wild sea money Dominie Deasy kens them a'
 Won't you come to Sandymount Madeline the mare Rhythm begins you see I
 hear A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching No agallop deline the mare
 Open your eyes now I will One moment Has all vanished since If I open
 and am for ever in the black adiaphane Basta I will see if I can see See
 now There all the time without you and ever shall be world without end
 They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently Frauenzimmer and
 down the shelving shore flabbily their splayed feet sinking in the silted
 sand Like me like Algy coming down to our mighty mother Number one swung
 lourdily her midwife's bag the other's gamp poked in the beach From the
 liberties out for the day Mrs Florence MacCabe relict of the late Patk
 MacCabe deeply lamented of Bride Street One of her sisterhood lugged me
 squealing into life Creation from nothing What has she in the bag A misbirth
 with a trailing navelcord hushed in ruddy wool The cords of all link back
 strandentwining cable of all flesh That is why mystic monks Will you be as
 gods Gaze in your omphalos Hello Kinch here Put me on to Edenville Aleph
 alpha nought nought one Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon Heva naked Eve
 She had no navel Gaze Belly without blemish bulging big a buckler of taut
 vellum no whiteheaped corn orient and immortal standing from everlasting to
 everlasting Womb of sin Wombed in sin darkness I was too made not begotten
 By them the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on
 her breath They clasped and sundered did the coupler's will From before
 the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever A lex eterna
 stays about Him Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son
 are consubstantial Where is poor dear Arius to try conclusions Warring
 his life long upon the contransmagnificandjewbangtantiality Illstarred
 heresiarch In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last euthanasia With
 beaded mitre and with crozier stalled upon his throne widower of a widowed
 see with upstiffed omophorion with clotted hinderparts Airs romped round
 him nipping and eager airs They are coming waves The whitemaned seahorses
 champing brightwindbridled the steeds of Mananaan I mustn't forget his
 letter for the press And after The Ship half twelve By the way go easy
 with that money like a good young imbecile Yes I must His pace slackened
 Here Am I going to aunt Sara's or not My consubstantial father's voice Did
 you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately No Sure he's not
 down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally Couldn't he fly a bit higher
 than that eh And and and and tell us Stephen how is uncle Si O weeping
 God the things I married into De boys up in de hayloft The drunken little
 costdrawer and his brother the cornet player Highly respectable gondoliers
 And skeweyed Walter sirring his father no less Sir Yes sir No sir Jesus
 wept and no wonder by Christ I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered
 cottage and wait They take me for a dun peer out from a coign of vantage
 It's Stephen sir Let him in Let Stephen in A bolt drawn back and Walter
 welcomes me We thought you were someone else In his broad bed nuncle Richie
 pillowed and blanketed extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm
 Cleanchested He has washed the upper moiety Morrow nephew He lays aside
 the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of master
 Goff and master Shapland Tandy filing consents and common searches and a
 writ of Duces Tecum A bogoak frame over his bald head Wilde's Requiescat
 The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back Yes sir Malt for

Richie and Stephen tell mother Where is she Bathing Crissie sir Papa's
 little bedpal Lump of love No uncle Richie Call me Richie Damn your lithia
 water It lowers Whusky Uncle Richie really Sit down or by the law Harry
 I'll knock you down Walter squints vainly for a chair He has nothing to
 sit down on sir He has nowhere to put it you mug Bring in our chippendale
 chair Would you like a bite of something None of your damned lawdeedaw airs
 here The rich of a rasher fried with a herring Sure So much the better We
 have nothing in the house but backache pills All'erta He drones bars of
 Ferrando's aria di sortita The grandest number Stephen in the whole opera
 Listen His tuneful whistle sounds again finely shaded with rushes of the
 air his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees This wind is sweeter Houses
 of decay mine his and all You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a
 judge and an uncle a general in the army Come out of them Stephen Beauty
 is not there Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the
 fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas For whom The hundredheaded rabble of the
 cathedral close A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness
 his mane foaming in the moon his eyeballs stars Houyhnhnm horsenostrilled
 The oval equine faces Temple Buck Mulligan Foxy Campbell Lanternjaws Abbas
 father furious dean what offence laid fire to their brains Paff Descende
 calve ut ne nimium decalveris A garland of grey hair on his comminated
 head see him me clambering down to the footpace (descende) clutching a
 monstrance basiliskeyed Get down baldpoll A choir gives back menace and
 echo assisting about the altar's horns the snorted Latin of jackpriests
 moving burly in their albs tonsured and oiled and gelded fat with the fat
 of kidneys of wheat And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the
 corner is elevating it Dringdring And two streets off another locking it
 into a pyx Dringadring And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to
 his own cheek Dringdring Down up forward back Dan Occam thought of that
 invincible doctor A misty English morning the imp hypostasis tickled his
 brain Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his second
 bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and rising heard
 (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong
 Cousin Stephen you will never be a saint Isle of saints You were awfully
 holy weren't you You prayed to the Blessed Virgin that you might not have
 a red nose You prayed to the devil in Serpentine avenue that the fubsy
 widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street O
 si certo Sell your soul for that do dyed rags pinned round a squaw More
 tell me more still On the top of the Howth tram alone crying to the rain
 Naked women Naked women What about that eh What about what What else were
 they invented for Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night
 eh I was young You bowed to yourself in the mirror stepping forward to
 applause earnestly striking face Hurray for the Goddamned idiot Hray No
 one saw tell no one Books you were going to write with letters for titles
 Have you read his F O yes but I prefer Q Yes but W is wonderful O yes W
 Remember your epiphanies written on green oval leaves deeply deep copies
 to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world including
 Alexandria Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years a
 mahamanvantara Pico della Mirandola like Ay very like a whale When one
 reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one
 with one who once The grainy sand had gone from under his feet His boots
 trod again a damp crackling mast razorshells squeaking pebbles that on

the unnumbered pebbles beats wood sieved by the shipworm lost Armada
 Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles breathing upward
 sewage breath a pocket of seaweed **smouldered** in seafire under a midden of
 man's ashes He coasted them walking warily A porterbottle stood up stogged
 to its waist in the cakey sand dough A sentinel isle of dreadful thirst
 Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther
 away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two
 crucified shirts Ringsend wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners
 Human shells He halted I have passed the way to **aunt** Sara's Am I not going
 there Seems not No one about He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand
 towards the Pigeonhouse Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position C'est
 le pigeon Joseph Patrice home on furlough lapped warm milk with me in the
 bar **MacMahon** Son of the wild goose Kevin Egan of Paris My father's a bird
 he lapped the sweet lait chaud with pink young tongue plump bunny's face
 Lap lapin He hopes to win in the gros lots About the nature of women he
 read in Michelet But he must send me La Vie de Jésus by M Léo Taxil Lent
 it to his friend C'est tordant vous savez Moi je suis socialiste Je ne
 crois pas en l'existence de Dieu Faut pas le dire à mon père Il croit Mon
 père oui Schluss He laps My Latin quarter hat God we simply must dress
 the character I want puce gloves **You** were a student weren't you Of what
 in the other devil's name Paysayenn P C N you know physiques chimiques et
 naturelles Aha Eating your groatsworth of mou en civet fleshpots of Egypt
 elbowed by belching cabmen Just say in the most natural **tone** when I was in
 Paris; boul' Mich' I used to Yes used to carry punched tickets to prove
 an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere Justice On the night of
 the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses
 Other fellow did it other me Hat tie overcoat nose Lui c'est moi You seem
 to have enjoyed yourself Proudly walking Whom were you trying to walk
 like Forget a dispossessed With mother's money order eight shillings the
 banging door of the **post** office slammed in your face by the usher Hunger
 toothache Encore deux minutes Look clock Must get Fermé Hired dog Shoot
 him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun bits man spattered walls all brass
 buttons Bits all khrrrrklak in place clack back Not hurt O that's all
 right Shake hands See what I meant see O that's all right Shake a shake O
 that's all only all right You were going to do wonders what Missionary to
 Europe after fiery Columbanus Fiacre and Scotus on their creepystools in
 heaven spilt from their pintpots loudlatinlaughing Euge Euge Pretending
 to speak broken English as you dragged your valise porter threepence
 across the slimy pier at Newhaven Comment Rich booty you brought back; Le
 Tutu five tattered numbers of Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge ; a blue
 French telegram curiosity to show Mother dying come home father The aunt
 thinks you killed your mother **That's** why she won't **Then** here's a health to
 Mulligan's aunt And I'll tell you the reason why She always kept things
 decent in The Hannigan famileye His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm
 over the sand furrows along by the boulders of the south wall He stared
 at them proudly piled stone mammoth skulls Gold light on sea on sand on
 boulders The sun is there the slender trees the lemon houses Paris rawly
 waking crude sunlight on her lemon streets Moist pith of farls of bread
 the froggreen wormwood her matin incense court the air Belluomo **rises** from
 the bed of his wife's lover's wife the kerchiefed housewife is astir a
 saucer of acetic acid in her hand In Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake

their tumbled beauties shattering with gold teeth chaussons of pastry
 their mouths yellowed with the pus of flan bréton Faces of Paris men go
 by their wellpleased pleasers curled conquistadores Noon slumbers Kevin
 Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared with printer's ink
 sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white About us gobblers fork spiced
 beans down their gullets Un demi sétier A jet of coffee steam from the
 burnished caldron She serves me at his beck Il est irlandais Hollandais
 Non fromage Deux irlandais nous Irlande vous savez ah oui She thought
 you wanted a cheese hollandais Your postprandial do you know that word
 Postprandial There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona queer fellow used
 to call it his postprandial Well slainte Around the slabbed tables the
 tangle of wined breaths and grumbling gorges His breath hangs over our
 saucestained plates the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips Of
 Ireland the Dalcassians of hopes conspiracies of Arthur Griffith now A E
 pimander good shepherd of men To yoke me as his yokefellow our crimes our
 common cause You're your father's son I know the voice His fustian shirt
 sanguineflowered trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets M Drumont
 famous journalist Drumont know what he called queen Victoria Old hag with
 the yellow teeth Vieille ogresse with the dents jaunes Maud Gonne beautiful
 woman La Patrie M Millevoeye Félix Faure know how he died Licentious men
 The froeken bonne à tout faire who rubs male nakedness in the bath at
 Upsala Moi faire she said Tous les messieurs Not this Monsieur I said
 Most licentious custom Bath a most private thing I wouldn't let my brother
 not even my own brother most lascivious thing Green eyes I see you Fang I
 feel Lascivious people The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns
 clear Loose tobaccoshreds catch fire a flame and acrid smoke light our
 corner Raw facebones under his peep of day boy's hat How the head centre
 got away authentic version Got up as a young bride man veil orangeblossoms
 drove out the road to Malahide Did faith Of lost leaders the betrayed wild
 escapes Disguises clutched at gone not here Spurned lover I was a strapping
 young gossoon at that time I tell you I'll show you my likeness one day I
 was faith Lover for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke tanist
 of his sept under the walls of Clerkenwell and crouching saw a flame of
 vengeance hurl them upward in the fog Shattered glass and toppling masonry
 In gay Paree he hides Egan of Paris unsought by any save by me Making his
 day's stations the dingy printingcase his three taverns the Montmartre lair
 he sleeps short night in rue de la Goutte d'Or damascened with flyblown
 faces of the gone Loveless landless wifeless She is quite nicey comfy
 without her outcast man madame in rue Gît le Cœur canary and two buck
 lodgers Peachy cheeks a zebra skirt frisky as a young thing's Spurned and
 undespairing Tell Pat you saw me won't you I wanted to get poor Pat a job
 one time Mon fils soldier of France I taught him to sing The boys of
 Kilkenny are stout roaring blades Know that old lay I taught Patrice that
 Old Kilkenny saint Canice Strongbow's castle on the Nore Goes like this
 O O He takes me Napper Tandy by the hand O O the boys of Kilkenny Weak
 wasting hand on mine They have forgotten Kevin Egan not he them Remembering
 thee O Sion He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped
 his boots The new air greeted him harping in wild nerves wind of wild air
 of seeds of brightness Here I am not walking out to the Kish lightship
 am I He stood suddenly his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking
 soil Turn back Turning he scanned the shore south his feet sinking again

slowly in new sockets The cold domed room of the tower waits Through the
 barbicans the shafts of light are moving ever slowly ever as my feet are
 sinking creeping duskward over the dial floor Blue dusk nightfall deep
 blue night In the darkness of the dome they wait their pushedback chairs
 my obelisk valise around a board of abandoned platters Who to clear it
 He has the key I will not sleep there when this night comes A shut door
 of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies the panthersahib and his
 pointer Call no answer He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned
 back by the mole of boulders Take all keep all My soul walks with me form
 of forms So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks in
 sable silvered hearing Elsinore's tempting flood The flood is following
 me I can watch it flow past from here Get back then by the Poolbeg road
 to the strand there He climbed over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sat
 on a stool of rock resting his ashplant in a grike A bloated carcass of a
 dog lay lolled on bladderwrack Before him the gunwale of a boat sunk in
 sand Un coche ensablé Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose These heavy
 sands are language tide and wind have silted here And these the stoneheaps
 of dead builders a warren of weasel rats Hide gold there Try it You have
 some Sands and stones Heavy of the past Sir Lout's toys Mind you don't
 get one bang on the ear I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody
 well boulders bones for my steppingstones Feefawfum I zmallz de bloodz
 odz an Iridzman A point live dog grew into sight running across the sweep
 of sand Lord is he going to attack me Respect his liberty You will not be
 master of others or their slave I have my stick Sit tight From farther
 away walking shoreward across from the crested tide figures two The two
 maries They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes Peekaboo I see you No
 the dog He is running back to them Who Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here
 to beach in quest of prey their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten
 pewter surf Dane vikings torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when
 Malachi wore the collar of gold A school of turlehide whales stranded in
 hot noon spouting hobbling in the shallows Then from the starving cagework
 city a horde of jerkined dwarfs my people with flayers' knives running
 scaling hacking in green blubbery whalemeat Famine plague and slaughters
 Their blood is in me their lusts my waves I moved among them on the frozen
 Liffey that I a changeling among the spluttering resin fires I spoke to
 no one none to me The dog's bark ran towards him stopped ran back Dog of
 my enemy I just simply stood pale silent bayed about Terribilia meditans
 A primrose doublet fortune's knave smiled on my fear For that are you
 pining the bark of their applause Pretenders live their lives The Bruce's
 brother Thomas Fitzgerald silken knight Perkin Warbeck York's false scion
 in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory wonder of a day and Lambert Simnel
 with a tail of nans and sutlers a scullion crowned All kings' sons Paradise
 of pretenders then and now He saved men from drowning and you shake at a
 cur's yelping But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in
 their own house House of We don't want any of your medieval abstrusiosities
 Would you do what he did A boat would be near a lifebuoy Natürlich put
 there for you Would you or would you not The man that was drowned nine days
 ago off Maiden's rock They are waiting for him now The truth spit it out I
 would want to I would try I am not a strong swimmer Water cold soft When
 I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes Can't see Who's behind me
 Out quickly quickly Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides

sheeting the lows of sand quickly shellcocoacoloured If I had land under
 my feet I want his life still to be his mine to be mine A drowning man His
 human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death I With him together
 down I could not save her Waters bitter death lost A woman and a man I see
 her skirties Pinned up I bet Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling
 sand trotting sniffing on all sides Looking for something lost in a past
 life Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare ears flung back chasing the
 shadow of a lowskimming gull The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp
 ears He turned bounded back came nearer trotted on twinkling shanks On a
 field tenney a buck trippant proper unattired At the lacefringe of the
 tide he halted with stiff forehoofs seawardpointed ears His snout lifted
 barked at the wavenoise herds of seamorse They serpented towards his feet
 curling unfurling many crests every ninth breaking plashing from far from
 farther out waves and waves Cocklepickers They waded a little way in the
 water and stooping soused their bags and lifting them again waded out The
 dog yelped running to them reared up and pawed them dropping on all fours
 again reared up at them with mute bearish fawning Unheeded he kept by them
 as they came towards the drier sand a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from
 his jaws His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then loped off at a
 calf's gallop The carcass lay on his path He stopped sniffed stalked round
 it brother nosing closer went round it sniffing rapidly like a dog all
 over the dead dog's bedraggled fell Dogskull dogsniff eyes on the ground
 moves to one great goal Ah poor dogsbody Here lies poor dogsbody's body
 Tatters Out of that you mongrel The cry brought him skulking back to his
 master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand
 crouched in flight He slunk back in a curve Doesn't see me Along by the
 edge of the mole he lolloped dawdled smelt a rock and from under a cocked
 hindleg pissed against it He trotted forward and lifting again his hindleg
 pissed quick short at an unsmelt rock The simple pleasures of the poor
 His hindpaws then scattered the sand then his forepaws dabbled and delved
 Something he buried there his grandmother He rooted in the sand dabbling
 delving and stopped to listen to the air scraped up the sand again with
 a fury of his claws soon ceasing a pard a panther got in spousebreach
 vulturing the dead After he woke me last night same dream or was it Wait
 Open hallway Street of harlots Remember Haroun al Raschid I am almosting
 it That man led me spoke I was not afraid The melon he had he held against
 my face Smiled creamfruit smell That was the rule said In Come Red carpet
 spread You will see who Shouldering their bags they trudged the red Egyptians
 His blued feet out of turnedup trousers slapped the clammy sand a dull
 brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck With woman steps she followed
 the ruffian and his strolling mort Spoils slung at her back Loose sand
 and shellgrit crusted her bare feet About her windraw face hair trailed
 Behind her lord his helpmate bing awast to Romeville When night hides her
 body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs
 have mired Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of
 Blackpitts Buss her wap in rogues' rum lingo for O my dimber wapping dell
 A shefiend's whiteness under her rancid rags Fumbally's lane that night
 the tanyard smells White thy fambles red thy gan And thy quarrons dainty
 is Couch a hogshhead with me then In the darkmans clip and kiss Morose
 delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this frate porcospino Unfallen Adam
 rode and not rutted Call away let him thy quarrons dainty is Language no

whit worse than his Monkwords marybeads jabber on their girdles roguewords
 tough nuggets patter in their pockets Passing now A side eye at my Hamlet
 hat If I were suddenly naked here as I sit I am not Across the sands of
 all the world followed by the sun's flaming sword to the west trekking
 to evening lands She trudges schlepps trains drags trascines her load A
 tide westering moondrawn in her wake Tides myriadislanded within her blood
 not mine oinopa ponton a winedark sea Behold the handmaid of the moon In
 sleep the wet sign calls her hour bids her rise Bridebed childbed bed of
 death ghostcandled Omnis caro ad te veniet He comes pale vampire through
 storm his eyes his bat sails bloodying the sea mouth to her mouth's kiss
 Here Put a pin in that chap will you My tablets Mouth to her kiss No Must
 be two of em Glue em well Mouth to her mouth's kiss His lips lipped and
 mouthed fleshless lips of air mouth to her moomb Oomb allwombing tomb
 His mouth moulded issuing breath unspeached ooeeahah roar of cataractic
 planets globed blazing roaring wayawayawayawayaway Paper The banknotes
 blast them Old Deasy's letter Here Thanking you for the hospitality tear
 the blank end off Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table
 of rock and scribbled words That's twice I forgot to take slips from the
 library counter His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent ending Why not
 endless till the farthest star Darkly they are there behind this light
 darkness shining in the brightness delta of Cassiopeia worlds Me sits there
 with his augur's rod of ash in borrowed sandals by day beside a livid sea
 unbeheld in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars I throw
 this ended shadow from me manshape ineluctable call it back Endless would
 it be mine form of my form Who watches me here Who ever anywhere will
 read these written words Signs on a white field Somewhere to someone in
 your flutiest voice The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple
 out of his shovel hat veil of space with coloured emblems hatched on its
 field Hold hard Coloured on a flat yes that's right Flat I see then think
 distance near far flat I see east back Ah see now Falls back suddenly
 frozen in stereoscope Click does the trick You find my words dark Darkness
 is in our souls do you not think Flutier Our souls shamewounded by our
 sins cling to us yet more a woman to her lover clinging the more the more
 She trusts me her hand gentle the longlashed eyes Now where the blue hell
 am I bringing her beyond the veil Into the ineluctable modality of the
 ineluctable visuality She she she What she The virgin at Hodges Figgis'
 window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going
 to write Keen glance you gave her Wrist through the braided jesse of her
 sunshade She lives in Leeson park with a grief and kickshaws a lady of
 letters Talk that to someone else Stevie a pickmeup Bet she wears those
 curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings darned with lumpy wool
 Talk about apple dumplings piuttosto Where are your wits Touch me Soft
 eyes Soft soft soft hand I am lonely here O touch me soon now What is
 that word known to all men I am quiet here alone Sad too Touch touch me
 He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks cramming the scribbled
 note and pencil into a pocket his hat tilted down on his eyes That is
 Kevin Egan's movement I made nodding for his nap sabbath sleep Et vidit
 Deus Et erant valde bona Alo Bonjour Welcome as the flowers in May Under
 its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun I
 am caught in this burning scene Pan's hour the faunal noon Among gumheavy
 serpentplants milkoozing fruits where on the tawny waters leaves lie

wide Pain is far And no more turn aside and brood **His** gaze brooded on his
 broadtoed boots a buck's castoffs nebeneinander He counted the creases
 of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm The foot that
 beat the ground in tripudium foot I dislove But you were delighted when
 Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you girl I knew in Paris Tiens quel petit
 pried Staunch friend a brother soul Wilde's love that dare not speak its
 name His arm Cranly's arm He now will leave me And the blame As I am As I
 am All or not at all In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed
 full covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand rising flowing My ashplant
 will float away I shall wait No they will pass on passing chafing against
 the low rocks swirling passing Better get this job over quick Listen a
 fourworded wavespeech seesoo hrss rsseeiss ooos Vehement breath of waters
 amid seasnakes rearing horses rocks In cups of rocks it slops flop slop
 slap bounded in barrels And spent its speech ceases It flows purling
 widely flowing floating foampool flower unfurling Under the upswelling
 tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms
 hising up their petticoats in whispering water swaying and upturning coy
 silver fronds Day by day night by night lifted flooded and let fall Lord
 they are weary; and whispered to **they** sigh Saint Ambrose heard it sigh
 of leaves and waves waiting awaiting the fullness of their times diebus
 ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit To no end gathered; vainly then
 released forthflowing wending back loom of the moon **Weary** too in sight
 of lovers lascivious men a naked woman shining in her courts she draws a
 toil of waters Five fathoms out there Full fathom five thy father lies
 At one he said Found drowned High water at Dublin bar Driving before it
 a loose drift of rubble fanshoals of fishes silly shells A corpse rising
 saltwhite from the undertow bobbing a pace a pace a porpoise landward
 There he is Hook it quick Pull Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor
We have him Easy now Bag of corpseegas sopping in foul brine A quiver of
 minnows fat of a spongy titbit flash through the slits of his buttoned
 trouserfly God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes
 featherbed mountain Dead breaths I living breathe tread dead dust devour
 a urinous offal from all dead Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes
 upward the stench of his green grave his leprous nosehole snoring to the
 sun A seachange this brown eyes saltblue Seadeath mildest of all deaths
 known to man Old Father Ocean Prix de Paris beware of imitations Just
 you give it a fair trial We enjoyed ourselves immensely Come I thirst
 Clouding over No black clouds anywhere are there Thunderstorm Allbright
 he falls proud lightning of the intellect Lucifer dico qui nescit occasum
 No My cockle hat and staff and hismy sandal shoon Where To evening lands
 Evening will find itself He took the hilt of his ashplant lunging with it
 softly dallying still Yes evening will find itself in me without me All
 days make their end By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest
 day Of all the glad new year mother the rum tum tiddledy tum Lawn Tennyson
 gentleman poet Già For the old hag with the yellow teeth **And** Monsieur
 Drumont gentleman journalist Già My teeth are very bad Why I wonder Feel
 That one is going too Shells Ought I go to a dentist I wonder with that
 money That one This Toothless Kinch the superman Why is that **I** wonder or
 does it mean something perhaps My handkerchief He threw it I remember Did
 I not take it up His hand groped vainly in his pockets No I didn't Better
 buy one He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock

carefully For the rest let look who will Behind Perhaps there is someone
 He turned his face over a shoulder ere regardant Moving through the air
 high spars of a threemaster her sails brailed up on the crosstrees homing
 upstream silently moving a silent ship II [4] Mr Leopold Bloom ate with
 relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls He liked thick giblet soup
 nutty gizzards a stuffed roast heart liverslices fried with crustcrumbs
 fried hencods' roes Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which
 gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine Kidneys were
 in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly righting her breakfast
 things on the humpy tray Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out
 of doors gentle summer morning everywhere Made him feel a bit peckish The
 coals were reddening Another slice of bread and butter three four right
 She didn't like her plate full Right He turned from the tray lifted the
 kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire It sat there dull and
 squat its spout stuck out Cup of tea soon Good Mouth dry The cat walked
 stiffly round a leg of the table **with** tail on high Mkgnao O there you are
 Mr Bloom said **turning** from the fire The cat mewed in answer and stalked
 again stiffly round a leg of the table **mewing** Just how she stalks over my
 writingtable Prr Scratch my head Prr Mr Bloom watched curiously kindly
 the lithe black form Clean to see the gloss of her sleek hide the white
 button under the butt of her tail the green flashing eyes He bent down to
 her his hands on his knees Milk for the pussens he said Mrkgrnao **the** cat
 cried They call them stupid They understand what we say better than we
 understand them She understands all she wants to Vindictive too Cruel Her
 nature Curious mice never squeal Seem to like it Wonder what I look like
 to her Height of a tower No she can jump me Afraid of the chickens she
 is he said **mockingly** Afraid of the chookchooks I never saw such a stupid
 pussens as the pussens Mrkrgrnao the cat said loudly She blinked up out of
 her avid shameclosing eyes mewing plaintively and long showing him her
 milkwhite teeth He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her
 eyes were green stones Then he went to the dresser **took** the jug Hanlon's
 milkman had just filled for him poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer and
 set it slowly on the floor Gurrhr she cried running to lap He watched the
 bristles shining wirily in the weak light as she tipped three times and
 licked lightly Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after
 Why They shine in the dark **perhaps the** tips Or kind of feelers in the
 dark **perhaps** He listened to her licking lap Ham and eggs no No good eggs
 with this drouth Want pure fresh water Thursday not a good day either for
 a mutton kidney at Buckley's Fried with butter a shake of pepper Better
 a pork kidney at Dlugacz's While the kettle is boiling She lapped slower
 then licking the saucer clean Why are their tongues so rough To lap better
 all porous holes Nothing she can eat He glanced round him No On quietly
 creaky boots he went up the staircase to the hall paused by the bedroom
 door She might like something tasty Thin bread and butter she likes in
 the morning Still perhaps once in a way He said softly in the **bare** hall
 I'm going round the corner **Be** back in a minute And when he had heard his
 voice say it he added You don't want anything for breakfast A sleepy soft
 grunt answered Mn No She didn't want anything He heard then a warm heavy
 sigh softer as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead
 jingled Must get those settled really Pity All the way from Gibraltar
 Forgotten any little Spanish she knew Wonder what her father gave for it

Old style Ah yes of course Bought it at the governor's auction Got a short knock Hard as nails at a bargain old Tweedy Yes sir At Plevna that was I rose from the **ranks** sir and I'm proud of it Still he had brains enough to make that corner in stamps Now that was farseeing His hand took his hat from **the peg** over his initialled heavy overcoat and his lost property office secondhand waterproof Stamps stickyback pictures Daresay lots of officers are in the swim **too** Course they do The sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely Plasto's high grade ha He peeped quickly inside the leather headband White slip of paper Quite safe On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey Not there In the trousers I left off Must get it Potato I have Creaky wardrobe No use disturbing her She turned over sleepily that time He pulled the halldoor to after him very quietly more till the footleaf dropped gently over the threshold a limp lid Looked shut All right till I come back anyhow He crossed to the bright side avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive The sun was nearing the steeple of George's church Be a warm day I fancy Specially in these black clothes feel it more Black conducts reflects (refracts is it?) the heat But I couldn't go in that light suit Make a picnic of it His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth Boland's breadvan delivering with trays our daily but she prefers yesterday's loaves turnovers crisp crowns hot Makes you feel young Somewhere in the east early morning set off at dawn Travel round in front of the sun steal a day's march on him Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically Walk along a strand strange land come to a city gate sentry there old ranker too old Tweedy's big moustaches leaning on a long kind of a **spear** Wander through awned streets Turbaned faces going by Dark caves of carpet shops big man Turko the terrible seated crosslegged smoking a coiled pipe Cries of sellers in the streets Drink water scented with fennel sherbet Dander along all day Might meet a robber or two Well meet him Getting on to sundown The shadows of the mosques among the pillars priest with a scroll rolled up A shiver of the trees signal the evening wind I pass on Fading gold sky A mother watches me from her doorway She calls her children home in their dark **language** High wall beyond strings twanged Night sky moon violet colour of Molly's new garters Strings Listen A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call **them** dulcimers I pass Probably not a bit like it really Kind of stuff you read in the track of the sun Sunburst on the titlepage He smiled pleasing himself What Arthur Griffith said about the headpiece over the Freeman leader a homerule sun rising up in the northwest **from** the laneway behind the bank of Ireland He **prolonged** his pleased smile Ikey touch that homerule sun rising up in the northwest **He** approached Larry O'Rourke's From the cellar grating floated up the flabby gush of porter Through the open doorway the bar squirted out whiffs of ginger teadust biscuitmush Good house however just the end of **the** city traffic For instance M'Auley's down there n g as position Of course if they ran a tramline along the North Circular from the cattlemarket to the quays value would go up like a shot Baldhead over the blind Cute old codger No use canvassing him for an ad **Still** he knows **his** own business best There he is sure enough my bold Larry leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tee with his eyes screwed up Do you know what **I'm** going to tell you What's that Mr O'Rourke Do you know what **The**

Russians they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese Stop
 and say a word about the funeral perhaps Sad thing about poor Dignam Mr
 O'Rourke Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through
 the doorway Good day Mr O'Rourke Good day to you Lovely weather sir 'Tis
 all that Where do they get the money Coming up redheaded **curates from**
 the county Leitrim rinsing empties and old man in the cellar Then lo and
 behold they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons Then think of
 the competition General thirst Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without
 passing a pub Save it they can't Off the drunks perhaps Put down three
 and carry five What is that a bob here and there dribs and drabs On the
 wholesale orders perhaps Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers
 Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job see How much would that
 tot to off the porter in the month Say ten barrels of stuff Say he got
 ten per cent off O more Fifteen He passed Saint Joseph's National school
 Brats' clamour Windows open Fresh air helps memory Or a lilt Ahbeesee
 defeeggee kelomen opeegee rustyvee doubleyou Boys are they Yes Inishturk
 Inishark Inishboffin At their joggerfry Mine Slieve Bloom He halted
 before Dlugacz's window staring at the hanks of sausages polonies black
 and white Fifteen multiplied by The figures whitened in his mind unsolved
 displeased he let them fade The shiny links packed with forcemeat fed his
 gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy
 pigs' blood A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willowpatterned dish the last
 He stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter Would she buy it too calling
 the items from a slip in her hand Chapped washingsoda And a pound and a
 half of Denny's sausages His eyes rested on her vigorous hips Woods his
 name is Wonder what he does Wife is oldish New blood No followers allowed
 Strong pair of arms Whacking a carpet on the clothesline She does whack it
 by George The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack The ferretheaded
 porkbutcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with blotchy fingers
 sausagepink Sound meat there like a stalled heifer He took a page up
 from the pile of cut sheets the model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore
 of Tiberias Can become ideal winter sanatorium Moses Montefiore I thought
 he was Farmhouse wall round it blurred cattle cropping He held the page
from him interesting read it nearer the title the blurred cropping cattle
 the page rustling A young white heifer Those mornings in the cattlemarket
 the beasts lowing in their pens **branded** sheep flop and fall of dung the
 breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter slapping a palm on
 a ripemeated hindquarter there's a prime one unpeeled switches in their
 hands He held the page **aslant** patiently bending his senses and his will
 his soft subject gaze at rest The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack
 by whack The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile wrapped up her
 prime sausages and made a red grimace Now my miss he said She **tendered**
 a coin smiling boldly holding her thick wrist out Thank you my miss And
 one shilling threepence change For you please Mr Bloom pointed quickly To
 catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly behind her moving hams
 Pleasant to see first thing in the morning Hurry up damn it Make hay while
 the sun shines She stood outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily
 to the right He sighed down his nose they never understand Sodachapped
 hands **Crusted** toenails too Brown scapulars in tatters defending her both
 ways The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast
 For another a constable off duty cuddling her in Eccles' Lane They like

them sizeable Prime sausage O please Mr Policeman I'm lost in the wood
 Threepence please His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into
 a sidepocket Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and
 laid them on the rubber prickles They lay were read quickly and quickly
 slid disc by disc into the till Thank you sir Another time A speck of
 eager fire from foxeyes thanked him He withdrew his gaze after an instant
 No better not another time Good morning he said moving away Good morning
 sir No sign Gone What matter He walked back along Dorset street reading
 gravely Agendath Netaim planters' company To purchase waste sandy tracts
 from Turkish government and plant with eucalyptus trees Excellent for shade
 fuel and construction Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa
 You pay eighty marks and they plant a dunam of land for you with olives
 oranges almonds or citrons Olives cheaper oranges need artificial irrigation
 Every year you get a sending of the crop Your name entered for life as
 owner in the book of the union Can pay ten down and the balance in yearly
 instalments Bleibtreustrasse 34 Berlin W 15 Nothing doing Still an idea
 behind it He looked at the cattle **blurred** in silver heat Silverpowdered
 olivetrees Quiet long days pruning ripening Olives are packed in jars eh
 I have a few **left** from Andrews Molly spitting them out Knows the taste
 of them now Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates Citrons too Wonder
 is poor Citron still in Saint Kevin's parade And Mastiansky with the
 old cither Pleasant evenings we had then Molly in Citron's basketchair
 Nice to hold cool waxen fruit hold in the hand lift it to the nostrils
 and smell the perfume Like that heavy sweet wild perfume Always the same
 year after year They fetched high prices too Moisel told me Arbutus place
 Pleasants street pleasant old times Must be without a flaw he said Coming
 all that way Spain Gibraltar Mediterranean the Levant Crates lined up on
 the quayside at Jaffa chap ticking them off in a book navvies handling
 them barefoot in soiled dungarees There's whatdoyoucallhim out of How do
 you Doesn't see Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore His back is
 like that Norwegian captain's Wonder if I'll meet him today Watering cart
 To provoke the rain On earth as it is in heaven A cloud began to cover
 the sun slowly wholly **Grey** Far No not like that A barren land bare waste
 Volcanic lake the dead sea no fish weedless sunk deep in the earth No
 wind could lift those waves grey metal poisonous foggy waters Brimstone
 they called it raining down the cities of the plain **Sodom** Gomorrah Edom
 All dead names A dead sea in a dead land grey and old Old now It bore
 the oldest the first race A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a
 naggin bottle by the neck The oldest people Wandered far away over all
 the earth captivity to captivity multiplying dying being born everywhere
 It lay there now Now it could bear no more Dead an old woman's the grey
 sunken cunt of the world Desolation Grey horror seared his flesh Folding
 the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles street hurrying homeward
 Cold oils slid along his veins chilling his blood age crusting him with a
 salt cloak Well I am here **now Yes** I am here now **Morning** mouth bad images
 Got up wrong side of the bed **Must begin** again those Sandow's exercises On
 the hands down Blotchy brown brick houses Number eighty still unlet Why
 is that Valuation is only twentyeight Towers Battersby North MacArthur
 parlour windows plastered with bills Plasters on a sore eye To smell the
 gentle smoke of tea fume of the pan sizzling butter Be near her ample
 bedwarmed flesh Yes yes Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley

road swiftly in slim sandals along the brightening footpath Runs she runs to meet me a girl with gold hair on the wind Two letters and a card lay on the hallfloor He stooped and gathered them Mrs Marion Bloom His quickened heart slowed at once Bold hand Mrs Marion Poldy Entering the bedroom he halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her tousled head Who are the letters for He looked at them Mullingar Milly A letter for me from Milly he said carefully and a card to you And a letter for you He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve of her knees Do you want the blind up Letting the blind up by gentle tugs halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under her pillow That do he asked turning She was reading the card propped on her elbow She got the things she said He waited till she had laid the card aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh Hurry up with that tea she said I'm parched The kettle is boiling he said But he delayed to clear the chair her striped petticoat tossed soiled linen and lifted all in an armful on to the foot of the bed As he went down the kitchen stairs she called Poldy What Scald the teapot On the boil sure enough a plume of steam from the spout He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four full spoons of tea tilting the kettle then to let the water flow in Having set it to draw he took off the kettle crushed the pan flat on the live coals and watched the lump of butter slide and melt While he unwrapped the kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him Give her too much meat she won't mouse Say they won't eat pork Kosher Here He let the bloodsmeared paper fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce Pepper He sprinkled it through his fingers ringwise from the chipped eggcup Then he slit open his letter glancing down the page and over Thanks new tam Mr Coghlan lough Owel picnic young student Blazes Boylan's seaside girls The tea was drawn He filled his own moustachecup sham crown Derby smiling Silly Milly's birthday gift Only five she was then No wait four I gave her the amberoid necklace she broke Putting pieces of folded brown paper in the letterbox for her He smiled pouring O Milly Bloom you are my darling You are my lookingglass from night to morning I'd rather have you without a farthing Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden Poor old professor Goodwin Dreadful old case Still he was a courteous old chap Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform And the little mirror in his silk hat The night Milly brought it into the parlour O look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat All we laughed Sex breaking out even then Pert little piece she was He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped it over then fitted the teapot on the tray Its hump bumped as he took it up Everything on it Bread and butter four sugar spoon her cream Yes He carried it upstairs his thumb hooked in the teapot handle Nudging the door open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the bedhead What a time you were she said She set the brasses jingling as she raised herself briskly an elbow on the pillow He looked calmly down on her bulk and between her large soft bubs sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder The warmth of her couched body rose on the air mingling with the fragrance of the tea she poured A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread Who was the letter from he asked Bold hand Marion O Boylan she said He's bringing the programme What are you singing Là ci darem with J C Doyle she said and Love's Old Sweet Song Her full lips drinking smiled

Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day Like foul flowerwater Would
 you like the window open a little She doubled a slice of bread into her
 mouth asking What time is the funeral Eleven I think he answered I didn't
 see the paper Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her
 soiled drawers from the bed No Then a twisted grey garter looped round a
 stocking rumpled shiny sole No that book Other stocking Her petticoat It
 must have fell down she said He felt here and there Voglio e non vorrei
 Wonder if she pronounces that right voglio Not in the bed Must have slid
 down He stooped and lifted the valance The book fallen sprawled against
 the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot Show here she said I put a mark
 in it There's a word I wanted to ask you She swallowed a draught of tea
 from her cup held by nothandle and having wiped her fingertips smartly on
 the blanket began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the
 word Met him what he asked Here she said What does that mean He leaned
 downward and read near her polished thumbnail Metempsychosis Yes Who's
 he when he's at home Metempsychosis he said frowning It's Greek from the
 Greek That means the transmigration of souls O rocks she said Tell us in
 plain words He smiled glancing askance at her mocking eyes The same young
 eyes The first night after the charades Dolphin's Barn He turned over
 the smudged pages Ruby the Pride of the Ring Hello Illustration Fierce
 Italian with carriagewhip Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked
 Sheet kindly lent The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from
 him with an oath Cruelty behind it all Doped animals Trapeze at Hengler's
 Had to look the other way Mob gaping Break your neck and we'll break our
 sides Families of them Bone them young so they metempsychosis That we live
 after death Our souls That a man's soul after he dies Dignam's soul Did
 you finish it he asked Yes she said There's nothing smutty in it Is she in
 love with the first fellow all the time Never read it Do you want another
 Yes Get another of Paul de Kock's Nice name he has She poured more tea
 into her cup watching it flow sideways Must get that Capel street library
 book renewed or they'll write to Kearney my guarantor Reincarnation that's
 the word Some people believe he said that we go on living in another body
 after death that we lived before They call it reincarnation That we all
 lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet
 They say we have forgotten it Some say they remember their past lives The
 sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea Better remind her of
 the word metempsychosis An example would be better An example The Bath of
 the Nymph over the bed Given away with the Easter number of Photo Bits
 Splendid masterpiece in art colours Tea before you put milk in Not unlike
 her with her hair down slimmer Three and six I gave for the frame She said
 it would look nice over the bed Naked nymphs Greece and for instance all
 the people that lived then He turned the pages back Metempsychosis he said
 is what the ancient Greeks called it They used to believe you could be
 changed into an animal or a tree for instance What they called nymphs for
 example Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar She gazed straight before
 her inhaling through her arched nostrils There's a smell of burn she said
 Did you leave anything on the fire The kidney he cried suddenly He fitted
 the book roughly into his inner pocket and stubbing his toes against the
 broken commode hurried out towards the smell stepping hastily down the
 stairs with a flurried stork's legs Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet
 from a side of the pan By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney

he detached it and turned it turtle on its back Only a little burnt He
 tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle
 over it Cup of tea now He sat down cut and buttered a slice of the loaf He
 shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat Then he put a forkful
 into his mouth chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat Done
 to a turn A mouthful of tea Then he cut away dies of bread sopped one in
 the gravy and put it in his mouth What was that about some young student
 and a picnic He creased out the letter at his side reading it slowly as
 he chewed sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his
 mouth Dearest Papli Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present It
 suits me splendid Everyone says I am quite the belle in my new tam I got
 mummy's lovely box of creams and am writing They are lovely I am getting
 on swimming in the photo business now Mr Coghlan took one of me and Mrs
 Will send when developed We did great biz yesterday Fair day and all the
 beef to the heels were in We are going to lough Owel on Monday with a few
 friends to make a scrap picnic Give my love to mummy and to yourself a
 big kiss and thanks I hear them at the piano downstairs There is to be a
 concert in the Greville Arms on Saturday There is a young student comes
 here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells and
 he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about
 those seaside girls Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects I must now
 close with fondest love Your fond daughter Milly P S Excuse bad writing
 am in hurry Byby M Fifteen yesterday Curious fifteenth of the month too
 Her first birthday away from home Separation Remember the summer morning
 she was born running to knock up Mrs Thornton in Denzille street Jolly old
 woman Lot of babies she must have helped into the world She knew from the
 first poor little Rudy wouldn't live Well God is good sir She knew at once
 He would be eleven now if he had lived His vacant face stared pityingly
 at the postscript Excuse bad writing Hurry Piano downstairs Coming out
 of her shell Row with her in the XL Café about the bracelet Wouldn't eat
 her cakes or speak or look Saucebox He sopped other dies of bread in the
 gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney Twelve and six a week Not much
 Still she might do worse Music hall stage Young student He drank a draught
 of cooler tea to wash down his meal Then he read the letter again twice
 O well she knows how to mind herself But if not No nothing has happened
 Of course it might Wait in any case till it does A wild piece of goods
 Her slim legs running up the staircase Destiny Ripening now Vain very He
 smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window Day I caught her in
 the street pinching her cheeks to make them red Anemic a little Was given
 milk too long On the Erin's King that day round the Kish Damned old tub
 pitching about Not a bit funky Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind with
 her hair All dimpled cheeks and curls Your head it simply swirls Seaside
 girls Torn envelope Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets jarvey off for
 the day singing Friend of the family Swurls he says Pier with lamps summer
 evening band Those girls those girls Those lovely seaside girls Milly too
 Young kisses the first Far away now past Mrs Marion Reading lying back
 now counting the strands of her hair smiling braiding A soft qualm regret
 flowed down his backbone increasing Will happen yes Prevent Useless can't
 move Girl's sweet light lips Will happen too He felt the flowing qualm
 spread over him Useless to move now Lips kissed kissing kissed Full gluey
 woman's lips Better where she is down there away Occupy her Wanted a dog

to pass the time Might take a trip down there August bank holiday only two and six return Six weeks off however Might work a press pass Or through M'Coy The cat having cleaned all her fur returned to the meatstained paper nosed at it and stalked to the door She looked back at him mewing Wants to go out Wait before a door sometime it will open Let her wait Has the fidgets Electric Thunder in the air Was washing at her ear with her back to the fire too He felt heavy full then a gentle loosening of his bowels He stood up undoing the waistband of his trousers The cat mewed to him Miaow he said in answer Wait till I'm ready Heaviness hot day coming Too much trouble to fag up the stairs to the landing A paper He liked to read at stool Hope no ape comes knocking just as I'm In the tabledrawer he found an old number of Titbits He folded it under his armpit went to the door and opened it The cat went up in soft bounds Ah wanted to go upstairs curl up in a ball on the bed Listening he heard her voice Come come pussy Come He went out through the backdoor into the garden stood to listen towards the next garden No sound Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry The maid was in the garden Fine morning He bent down to regard a lean file of spearmint growing by the wall Make a summerhouse here Scarlet runners Virginia creepers Want to manure the whole place over scabby soil A coat of liver of sulphur All soil like that without dung Household slops Loam what is this that is The hens in the next garden their droppings are very good top dressing Best of all though are the cattle especially when they are fed on those oilcakes Mulch of dung Best thing to clean ladies' kid gloves Dirty cleans Ashes too Reclaim the whole place Grow peas in that corner there Lettuce Always have fresh greens then Still gardens have their drawbacks That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday He walked on Where is my hat by the way Must have put it back on the peg Or hanging up on the floor Funny I don't remember that Hallstand too full Four umbrellas her raincloak Picking up the letters Drago's shopbell ringing Queer I was just thinking that moment Brown brillantined hair over his collar Just had a wash and brushup Wonder have I time for a bath this morning Tara street Chap in the paybox there got away James Stephens they say O'Brien Deep voice that fellow Dlugacz has Agendath what is it Now my miss Enthusiast He kicked open the crazy door of the jakes Better be careful not to get these trousers dirty for the funeral He went in bowing his head under the low lintel Leaving the door ajar amid the stench of mouldy limewash and stale cobwebs he undid his braces Before sitting down he peered through a chink up at the nextdoor windows The king was in his countinghouse Nobody Asquat on the cuckstool he folded out his paper turning its pages over on his bared knees Something new and easy No great hurry Keep it a bit Our prize titbit Matcham's Masterstroke Written by Mr Philip Beaufoy Playgoers' Club London Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has been made to the writer Three and a half Three pounds three Three pounds thirteen and six Quietly he read restraining himself the first column and yielding but resisting began the second Midway his last resistance yielding he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read reading still patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone Hope it's not too big bring on piles again No just right So Ah Costive One tabloid of cascara sagrada Life might be so It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat Print anything now Silly season He read on seated calm above his own rising smell Neat certainly Matcham often thinks of the

masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now Begins and ends
 morally Hand in hand Smart He glanced back through what he had read and
 while feeling his water flow quietly he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had
 written it and received payment of three pounds thirteen and six **Might**
 manage a sketch By Mr and Mrs L M Bloom Invent a story for some proverb
 Which Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing
 Dislike dressing together Nicked myself shaving Biting her nether lip
 hooking the placket of her skirt Timing her 9.15 Did Roberts pay you yet
 9.20 What had Gretta Conroy on 9.23 What possessed me to buy this comb
 9.24 I'm swelled after that cabbage A speck of dust on the patent leather
 of her boot Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf
 Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance
 of the hours Explain that morning hours noon then evening coming on then
 night hours Washing her teeth That was the first night Her head dancing
 Her fansticks clicking Is that Boylan well off He has money Why I noticed
 he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing No use humming then Allude
 to it Strange kind of music that last night The mirror was in shadow
 She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen vest **against** her full
 wagging bub Peering into it Lines in her eyes It wouldn't pan out somehow
 Evening hours girls in grey gauze Night hours then black with daggers
 and eyemasks Poetical idea pink then golden then grey then black Still
 true to life also Day then the night He tore away half the prize story
 sharply and wiped himself with it Then he girded up his trousers braced
 and buttoned himself He pulled back the jerky shaky door of **the jakes and**
 came forth from the gloom into the air In the bright light lightened and
 cooled in limb he eyed carefully his black trousers the ends the knees
 the houghs of the knees What time is the funeral **Better** find out in the
 paper A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up The bells of George's
 church They tolled the hour loud dark iron Heigho Heigho Heigho Heigho
Heigho Heigho **Quarter** to There again the overtone following through the
 air A third Poor Dignam [5] By lorries along sir John Rogerson's quay
 Mr Bloom walked soberly past Windmill lane Leask's the linseed crusher
 the postal telegraph office Could have given that address too And past
 the sailors' home He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and
 walked through Lime street By Brady's cottages a boy for the skins lolled
 his bucket of offal linked smoking a chewed fagbutt A smaller girl with
 scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him listlessly holding her battered
 caskhoop Tell him if he smokes he won't grow O let him His life isn't
 such a bed of roses Waiting outside pubs to bring da home Come home to ma
 da Slack hour won't be many there He crossed Townsend street passed the
 frowning face of Bethel El yes house of Aleph Beth And past Nichols' the
 undertaker At eleven it is Time enough Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged the
 job for O'Neill's Singing with his eyes shut Corny Met her once in the
 park In the dark What a lark Police tout Her name and address she then
 told with my tooraloom tooraloom tay O surely he bagged it Bury him cheap
 in a whatyoumaycall With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom In
 Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea
 Company and read the legends of leadpapered packets choice blend finest
 quality family tea Rather warm Tea Must get some from Tom Kernan Couldn't
 ask him at a funeral though While his eyes still read blandly he took
 off his hat **quietly** inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with

slow grace over his brow and hair **Very** warm morning Under their dropped
 lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high
 grade ha Just there His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat His
 fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to
 his waistcoat pocket So warm His right hand once more more slowly went
 over his brow and hair **Then** he put on his hat **again** relieved and read
 again choice blend made of the finest Ceylon brands The far east Lovely
 spot it must be the garden of the world big lazy leaves to float about on
 cactuses flowery meads snaky lianas they call them Wonder is it like that
 Those Cinghalese lobbing about in the sun in dolce far niente not doing
 a hand's turn all day Sleep six months out of twelve Too hot to quarrel
 Influence of the climate Lethargy Flowers of idleness The air feeds most
 Azotes Hothouse in Botanic gardens Sensitive plants Waterlilies Petals too
 tired to Sleeping sickness in the air Walk on roseleaves Imagine trying to
 eat tripe and cowheel Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere
 Ah yes in the dead sea floating on his back reading a book with a parasol
 open Couldn't sink if you tried so thick with salt Because the weight of
 the **water** no the weight of the **body in** the water is equal to the **weight of**
 the **what** Or is it the volume is equal to the weight **It's** a law something
 like that Vance in High school cracking his fingerjoints teaching The
 college curriculum Cracking curriculum What is weight really when you say
 the weight Thirtytwo feet per second per second **Law** of falling bodies per
 second per second **They** all fall to the ground The earth It's the force of
 gravity of the earth is the weight He turned away and sauntered across
 the road How did she walk with her sausages Like that something As he
 walked he took the folded Freeman from his sidepocket unfolded it rolled
 it lengthwise **in** a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against
 his trouserleg Careless air just drop in to see Per second per second
Per second for every second it means From the curbstone he darted a keen
 glance through the door of the **postoffice** Too late box Post here No one
 In He handed the card through the brass grill Are there any letters for
 me he asked While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the
 recruiting poster with soldiers of all arms on parade and held the tip of
 his baton against his nostrils smelling freshprinted rag paper No answer
 probably Went too far last time The postmistress handed him back through
 the grill his card with a letter He thanked her and glanced rapidly at
 the typed envelope Henry Flower Esq c/o P O Westland Row City Answered
 anyhow He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket reviewing again the
 soldiers on parade Where's old Tweedy's regiment Castoff soldier There
 bearskin cap and hackle plume No he's a grenadier Pointed cuffs There he
 is royal Dublin fusiliers Redcoats Too showy That must be why the women go
 after them Uniform Easier to enlist and drill Maud Gonne's letter about
 taking them off O'Connell street at night disgrace to our Irish capital
 Griffith's paper is on the same tack now an army rotten with venereal
 disease overseas or halfseasover empire Half baked they look hypnotised
 like Eyes front Mark time Table able Bed ed The King's own Never see him
 dressed up as a fireman or a bobby A mason yes He strolled out of the
postoffice and turned to the right **Talk** as if that would mend matters His
 hand went into his pocket and **a** forefinger felt its way under the flap
 of the envelope ripping it open in jerks Women will pay a lot of **heed**
 I don't think His fingers drew forth the letter the letter and crumpled

the envelope in his pocket Something pinned on photo perhaps Hair No
 M'Coy Get rid of him quickly Take me out of my way Hate company when you
 Hello Bloom Where are you off to Hello M'Coy Nowhere in particular How's
 the body Fine How are you Just keeping alive M'Coy said His eyes on the
 black tie and clothes he asked with low respect Is there any no trouble I
 hope I see you're O no Mr Bloom said **Poor** Dignam you know The funeral is
 today To be sure poor fellow So it is What time A photo it isn't A badge
 maybe E...eleven Mr Bloom answered I **must** try to get out there M'Coy said
 Eleven is it I only heard it last night Who was telling me Holohan You
 know Hoppy I know Mr Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn
 up before the door of the **Grosvenor** The porter hoisted the valise up on
 the well She stood still waiting while the man husband brother like her
 searched his pockets for change Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar
 warm for a day like this looks like blanketcloth Careless stand of her
 with her hands in those patch pockets Like that haughty creature at the
 polo match Women all for caste till you touch the spot Handsome is and
 handsome does Reserved about to yield The honourable Mrs and Brutus is
 an honourable man Possess her once take the starch out of her I was with
Bob Doran he's on one of his periodical bends and what do you call **him**
 Bantam Lyons Just down there in Conway's we were Doran Lyons in Conway's
 She raised a gloved hand to her hair In came Hoppy Having a wet Drawing
 back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids he saw the
 bright fawn skin shine in the glare the braided drums Clearly I can see
 today Moisture about gives long sight perhaps Talking of one thing or
 another Lady's hand Which side will she get up And he said Sad thing about
 our poor friend Paddy What Paddy I said Poor little Paddy Dignam he
 said Off to the country Broadstone probably High brown boots with laces
 dangling Wellturned foot What is he foostering over that change for Sees
 me looking Eye out for other fellow always Good fallback Two strings to
 her bow Why I said What's wrong with him I said Proud rich silk stockings
 Yes Mr Bloom said **He moved** a little to the side **of M'Coy's** talking head
 Getting up in a minute **What's** wrong with him He said He's dead he said
 And faith he filled up Is it Paddy Dignam I said I couldn't believe it
 when I heard it I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was
 it in the Arch Yes he said He's gone He died on Monday poor fellow Watch
 Watch Silk flash rich stockings white Watch A heavy tramcar honking its
 gong slewed between Lost it Curse your noisy pugnose Feels locked out of
 it Paradise and the peri Always happening like that The very moment Girl
 in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter Her friend
 covering the display of Esprit de corps Well what are you gaping at Yes
 yes Mr Bloom said **after** a dull sigh Another gone One of the best M'Coy
 said The tram passed They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge her rich
 gloved hand on the steel grip Flicker flicker the laceflare of her hat
 in the sun flicker flick Wife well I suppose M'Coy's changed voice said
 O yes Mr Bloom said **Tiptop** thanks He unrolled the newspaper baton idly
 and read idly What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat Incomplete With
 it an abode of bliss My missus has just got an **engagement** At least it's
 not settled yet Valise tack again By the way no harm I'm off that thanks
 Mr Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness My wife
 too he said She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster Hall
 Belfast on the twentyfifth That so M'Coy said Glad to hear that old man

Who's getting it up Mrs Marion Bloom Not up yet Queen was in her bedroom eating bread and No book Blackened court cards laid along her thigh by sevens Dark lady and fair man Letter Cat furry black ball Torn strip of envelope Love's Old Sweet Song Comes lo ove's old It's a kind of a **tour** don't you see Mr Bloom said **thoughtfully** Sweeeet song There's a committee formed Part shares and part profits M'Coy nodded picking at his moustache stubble O well he said That's good news He moved to go Well glad to see you looking fit he said Meet you knocking around Yes Mr Bloom said **Tell** you what M'Coy said You might put down my name at the funeral will you I'd like to go but I mightn't be able you see There's a drowning case at Sandycove may turn up and then the coroner and myself would have to go down if the body is found You just shove in my name if I'm not there will you I'll do that Mr Bloom said **moving** to get off That'll be all right **Right** M'Coy said brightly Thanks old man I'd go if I possibly could Well tolloll Just C P M'Coy will do That will be done Mr Bloom answered firmly Didn't catch me napping that wheeze The quick touch Soft mark I'd like my job Valise I have a particular fancy for Leather Capped corners rivetted edges double action lever lock Bob Cowley lent him his for the Wicklow regatta concert last year and never heard tidings of it from that good day to this Mr Bloom strolling towards Brunswick street smiled My missus has just got an **Reedy** freckled soprano Cheeseparings nose Nice enough in its way for a little ballad No guts in it You and me don't you know in the same boat Softsoaping Give you the needle that would Can't he hear the difference Think he's that way inclined a bit Against my grain somehow Thought that Belfast would fetch him I hope that smallpox up there doesn't get worse Suppose she wouldn't let herself be vaccinated again Your wife and my wife Wonder is he pimping after me Mr Bloom stood **at** the corner his eyes **wandering** over the multicoloured hoardings Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale (Aromatic) Clery's Summer Sale No he's going on straight Hello Leah tonight Mrs Bandmann Palmer Like to see her again in that Hamlet she played last night Male impersonator Perhaps he was a woman Why Ophelia committed suicide Poor papa How he used to talk of Kate Bateman in that Outside the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to get in Year before I was born that was sixtyfive And Ristori in Vienna What is this the right name is By Mosenthal it is Rachel is it No The scene he was always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises the voice and puts his fingers on his face Nathan's voice His son's voice I hear the voice of **Nathan** who left his father to die of grief and misery in my arms who left the house of **his** father and left the God of his father Every word is so deep Leopold Poor papa Poor man I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at **his** face That day O dear O dear Ffoo Well perhaps it was best for him Mr Bloom went round the corner and **passed** the drooping nags of the hazard No use thinking of it any more Nosebag time Wish I hadn't met that M'Coy fellow He came nearer and heard a crunching of gilded oats the gently champing teeth Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went by amid the sweet oaten reek of horsepiss Their Eldorado Poor jugginses Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags Too full for words Still they get their feed all right **and** their doss Gelded too a stump of black guttapercha wagging limp between their haunches Might be happy all the same that way Good poor brutes they look Still their neigh can be very irritating He drew the letter from his

pocket and folded it into the newspaper he carried Might just walk into
 her here The lane is safer He passed the cabman's shelter Curious the
 life of drifting cabbies All weathers all places time or setdown no will
 of their own Voglio e non Like to give them an odd cigarette Sociable
 Shout a few flying syllables as they pass He hummed Là ci darem la mano
 La la lala la la He turned into Cumberland street and going on some paces
 halted in the lee of the station wall No one Meade's timberyard Piled
 balks Ruins and tenements With careful tread he passed over a hopscotch
 court with its forgotten pickestone Not a sinner Near the timberyard
 a squatted child at marbles alone shooting the taw with a cunnythumb A
 wise tabby a blinking sphinx watched from her warm sill Pity to disturb
 them Mohammed cut a piece out of his mantle not to wake her Open it And
 once I played marbles when I went to that old dame's school She liked
 mignonette Mrs Ellis's And Mr He opened the letter within the newspaper A
 flower I think it's a A yellow flower with flattened petals Not annoyed
 then What does she say Dear Henry I got your last letter to me and thank
 you very much for it I am sorry you did not like my last letter Why did
 you enclose the stamps I am awfully angry with you I do wish I could
 punish you for that I called you naughty boy because I do not like that
 other world Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word Are you
 not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy I do wish I could do
 something for you Please tell me what you think of poor me I often think
 of the beautiful name you have Dear Henry when will we meet I think of
 you so often you have no idea I have never felt myself so much drawn to
 a man as you I feel so bad about Please write me a long letter and tell
 me more Remember if you do not I will punish you So now you know what I
 will do to you you naughty boy if you do not wrote O how I long to meet
 you Henry dear do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted
 Then I will tell you all Goodbye now naughty darling I have such a bad
 headache today and write by return to your longing Martha P S Do tell
 me what kind of perfume does your wife use I want to know He tore the
 flower gravely from its pinhold smelt its almost no smell and placed it
 in his heart pocket Language of flowers They like it because no one can
 hear Or a poison bouquet to strike him down Then walking slowly forward
 he read the letter again murmuring here and there a word Angry tulips
 with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor
 forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet
 all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume Having read it all he took
 it from the newspaper and put it back in his sidepocket Weak joy opened
 his lips Changed since the first letter Wonder did she wrote it herself
 Doing the indignant a girl of good family like me respectable character
 Could meet one Sunday after the rosary Thank you not having any Usual love
 scrimmage Then running round corners Bad as a row with Molly Cigar has a
 cooling effect Narcotic Go further next time Naughty boy punish afraid of
 words of course Brutal why not Try it anyhow A bit at a time Fingering
 still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it Common pin eh He
 threw it on the road Out of her clothes somewhere pinned together Queer
 the number of pins they always have No roses without thorns Flat Dublin
 voices bawled in his head Those two sluts that night in the Coombe linked
 together in the rain O Mairy lost the pin of her drawers She didn't know
 what to do To keep it up To keep it up It Them Such a bad headache Has her

roses probably Or sitting all day typing Eyefocus bad for stomach nerves
 What perfume does your wife use Now could you make out a thing like that
 To keep it up Martha Mary I saw that picture somewhere I forget now old
 master or faked for money He is sitting in their house talking Mysterious
 Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen To keep it up Nice kind of
 evening feeling No more wandering about Just loll there quiet dusk let
 everything rip Forget Tell about places you have been strange customs The
 other one jar on her head was getting the supper fruit olives lovely cool
 water out of a well stonecold like the hole in the wall at Ashtown Must
 carry a paper goblet next time I go to the trottingmatches She listens
 with big dark soft eyes Tell her more and more all Then a sigh silence
 Long long long rest Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope
 tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road The shreds
 fluttered away sank in the dank air a white flutter then all sank Henry
 Flower You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way
 Simple bit of paper Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for
 a million in the bank of Ireland Shows you the money to be made out of
 porter Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four
 times a day they say Skin breeds lice or vermin A million pounds wait a
 moment Twopence a pint fourpence a quart eightpence a gallon of porter
 no one and fourpence a gallon of porter One and four into twenty fifteen
 about Yes exactly Fifteen millions of barrels of porter What am I saying
 barrels Gallons About a million barrels all the same An incoming train
 clanked heavily above his head coach after coach Barrels bumped in his
 head dull porter slopped and churned inside The bungholes sprang open and
 a huge dull flood leaked out flowing together winding through mudflats
 all over the level land a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along
 wideleaved flowers of its froth He had reached the open backdoor of All
 Hallows Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat took the card from his
 pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband Damn it I might
 have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar Same notice on the door
 Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S J on saint Peter Claver S J and
 the African Mission Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too
 when he was almost unconscious The protestants are the same Convert Dr
 William J Walsh D.D to the true religion Save China's millions Wonder how
 they explain it to the heathen Chinees Prefer an ounce of opium Celestials
 Rank heresy for them Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum
 Taking it easy with hand under his cheek Josssticks burning Not like Ecce
 Homo Crown of thorns and cross Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock
 Chopsticks Conmee Martin Cunningham knows him distinguishedlooking Sorry I
 didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father
 Farley who looked a fool but wasn't They're taught that He's not going out
 in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks is he The
 glasses would take their fancy flashing Like to see them sitting round in
 a ring with blub lips entranced listening Still life Lap it up like milk I
 suppose The cold smell of sacred stone called him He trod the worn steps
 pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere Something going on
 some sodality Pity so empty Nice discreet place to be next some girl Who
 is my neighbour Jammed by the hour to slow music That woman at midnight
 mass Seventh heaven Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round
 their necks heads bowed A batch knelt at the altarrails The priest went

along by them murmuring holding the thing in his hands He stopped at each
 took out a communion shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and
 put it **neatly** into her mouth Her hat and head sank Then the next one **Her**
 hat sank at once Then the next one **a** small old woman The priest bent down
 to put it into her mouth murmuring all the time **Latin** The next one Shut
 your eyes and **open** your mouth What Corpus body Corpse Good idea the Latin
 Stupefies them first Hospice for the dying **They** don't seem to chew it only
 swallow it down Rum idea eating bits of a corpse Why the cannibals cotton
 to it He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle one by
 one and seek their places He approached a bench and seated himself in its
 corner nursing his hat and newspaper These pots we have to wear We ought
 to have hats **modelled** on our heads They were about him here and there with
heads still bowed in their crimson halters waiting for it to melt in their
 stomachs Something like those mazzoth it's that sort of bread unleavened
 shewbread Look at them Now I bet it makes them feel happy Lollipop It
 does Yes bread of angels it's called There's a big idea behind it kind
 of kingdom of God is within you feel First communicants Hokypoky penny a
 lump Then feel all like one family party same in the theatre **all** in the
 same swim They do I'm sure of that Not so lonely In our confraternity Then
 come out a bit spreeish Let off steam Thing is if you really believe in it
 Lourdes cure waters of oblivion and the Knock apparition statues bleeding
 Old fellow asleep near that confessionbox Hence those snores Blind faith
 Safe in the arms of kingdom come Lulls all pain Wake this time next year
 He saw the priest **stow** the communion cup away well in and kneel an instant
 before it showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had
 on Suppose he lost the pin of **his** He wouldn't know what to do to Bald
 spot behind Letters on his back I.N.R.I No I.H.S Molly told me one time I
 asked her I have sinned or no I have suffered it is And the other one Iron
 nails ran in Meet one Sunday after the rosary **Do** not deny my request Turn
 up with a veil and black bag Dusk and the light behind her She might be
 here with a ribbon round her neck and do the other thing all the same on
 the sly Their character That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the
 invincibles he used to receive the Carey was his name the communion every
 morning This very church Peter Carey yes No Peter Claver I am thinking
 of Denis Carey And just imagine that Wife and six children at home And
 plotting that murder all the time **Those** crawthumpers now that's a good
 name for them there's always something shiftylooking about them They're
 not straight men of business either O no she's not here the flower no no
 By the way did I tear up that envelope Yes under the bridge The priest
 was rinsing out the chalice then he tossed off the dregs smartly Wine
 Makes it more aristocratic than for example if he drank what they are
 used to Guinness's porter or some temperance beverage Wheatley's Dublin
 hop bitters or Cantrell and Cochrane's ginger ale (aromatic) Doesn't
 give them any of it shew wine only the other Cold comfort Pious fraud but
 quite right otherwise they'd have one old booser worse than another coming
 along cadging for a drink Queer the whole atmosphere of the Quite right
 Perfectly right that is Mr Bloom looked back towards the choir Not going
 to be any music Pity Who has the organ here I wonder Old Glynn he knew how
 to make that instrument talk the vibrato fifty pounds a year they say he
 had in Gardiner street Molly was in fine voice that day the Stabat Mater
 of Rossini Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon first Christ or Pilate Christ

but don't keep us all night over it Music they wanted Footdrill stopped
 Could hear a pin drop I told her to **pitch** her voice against that corner I
 could feel the thrill in the air **the** full the people looking up Quis est
 homo Some of that old sacred music splendid Mercadante seven last words
 Mozart's twelfth mass Gloria in that Those old popes keen on music on art
 and statues and pictures of all kinds Palestrina for example too They had a
 gay old time while it lasted Healthy too chanting regular hours then brew
 liqueurs Benedictine Green Chartreuse Still having eunuchs in their choir
that was coming it a bit thick What kind of voice is it Must be curious
 to hear after their own strong basses Connoisseurs Suppose they wouldn't
 feel anything after Kind of a placid No worry Fall into flesh don't they
 Gluttons tall long legs Who knows Eunuch One way out of it He **saw** the
 priest **bend** down and kiss the altar and then face about and bless all the
 people All crossed themselves and stood up Mr Bloom glanced about him and
 then stood up looking over the risen hats Stand up at the gospel of course
 Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his
 bench The priest came down from the altar holding the thing out from him
 and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin Then the priest knelt
 down and began to read off a card O God our refuge and our strength Mr
 Bloom put **his face** forward to catch the words English Throw them the bone
 I remember slightly How long since your last mass Glorious and immaculate
 virgin Joseph her spouse Peter and Paul More interesting if **you** understood
 what it was all about Wonderful organisation certainly goes like clockwork
 Confession Everyone wants to Then I will tell you all **Penance** Punish me
 please Great weapon in their hands More than doctor or solicitor Woman
 dying to And I schschschschschsch And did you chachachachacha And why did
 you Look down at her ring to find an excuse Whispering gallery walls have
 ears Husband learn to his surprise God's little joke Then out she comes
 Repentance skindeep Lovely shame Pray at an altar Hail Mary and Holy Mary
 Flowers incense candles melting Hide her blushes Salvation army blatant
 imitation Reformed prostitute will address the meeting How I found the
 Lord Squareheaded chaps those must be in Rome they work the whole show
 And don't they rake in the money too Bequests also to the P.P **for** the
 time being in his absolute discretion Masses for the repose of **my** soul
 to be said publicly with open doors Monasteries and convents The priest
 in that Fermanagh will case in the witnessbox No browbeating him He had
 his answer pat for everything Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother
 the church The doctors of the church **they** mapped out the whole theology
 of it The priest prayed Blessed Michael archangel defend us in the hour
 of conflict **Be** our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the
 devil (**may** God restrain him we humbly pray!) and do thou O prince of the
 heavenly host by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him
 those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of
 souls The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off All over The
 women remained behind thanksgiving Better be shoving along Brother Buzz
 Come around with the plate perhaps Pay your Easter duty He stood up Hello
 Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time Women enjoy it
 Never tell you But we Excuse miss there's a (whh!) just a (whh!) fluff Or
 their skirt behind placket unhooked Glimpses of the moon Annoyed if you
 don't Why didn't you tell me before Still like you better untidy Good job
 it wasn't farther south He passed discreetly buttoning down the aisle and

out through the main door into the light He stood a moment unseeing by the
 cold black marble bowl while before him and behind two worshippers dipped
 furtive hands in the low tide of holy water Trams a car of Prescott's
 dyeworks a widow in her weeds Notice because I'm in mourning myself He
 covered himself How goes the time Quarter past Time enough yet Better get
 that lotion made up Where is this Ah yes the last time Sweny's in Lincoln
 place Chemists rarely move Their green and gold beacons too heavy to
 stir Hamilton Long's founded in the year of the flood Huguenot churchyard
 near there Visit some day He walked southward along Westland row But the
 recipe is in the other trousers O and I forgot that latchkey too Bore this
 funeral affair O well poor fellow it's not his fault When was it I got
 it made up last Wait I changed a sovereign I remember First of the month
 it must have been or the second O he can look it up in the prescriptions
 book The chemist turned back page after page Sandy shrivelled smell he
 seems to have Shrunk skull And old Quest for the philosopher's stone The
 alchemists Drugs age you after mental excitement Lethargy then Why Reaction
 A lifetime in a night Gradually changes your character Living all the day
 among herbs ointments disinfectants All his alabaster lily pots Mortar and
 pestle Aq Dist Fol Laur Te Virid Smell almost cure you like the dentist's
 doorbell Doctor Whack He ought to physic himself a bit Electuary or emulsion
 The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck
 Simples Want to be careful Enough stuff here to chloroform you Test turns
 blue litmus paper red Chloroform Overdose of laudanum Sleeping draughts
 Lovephiltres Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough Clogs the pores or the
 phlegm Poisons the only cures Remedy where you least expect it Clever of
 nature About a fortnight ago sir Yes Mr Bloom said He waited by the counter
 inhaling slowly the keen reek of drugs the dusty dry smell of sponges and
 loofahs Lot of time taken up telling your aches and pains Sweet almond
 oil and tincture of benzoin Mr Bloom said and then orangeflower water It
 certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax And white wax also
 he said Brings out the darkness of her eyes Looking at me the sheet up
 to her eyes Spanish smelling herself when I was fixing the links in my
 cuffs Those homely recipes are often the best strawberries for the teeth
 nettles and rainwater oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk Skinfood One
 of the old queen's sons duke of Albany was it had only one skin Leopold
 yes Three we have Warts bunions and pimples to make it worse But you want
 a perfume too What perfume does your Peau d'Espagne That orangeflower
 water is so fresh Nice smell these soaps have Pure curd soap Time to get
 a bath round the corner Hammam Turkish Massage Dirt gets rolled up in
 your navel Nicer if a nice girl did it Also I think I Yes I Do it in the
 bath Curious longing I Water to water Combine business with pleasure Pity
 no time for massage Feel fresh then all the day Funeral be rather glum
 Yes sir the chemist said That was two and nine Have you brought a bottle
 No Mr Bloom said Make it up please I'll call later in the day and I'll
 take one of these soaps How much are they Fourpence sir Mr Bloom raised
 a cake to his nostrils Sweet lemony wax I'll take this one he said That
 makes three and a penny Yes sir the chemist said You can pay all together
 sir when you come back Good Mr Bloom said He strolled out of the shop
 the newspaper baton under his armpit the coolwrapped soap in his left
 hand At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said Hello Bloom What's
 the best news Is that today's Show us a minute Shaved off his moustache

again by Jove Long cold upper lip To look younger He does look balmy
 Younger than I am Bantam Lyons's yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the
 baton Wants a wash too Take off the rough dirt Good morning have you used
 Pears' soap Dandruff on his shoulders Scalp wants oiling I want to see
 about that French horse that's running today Bantam Lyons said Where the
 bugger is it He rustled the pleated pages jerking his chin on his high
 collar Barber's itch Tight collar he'll lose his hair Better leave him
 the paper and get shut of him You can keep it Mr Bloom said Ascot Gold
 cup Wait Bantam Lyons muttered Half a mo Maximum the second I was just
 going to throw it away Mr Bloom said Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly
 and leered weakly What's that his sharp voice said I say you can keep it
 Mr Bloom answered I was going to throw it away that moment Bantam Lyons
 doubted an instant leering then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr
 Bloom's arms I'll risk it he said Here thanks He sped off towards Conway's
 corner God speed scut Mr Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square
 and lodged the soap in it smiling Silly lips of that chap Betting Regular
 hotbed of it lately Messenger boys stealing to put on sixpence Raffle for
 large tender turkey Your Christmas dinner for threepence Jack Fleming
 embezzling to gamble then smuggled off to America Keeps a hotel now They
 never come back Fleshpots of Egypt He walked cheerfully towards the mosque
 of the baths Remind you of a mosque redbaked bricks the minarets College
 sports today I see He eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of college
 park cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot Damn bad ad Now if they had
 made it round like a wheel Then the spokes sports sports sports and the
 hub big college Something to catch the eye There's Hornblower standing at
 the porter's lodge Keep him on hands might take a turn in there on the
 nod How do you do Mr Hornblower How do you do sir Heavenly weather really
 If life was always like that Cricket weather Sit around under sunshades
 Over after over Out They can't play it here Duck for six wickets Still
 Captain Culler broke a window in the Kildare street club with a slog
 to square leg Donnybrook fair more in their line And the skulls we were
 acracking when M'Carthy took the floor Heatwave Won't last Always passing
 the stream of life which in the stream of life we trace is dearer than
 them all Enjoy a bath now clean trough of water cool enamel the gentle
 tepid stream This is my body He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at
 full naked in a womb of warmth oiled by scented melting soap softly laved
 He saw his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained buoyed lightly
 upward lemonyellow his navel bud of flesh and saw the dark tangled curls
 of his bush floating floating hair of the stream around the limp father of
 thousands a languid floating flower [6] Martin Cunningham first poked
 his silkhatted head into the creaking carriage and entering deftly seated
 himself Mr Power stepped in after him curving his height with care Come
 on Simon After you Mr Bloom said Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and
 got in saying Yes yes Are we all here now Martin Cunningham asked Come
 along Bloom Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place He pulled the
 door to after him and slammed it twice till it shut tight He passed an arm
 through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriagewindow at
 the lowered blinds of the avenue One dragged aside an old woman peeping
 Nose whiteflattened against the pane Thanking her stars she was passed
 over Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse Glad to see us go
 we give them such trouble coming Job seems to suit them Huggermugger in

corners Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd wake Then getting
 it ready Laying it out Molly and Mrs Fleming making the bed Pull it more
 to your side Our windingsheet Never know who will touch you dead Wash
 and shampoo I believe they clip the nails and the hair Keep a bit in an
 envelope Grows all the same after Unclean job All waited Nothing was said
 Stowing in the wreaths probably I am **sitting** on something hard Ah that
 soap in my hip pocket Better shift it out of that **Wait** for an opportunity
 All waited Then wheels were heard from in front turning then nearer then
 horses' hoofs A jolt Their carriage began to move creaking and swaying
 Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind The blinds of the avenue
 passed and number nine with its craped knocker door ajar At walking pace
 They waited still their knees jogging till they had turned and were passing
 along the tramtracks Tritonville road Quicker The wheels rattled rolling
 over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the
 doorframes What way is he taking us Mr Power asked through both windows
 Irishtown Martin Cunningham said **Ringsend** Brunswick street Mr Dedalus
 nodded looking out That's a fine old custom he said I am glad to see it
 has not died out All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats
 lifted by passers Respect The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the
 smoother road past Watery lane Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man
 clad in mourning a wide hat There's a friend of yours gone by Dedalus he
 said Who is that Your son and heir Where is he Mr Dedalus said **stretching**
 over across The carriage passing the open drains and mounds of rippedup
 roadway before the tenement houses lurched round the corner and swerving
 back to the tramtrack rolled on noisily with chattering wheels Mr Dedalus
 fell back saying Was that Mulligan cad with him His fidus Achates No Mr
 Bloom said **He was** alone Down with his aunt Sally I suppose Mr Dedalus said
the Goulding faction the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie papa's
 little lump of dung the wise child that knows her own father Mr Bloom
 smiled joylessly on Ringsend road Wallace Bros the bottleworks Dodder
 bridge Richie Goulding and the legal bag Goulding Collis and Ward he calls
 the firm His jokes are getting a bit damp Great card he was Waltzing in
 Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning the landlady's
 two hats pinned on his head Out on the rampage all night Beginning to tell
 on him now that backache of his I fear Wife ironing his back Thinks he'll
 cure it with pills All breadcrumbs they are About six hundred per cent
 profit He's in with a lowdown crowd Mr Dedalus snarled That Mulligan is a
 contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts His name stinks all
 over Dublin But with the help of God and His blessed mother I'll make it
 my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt
 or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate I'll tickle
 his catastrophe believe you me He cried above the clatter of the wheels
I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son A counterjumper's son
 Selling tapes in my cousin Peter Paul M'Swiney's Not likely He ceased Mr
 Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild face and Martin
 Cunningham's eyes and beard gravely shaking Noisy selfwilled man Full of
 his son He is right Something to hand on If little Rudy had lived See him
 grow up Hear his voice in the house Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit
 My son Me in his eyes Strange feeling it would be From me Just a chance
 Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window
 watching **the** two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil And the

sergeant grinning up She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched Give us a touch Poldy God I'm dying for it How life begins Got big then Had to refuse the Greystones concert My son inside her I could have helped him on in life I could Make him independent Learn German too Are we late Mr Power asked Ten minutes Martin Cunningham said **looking at** his watch Molly Milly Same thing watered down Her tomboy oaths O jumping Jupiter Ye gods and little fishes Still she's a dear girl Soon be a woman Mullingar Dearest Papli Young student Yes yes a woman too Life life The carriage heeled over and back their four trunks swaying Corny might have given us a more commodious yoke Mr Power said **He** might Mr Dedalus said **if** he hadn't that squint troubling him Do you follow me He closed his left eye Martin Cunningham began to brush away crustcrumbs from under his thighs What is this he said **in** the name of God **Crumbs** Someone seems to have been making a picnic party here lately Mr Power said **All** raised their thighs and eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats Mr Dedalus twisting his nose frowned downward and said Unless I'm greatly mistaken What do you think **Martin** It struck me too Martin Cunningham said Mr Bloom **set** his thigh down Glad I took that bath Feel my feet quite clean But I wish Mrs Fleming had darned these socks better Mr Dedalus sighed resignedly After all he said it's the most natural **thing** in the world **Did** Tom Kernan turn up Martin Cunningham asked twirling the peak of his beard **gently** Yes Mr Bloom answered He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes And Corny Kelleher himself Mr Power asked At the cemetery Martin Cunningham said **I** met M'Coy this morning Mr Bloom **said** He **said** he'd try to come The carriage halted short What's wrong We're stopped Where are we Mr Bloom put **his head** out of the **window** The grand canal he said Gasworks Whooping cough they say it cures Good job Milly never got it Poor children Doubles them up black and blue in convulsions Shame really Got off lightly with illnesses compared Only measles Flaxseed tea Scarlatina influenza epidemics Canvassing for death Don't miss this chance Dogs' home over there Poor old Athos Be good to Athos Leopold is my last wish **Thy** will be done We obey them in the grave A dying scrawl He took it to heart pined away Quiet brute Old men's dogs usually are A raindrop spat on his hat He drew back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags Apart Curious Like through a colander I thought it would My boots were creaking I remember now The weather is changing he said quietly A pity it did not keep up fine Martin Cunningham said **wanted** for the country Mr Power said **There's** the sun again coming out Mr Dedalus peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun hurled a mute curse at the sky It's as uncertain as a child's bottom he said We're off again The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks swayed gently Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak of his beard **Tom** Kernan was immense last night he said And Paddy Leonard taking him off to his face O draw him out Martin Mr Power said **eagerly** Wait till you hear him **Simon** on Ben Dollard's singing of The Croppy Boy Immense Martin Cunningham said **pompously** His singing of that simple ballad Martin is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the whole course of my experience Trenchant Mr Power said **laughing** He's dead nuts on that And the retrospective arrangement Did you read Dan Dawson's speech Martin Cunningham asked I did not then Mr Dedalus said **Where** is it In the paper this morning Mr Bloom **took** the paper from his inside pocket That book I must change for her No no Mr Dedalus said **quickly** Later on

please Mr Bloom's glance travelled down the edge of the paper scanning
 the deaths Callan Coleman Dignam Fawcett Lowry Naumann Peake what Peake
 is that is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's no Sexton Urbright
 Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper Thanks to the
 Little Flower Sadly missed To the inexpressible grief of his Aged 88 after
 a long and tedious illness Month's mind Quinlan On whose soul Sweet Jesus
 have mercy It is now a month since dear Henry fled To his home up above
 in the sky While his family weeps and mourns his loss Hoping some day to
 meet him on high I tore up the envelope Yes Where did I put her letter
 after I read it in the bath He patted his waistcoatpocket There all right
 Dear Henry fled Before my patience are exhausted National school Meade's
 yard The hazard Only two there now Nodding Full as a tick Too much bone
 in their skulls The other trotting round with a fare An hour ago I was
 passing there The jarvies raised their hats A pointsman's back straightened
 itself upright suddenly against a tramway standard by Mr Bloom's window
 Couldn't they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself much
 handier Well but that fellow would lose his job then Well but then another
 fellow would get a job making the new invention Antient concert rooms
 Nothing on there A man in a buff suit with a crape armlet Not much grief
 there Quarter mourning People in law perhaps They went past the bleak
 pulpit of saint Mark's under the railway bridge past the Queen's theatre
 in silence Hoardings Eugene Stratton Mrs Bandmann Palmer Could I go to see
 Leah tonight I wonder I said I Or the Lily of Killarney Elster Grimes
 Opera Company Big powerful change Wet bright bills for next week Fun on
 the Bristol Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety Have to
 stand a drink or two As broad as it's long He's coming in the afternoon
 Her songs Plasto's Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust Who was
 he How do you do Martin Cunningham said raising his palm to his brow in
 salute He doesn't see us Mr Power said Yes he does How do you do Who Mr
 Dedalus asked Blazes Boylan Mr Power said There he is airing his quiff
 Just that moment I was thinking Mr Dedalus bent across to salute From the
 door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply spruce
 figure passed Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand then those of
 his right hand The nails yes Is there anything more in him that they she
 sees Fascination Worst man in Dublin That keeps him alive They sometimes
 feel what a person is Instinct But a type like that My nails I am just
 looking at them well pared And after thinking alone Body getting a bit
 softy I would notice that from remembering What causes that I suppose
 the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off But the
 shape is there The shape is there still Shoulders Hips Plump Night of
 the dance dressing Shift stuck between the cheeks behind He clasped his
 hands between his knees and satisfied sent his vacant glance over their
 faces Mr Power asked How is the concert tour getting on Bloom O very well
 Mr Bloom said I hear great accounts of it It's a good idea you see Are
 you going yourself Well no Mr Bloom said In point of fact I have to go
 down to the county Clare on some private business You see the idea is to
 tour the chief towns What you lose on one you can make up on the other
 Quite so Martin Cunningham said Mary Anderson is up there now Have you
 good artists Louis Werner is touring her Mr Bloom said O yes we'll have
 all topnobbers J C Doyle and John MacCormack I hope and The best in fact
 And Madame Mr Power said smiling Last but not least Mr Bloom unclasped

his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them Smith O'Brien
 Someone has laid a bunch of flowers there Woman Must be his deathday
 For many happy returns The carriage wheeling by Farrell's statue united
 noiselessly their unresisting knees Out a dullgarbed old man from the
 curbstone tendered his wares his mouth opening out Four bootlaces for
 a penny Wonder why he was struck off the rolls Had his office in Hume
 street Same house as Molly's namesake Tweedy crown solicitor for Waterford
 Has that silk hat ever since Relics of old decency Mourning too Terrible
 comedown poor wretch Kicked about like snuff at a wake O'Callaghan on his
 last legs And Madame Twenty past eleven Up Mrs Fleming is in to clean
 Doing her hair humming *voglio e non vorrei* No *vorrei e non* Looking
 at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split *Mi trema un poco il*
 Beautiful on that tre her voice is weeping tone A thrush A throstle There
 is a word throstle that expresses that His eyes passed lightly over Mr
 Power's goodlooking face Greyish over the ears Madame smiling I smiled
 back A smile goes a long way Only politeness perhaps Nice fellow Who
 knows is that true about the woman he keeps Not pleasant for the wife Yet
 they say who was it told me there is no carnal You would imagine that
 would get played out pretty quick Yes it was Crofton met him one evening
 bringing her a pound of rumpsteak What is this she was Barmaid in Jury's
 Or the Moira was it They passed under the hugecloaked Liberator's form
 Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power Of the tribe of Reuben he said A tall
 blackbearded figure bent on a stick stumping round the corner of Elvery's
 Elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine In all his
 pristine beauty Mr Power said Mr Dedalus looked after the stumping figure
 and said mildly The devil break the hasp of your back Mr Power collapsing
 in laughter shaded his face from the window as the carriage passed Gray's
 statue We have all been there Martin Cunningham said *broadly* His eyes
 met Mr Bloom's eyes He caressed his beard adding Well nearly all of us
 Mr Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces
 That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and
 the son *About* the boatman Mr Power asked Yes Isn't it awfully good *What*
 is that Mr Dedalus asked I didn't hear it There was a girl in the case
 Mr Bloom began and he determined to send him to the Isle of Man out of
 harm's way but when they were both What Mr Dedalus asked That confirmed
 bloody hobbledehoy is it Yes Mr Bloom said *They were* both on the way to
the boat and he tried to drown Drown Barabbas Mr Dedalus cried I wish to
 Christ he did Mr Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils No Mr
 Bloom said *the* son himself Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely
 Reuben J and the son *were* piking it down the quay next the river on their
 way to the Isle of Man *boat* and the young chiseller suddenly got loose and
 over the wall with him into the Liffey For God's sake Mr Dedalus exclaimed
 in fright Is he dead Dead Martin Cunningham cried Not he A boatman got a
 pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up
 to the father on the quay more dead than alive Half the town was there
 Yes Mr Bloom said *But* the funny part is And Reuben J Martin Cunningham
 said *gave* the boatman a florin for saving his son's life A stifled sigh
 came from under Mr Power's hand O he did Martin Cunningham affirmed Like
 a hero A silver florin Isn't it awfully good Mr Bloom said *eagerly* One
 and eightpence too much Mr Dedalus said *drily* Mr Power's choked laugh
 burst quietly in the carriage Nelson's pillar Eight plums a penny Eight

for a penny We had better look a little serious Martin Cunningham said **Mr Dedalus** sighed Ah then indeed he said poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us a laugh Many a good one he told himself The Lord forgive me Mr Power said **wiping** his wet eyes with his fingers Poor Paddy I little thought a week ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I'd be driving after him like this He's gone from us As decent a little man as ever wore a hat Mr Dedalus said **He** went very suddenly Breakdown Martin Cunningham said **Heart** He tapped his chest sadly Blazing face redhot Too much John Barleycorn Cure for a red nose Drink like the devil till it turns adelite A lot of money he spent colouring it Mr Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension He had a sudden death poor fellow he said The best death Mr Bloom said **Their** wide open eyes looked at him No suffering he said A moment and all is over Like dying in sleep No one spoke Dead side of the street **this** Dull business by day land agents temperance hotel Falconer's railway guide civil service college Gill's catholic club the industrious blind Why Some reason Sun or wind At night too Chummies and slaveys Under the patronage of the late Father Mathew Foundation stone for Parnell Breakdown Heart White horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner galloping A tiny coffin flashed by In a hurry to bury A mourning coach Unmarried Black for the married Piebald for bachelors Dun for a nun Sad Martin Cunningham said **A child** A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was Dwarf's body weak as putty in a whitelined deal box Burial friendly society pays Penny a week for a sod of turf Our Little Beggar Baby Meant nothing Mistake of nature If it's healthy it's from the mother If not from the man Better luck next time Poor little thing Mr Dedalus said **It's** well out of it The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square Rattle his bones Over the stones **Only** a pauper Nobody owns In the midst of life Martin Cunningham said **But** the worst of all Mr Power said **is** the man who takes his own life Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly coughed and put it back **The** greatest disgrace to have in the family Mr Power added Temporary insanity of course Martin Cunningham said **decisively** We must take a charitable view of it They say a man who does it is a coward Mr Dedalus said **It is not** for us to judge Martin Cunningham said **Mr Bloom about** to speak closed his lips again Martin Cunningham's large eyes Looking away now Sympathetic human man he is Intelligent Like Shakespeare's face Always a good word to say They have no mercy on that here or infanticide Refuse christian burial They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave As if it wasn't broken already Yet sometimes they repent too late Found in the riverbed clutching rushes He looked at me And that awful drunkard of a wife of his Setting **up** house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him every Saturday almost Leading him the life of the damned Wear the heart out of a stone that Monday morning Start afresh Shoulder to the wheel **Lord** she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella And they call me the jewel of Asia Of Asia The geisha He looked away from me He knows Rattle his bones That afternoon of the **inquest** The redlabelled bottle on the table The room in the hotel with hunting pictures Stuffy it was Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blind The coroner's sunlit ears big and hairy Boots giving evidence Thought he was asleep first Then saw like yellow streaks on his face Had slipped down to the foot of **the**

bed **Verdict** overdose Death by misadventure The letter For my son Leopold
 No more pain Wake no more Nobody owns The carriage rattled swiftly along
 Blessington street Over the stones **We** are going the pace I think Martin
 Cunningham said **God** grant he doesn't upset us on the road Mr Power said
I hope not Martin Cunningham said **That** will be **a** great race tomorrow in
 Germany The Gordon Bennett Yes by Jove Mr Dedalus said **That** will be **worth**
 seeing faith As they turned into Berkeley street a streetorgan near the
 Basin sent over and after them a rollicking rattling song of the halls Has
 anybody here seen **Kelly** Kay ee double ell wy Dead March from Saul He's as
 bad as old Antonio He left me on my ownio Pirouette The Mater Misericordiae
 Eccles street My house down there Big place Ward for incurables there Very
 encouraging Our Lady's Hospice for the dying **Deadhouse** handy underneath
 Where old Mrs Riordan died They look terrible the women Her feeding cup
 and rubbing her mouth with the spoon Then the screen round her bed for
 her to die Nice young student that was dressed that bite the bee gave me
 He's gone over to the lying in hospital they told me From one extreme to
 the other The carriage galloped round a corner stopped What's wrong now
 A divided drove of branded cattle passed the windows lowing slouching by
 on padded hoofs whisking their tails slowly on their clotted bony croups
 Outside them and through them ran raddled sheep bleating their fear
 Emigrants Mr Power said **Huuuh** the drover's voice cried his switch sounding
 on their flanks **Huuuh** out of that **Thursday** of course Tomorrow is killing
 day Springers Cuffe sold them about twentyseven quid each For Liverpool
 probably Roastbeef for old England They buy up all the juicy ones And
 then the fifth quarter lost all that raw stuff hide hair horns Comes to a
 big thing in a year Dead meat trade Byproducts of the slaughterhouses for
 tanneries soap margarine Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat
 off the train at Clonsilla The carriage moved on through the drove I can't
 make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the parkgate to
 the quays Mr Bloom said **All** those animals could be taken in trucks down
 to the boats Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare Martin Cunningham
 said **Quite** right They ought to Yes Mr Bloom said **and another** thing I often
 thought is to have municipal funeral trams like they have in Milan you know
 Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams hearse and
 carriage and all Don't you see what I mean O that be damned for a story Mr
 Dedalus said **Pullman** car and saloon diningroom A poor lookout for Corny
 Mr Power added Why Mr Bloom asked turning to Mr Dedalus Wouldn't it be
 more decent than galloping two abreast Well there's something in that Mr
 Dedalus granted And Martin Cunningham said **we** wouldn't have scenes like
 that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to
 the road **That** was terrible Mr Power's shocked face said and the corpse
 fell about the road Terrible First round Dunphy's Mr Dedalus said **nodding**
 Gordon Bennett cup Praises be to God Martin Cunningham said **piously** Bom
 Upset A coffin bumped out on to the **road Burst** open Paddy Dignam shot out
 and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him Red
 face grey now Mouth fallen open Asking what's up now Quite right to close
 it Looks horrid open Then the insides decompose quickly Much better to
 close up all the orifices Yes also With wax The sphincter loose Seal up all
 Dunphy's Mr Power announced as the carriage turned right Dunphy's corner
 Mourning coaches drawn up drowning their grief A pause by the wayside
 Tiptop position for a pub Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to

drink his health Pass round the consolation Elixir of life But suppose
 now it did happen Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the knocking
 about He would and he wouldn't I suppose Depends on where The circulation
 stops Still some might ooze out of an artery It would be better to bury
 them in red a dark red In silence they drove along Phibsborough road An
 empty hearse trotted by coming from the cemetery looks relieved Crossguns
 bridge the royal canal Water rushed roaring through the sluices A man
 stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf On the towpath by the
 lock a slacktethered horse Aboard of the Bugabu Their eyes watched him On
 the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his raft coastward over Ireland
 drawn by a haulage rope past beds of reeds over slime mudchoked bottles
 carrion dogs Athlone Mullingar Moyvalley I could make a walking tour to
 see Milly by the canal Or cycle down Hire some old crock safety Wren had
 one the other day at the auction but a lady's Developing waterways James
 M'Cann's hobby to row me o'er the ferry Cheaper transit By easy stages
 Houseboats Camping out Also hearses To heaven by water Perhaps I will
 without writing Come as a surprise Leixlip Clonsilla Dropping down lock
 by lock to Dublin With turf from the midland bogs Salute He lifted his
 brown straw hat saluting Paddy Dignam They drove on past Brian Boromhe
 house Near it now I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on Mr Power
 said Better ask Tom Kernan Mr Dedalus said How is that Martin Cunningham
 said Left him weeping I suppose Though lost to sight Mr Dedalus said to
 memory dear The carriage steered left for Finglas road The stonecutter's
 yard on the right Last lap Crowded on the spit of land silent shapes
 appeared white sorrowful holding out calm hands knelt in grief pointing
 Fragments of shapes hewn In white silence appealing The best obtainable
 Thos H Dennany monumental builder and sculptor Passed On the curbstone
 before Jimmy Geary the sexton's an old tramp sat grumbling emptying the
 dirt and stones out of his huge dustbrown yawning boot After life's journey
 Gloomy gardens then went by one by one gloomy houses Mr Power pointed That
 is where Childs was murdered he said The last house So it is Mr Dedalus
 said A gruesome case Seymour Bushe got him off Murdered his brother Or
 so they said The crown had no evidence Mr Power said Only circumstantial
 Martin Cunningham added That's the maxim of the law Better for ninety-nine
 guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned
 They looked Murderer's ground It passed darkly Shuttered tenantless
 unweeded garden Whole place gone to hell Wrongfully condemned Murder The
 murderer's image in the eye of the murdered They love reading about it
 Man's head found in a garden Her clothing consisted of How she met her
 death Recent outrage The weapon used Murderer is still at large Clues A
 shoelace The body to be exhumed Murder will out Cramped in this carriage
 She mightn't like me to come that way without letting her know Must be
 careful about women Catch them once with their pants down Never forgive
 you after Fifteen The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze
 Dark poplars rare white forms Forms more frequent white shapes thronged
 amid the trees white forms and fragments streaming by mutely sustaining
 vain gestures on the air The felly harshed against the curbstone stopped
 Martin Cunningham put out his arm and wrenching back the handle shoved the
 door open with his knee He stepped out Mr Power and Mr Dedalus followed
 Change that soap now Mr Bloom's hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly
 and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket He

stepped out of the carriage replacing the newspaper his other hand still held Paltry funeral coach and three carriages It's all the same Pallbearers gold reins requiem mass firing a volley Pomp of death Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit Simnel cakes those are stuck together cakes for the dead Dogbiscuits Who ate them Mourners coming out He followed his companions Mr Kernan and Ned Lambert followed Hynes walking after them Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took out the two wreaths He handed one to the boy Where is that child's funeral disappeared to A team of horses passed from Finglas with toiling plodding tread dragging through the funereal silence a creaking waggon on which lay a granite block The waggoner marching at their head saluted Coffin now Got here before us dead as he is Horse looking round at it with his plume skeowways Dull eye collar tight on his neck pressing on a bloodvessel or something Do they know what they cart out here every day Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day Then Mount Jerome for the protestants Funerals all over the world everywhere every minute Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick Thousands every hour Too many in the world Mourners came out through the gates woman and a girl Leanjawed harpy hard woman at a bargain her bonnet awry Girl's face stained with dirt and tears holding the woman's arm looking up at her for a sign to cry Fish's face bloodless and livid The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates So much dead weight Felt heavier myself stepping out of that bath First the stiff then the friends of the stiff Corny Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths Who is that beside them Ah the brother in law All walked after Martin Cunningham whispered I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom What Mr Power whispered How so His father poisoned himself Martin Cunningham whispered Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis You heard him say he was going to Clare Anniversary O God Mr Power whispered First I heard of it Poisoned himself He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed towards the cardinal's mausoleum Speaking Was he insured Mr Bloom asked I believe so Mr Kernan answered But the policy was heavily mortgaged Martin is trying to get the youngster into Artane How many children did he leave Five Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into Todd's A sad case Mr Bloom said gently Five young children A great blow to the poor wife Mr Kernan added Indeed yes Mr Bloom agreed Has the laugh at him now He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished She had outlived him Lost her husband More dead for her than for me One must outlive the other Wise men say There are more women than men in the world Condole with her Your terrible loss I hope you'll soon follow him For Hindu widows only She would marry another Him No Yet who knows after Widowhood not the thing since the old queen died Drawn on a guncarriage Victoria and Albert Frogmore memorial mourning But in the end she put a few violets in her bonnet Vain in her heart of hearts All for a shadow Consort not even a king Her son was the substance Something new to hope for not like the past she wanted back waiting It never comes One must go first alone under the ground and lie no more in her warm bed How are you Simon Ned Lambert said softly clasping hands Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays Never better How are all in Cork's own town I was down there for the Cork park races on Easter Monday Ned Lambert said Same old six and eightpence Stopped with Dick Tivy And how is Dick the solid man

Nothing between himself and heaven Ned Lambert answered By the holy Paul
Mr Dedalus said **in** subdued wonder Dick Tivy bald Martin is going to get
up a whip for the youngsters Ned Lambert said pointing ahead A few bob a
skull Just to keep them going till the insurance is cleared up Yes yes Mr
Dedalus said **dubiously** Is that the eldest boy in front Yes Ned Lambert
said with the wife's brother John Henry Menton is behind He put down
his name for a quid I'll engage he did Mr Dedalus said **I often** told poor
Paddy he ought to mind that job John Henry is not the worst in the world
How did he lose **it** Ned Lambert asked Liquor what Many a good man's fault
Mr Dedalus said **with a sigh** They halted about the door of the **mortuary**
chapel Mr Bloom stood **behind the** boy with the wreath looking down at his
sleekcombed hair and at the slender furrowed neck inside his brandnew
collar Poor boy Was he there when the father Both unconscious Lighten up
at the last moment and recognise for the last time All he might have done
I owe three shillings to O'Grady Would he understand The mutes bore the
coffin into the chapel Which end is his head After a moment he followed
the others in blinking in the screened light The coffin lay on its bier
before the chancel four tall yellow candles at its corners Always in front
of us Corny Kelleher laying a wreath at each fore corner beckoned to the
boy **to** kneel The mourners knelt here and there in prayingdesks Mr Bloom
stood behind **near** the font and when all had knelt dropped carefully his
unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it He
fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and holding its brim bent
over piously A server bearing a brass bucket with something in it came
out through a door The whitesmocked priest came after him tidying his
stole with one hand balancing with the other a little book against his
toad's belly Who'll read the book I said the rook They halted by the bier
and the priest began to read out of his book with a fluent croak Father
Coffey I knew his name was like a coffin Dominenamine Bully about the
muzzle he looks Bosses the show Muscular christian Woe betide anyone that
looks crooked at him priest Thou art Peter Burst sideways like a sheep
in clover Dedalus says he will With a belly on him like a poisoned pup
Most amusing expressions that man finds Hhbn burst sideways Non intres in
judicium cum servo tuo Domine Makes them feel more important to be prayed
over in Latin Requiem mass Crape weepers Blackedged notepaper Your name
on the altarlist Chilly place this Want to feed well sitting in there all
the morning in the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next please
Eyes of a toad too What swells him up that way Molly gets swelled after
cabbage Air of the place maybe Looks full up of bad gas Must be an infernal
lot of bad gas round the place Butchers for instance they get like raw
beefsteaks Who was telling me Mervyn Browne Down in the vaults **of** saint
Werburch's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in
the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it Out it rushes
blue One whiff of that and you're a goner My kneecap is hurting me Ow
That's better The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of **it** out of
the **boy's** bucket and shook it over the coffin Then he walked to the other
end and shook it again Then he came back and put it **back in the** bucket As
you were before you rested It's all written down he has to do it Et ne
nos inducas in tentationem The server piped the answers in **the** treble I
often thought it would be better to **have** boy servants Up to fifteen or so
After that of course Holy water that was I expect Shaking sleep out of it

He **must** be fed up with that job shaking that thing over all the corpses
 they trot up What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over Every
 mortal day a fresh batch middleaged men old women children women dead in
 childbirth men with beards baldheaded businessmen consumptive girls with
 little sparrows' breasts All the year round he prayed the same thing over
 them all and shook water on top of them sleep On Dignam now In paradisum
 Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise Says that over everybody
 Tiresome kind of a **job** But he has to say something The priest closed
 his book and went off followed by the server Corny Kelleher opened the
 sidedoors and the gravediggers came in hoisted the coffin again carried
 it out and shoved it on their cart Corny Kelleher gave one wreath to the
 boy **and** one to the brother in law All followed them out of the **sidedoors**
 into the mild grey air Mr Bloom came last folding his paper again into
 his pocket He gazed gravely at the ground till the coffincart wheeled off
 to the left The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry
 and the pack of **blunt** boots followed the trundled barrow along a lane
 of sepulchres The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo Lord I mustn't lilt
 here The O'Connell circle Mr Dedalus said **about** him Mr Power's soft eyes
 went up to the apex of the lofty cone He's at rest he said in the middle
 of his people old Dan O' But his heart is buried in Rome How many broken
 hearts are buried here Simon Her grave is over there Jack Mr Dedalus
 said **I'll** soon be stretched beside her Let Him take me whenever He likes
 Breaking down he began to weep to himself quietly stumbling a little in
 his walk Mr Power took his arm She's better where she is he said **kindly** I
 suppose so Mr Dedalus said **with a weak** gasp I suppose she is in heaven if
 there is a heaven Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed
 the mourners to plod by Sad occasions Mr **Kernan** began politely Mr Bloom
 closed his eyes and sadly twice bowed his head The others are putting on
 their hats Mr Kernan said I suppose we can do so too We are the last **This**
 cemetery is a treacherous place They covered their heads The reverend
 gentleman read the service too quickly don't you think Mr Kernan said
 with reproof Mr Bloom nodded gravely looking in the quick bloodshot eyes
 Secret eyes secretsearching Mason I think not sure Beside him again We
 are **the last In** the same boat Hope he'll say something else Mr Kernan
 added The service of the Irish church used in Mount Jerome is simpler more
 impressive I must say Mr Bloom gave prudent assent The language of course
 was another thing Mr Kernan said with solemnity I am the resurrection and
 the life That touches a man's inmost heart It does Mr Bloom said **Your**
 heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his
 toes to the daisies No touching that Seat of the affections **Broken** heart
 A pump after all pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day One fine
 day it gets bunged up and there you are Lots of them lying around here
 lungs hearts livers Old rusty pumps damn the thing else The resurrection
 and **the** life Once you are dead you are dead That last day idea Knocking
 them all up out of their graves Come forth Lazarus And he came fifth and
 lost the job Get up Last day Then every fellow mousing around for his liver
 and his lights and the rest of **his** traps Find damn all of himself that
 morning Pennyweight of powder in a skull Twelve grammes one pennyweight
 Troy measure Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side Everything went
 off A1 he said What He looked on them from his drawling eye Policeman's
 shoulders With your tooraloom tooraloom As it should be Mr Kernan said What

Eh Corny Kelleher said Mr Kernan assured him Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan John Henry Menton asked I know his face Ned Lambert glanced back Bloom he said Madame Marion Tweedy that was is I mean the soprano She's his wife O to be sure John Henry Menton said I haven't seen her for some time She was a finelooking woman I danced with her wait fifteen seventeen golden years ago at Mat Dillon's in Roundtown And a good armful she was He looked behind through the others What is he he asked What does he do Wasn't he in the stationery line I fell foul of him one evening I remember at bowls Ned Lambert smiled Yes he was he said in Wisdom Hely's A traveller for blottingpaper In God's name John Henry Menton said what did she marry a coon like that for She had plenty of game in her then Has still Ned Lambert said He does some canvassing for ads John Henry Menton's large eyes stared ahead The barrow turned into a side lane A portly man ambushed among the grasses raised his hat in homage The gravediggers touched their caps John O'Connell Mr Power said pleased He never forgets a friend Mr O'Connell shook all their hands in silence Mr Dedalus said I am come to pay you another visit My dear Simon the caretaker answered in a low voice I don't want your custom at all Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin Cunningham's side puzzling two long keys at his back Did you hear that one he asked them about Mulcahy from the Coombe I did not Martin Cunningham said They bent their silk hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear The caretaker hung his thumbs in the loops of his gold watchchain and spoke in a discreet tone to their vacant smiles They tell the story he said that two drunks came out here one foggy evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs They asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried After traipsing about in the fog they found the grave sure enough One of the drunks spelt out the name Terence Mulcahy The other drunk was blinking up at a statue of Our Saviour the widow had got put up The caretaker blinked up at one of the sepulchres they passed He resumed And after blinking up at the sacred figure Not a bloody bit like the man says he That's not Mulcahy says he whoever done it Rewarded by smiles he fell back and spoke with Corny Kelleher accepting the dockets given him turning them over and scanning them as he walked That's all done with a purpose Martin Cunningham explained to Hynes I know Hynes said I know that To cheer a fellow up Martin Cunningham said It's pure goodheartedness damn the thing else Mr Bloom admired the caretaker's prosperous bulk All want to be on good terms with him Decent fellow John O'Connell real good sort Keys like Keyes's ad no fear of anyone getting out No passout checks Habeas corpus I must see about that ad after the funeral Did I write Ballsbridge on the envelope I took to cover when she disturbed me writing to Martha Hope it's not chucked in the dead letter office Be the better of a shave Grey sprouting beard That's the first sign when the hairs come out grey And temper getting cross Silver threads among the grey Fancy being his wife Wonder he had the gumption to propose to any girl Come out and live in the graveyard Dangle that before her It might thrill her first Courting death Shades of night hovering here with all the dead stretched about The shadows of the tombs when churchyards yawn and Daniel O'Connell must be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark Will o' the wisp Gas of graves Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all Women

especially are so touchy Tell her a ghost story in bed to make her sleep
 Have you ever seen a ghost Well I have It was a pitchdark night The clock
 was on the stroke of twelve Still they'd kiss all right if properly keyed
 up Whores in Turkish graveyards Learn anything if taken young You might
 pick up a young widow here Men like that Love among the tombstones Romeo
 Spice of pleasure In the midst of death we are in life Both ends meet
 Tantalising for the poor dead Smell of grilled beefsteaks to the starving
 Gnawing their vitals Desire to grig people Molly wanting to do it at the
 window Eight **children** he has anyway He has seen a fair share go under in
 his time lying **around** him field after field Holy fields More room if they
 buried them standing Sitting or kneeling you couldn't Standing His head
 might come up some day above ground in a landslip with his hand pointing
 All honeycombed the ground must be oblong cells And very neat he keeps
 it too trim grass and edgings His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome
 Well so it is Ought to be flowers of sleep Chinese cemeteries with giant
 poppies growing produce the best opium Mastiansky told me The Botanic
 Gardens are just over there It's the blood sinking in the earth **gives** new
 life Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy Every man his
 price Well preserved fat corpse gentleman epicure invaluable for fruit
 garden A bargain By carcass of William Wilkinson auditor and accountant
 lately deceased three pounds thirteen and six **With** thanks I daresay the
 soil would be quite fat with corpsemanure bones flesh nails Charnelhouses
 Dreadful Turning green and pink decomposing Rot quick in damp earth The
 lean old ones tougher Then a kind of a **tallowy** kind of a **cheesy** Then begin
 to get black black treacle oozing out of them Then dried up Deathmoths
 Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living Changing about
 Live for ever practically Nothing to feed on feed on themselves But they
 must breed a devil of a lot of maggots Soil must be simply swirling with
 them Your head it simply swirls Those pretty little seaside gurls He
 looks cheerful enough over it Gives him a sense of power seeing all the
 others go under first Wonder how he looks at life Cracking his jokes too
 warms the cockles of his heart The one about the bulletin Spurgeon went
 to heaven 4 a.m this morning 11 p.m (closing time) Not arrived yet Peter
 The dead themselves the men anyhow would like to hear an odd joke or the
 women to know what's in fashion A juicy pear or ladies' punch hot strong
 and sweet Keep out the damp You must laugh sometimes so better do it that
 way Gravediggers in Hamlet Shows the profound knowledge of the human
 heart Daren't joke about the dead for two years at least De mortuis nil
 nisi prius Go out of mourning first Hard to imagine his funeral Seems
 a sort of a joke Read your own obituary notice they say you live longer
 Gives you second wind New lease of life How many have you for tomorrow
 the caretaker asked Two Corny Kelleher said Half ten and eleven The
 caretaker put the papers in his pocket The barrow had ceased to trundle
 The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole stepping with care
 round the graves The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the
 brink looping **the** bands round it Burying him We come to bury Cæsar His
 ides of March or June He doesn't know who is here nor care Now who is that
 lankylooking galoot over there in the macintosh Now who is he I'd like to
 know Now I'd give a trifle to know who he is Always someone turns up you
 never dreamt of A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life Yes he
 could Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died though he

could dig his own grave We all do Only man buries No ants too First thing
 strikes anybody Bury the dead Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life Well
 then Friday buried him Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look
 at it O poor Robinson Crusoe How could you possibly do so Poor Dignam His
 last lie on the earth in his box When you think of them all it does seem
 a waste of wood All gnawed through They could invent a handsome bier with
 a kind of panel sliding let it down that way Ay but they might object
 to be buried out of another fellow's They're so particular Lay me in my
 native earth Bit of clay from the holy land Only a mother and deadborn
 child ever buried in the one coffin I see what it means I see To protect
 him as long as possible even in the earth The Irishman's house is his
 coffin Embalming in catacombs mummies the same idea Mr Bloom stood far
 back his hat in his hand counting the bared heads Twelve I'm thirteen No
 The chap in the macintosh is thirteen Death's number Where the deuce did
 he pop out of He wasn't in the chapel that I'll swear Silly superstition
 that about thirteen Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit Tinge of
 purple I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west Dressy
 fellow he was once Used to change three suits in the day Must get that
 grey suit of mine turned by Mesias Hello It's dyed His wife I forgot he's
 not married or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for
 him The coffin dived out of sight eased down by the men straddled on the
 gravetrestles They struggled up and out and all uncovered Twenty Pause
 If we were all suddenly somebody else Far away a donkey brayed Rain No
 such ass Never see a dead one they say Shame of death They hide Also poor
 papa went away Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper
 Whisper The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring
 quietly in the black open space Mr Bloom moved behind the portly kindly
 caretaker Wellcut frockcoat Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go
 next Well it is a long rest Feel no more It's the moment you feel Must
 be damned unpleasant Can't believe it at first Mistake must be someone
 else Try the house opposite Wait I wanted to I haven't yet Then darkened
 deathchamber Light they want Whispering around you Would you like to
 see a priest Then rambling and wandering Delirium all you hid all your
 life The death struggle His sleep is not natural Press his lower eyelid
 Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet
 yellow Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the floor since he's
 doomed Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing him a woman Dying
 to embrace her in his shirt Last act of Lucia Shall I nevermore behold
 thee Bam He expires Gone at last People talk about you a bit forget you
 Don't forget to pray for him Remember him in your prayers Even Parnell
 Ivy day dying out Then they follow dropping into a hole one after the
 other We are praying now for the repose of his soul Hoping you're well
 and not in hell Nice change of air Out of the fryingpan of life into the
 fire of purgatory Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself They
 say you do when you shiver in the sun Someone walking over it Callboy's
 warning Near you Mine over there towards Finglas the plot I bought Mamma
 poor mamma and little Rudy The gravediggers took up their spades and
 flung heavy clods of clay in on the coffin Mr Bloom turned away his face
 And if he was alive all the time Whew By jingo that would be awful No
 no he is dead of course Of course he is dead Monday he died They ought
 to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock

or a telephone in the coffin and some kind of a canvas airhole Flag of
 distress Three days Rather long to keep them in summer Just as well to
 get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no The clay fell softer
 Begin to be forgotten Out of sight out of mind The caretaker moved away
 a few paces and put on his hat Had enough of it The mourners took heart
 of grace one by one covering themselves without show Mr Bloom put on his
 hat and saw the portly figure make its way deftly through the maze of
 graves Quietly sure of his ground he traversed the dismal fields Hynes
 jotting down something in his notebook Ah the names But he knows them all
 No coming to me I am just taking the names Hynes said below his breath
 What is your christian name I'm not sure L Mr Bloom said Leopold And you
 might put down M'Coy's name too He asked me to Charley Hynes said writing
 I know He was on the Freeman once So he was before he got the job in the
 morgue under Louis Byrne Good idea a postmortem for doctors Find out what
 they imagine they know He died of a Tuesday Got the run Levanted with
 the cash of a few ads Charley you're my darling That was why he asked me
 to O well does no harm I saw to that M'Coy Thanks old chap much obliged
 Leave him under an obligation costs nothing And tell us Hynes said do you
 know that fellow in the fellow was over there in the He looked around
 Macintosh Yes I saw him Mr Bloom said Where is he now M'Intosh Hynes said
 scribbling I don't know who he is Is that his name He moved away looking
 about him No Mr Bloom began turning and stopping I say Hynes Didn't hear
 What Where has he disappeared to Not a sign Well of all the Has anybody
 here seen Kay ee double ell Become invisible Good Lord what became of
 him A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr Bloom to take up an idle spade
 O excuse me He stepped aside nimbly Clay brown damp began to be seen in
 the hole It rose Nearly over A mound of damp clods rose more rose and the
 gravediggers rested their spades All uncovered again for a few instants
 The boy propped his wreath against a corner the brother in law his on a
 lump The gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades
 towards the barrow Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf clean One
 bent to pluck from the haft a long tuft of grass One leaving his mates
 walked slowly on with shouldered weapon its blade blueglancing Silently
 at the gravehead another coiled the coffinband His navelcord The brother
 in law turning away placed something in his free hand Thanks in silence
 Sorry sir trouble Headshake I know that For yourselves just The mourners
 moved away slowly without aim by devious paths staying at whiles to read
 a name on a tomb Let us go round by the chief's grave Hynes said We have
 time Let us Mr Power said They turned to the right following their slow
 thoughts With awe Mr Power's blank voice spoke Some say he is not in
 that grave at all That the coffin was filled with stones That one day
 he will come again Hynes shook his head Parnell will never come again he
 said He's there all that was mortal of him Peace to his ashes Mr Bloom
 walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels crosses broken pillars
 family vaults stone hopes praying with upcast eyes old Ireland's hearts
 and hands More sensible to spend the money on some charity for the living
 Pray for the repose of the soul of Does anybody really Plant him and have
 done with him Like down a coalshoot Then lump them together to save time
 All souls' day Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave Ten shillings for the
 gardener He keeps it free of weeds Old man himself Bent down double with
 his shears clipping Near death's door Who passed away Who departed this

life As if they did it of their own accord Got the shove all of them Who
 kicked the bucket More interesting if they told you what they were So and
 So wheelwright I travelled for cork lino I paid five shillings in the
 pound Or a woman's with her saucepan I cooked good Irish stew Eulogy in a
 country churchyard it ought to be that poem of whose is it Wordsworth or
 Thomas Campbell Entered into rest the protestants put it Old Dr Murren's
 The great physician called him home Well it's God's acre for them Nice
 country residence Newly plastered and painted Ideal spot to have a quiet
 smoke and read the Church Times Marriage ads they never try to beautify
 Rusty wreaths hung on knobs garlands of bronzefoil Better value that
 for the money Still the flowers are more poetical The other gets rather
 tiresome never withering Expresses nothing Immortelles A bird sat tamely
 perched on a poplar branch Like stuffed Like the wedding present alderman
 Hooper gave us Hoo Not a budge out of him Knows there are no catapults to
 let fly at him Dead animal even sadder Silly Milly burying the little dead
 bird in the kitchen matchbox a daisy chain and bits of broken chainies on
 the grave The Sacred Heart that is showing it Heart on his sleeve Ought
 to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart Ireland
 was dedicated to it or whatever that Seems anything but pleased Why this
 infliction Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket
 of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the
 boy Apollo that was How many All these here once walked round Dublin
 Faithful departed As you are now so once were we Besides how could you
 remember everybody Eyes walk voice Well the voice yes gramophone Have a
 gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house After dinner on a Sunday
 Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraahraark Hellohellohello amawfullyglad
 kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth Remind you of the
 voice like the photograph reminds you of the face Otherwise you couldn't
 remember the face after fifteen years say For instance who For instance
 some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's Rtststr A rattle of
 pebbles Wait Stop He looked down intently into a stone crypt Some animal
 Wait There he goes An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt
 moving the pebbles An old stager greatgrandfather he knows the ropes The
 grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth wriggled itself in under
 it Good hidingplace for treasure Who lives there Are laid the remains of
 Robert Emery Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight wasn't he Making
 his rounds Tail gone now One of those chaps would make short work of a
 fellow Pick the bones clean no matter who it was Ordinary meat for them
 A corpse is meat gone bad Well and what's cheese Corpse of milk I read
 in that Voyages in China that the Chinese say a white man smells like a
 corpse Cremation better Priests dead against it Devilling for the other
 firm Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers Time of the plague Quicklime
 feverpits to eat them Lethal chamber Ashes to ashes Or bury at sea Where
 is that Parsee tower of silence Eaten by birds Earth fire water Drowning
 they say is the pleasantest See your whole life in a flash But being
 brought back to life no Can't bury in the air however Out of a flying
 machine Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down
 Underground communication We learned that from them Wouldn't be surprised
 Regular square feed for them Flies come before he's well dead Got wind of
 Dignam They wouldn't care about the smell of it Saltwhite crumbling mush
 of corpse smell taste like raw white turnips The gates glimmered in front

still open Back to **the** world again Enough of this place Brings you a bit
 nearer every time Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral Poor papa
 too The love that kills And even scraping up the earth at night with a
 lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even
 putrefied with running gravesores Give you the creeps after a bit I will
 appear to you after death **You** will see my ghost after death My ghost will
 haunt you after death There is another world after death named hell I do
 not like that other world **she** wrote No more do I Plenty to see and hear and
 feel yet Feel live warm beings near you Let them sleep in their maggoty
beds They are not going to get me this innings Warm beds warm fullblooded
 life Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath talking gravely Solicitor I
 think I know his face **Menton** John Henry solicitor commissioner for oaths
 and affidavits Dignam used to be in his office Mat Dillon's long ago Jolly
 Mat Convivial evenings Cold fowl cigars the Tantalus glasses Heart of
 gold really Yes Menton Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen
 because I sailed inside him Pure fluke of mine the bias Why he took such
 a rooted dislike to me Hate at first sight Molly and Floey Dillon linked
 under the lilactree laughing Fellow always like that mortified if women
 are by Got a dinge in the side of **his** hat Carriage probably Excuse me
 sir Mr Bloom said **beside** them They stopped Your hat is a little crushed
 Mr Bloom said **pointing** John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant
without moving There Martin Cunningham helped pointing also John Henry
 Menton took off his hat **bulged** out the dinge and smoothed the nap with
 care on his coatsleeve He clapped the hat on his head again It's all
 right now Martin Cunningham said **John** Henry Menton jerked his head down
 in acknowledgment Thank you he said shortly They walked on towards the
 gates Mr Bloom chapfallen drew behind a few paces so as not to overhear
 Martin laying down the law Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round
 his little finger without his seeing it Oyster eyes Never mind Be sorry
 after perhaps when it dawns on him Get the pull over him that way Thank
 you How grand we are this morning [7] IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN
 METROPOLIS Before Nelson's pillar trams slowed shunted changed trolley
 started for Blackrock Kingstown and Dalkey Clonskea Rathgar and Terenure
 Palmerston Park and upper Rathmines Sandymount Green Rathmines Ringsend and
 Sandymount Tower Harold's Cross The hoarse Dublin United Tramway Company's
 timekeeper bawled them off Rathgar and Terenure Come on Sandymount Green
 Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck
 moved from their railheads swerved to the down line glided parallel Start
 Palmerston Park THE WEARER OF THE CROWN Under the porch of the general
post office shoeblacks called and polished Parked in North Prince's street
 His Majesty's vermilion mailcars bearing on their sides the royal initials
 E R received loudly flung sacks of letters postcards lettercards parcels
 insured and paid for local provincial British and overseas delivery
 GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding
 out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float On the
 brewery float bumped dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen
 out of Prince's stores There it is Red Murray said Alexander Keyes Just
 cut it out will you Mr Bloom said **and I'll** take **it** round to the Telegraph
 office The door of Rutledge's office **creaked** again Davy Stephens minute
 in a large capecoat a small felt hat crowning his ringlets passed out
 with a roll of papers under his cape a king's courier Red Murray's long

shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean strokes Scissors and paste I'll go through the printingworks Mr Bloom said **taking** the cut square Of course if he wants a par **Red** Murray said earnestly a pen behind his ear we can do him one Right Mr Bloom said **with a nod** I'll rub that in We WILLIAM BRAYDEN ESQUIRE OF OAKLANDS SANDYMOUNT Red Murray touched Mr Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered Brayden Mr Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a stately figure entered between the newsboards of the Weekly Freeman and National Press and the Freeman's Journal and National Press Dullthudding Guinness's barrels It passed statelily up the staircase steered by an umbrella a solemn beardframed face The broadcloth back ascended each step back All his brains are in the nape of his neck Simon Dedalus says Welts of flesh behind on him Fat folds of neck fat neck fat neck Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour Red Murray whispered The door of Rutledge's office **whispered** ee cree They always build one door opposite another for the wind to Way in Way out Our Saviour beardframed oval face talking in the dusk Mary Martha Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights Mario the tenor **Or** like Mario Mr Bloom said **Yes** Red Murray agreed But Mario was said to be the picture of Our Saviour Jesusmario with rougy cheeks doublet and spindle legs Hand on his heart In Martha Co ome thou lost one Co ome thou dear one THE CROZIER AND THE PEN His grace phoned down twice this morning Red Murray said gravely They watched the knees legs boots vanish Neck A telegram boy stepped in nimbly threw an envelope on the counter and stepped off posthaste with a word Freeman Mr Bloom said **slowly** Well he is one of our saviours also A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counterflap as he passed in through a sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage along the now reverberating boards But will he save the circulation Thumping Thumping He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered stepping over strewn packing paper Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS Hynes here too account of the funeral probably Thumping Thump This morning the remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam Machines Smash a man to atoms if they got him caught Rule the world today His machineries are pegging away too Like these got out of hand fermenting Working away tearing away And that old grey rat tearing to get in HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body admiring a glossy crown Strange he never saw his real country Ireland my country Member for College green He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth It's the ads and side features sell a weekly not the stale news in the official gazette Queen Anne is dead Published by authority in the year one thousand and Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis barony of Tinnahinch To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute showing return of number of mules and jennets exported from Ballina Nature notes Cartoons Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots Country bumpkin's queries Dear Mr Editor what is a good cure for flatulence I'd like that part Learn a lot teaching others The personal note M A P Mainly all pictures Shapely bathers on golden strand World's biggest balloon Double marriage of sisters celebrated Two bridegrooms laughing heartily at each other Cuprani too printer More Irish than the Irish The machines clanked in threefour time Thump thump thump Now if he

got paralysed there and no one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same print it over and over and up and back Monkeydoodle the whole thing Want a cool head Well get it into the evening edition councillor Hynes said Soon be calling him my lord mayor Long John is backing him they say The foreman without answering scribbled press on a corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter He handed the sheet silently over the dirty glass screen Right thanks Hynes said moving off Mr Bloom stood in his way If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch he said pointing backward with his thumb Did you Hynes asked Mm Mr Bloom said Look sharp and you'll catch him Thanks old man Hynes said I'll tap him too He hurried on eagerly towards the Freeman's Journal Three bob I lent him in Meagher's Three weeks Third hint WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK Mr Bloom laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk Excuse me councillor he said This ad you see Keyes you remember Mr Nannetti considered the cutting awhile and nodded He wants it in for July Mr Bloom said The foreman moved his pencil towards it But wait Mr Bloom said He wants it changed Keyes you see He wants two keys at the top Hell of a racket they make He doesn't hear it Nannan Iron nerves Maybe he understands what I The foreman turned round to hear patiently and lifting an elbow began to scratch slowly in the armpit of his alpaca jacket Like that Mr Bloom said crossing his forefingers at the top Let him take that in first Mr Bloom glancing sideways up from the cross he had made saw the foreman's sallow face think he has a touch of jaundice and beyond the obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper Clank it Clank it Miles of it unreeled What becomes of it after 0 wrap up meat parcels various uses thousand and one things Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred woodwork HOUSE OF KEY(E)S Like that see Two crossed keys here A circle Then here the name Alexander Keyes tea wine and spirit merchant So on Better not teach him his own business You know yourself councillor just what he wants Then round the top in leaded the house of keys You see Do you think that's a good idea The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched there quietly The idea Mr Bloom said is the house of keys You know councillor the Manx parliament Innuendo of home rule Tourists you know from the isle of Man Catches the eye you see Can you do that I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that voglio But then if he didn't know only make it awkward for him Better not We can do that the foreman said Have you the design I can get it Mr Bloom said It was in a Kilkenny paper He has a house there too I'll just run out and ask him Well you can do that and just a little par calling attention You know the usual Highclass licensed premises Longfelt want So on The foreman thought for an instant We can do that he said Let him give us a three months' renewal A typesetter brought him a limp galley page He began to check it silently Mr Bloom stood by hearing the loud throbs of cranks watching the silent typesetters at their cases ORTHOGRAPHICAL Want to be sure of his spelling Proof fever Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his spellingbee conundrum this morning It is amusing to view the unpar one ar alleled embarra two ars is it double ess ment of a harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry with a y of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall Silly isn't it Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry I should have said when he clapped on his topper Thank you I ought to have said something about an old hat or something No I could have said

Looks as good as new now See his phiz then Sllt The nethermost deck of the **first** machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch of quirefolded papers Sllt Almost human the way it sllt to call attention Doing its level best to speak That door too sllt creaking asking to be shut Everything speaks in its own way Sllt NOTED CHURCHMAN AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR The foreman handed back the galley page suddenly saying Wait Where's the archbishop's letter It's to be repeated in the Telegraph Where's what's his name He looked about him round his loud unanswering machines Monks sir a voice asked from the castingbox Ay Where's Monks Monks Mr Bloom took up his cutting Time to get out Then I'll get the design Mr Nannetti he said and you'll give it a good place I know Monks Yes sir Three months' renewal Want to get some wind off my chest first Try it anyhow Rub in August good idea horseshow month Ballsbridge Tourists over for the show A DAYFATHER He walked on through the caseroom passing an old man bowed spectacled aproned Old Monks the dayfather Queer lot of stuff he must have put through his hands in his time obituary notices pubs' ads speeches divorce suits found drowned Nearing the end of **his** tether now Sober serious man with a bit in the savingsbank **I'd** say Wife a good cook and washer Daughter working the machine in the parlour Plain Jane no damn nonsense AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type Reads it backwards first Quickly he does it Must require some practice that mangiD kcirtaP Poor papa with his hagadah book reading backwards with his finger to me Pessach Next year in Jerusalem Dear O dear All that long business about that brought us out of the **land** of Egypt and into the house of bondage alleluia Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu No that's the other Then the twelve brothers Jacob's sons And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher And then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else That's what life is after all How quickly he does that job Practice makes perfect Seems to see with his fingers Mr Bloom passed on out of the **clanking** noises through the gallery on to **the landing** Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps Better phone him up first Number Yes Same as Citron's house Twentyeight Twentyeight double four ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP He went down the house staircase Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches Looks as if they did it for a bet Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there **He** took out his handkerchief to dab his nose Citronlemon Ah the soap I put there Lose it out of that **pocket** Putting back his handkerchief he took out the **soap** and stowed it away buttoned into the hip pocket of his trousers What perfume does your **wife** use **I could** go home still tram something I forgot Just to see before dressing No Here No A sudden screech of laughter came from the Evening Telegraph office Know who that is What's up Pop in a minute to phone Ned Lambert it is He entered softly ERIN GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER SEA The ghost walks professor MacHugh murmured softly biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane Mr Dedalus staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing face asked of it sourly Agonising Christ wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse Ned Lambert seated on the table read on Or again note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its

way tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles to the tumbling waters of
 Neptune's blue domain 'mid mossy banks fanned by gentlest zephyrs played
 on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive
 bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest What about
 that Simon he asked over the fringe of his newspaper How's that for
 high Changing his drink Mr Dedalus said Ned Lambert laughing struck the
 newspaper on his knees repeating The pensive bosom and the overarsing
 leafage O boys O boys And Xenophon looked upon Marathon Mr Dedalus said
 looking again on the fireplace and to the window and Marathon looked on
 the sea That will do professor MacHugh cried from the window I don't want
 to hear any more of the stuff He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he
 had been nibbling and hungered made ready to nibble the biscuit in his
 other hand High falutin stuff Bladderbags Ned Lambert is taking a day off
 I see Rather upsets a man's day a funeral does He has influence they say
 Old Chatterton the vicechancellor is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle
 Close on ninety they say Subleader for his death written this long time
 perhaps Living to spite them Might go first himself Johnny make room for
 your uncle The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton Daresay he writes
 him an odd shaky cheque or two on gale days Windfall when he kicks out
 Alleluia Just another spasm Ned Lambert said What is it Mr Bloom asked A
 recently discovered fragment of Cicero professor MacHugh answered with
 pomp of tone Our lovely land SHORT BUT TO THE POINT Whose land Mr Bloom
 said simply Most pertinent question the professor said between his chews
 With an accent on the whose Dan Dawson's land Mr Dedalus said Is it his
 speech last night Mr Bloom asked Ned Lambert nodded But listen to this
 he said The doorknob hit Mr Bloom in the small of the back as the door
 was pushed in Excuse me J J O'Molloy said entering Mr Bloom moved nimbly
 aside I beg yours he said Good day Jack Come in Come in Good day How are
 you Dedalus Well And yourself J J O'Molloy shook his head SAD Cleverest
 fellow at the junior bar he used to be Decline poor chap That hectic
 flush spells finis for a man Touch and go with him What's in the wind I
 wonder Money worry Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks
 You're looking extra Is the editor to be seen J J O'Molloy asked looking
 towards the inner door Very much so professor MacHugh said To be seen
 and heard He's in his sanctum with Lenehan J J O'Molloy strolled to the
 sloping desk and began to turn back the pink pages of the file Practice
 dwindling A mighthavebeen Losing heart Gambling Debts of honour Reaping
 the whirlwind Used to get good retainers from D and T Fitzgerald Their
 wigs to show the grey matter Brains on their sleeve like the statue in
 Glasnevin Believe he does some literary work for the Express with Gabriel
 Conroy Wellread fellow Myles Crawford began on the Independent Funny the
 way those newspaper men veer about when they get wind of a new opening
 Weathercocks Hot and cold in the same breath Wouldn't know which to believe
 One story good till you hear the next Go for one another baldheaded in
 the papers and then all blows over Hail fellow well met the next moment
 Ah listen to this for God' sake Ned Lambert pleaded Or again if we but
 climb the serried mountain peaks Bombast the professor broke in testily
 Enough of the inflated windbag Peaks Ned Lambert went on towering high
 on high to bathe our souls as it were Bathe his lips Mr Dedalus said
 Blessed and eternal God Yes Is he taking anything for it As 'twere in
 the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio unmatched despite their

wellpraised prototypes in other vaunted prize regions for very beauty of bosky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland of vernal green steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight HIS NATIVE DORIC The moon professor MacHugh said He forgot Hamlet That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the moon shine forth to irradiate her silver effulgence O Mr Dedalus cried giving vent to a hopeless groan Shite and onions That'll do Ned Life is too short He took off his silk hat and blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache welshcombed his hair with raking fingers Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside chuckling with delight An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's unshaven blackspectacled face Doughy Daw he cried WHAT WETHERUP SAID All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff He was in the bakery line too wasn't he Why they call him Doughy Daw Feathered his nest well anyhow Daughter engaged to that chap in the inland **revenue** office with the motor Hooked that nicely Entertainments Open house Big blowout Wetherup always said that Get a grip of them by the stomach The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face crested by a comb of feathery hair thrust itself in The bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh voice asked What is it And here comes the sham squire himself professor MacHugh said **grandly** Getonouthat you bloody old pedagogue the editor said in recognition Come Ned Mr Dedalus said **putting** on his hat **I** must get a drink after that Drink the editor cried No drinks served before mass Quite right too Mr Dedalus said **going** out Come on Ned Ned Lambert sidled down from the table The editor's blue eyes roved towards Mr Bloom's face shadowed by a smile Will you join us Myles Ned Lambert asked **MEMORABLE** BATTLES RECALLED North Cork militia the editor cried **striding** to the mantelpiece We won every time North Cork and Spanish officers Where was that Myles Ned Lambert asked **with** a reflective glance at his toecaps In Ohio the editor shouted So it was begad Ned Lambert agreed Passing out he whispered to J J O'Molloy **Incipient** jigs Sad case Ohio the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face My Ohio A perfect cretic the professor said **Long** short and long O HARP EOLIAN He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and breaking off a piece twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant unwashed teeth Bingbang bangbang Mr Bloom seeing the coast clear made for the inner door **Just** a moment Mr Crawford he said I just want to phone about an ad He went in What about that leader this evening professor MacHugh asked coming to the editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder That'll be all right **Myles** Crawford said **more** calmly Never you fret Hello Jack That's all right Good day Myles J J O'Molloy said **letting** the pages he held **slip** limply back on the file Is that Canada swindle case on today The telephone whirred inside Twentyeight No twenty Double four Yes SPOT THE WINNER Lenehan came out of the **inner** office **with** Sport's tissues Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup he asked Sceptre with O Madden up He tossed the tissues on to the table **Screams** of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open Hush Lenehan said I hear feetstoops Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the **hall** and down the steps The tissues rustled up in the draught floated softly in the **air** blue scrawls and under the table came to earth It wasn't me sir It was the big fellow shoved me

sir Throw him out and shut the door the editor said There's a hurricane blowing Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor grunting as he stooped twice Waiting for the racing special sir the newsboy said It was Pat Farrell shoved me sir He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe Him sir Out of this with you professor MacHugh said gruffly He hustled the boy out and banged the door to J J O'Molloy turned the files crackingly over murmuring seeking Continued on page six column four Yes Evening Telegraph here Mr Bloom phoned from the inner office Is the boss Yes Telegraph To where Aha Which auction rooms Aha I see Right I'll catch him A COLLISION ENSUES The bell whirred again as he rang off He came in quickly and bumped against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue Pardon monsieur Lenehan said clutching him for an instant and making a grimace My fault Mr Bloom said suffering his grip Are you hurt I'm in a hurry Knee Lenehan said He made a comic face and whined rubbing his knee The accumulation of the anno Domini Sorry Mr Bloom said He went to the door and holding it ajar paused J J O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over The noise of two shrill voices a mouthorgan echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps We are the boys of Wexford Who fought with heart and hand EXIT BLOOM I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk Mr Bloom said about this ad of Keyes's Want to fix it up They tell me he's round there in Dillon's He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces The editor who leaning against the mantelshelf had propped his head on his hand suddenly stretched forth an arm amply Begone he said The world is before you Back in no time Mr Bloom said hurrying out J J O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them blowing them apart gently without comment He'll get that advertisement the professor said staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind Look at the young scamps after him Show Where Lenehan cried running to the window A STREET CORTÈGE Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite a tail of white bowknots Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry Lenehan said and you'll kick O my rib risible Taking off his flat spaug and the walk Small nines Steal upon larks He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J J O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands What's that Myles Crawford said with a start Where are the other two gone Who the professor said turning They're gone round to the Oval for a drink Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall Came over last night Come on then Myles Crawford said Where's my hat He walked jerkily into the office behind parting the vent of his jacket jingling his keys in his back pocket They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer He's pretty well on professor MacHugh said in a low voice Seems to be J J O'Molloy said taking out a cigarette case in murmuring meditation but it is not always as it seems Who has the most matches THE CALUMET OF PEACE He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself Lenehan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn J J O'Molloy opened his case again and offered it Thanky vous Lenehan said helping himself The editor came from the inner office a straw hat awry on his brow He declaimed in song pointing sternly at professor MacHugh 'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee 'Twas empire charmed thy heart The professor grinned locking his long lips Eh You

bloody old Roman empire Myles Crawford said He took a cigarette from the open case Lenehan lighting it for him with quick grace said Silence for my brandnew riddle Imperium romanum J J O'Molloy said gently It sounds nobler than British or Brixton The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling That's it he said We are the fat You and I are the fat in the fire We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME Wait a moment professor MacHugh said raising two quiet claws We mustn't be led away by words by sounds of words We think of Rome imperial imperious imperative He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs pausing What was their civilisation Vast I allow but vile Cloacae sewers The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said It is meet to be here Let us build an altar to Jehovah The Roman like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession He gazed about him in his toga and he said It is meet to be here Let us construct a watercloset Which they accordingly did do Lenehan said Our old ancient ancestors as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's were partial to the running stream They were nature's gentlemen J J O'Molloy murmured But we have also Roman law And Pontius Pilate is its prophet professor MacHugh responded Do you know that story about chief baron Palles J J O'Molloy asked It was at the royal university dinner Everything was going swimmingly First my riddle Lenehan said Are you ready Mr O'Madden Burke tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed came in from the hallway Stephen Dedalus behind him uncovered as he entered Entrez mes enfants Lenehan cried I escort a suppliant Mr O'Madden Burke said melodiously Youth led by Experience visits Notoriety How do you do the editor said holding out a hand Come in Your governor is just gone Lenehan said to all Silence What opera resembles a railwayline Reflect ponder excogitate reply Stephen handed over the typed sheets pointing to the title and signature Who the editor asked Bit torn off Mr Garrett Deasy Stephen said That old pelters the editor said Who tore it Was he short taken On swift sail flaming From storm and south He comes pale vampire Mouth to my mouth Good day Stephen the professor said coming to peer over their shoulders Foot and mouth Are you turned Bullockbefriending bard SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN RESTAURANT Good day sir Stephen answered blushing The letter is not mine Mr Garrett Deasy asked me to O I know him Myles Crawford said and I knew his wife too The bloodiest old tartar God ever made By Jesus she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter Oho A woman brought sin into the world For Helen the runaway wife of Menelaus ten years the Greeks O'Rourke prince of Breffni Is he a widower Stephen asked Ay a grass one Myles Crawford said his eye running down the typescript Emperor's horses Habsburg An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna Don't you forget Maximilian Karl O'Donnell graf von Tirconnell in Ireland Sent his heir over to make the king an Austrian fieldmarshal now Going to be trouble there one day Wild geese O yes every time Don't you forget that The moot point is did he forget it J J O'Molloy said quietly turning a horseshoe paperweight Saving princes is a thank you job Professor MacHugh turned on him And if not he said I'll tell you how it was Myles Crawford began A Hungarian it was one day LOST CAUSES NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED We were always loyal to lost

causes the professor said **Success** for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination We were never loyal to the successful We serve them I teach the blatant Latin language I speak the tongue of a race the acme of whose mentality is the maxim time is money Material domination Dominus Lord Where is the spirituality Lord Jesus Lord Salisbury A sofa in a westend club But the Greek KYRIE ELEISON A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes lengthened his long lips The Greek he said again Kyrios Shining word The vowels the Semite and the Saxon know not Kyrie The radiance of the intellect I ought to profess Greek the language of the **mind** Kyrie eleison The closetmaker and the cloacemaker will never be lords of our spirit We are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the **spirit** not an imperium that went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami Yes yes They went under Pyrrhus misled by an oracle made a last attempt to retrieve the fortunes of Greece Loyal to a lost cause He strode away from them towards the window They went forth to battle Mr O'Madden Burke said **greily** but they always fell Boohoo Lenehan wept with a little noise Owing to a brick received in the latter half of the **matinée** Poor poor poor Pyrrhus He whispered then near Stephen's ear LENEHAN'S LIMERICK There's a ponderous pundit MacHugh Who wears goggles of ebony hue As he mostly sees double To wear them why trouble I can't see the Joe Miller Can you In mourning for Sallust Mulligan says Whose mother is beastly dead Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket That'll be all right **he** said I'll read the rest after That'll be all right **Lenehan** extended his hands in protest But my riddle he said What opera is like a railwayline Opera Mr O'Madden Burke's sphinx face reriddled Lenehan announced gladly The Rose of Castile See the wheeze Rows of cast steel Gee He poked Mr O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen Mr O'Madden Burke fell back with grace on his umbrella feigning a gasp Help he sighed I feel a strong weakness Lenehan rising to tiptoe fanned his face rapidly with the rustling tissues The professor returning by way of the files swept his hand across Stephen's and Mr O'Madden Burke's loose ties Paris past and present he said You look like communards Like fellows who had blown up the Bastille J J O'Molloy said **in** quiet mockery Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you You look as though you had done the deed General Bobrikoff OMNIUM GATHERUM We were only thinking about it Stephen said All the talents Myles Crawford said **Law** the classics The turf Lenehan put in Literature the press If Bloom were here the professor said **The** gentle art of advertisement And Madam Bloom Mr O'Madden Burke added The vocal muse Dublin's prime favourite Lenehan gave a loud cough Ahem he said very softly O for a fresh of breath air I caught a cold in the park The gate was open "YOU CAN DO IT!" The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder I want you to write something for me he said Something with a bite in it **You** can do it **I** see it in your face **In** the lexicon of youth See it in your **face** See it in your **eye** Lazy idle little schemer Foot and mouth disease **the** editor cried in **scornful** invective Great nationalist meeting in Borris in Ossory All balls Bulldosing the public Give them something with a bite in it **Put** us all into it damn its soul Father Son and Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy We can all supply mental pabulum Mr O'Madden Burke said **Stephen** raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare He wants you for the pressgang J J O'Molloy **said** **THE** GREAT GALLAHER You

can do it Myles Crawford repeated clenching his hand in emphasis Wait a minute We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he was on the shaughraun doing billiardmarking in the Clarence Gallaher that was a pressman for you That was a pen You know how he made his mark I'll tell you That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known That was in eightyone sixth of May time of the invincibles murder in the Phoenix park before you were born I suppose I'll show you He pushed past them to the files Look at here he said turning The New York World cabled for a special Remember that time Professor MacHugh nodded New York World the editor said excitedly pushing back his straw hat Where it took place Tim Kelly or Kavanagh I mean Joe Brady and the rest of them Where Skin the Goat drove the car Whole route see Skin the Goat Mr O'Madden Burke said Fitzharris He has that cabman's shelter they say down there at Butt bridge Holohan told me You know Holohan Hop and carry one is it Myles Crawford said And poor Gumley is down there too so he told me minding stones for the corporation A night watchman Stephen turned in surprise Gumley he said You don't say so A friend of my father's is it Never mind Gumley Myles Crawford cried angrily Let Gumley mind the stones see they don't run away Look at here What did Ignatius Gallaher do I'll tell you Inspiration of genius Cabled right away Have you Weekly Freeman of 17 March Right Have you got that He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point Take page four advertisement for Bransome's coffee let us say Have you got that Right The telephone whirred A DISTANT VOICE I'll answer it the professor said going B is parkgate Good His finger leaped and struck point after point vibrating T is viceregal lodge C is where murder took place K is Knockmaroon gate The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles An illstarched dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his waistcoat Hello Evening Telegraph here Hello Who's there Yes Yes Yes F to P is the route Skin the Goat drove the car for an alibi Inchicore Roundtown Windy Arbour Palmerston Park Ranelagh F.A.B.P Got that X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street The professor came to the inner door Bloom is at the telephone he said Tell him go to hell the editor said promptly X is Davy's publichouse see CLEVER VERY Clever Lenehan said Very Gave it to them on a hot plate Myles Crawford said the whole bloody history Nightmare from which you will never awake I saw it the editor said proudly I was present Dick Adams the besthearted bloody Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in and myself Lenehan bowed to a shape of air announcing Madam I'm Adam And Able was I ere I saw Elba History Myles Crawford cried The Old Woman of Prince's street was there first There was weeping and gnashing of teeth over that Out of an advertisement Gregor Grey made the design for it That gave him the leg up Then Paddy Hooper worked Tay Pay who took him on to the Star Now he's got in with Blumenfeld That's press That's talent Pyatt He was all their daddies The father of scare journalism Lenehan confirmed and the brother in law of Chris Callinan Hello Are you there Yes he's here still Come across yourself Where do you find a pressman like that now eh the editor cried He flung the pages down Clamn dever Lenehan said to Mr O'Madden Burke Very smart Mr O'Madden Burke said Professor MacHugh came from the inner office Talking about the invincibles he said did you see that some hawkers were up before the recorder O yes J J O'Molloy said eagerly Lady Dudley was walking home through the park to see all the trees that were blown down

by that cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin And it turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Number One or Skin the Goat Right outside the viceregal lodge imagine They're only in the hook and eye department Myles Crawford said Psha Press and the bar Where have you a man now at the bar like those fellows like Whiteside like Isaac Butt like silvertongued O'Hagan Eh Ah bloody nonsense Psha Only in the halfpenny place His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in nervous curls of disdain Would anyone wish that mouth for her kiss How do you know Why did you write it then RHYMES AND REASONS Mouth south Is the mouth south someway Or the south a mouth Must be some South pout out shout drouth Rhymes two men dressed the same looking the same two by two la tua pace che parlar ti piace Mentre che il vento come fa si tace He saw them three by three approaching girls in green in rose in russet entwining per l'aer perso in mauve in purple quella pacifica oriafiamma gold of oriflamme di rimirar fè più ardenti But I old men penitent leadenfooted underdarkneath the night mouth south tomb womb Speak up for yourself Mr O'Madden Burke said SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY J J O'Molloy smiling palely took up the gage My dear Myles he said flinging his cigarette aside you put a false construction on my words I hold no brief as at present advised for the third profession qua profession but your Cork legs are running away with you Why not bring in Henry Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes and Edmund Burke Ignatius Gallaher we all know and his Chapelizod boss Harmsworth of the farthing press and his American cousin of the Bowery guttersheet not to mention Paddy Kelly's Budget Pue's Occurrences and our watchful friend The Skibbereen Eagle Why bring in a master of forensic eloquence like Whiteside Sufficient for the day is the newspaper thereof LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper the editor cried in his face Irish volunteers Where are you now Established 1763 Dr Lucas Who have you now like John Philpot Curran Psha Well J J O'Molloy said Bushe K.C for example Bushe the editor said Well yes Bushe yes He has a strain of it in his blood Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe He would have been on the bench long ago the professor said only for But no matter J J O'Molloy turned to Stephen and said quietly and slowly One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe It was in that case of fratricide the Childs murder case Bushe defended him And in the porches of mine ear did pour By the way how did he find that out He died in his sleep Or the other story beast with two backs What was that the professor asked ITALIA MAGISTRA ARTIUM He spoke on the law of evidence J J O'Molloy said of Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code the lex talionis And he cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican Ha A few wellchosen words Lenehan prefaced Silence Pause J J O'Molloy took out his cigarettecase False lull Something quite ordinary Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act trivial in itself that striking of that match that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives A POLISHED PERIOD J J O'Molloy resumed moulding his words He said of it that stony effigy in frozen music horned and terrible of the human form divine that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live

deserves to live His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall Fine
Myles Crawford said **at** once The divine afflatus Mr O'Madden Burke said
You like it J J O'Molloy **asked Stephen** Stephen his blood wooed by grace
of language and gesture blushed He took a cigarette from the **case** J J
O'Molloy **offered** his case to Myles Crawford Lenehan lit their cigarettes
as before and took his trophy saying Muchibus thankibus A MAN OF HIGH
MORALE Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you J J O'Molloy said
to Stephen What do you think **really** of that hermetic crowd the opal hush
poets A E the mastermystic That Blavatsky woman started it She was a nice
old bag of tricks A E has been telling some yankee interviewer that you
came to him in the small hours of the morning to ask him about planes of
consciousness Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A E.'s leg He is
a man of the very highest morale Magennis Speaking about me What did he
say **What** did he say What did he say **about** me Don't ask No thanks professor
MacHugh said **waving** the cigarette case aside Wait a moment Let me say one
thing The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by
John F Taylor at the college historical society Mr Justice Fitzgibbon the
present lord justice of appeal had spoken and the paper under debate was
an essay (new for those days) advocating the revival of the Irish tongue
He turned towards Myles Crawford and said You know Gerald Fitzgibbon Then
you can imagine the style of his discourse He is sitting with **Tim** Healy J
J O'Molloy said **rumour** has it on the Trinity college estates commission
He is sitting with **a** sweet thing Myles Crawford said **in** a child's frock
Go on Well It was the speech mark you the professor said **of** a finished
orator full of courteous haughtiness and pouring in chastened diction I
will not say the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumely
upon the new movement It was then a new movement We were weak therefore
worthless He closed his long thin lips an instant but eager to be on
raised an outspanned hand to his spectacles and with trembling thumb and
ringfinger touching lightly the black rims steadied them to a new focus
IMPROMPTU In ferial tone he addressed J J O'Molloy **Taylor** had come there
you must know from a sickbed That he had prepared his speech I do not
believe for there was not even one shorthandwriter in the hall **His** dark
lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it He wore a loose white
silk neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man
His gaze turned at once but slowly from J J O'Molloy's towards Stephen's
face and then bent at once to the ground seeking His unglazed linen collar
appeared behind his bent head soiled by his withering hair Still seeking
he said When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F Taylor rose to reply
Briefly as well as I can bring them to mind his words were these He raised
his head firmly His eyes bethought themselves once more Witless shellfish
swam in the gross lenses to and fro seeking outlet He began Mr Chairman
ladies and gentlemen Great was my admiration in listening to the remarks
addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend
It seemed to me that I **had** been transported into a country far away from
this country into an age remote from this age that I stood in ancient
Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that
land addressed to the youthful Moses His listeners held their cigarettes
poised to hear their smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with
his speech And let our crooked smokes Noble words coming Look out Could
you try your hand at it yourself And it seemed to me that I **heard** the

voice of **that** Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me FROM THE FATHERS It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good could be corrupted Ah curse you That's saint Augustine Why will you jews not accept our culture our religion and our language You are a tribe of nomad herdsmen we are a mighty people You have no cities nor no wealth our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys trireme and quadrireme laden with all manner merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe You have but emerged from primitive conditions we have a literature a priesthood an agelong history and a polity Nile Child man effigy By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel cradle of bulrushes a man supple in combat stonehorned stonebearded heart of stone You pray to a local and obscure idol our temples majestic and mysterious are the abodes of Isis and Osiris of Horus and Ammon Ra Yours serfdom awe and humbleness ours thunder and the seas Israel is weak and few are her children Egypt is an host and terrible are her arms Vagrants and daylabourers are you called the world trembles at our name A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech He lifted his voice above it boldly But ladies and gentlemen had the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tables of the law graven in the language of the **outlaw** He ceased and looked at them enjoying a silence OMINOUS FOR HIM J J O'Molloy said **not** without regret And yet he died without having entered the land **of** promise A sudden at the moment though from lingering illness often previously expectorated demise Lenehan added And with a great future behind him The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the hallway and pattering up the staircase That is oratory the professor said **uncontradicted** Gone with the wind Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings Miles of ears of porches The tribune's words howled and scattered to the four winds A people sheltered within his voice Dead noise Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was Love and laud him me no more I have money Gentlemen Stephen said As the next motion on the agenda paper may I suggest that the house do now adjourn You take my breath away It is not perchance a French compliment Mr O'Madden Burke asked 'Tis the hour methinks when the winejug metaphorically speaking is most grateful in Ye ancient hostelry That it be and hereby is resolutely resolved All that are in favour say ay Lenehan announced The contrary no I declare it carried To which particular boosing shed My casting vote is Mooney's He led the way admonishing We will sternly refuse to partake of strong waters will we not Yes we will not By no manner of means Mr O'Madden Burke following close said with an ally's lunge of his umbrella Lay on Macduff Chip of the old block the editor cried **clapping** Stephen on the shoulder Let us go Where are those blasted keys He fumbled in his pocket pulling out the crushed typesheets Foot and mouth I know That'll be all right **That'll** go in Where are they That's all right He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office **LET** US HOPE J J O'Molloy **about** to follow

him in said quietly to Stephen I hope you will live to see it published
Myles one moment He went into the inner office **closing** the door behind
him Come along Stephen the professor said **That** is fine isn't it It has
the prophetic vision Fuit Ilium The sack of windy Troy Kingdoms of this
world The masters of the Mediterranean are fellaheen today The first
newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into
the street yelling Racing special Dublin I have much much to learn They
turned to the left along Abbey street I have a vision too Stephen said Yes
the professor said **skipping** to get into step Crawford will follow Another
newsboy shot past them yelling as he ran Racing special DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN
Dubliners Two Dublin vestals Stephen said elderly and pious have lived
fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane Where is that the professor
asked Off Blackpitts Stephen said Damp night reeking of hungry dough
Against the wall Face glistening tallow under her fustian shawl Frantic
hearts Akasic records Quicker darlint On now Dare it Let there be life
They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar **They**
save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox They shake out
the threepenny bits and sixpences and coax out the pennies with the blade
of a knife Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers They put
on their bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it
may come on to rain Wise virgins professor MacHugh said **LIFE** ON THE RAW
They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at
the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins
propriess They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the
foot of Nelson's pillar **to** take off the thirst of the **brawn** They give two
threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle
slowly up the winding staircase grunting encouraging each other afraid
of the dark panting one asking the other have you the brawn praising God
and the Blessed Virgin threatening to come down peeping at the airslits
Glory be to God **They** had no idea it was **that** high Their names are Anne
Kearns and Florence MacCabe Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she
rubs on Lourdes water given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a
passionist father Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double
X for supper every Saturday Antithesis the professor said **nodding** twice
Vestal virgins I can see them What's keeping our friend He turned A bevy
of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps scattering in all directions
yelling their white papers fluttering Hard after them Myles Crawford
appeared on the steps his hat aureoling his scarlet face talking with
J J O'Molloy **Come** along the professor cried waving his arm He set off
again to walk by Stephen's side RETURN OF BLOOM Yes he said I see them Mr
Bloom breathless caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the offices of
the Irish **Catholic** and Dublin Penny Journal called Mr Crawford A moment
Telegraph Racing special What is it Myles Crawford said **falling** back a
pace A newsboy cried in Mr Bloom's face Terrible tragedy in Rathmines A
child bit by a bellows INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR Just this ad Mr Bloom
said **pushing** through towards the steps puffing and taking the cutting
from his pocket I spoke with Mr Keyes just now He'll give a renewal for
two months he says After he'll see But he wants a par **to** call attention
in the Telegraph too the Saturday pink And he wants it copied if it's
not too late I told councillor Nannetti from the Kilkenny People I can
have access to it in the national library House of keys don't you see His

name is Keyes It's a play on the name But he practically promised he'd give the renewal But he wants just a little puff What will I tell him Mr Crawford K.M.A Will you tell him he can kiss my arse Myles Crawford said **throwing** out his arm for emphasis Tell him that straight from the stable A bit nervy Look out for squalls All off for a drink Arm in arm Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond Usual blarney Wonder is that young Dedalus the moving spirit Has a good pair of boots on him today Last time I saw him he had his heels on view Been walking in muck somewhere Careless chap What was he doing in Irishtown Well Mr Bloom said **his** eyes returning if I can get the design I suppose it's worth a short par He'd give the ad I think I'll tell him K.M.R.I.A He can kiss my royal Irish arse Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder Any time he likes tell him While Mr Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile he strode on jerkily RAISING THE WIND Nulla bona Jack he said raising his hand to his chin I'm up to here I've been through the hoop myself I was looking for a fellow to back a bill for me no later than last week Sorry Jack You must take the will for the deed With a heart and a half if I could raise the wind anyhow J J O'Molloy **pulled** a long face and walked on silently They caught up on the others and walked abreast When they have eaten the brawn and the bread and wiped their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in they go nearer to the railings Something for you the professor explained to Myles Crawford Two old Dublin women on the top of **Nelson's** pillar **SOME** COLUMN THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID That's new Myles Crawford said **That's** copy Out for the waxies' Dargle Two old trickies what But they are afraid the pillar will fall Stephen went on They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are Rathmines' blue dome Adam and Eve's saint Laurence O'Toole's But it makes them giddy to look so they pull up their skirts THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES Easy all Myles Crawford said **No** poetic licence We're in the archdiocese here And settle down on their striped petticoats peering up at the statue of the