

Two Gallants

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James Joyce Quarterly, Volume 52, Number 1, Fall 2014, pp. 169-179 (Article)



Published by The University of Tulsa *DOI:* https://doi.org/10.1353/jjq.2014.0042

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with a wave and a nod to the immortal work of Bud Fisher

THE GREY WARM EVENING OF AUGUST HAD DESCENDED UPON THE CITY AND A MILD WARM AIR, A MEMORY OF SUMMER, CIRCULATED IN THE STREETS, THE STREETS, SHUTTERED FOR THE REPOSE OF SUNDAY, SWARMED WITH A GAILY COLOURED GROWD, LIKE ILLUMINED PEARLS THE LAMPS SHONE FROM THE SUMMITS OF THEIR TALL POLES UPON THE LYING TEXTURE BELOON LANGLY, SENT UP INTO THE WARM RIR AN UNCHANGING UNCEASING MURMUR.















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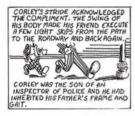










































LENEHAN SAID NO MORE. HE DID NOT WISH TO RUFFLE HIS FRIEND'S TEMPER, TO BE SENT TO THE DEVIL AND TOLD THAT HIS ADVICE WAS NOT WANTED. A LITTLE TACT WAS NECESSARY.











