

Cyclops

George V. Reilly

for the
Wild Geese Players of Seattle
www.WildGeeseSeattle.org

Chapter 12 of *Ulysses* by James Joyce
Adapted from the 1922 edition at Project Gutenberg

Based upon the 2006 adaptation for the Wild Geese by
George V. Reilly

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THE ROLES

N₁

N₂

N₃

Bloom

Citizen

Joe Hynes

Alf Bergan

Bob Doran

Crofton

Martin Cunningham

Garryowen

Lenehan

Ned Lambert

John Wyse Nolan

J.J. O'Molloy

Mr Power

Terry O'Ryan

Lt. Col. Tomlinson

Mr Conacre

Mr Allfours

Mr O'Reilly

Speaker

Mr Staylewit

Ragamuffin

Cyclops

N1 (*int.*): I was just passing the time of day } with old Troy of the D.M.P. } at the corner of Arbour hill there } and be damned } but a bloody sweep came along } and he near drove his gear into my eye. I turned around to let him have the weight of my tongue } when } who should I see } dodging along Stony Batter } only Joe Hynes.

N1: Lo, Joe, says-I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody chimney-sweep } near shove my eye out with his brush?

Joe: Soot's luck, says-Joe. Who's the old ballocks } you were talking to?

N1: Old Troy, says-I, was in the force. I'm on two minds } not to give that fellow in charge } for obstructing the thoroughfare } with his brooms and ladders. 10

Joe: What are you doing round those parts? says-Joe.

N1: Devil a much, says-I. There's a bloody big foxy thief beyond } by the garrison church } at the corner of Chicken lane—old Troy was just giving me a wrinkle about him—lifted any God's quantity of tea and sugar } to pay three bob a week } said he had a farm in the county Down } off a hop-of-my-thumb } by the name of Moses Herzog } over there near Heytesbury street.

Joe: Circumcised? says-Joe.

N1: Ay, says-I. A bit off the top. An old plumber named Geraghty. I'm hanging on 20 to his taw now } for the past fortnight } and I can't get a penny out of him.

Joe: That the lay you're on now? says-Joe.

N1: Ay, says-I. How are the mighty fallen! Collector of bad and doubtful debts. But that's the most notorious bloody robber } you'd meet in a day's walk } and the face on him } all pockmarks } would hold a shower of rain. *Tell him says he, I dare him, says he, and I double-dare him } to send you round here again } or if he does says he, I'll have him summonsed up before the court, so I will, for trading without a licence.* And he after stuffing himself } till he's fit to burst. Jesus, I had to laugh } at the little jewy getting his 30 shirt out. *He drink me my teas. He eat me my sugars. Because he no pay me } my moneys?*

N2: For non-perishable goods } bought of Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's parade } in the city of Dublin, Wood quay ward, merchant, } hereinafter called the vendor, } and sold and delivered to } Michael E. Geraghty, esquire, of 29 Arbour hill } in the city of Dublin, Arran quay ward, gentleman, } here-in-after called the purchaser, } vide-licet, five pounds avoirdupois of first choice tea } at three shillings and no pence } per pound avoirdupois } and three stone avoirdupois of sugar, crushed crystal, at three-pence per

40 pound avoir-dupois, the said purchaser } debtor to the said vendor } of one pound five
shillings and six-pence sterling } for value received } which amount shall be paid } by
said purchaser to said vendor } in weekly instalments } every seven calendar days } of
three shillings and no pence sterling; and the said non-perishable goods } shall not be
pawned or pledged or sold } or otherwise alienated by the said purchaser } but shall be }
and remain } and be held to be } the sole and exclusive property of the said vendor } to be
disposed of at his good will and pleasure } until the said amount } shall have been duly
paid } by the said purchaser to the said vendor } in the manner herein } set forth as this
50 day } hereby agreed between the said vendor, } his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns
of the one part } and the said purchaser, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the
other part.

Joe: Are you a strict t.t.? *says Joe.*

N1: Not taking anything between drinks, *says I.*

Joe: What about paying our respects to our friend? *says Joe.*

N1: Who? *says I.* Sure, he's out in John of God's } off his head, poor man.

Joe: Drinking his own stuff? *says Joe.*

N1: Ay, *says I.* Whisky and water on the brain.

Joe: Come around to Barney Kiernan's, *says Joe.* I want to see the citizen.

N1: Barney mavourneen's be it, *says I.* Anything strange or wonderful, Joe?

60 **Joe:** Not a word, *says Joe.* I was up at that meeting in the City Arms.

N1: What was that, Joe? *says I.*

Joe: Cattle traders, *says Joe,* about the foot and mouth disease. I want to give the
citizen } the hard word about it.

N1 (int.): So we went around } by the Linenhall barracks and the back of the
courthouse } talking of one thing or another. Decent fellow Joe } when he has it } but
sure like that } he never has it. Jesus, I couldn't get over that bloody foxy Geraghty, the
daylight robber. For trading without a licence, *says he.*

70 **N2:** In Inisfail the fair } there lies a land, the land of holy Michan. There rises a
watchtower } beheld of men afar. There sleep the mighty dead } as in life they slept,
warriors and princes of high renown. A pleasant land it is } in sooth of murmuring
waters, fish-ful streams } where sport the gurnard, the plaice, the roach, the halibut,
the gibbed haddock, the grilse, the dab, the brill, the flounder, the pollock, the mixed
coarse fish generally } and other denizens of the aqueous kingdom } too numerous to be
enumerated.

N3: In the mild breezes of the west and of the east } the lofty trees wave in different directions } their first-class foliage, the wafty sycamore, the Lebanonian cedar, the exalted plane-tree, the eugenic eucalyptus } and other ornaments of the arboreal world } with which that region is thoroughly well supplied. Lovely maidens sit in close proximity } to the roots of the lovely trees } singing the most lovely songs } while they play } with all 80 kinds of lovely objects } as } for example } golden ingots, silvery fishes, crans of herrings, drafts of eels, codlings, creels of fingerlings, purple sea-gems } and playful insects. And heroes voyage from afar to woo them, from Eblana to Slievemargy, the peerless princes } of unfettered Munster } and of Connacht the just } and of smooth sleek Leinster } and of Cruahan's land } and of Armagh the splendid } and of the noble district of Boyle, princes, the sons of kings.

N2: And there rises a shining palace } whose crystal glittering roof } is seen by mariners } who traverse the extensive sea } in barks built expressly for that purpose, and thither } come all herds and fat-lings and first-fruits of that land } for O'Connell Fitzsimon takes toll of them, a chieftain descended from chieftains. 90

N3: Thither } the extremely large wains } bring foison of the fields, flaskets of cauliflowers, floats of spinach, pineapple chunks, Rangoon beans, strikes of tomatoes, drums of figs, drills of Swedes, spherical potatoes } and tallies of iridescent kale, York and Savoy, and trays of onions, pearls of the earth, and punnets of mushrooms } and custard marrows } and fat vetches } and bere } and rape } and red green yellow brown russet sweet big bitter ripe pomellated apples } and chips of strawberries } and sieves of gooseberries, pulpy and pelurious, } and strawberries fit for princes } and raspberries from their canes.

N1 (*int.*): *I dare him*, says he, *and I double-dare him*. Come out here, Geraghty, you 100 notorious bloody hill and dale robber!

N2: And by that way } wend the herds innumerable } of bellwethers } and flushed ewes } and shearling rams } and lambs } and stubble geese } and medium steers } and roaring mares } and polled calves } and long-woods } and store-sheep } and Cuffe's prime springers } and culls } and sow-pigs } and bacon-hogs } and the various different varieties of highly distinguished swine } and Angus heifers } and polly bullocks } of immaculate pedigree } together with prime premiated milch-cows and beeves:

N3: And there } is ever heard } a trampling, cackling, roaring, lowing, bleating, bellowing, rumbling, grunting, champing, chewing, of sheep } and pigs } and heavy- 110 hooved kine } from pasturelands of Lusk and Rush and Carrickmines } and from the streamy vales of Thomond, from the M'Gillicuddy's reeks } the inaccessible and lordly Shannon the unfathomable, and from the gentle declivities } of the place of the race of

Kiar, their udders distended › with super-abundance › of milk › and butts of butter › and rennets of cheese › and farmer's firkins › and targets of lamb › and crannocks of corn › and oblong eggs › in great hundreds, various in size, the agate with this dun.

N1 (int.): So we turned into Barney Kiernan's › and there, sure enough, was the citizen › up in the corner › having a great confab with himself › and that bloody mangy mongrel, Garryowen, and he waiting › for what the sky would drop › in the way of drink.

N1 : There he is, ~~says he~~, in his glory-hole, with his cruiskeen lawn and his load of papers, working for the cause.

N1 (int.): The bloody mongrel let a grouse out of him › would give you the creeps. Be a corporal work of mercy › if someone would take the life of that bloody dog. I'm told for a fact › he ate a good part of the breeches › off a constabulary man in Santry › that came round one time › with a blue paper about a licence.

Citizen: Stand and deliver, ~~says he~~.

Joe: That's all right, citizen, ~~says Joe~~. Friends here.

Citizen: Pass, friends, ~~says he~~.

N1 (int.): Then he rubs his hand in his eye › and says he:

Citizen: What's your opinion of the times?

N1 (int.): Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill. But, begob, Joe was equal to the occasion.

Joe: I think the markets are on a rise, ~~says he, sliding his hand down his fork~~.

N1 (int.): So begob › the citizen claps his paw on his knee › and he says:

Citizen: Foreign wars is the cause of it.

N1 (int.): And says Joe, sticking his thumb in his pocket:

Joe: It's the Russians wish to tyrannise.

N1 : Arrah, give over your bloody coddling, Joe, ~~says he~~. I've a thirst on me › I wouldn't sell for half a crown.

Joe: Give it a name, citizen, ~~says Joe~~.

Citizen: Wine of the country, ~~says he~~.

Joe: What's yours? ~~says Joe~~.

N1: Ditto MacAnaspey, says-I.

Joe: Three pints, Terry, says-Joe. And how's the old heart, citizen? says-he.

Citizen: Never better, *a chara*, says-he. What Garry? Are we going to win? Eh?

N1 (*int.*): And with that } he took the bloody old towser } by the scruff of the neck
} and, by Jesus, he near throttled him. 150

N2: The figure seated on a large boulder } at the foot of a round tower } was that
of a broad-shouldered deep-chested strong-limbed frank-eyed red-haired freely-freckled
shaggy-bearded wide-mouthed large-nosed long-headed deep-voiced bare-kneed brawny-
handed hairy-legged ruddy-faced sinewy-armed hero. From shoulder to shoulder } he
measured several ells } and his rock-like mountainous knees were covered, as was like-
wise } the rest of his body wherever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair
} in hue and toughness } similar to the mountain gorse (*Ulex Europeus*).

N3: The wide-winged nostrils, from which } bristles of the same tawny hue pro-
jected, were of such capaciousness } that within their cavernous obscurity } the field-lark 160
might easily have lodged her nest. The eyes } in which a tear and a smile strove ever for
the mastery } were of the dimensions of a good-sized cauliflower. A powerful current
of warm breath } issued at regular intervals } from the profound cavity of his mouth }
while in rhythmic resonance } the loud strong hale reverberations } of his formidable
heart thundered rumblingly } causing the ground, the summit of the lofty tower } and
the still loftier walls of the cave } to vibrate and tremble.

N2: He wore a long unsleeved garment } of recently flayed ox-hide } reaching to the
knees } in a loose kilt } and this was bound about his middle } by a girdle of plaited straw
and rushes. Beneath this } he wore trews of deerskin, roughly stitched with gut. His 170
nether extremities were encased } in high Balbriggan buskins } dyed in lichen purple, the
feet being shod } with brogues of salted cowhide } laced with the windpipe of the same
beast. From his girdle } hung a row of sea-stones } which jangled at every movement
of his portentous frame } and on these } were graven } with rude yet striking art } the
tribal images of many Irish heroes and heroines } of antiquity,

N2: Cuchulin,

N3: Conn of hundred battles,

N2: Niall of nine hostages,

N3: Brian of Kincora,

N2: the Ardrí Malachi,

180 N3: Art MacMurragh,
N2: Shane O'Neill,
N3: Father John Murphy,
N2: Owen Roe,
N3: Patrick Sarsfield,
N2: Red Hugh O'Donnell,
N3: Red Jim MacDermott,
N2: Soggarth Eoghan O'Growney,
N3: Michael Dwyer,
N2: Francy Higgins,
N3: Henry Joy M'Cracken,
N2: Goliath,
N3: Horace Wheatley,
N2: Thomas Conneff,
N3: Peg Woffington,
N2: the Village Blacksmith,
N3: Captain Moonlight,
N2: Captain Boycott,
N3: Dante Alighieri,
N2: Christopher Columbus,
N3: S. Fursa,
N2: S. Brendan,
N3: Marshal MacMahon,
N2: Charlemagne,
N3: Theobald Wolfe Tone,
N2: the Mother of the Maccabees,
N3: the Last of the Mohicans,

N2: the Rose of Castile,
 N3: the Man for Galway,
 N2: The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,
 N3: The Man in the Gap,
 N2: The Woman Who Didn't,
 N3: Benjamin Franklin,
 N2: Napoleon Bonaparte,
 N3: John L. Sullivan,
 N2: Cleopatra,
 N3: Savourneen Deelish,
 N2: Julius Caesar,
 N3: Paracelsus,
 N2: sir Thomas Lipton,
 N3: William Tell,
 N2: Michelangelo Hayes,
 N3: Muhammad,
 N2: the Bride of Lammermoor,
 N3: Peter the Hermit,
 N2: Peter the Packer,
 N3: Dark Rosaleen,
 N2: Patrick W. Shakespeare,
 N3: Brian Confucius,
 N2: Murtagh Gutenberg,
 N3: Patricio Velasquez,
 N2: Captain Nemo,
 N3: Tristan and Isolde,
 N2: the first Prince of Wales,

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N₃: Thomas Cook and Son,
N₂: the Bold Soldier Boy,
N₃: Arrah na Pogue,
N₂: Dick Turpin,
N₃: Ludwig Beethoven,
N₂: the Colleen Bawn,
N₃: Waddler Healy,
N₂: Angus the Culdee,
N₃: Dolly Mount,
N₂: Sidney Parade,
N₃: Ben Howth,
N₂: Valentine Greatrakes,
N₃: Adam and Eve,
N₂: Arthur Wellesley,
N₃: Boss Croker,
N₂: Herodotus,
N₃: Jack the Giantkiller,
N₂: Gautama Buddha,
N₃: Lady Godiva,
N₂: The Lily of Killarney,
N₃: Balor of the Evil Eye,
N₂: the Queen of Sheba,
N₃: Acky Nagle,
N₂: Joe Nagle,
N₃: Alessandro Volta,
N₂: Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa,
N₃: Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare.

N2 : A couched spear of acuminated granite } rested by him } while at his feet 200
} reposed a savage animal } of the canine tribe } whose stertorous gasps } announced
that he was sunk in uneasy slumber, a supposition confirmed } by hoarse growls and
spasmodic movements } which his master repressed } from time to time } by tranquilising
blows } of a mighty cudgel } rudely fashioned out of paleolithic stone.

N1 (*int.*): So anyhow } Terry brought the three pints } Joe was standing } and
begob } the sight nearly left my eyes } when I saw him land out a quid } O, as true as I'm
telling you. A good-looking sovereign.

Joe: And there's more where that came from, ~~says he.~~

N1 : Were you robbing the poor-box, Joe? ~~says I.~~ 210

Joe: Sweat of my brow, ~~says Joe.~~ 'Twas the prudent member } gave me the wheeze.

N1 : I saw him before I met you, ~~says I,~~ sloping around } by Pill lane and Greek
street } with his cod's eye } counting up all the guts of the fish.

N2 : Who comes through Michan's land, bedight in sable armour? O'Bloom, the son
of Rory: it is he. Impervious to fear } is Rory's son: he of the prudent soul.

Citizen : For the old woman of Prince's street, ~~says the citizen,~~ the subsidised organ.
The pledge-bound party on the floor of the house. And look at this blasted rag, ~~says~~
~~he.~~ Look at this, ~~says he.~~ *The Irish Independent*, if you please, founded by Parnell to be 220
the working-man's friend. Listen to the births and deaths } in the *Irish all for Ireland*
Independent, and I'll thank you } and the marriages.

N1 (*int.*): And he starts reading them out:

Citizen : Gordon, Barnfield crescent, Exeter; } Redmayne of Iffley, Saint Anne's
on Sea: } the wife of William T. Redmayne } of a son. How's that, eh? Wright and
Flint, Vincent and Gillett } to Rotha Marion } daughter of Rosa and the late George
Alfred Gillett, 179 Clapham road, } Stockwell, Playwood and Ridsdale at Saint Jude's,
Kensington by the very reverend Dr Forrest, dean of Worcester. Eh? Deaths. Bristow, 230
at Whitehall lane, London: } Carr, Stoke Newington, of gastritis and heart disease: }
Cockburn, at the Moat house, Chepstow ...

Joe: I know that fellow, ~~says Joe,~~ from bitter experience.

Citizen : Cockburn. Dimsey, wife of David Dimsey, late of the admiralty: } Miller,
Tottenham, aged eighty-five: } Welsh, June 12, at 35 Canning street, Liverpool, Isabella
Helen. How's that for a national press, eh, my brown son! How's that for Martin Murphy,
the Bantry jobber?

Joe: Ah, well, ~~says Joe~~, [*HANDING ROUND THE BOOSE.*] Thanks be to God } they had the start of us. Drink that, citizen.

Citizen: I will, ~~says he~~, honourable person.

240 **N1:** Health, Joe, ~~says I~~. And all down the form.

N1 (int.): Ah! Ow! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy } for the want of that pint. Declare to God } I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach } with a click.

N3: And lo, as they quaffed their cup of joy, a godlike messenger came swiftly in, radiant as the eye of heaven, a comely youth } and behind him there passed an elder } of noble gait and countenance, bearing the sacred scrolls of law } and with him } his lady wife } a dame of peerless lineage, fairest of her race.

250 **N1 (int.):** Little Alf Bergan popped in } round the door } and hid behind Barney's snug, squeezed up with the laughing. And who was sitting up there in the corner } that I hadn't seen } snoring drunk } blind to the world } only Bob Doran. I didn't know what was up } and Alf kept making signs out of the door. And begob what was it } only that bloody old pantaloons } Denis Breen } in his bath-slippers } with two bloody big books } tucked under his oxters } and the wife } hotfoot after him, unfortunate wretched woman, trotting like a poodle. I thought Alf would split.

Alf Bergan: Look at him, ~~says he~~. Breen. He's traipsing all round Dublin } with a postcard someone sent him } with U.p: up on it to take a li...

N1 (int.): And he doubled up.

260 **N1:** Take a what? ~~says I~~.

Alf Bergan: Libel action ~~says he~~, for ten thousand pounds.

N1: O hell! ~~says I~~.

N1 (int.): The bloody mongrel began to growl } that'd put the fear of God in you } seeing something was up } but the citizen gave him a kick in the ribs.

Citizen: *Bí i dho husht* ~~says he~~.

Joe: Who? ~~says Joe~~.

270 **Alf Bergan:** Breen ~~says Alf~~. He was in John Henry Menton's } and then he went round to Collis and Ward's } and then Tom Rochford met him } and sent him round to the sub-sheriff's } for a lark. O God, I've a pain laughing. U.p: up. The long fellow gave him an eye } as good as a process } and now the bloody old lunatic } is gone round to Green street } to look for a G man.

Joe: When is long John } going to hang that fellow in Mountjoy? ~~says Joe.~~

Doran: Bergan

N1 (int.): says Bob Doran, waking up.

Doran: Is that Alf Bergan?

Alf Bergan: Yes ~~says Alf.~~ Hanging? Wait till I show you. Here, Terry, give us a pony. That bloody old fool! Ten thousand pounds. You should have seen long John's eye. U.p...

N1 (int.): And he started laughing.

Doran: Who are you laughing at? ~~says Bob Doran.~~ Is that Bergan?

Alf Bergan: Hurry up, Terry boy ~~says Alf.~~

N2: Terence O'Ryan heard him } and straightway brought him a crystal cup } full 280
of the foamy ebon ale } which the noble twin brothers } Bungiveagh and Bungardilaun }
brew ever in their divine ale-vats, cunning as the sons of deathless Leda. For they garner
} the succulent berries of the hop } and mass } and sift } and bruise } and brew them
} and they mix therewith sour juices } and bring the must to the sacred fire } and cease
not night or day from their toil, those cunning brothers, lords of the vat.

N3: Then did you, chivalrous Terence, hand forth, as to the manner born, that
nectarous beverage } and you offered the crystal cup } to him that thirsted, the soul of
chivalry, in beauty akin to the immortals.

N2: But he, the young chief of the O'Bergan's, could ill brook } to be outdone in 290
generous deeds } but gave therefor } with gracious gesture } a testoon of costliest bronze.
Thereon } embossed in excellent smith-work } was seen the image of a queen of regal
port, scion of the house of Brunswick, Victoria } her name, Her Most Excellent Majesty,
by grace of God } of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland } and of the British
dominions beyond the sea, queen, defender of the faith, Empress of India, even she, who
bore rule, a victress over many peoples, the wellbeloved, for they knew and loved her }
from the rising of the sun } to the going down thereof, the pale, the dark, the ruddy and
the ethiop.

Citizen: What's that bloody freemason doing, ~~says the citizen,~~ prowling up and 300
down outside?

Joe: What's that? ~~says Joe.~~

Alf Bergan: Here you are ~~says Alf, chucking out the rhino.~~ Talking about hanging,
I'll show you something you never saw. Hangmen's letters. Look at here.

N1 (*int.*): So he took a bundle of wisps of letters and envelopes } out of his pocket.

N1: Are you coddling? ~~says I.~~

Alf Bergan: Honest injun ~~says Alf.~~ Read them.

N1 (*int.*): So Joe took up the letters.

310 Doran: Who are you laughing at? ~~says Bob Doran.~~

N1 (*int.*): So I saw there was going to be a bit of a dust } Bob's a queer chap when the porter's up in him } so says I } just to make talk:

N1: How's Willy Murray those times, Alf?

Alf Bergan: I don't know, ~~says Alf~~ I saw him just now in Capel street with Paddy Dignam. Only I was running after that ...

Joe: You what? ~~says Joe,~~ [*THROWING DOWN THE LETTERS.*] With who?

Alf Bergan: With Dignam ~~says Alf.~~

Joe: Is it Paddy? ~~says Joe.~~

Alf Bergan: Yes ~~says Alf.~~ Why?

320 Joe: Don't you know he's dead? ~~says Joe.~~

Alf Bergan: Paddy Dignam dead! ~~says Alf.~~

Joe: Ay ~~says Joe.~~

Alf Bergan: Sure I'm after seeing him } not five minutes ago } ~~says Alf,~~ as plain as a pikestaff.

Doran: Who's dead? ~~says Bob Doran.~~

Joe: You saw his ghost then ~~says Joe,~~ God between us and harm.

Alf Bergan: What? ~~says Alf.~~ Good Christ, only five ... What? ... And Willy Murray with him, the two of them there } near what-do-you-call-him's ... What? Dignam dead?

330 Doran: What about Dignam? ~~says Bob Doran.~~ Who's talking about...?

Alf Bergan: Dead! ~~says Alf.~~ He's no more dead than you are.

Joe: Maybe so ~~says Joe.~~ They took the liberty of burying him this morning } anyhow.

Alf Bergan: Paddy? ~~says Alf.~~

Joe: Ay ~~says Joe.~~ He paid the debt of nature, God be merciful to him.

Alf Bergan: Good Christ! ~~says Alf.~~

N1 (*int.*): Begob } he was } what you might call } flabbergasted.

N3 : In the darkness } spirit hands were felt to flutter } and when prayer by tantras } had been directed to the proper quarter } a faint but increasing luminosity of ruby light } became gradually visible, the apparition of the etheric double } being particularly lifelike } owing to the discharge of jivic rays } from the crown of the head and face. Communication was effected } through the pituitary body } and also by means of the orange-fiery and scarlet rays } emanating from the sacral region and solar plexus. Questioned by his earth-name } as to his whereabouts in the heaven-world } he stated that he was now on the path of präläya or return } but was still submitted to trial } at the hands of certain bloodthirsty entities } on the lower astral levels. 340

N2 : In reply to a question } as to his first sensations in the great divide beyond } he stated that previously } he had seen as in a glass darkly } but that those who had passed over } had summit possibilities of atmic development opened up to them. Interrogated as to whether life there } resembled our experience in the flesh } he stated that he had heard } from more favoured beings } now in the spirit } that their abodes were equipped } with every modern home comfort } such as talafana, alavatar, hatakaldä, wataklasat } and that the highest adepts } were steeped in waves of volupcy } of the very purest nature. 350

N3 : Having requested a quart of buttermilk } this was brought } and evidently afforded relief. Asked if he had any message for the living } he exhorted all who were still at the wrong side of Maya } to acknowledge the true path } for it was reported in devanic circles } that Mars and Jupiter were out for mischief } on the eastern angle } where the ram has power. 360

N2 : It was then queried } whether there were any special desires } on the part of the defunct } and the reply was: *We greet you, friends of earth, who are still in the body. Mind C.K. doesn't pile it on.* It was ascertained } that the reference was to Mr Cornelius Kelleher, manager of Messrs H.J. O'Neill's popular funeral establishment, a personal friend of the defunct, who had been responsible } for the carrying out of the interment arrangements. Before departing } he requested } that it should be told to his dear son Patsy } that the other boot which he had been looking for } was at present under the commode } in the return room } and that the pair } should be sent to Cullen's to be soled only } as the heels were still good. He stated } that this had greatly perturbed his peace of mind } in the other region } and earnestly requested } that his desire should be made known. 370

N3 : Assurances were given } that the matter would be attended to } and it was intimated } that this had given satisfaction.

N2: He is gone from mortal haunts: O'Dignam, sun of our morning. Fleet was his foot on the bracken: Patrick of the beamy brow. Wail, Banba, with your wind: and wail, O ocean, with your whirlwind.

Citizen: There he is again. ~~says the citizen, staring out.~~

N1: Who? ~~says I.~~

Citizen: Bloom ~~says he.~~ He's on point duty up and down there } for the last ten
380 minutes.

N1 (*int.*): And, begob, I saw his physog do a peep in } and then slidder off again.

N1 (*int.*): Little Alf was knocked baw-ways. Faith, he was.

Alf Bergan: Good Christ! ~~says he.~~ I could have sworn } it was him.

N1 (*int.*): And } says Bob Doran, with the hat on the back of his poll, lowest blackguard in Dublin } when he's under the influence:

Doran: Who said Christ is good?

Alf Bergan: I beg your parsnips ~~says Alf.~~

Doran: Is that a good Christ, ~~says Bob Doran,~~ to take away poor little Willy Dignam?

390 Alf Bergan: Ah, well. ~~says Alf,~~ [*TRYING TO PASS IT OFF.*] He's over all his troubles.

N1 (*int.*): But Bob Doran shouts out of him.

Doran: He's a bloody ruffian, I say, to take away poor little Willy Dignam.

N1 (*int.*): Terry came down } and tipped him the wink to keep quiet, that they didn't want that kind of talk } in a respectable licensed premises. And Bob Doran starts doing the weeps about Paddy Dignam, true as you're there.

Doran: The finest man, ~~says he,~~ [*SNIVELLING*] the finest purest character.

400 N1 (*int.*): The tear is bloody near your eye. Talking through his bloody hat. Fitter for him go home } to the little sleepwalking bitch he married, Mooney, the bum-bailiff's daughter, mother kept a kip in Hardwicke street, that used to be straving about the landings } Bantam Lyons told me } that was stopping there at two in the morning } without a stitch on her, exposing her person, open to all comers, fair field and no favour.

Doran: The noblest, the truest ~~says he.~~ And he's gone, poor little Willy, poor little Paddy Dignam.

N2: And mournful } and with a heavy heart } he be-wept the extinction of that beam of heaven.

N1 (*int.*): Old Garryowen started growling again at Bloom } that was skeezing round the door.

Citizen: Come in, come on, he won't eat you, ~~says the citizen.~~

N1 (*int.*): So Bloom slopes in } with his cod's eye on the dog } and he asks Terry } 410
was Martin Cunningham there.

Joe: O, Christ M'Keown. ~~says Joe,~~ [READING ONE OF THE LETTERS.] Listen to this, will you?

N1 (*int.*): And he starts reading out one.

Joe: 7 Hunter Street, Liverpool.
To the High Sheriff of Dublin, Dublin.

Joe: Honoured sir } i beg to offer my services } in the above-mentioned painful case }
i hanged Joe Gann in Bootle jail } on the 12 of Febuary 1900 } and i hanged ... 420

N1: Show us, Joe ~~says I.~~

Joe: ... private Arthur Chace } for fowl murder of Jessie Tilsit } in Pentonville prison }
and i was assistant when ...

N1: Jesus ~~says I.~~

Joe: ... Billington executed the awful murderer } Toad Smith ...

N1 (*int.*): The citizen made a grab at the letter.

Joe: Hold hard ~~says Joe,~~ I have a special nack of putting the noose } once in } he can't
get out } hoping to be favoured } I remain, honoured sir, my terms is five ginnees.

H. Rumbold, 430
Master Barber.

Citizen: And a barbarous bloody barbarian } he is too, ~~says the citizen.~~

Joe: And the dirty scrawl of the wretch ~~says Joe.~~ Here, ~~says he,~~ take them to hell }
out of my sight, Alf.

[ENTER BLOOM.]

Joe: Hello, Bloom ~~says he,~~ what will you have?

N1 (*int.*): So they started arguing about the point, Bloom saying he wouldn't } and
he couldn't } and excuse him } no offence } and all to that } and then he said } well }
he'd just take a cigar. Gob, he's a prudent member } and no mistake.

Joe: Give us one of your prime stinkers, Terry ~~says Joe.~~

N1 (*int.*): And Alf was telling us } there was one chap sent in a mourning card }
440 with a black border round it.

Alf Bergan: They're all barbers ~~says he~~, from the black country } that would hang their own fathers } for five quid down and travelling expenses.

N1 (*int.*): And he was telling us } there's two fellows waiting below } to pull his heels down } when he gets the drop } and choke him properly } and then they chop up the rope after } and sell the bits } for a few bob a skull.

N3: In the dark land } they bide, the vengeful knights of the razor. Their deadly coil } they grasp: yea, and therein } they lead to Erebus } whatsoever wight } hath done a deed of blood } for I will } on nowise suffer it } even so } saith the Lord.

450 N1 (*int.*): So they started talking about capital punishment } and of course } Bloom comes out with the why and the wherefore } and all the codology of the business } and the old dog smelling him all the time } I'm told those jewies } does have a sort of a queer odour coming off them } for dogs } about I don't know what } all deterrent effect } and so forth } and so on.

Alf Bergan: There's one thing } it hasn't a deterrent effect on ~~says Alf~~.

Joe: What's that? ~~says Joe~~.

Alf Bergan: The poor bugger's tool } that's being hanged ~~says Alf~~.

Joe: That so? ~~says Joe~~.

460 Alf Bergan: God's truth ~~says Alf~~. I heard that } from the head warder that was in Kilmainham } when they hanged Joe Brady, the invincible. He told me } when they cut him down after the drop } it was standing up in their faces } like a poker.

Joe: Ruling passion strong in death ~~says Joe~~, as someone said.

Bloom: That can be explained by science ~~says Bloom~~. It's only a natural phenomenon, don't you see, because on account of the ...

N1 (*int.*): And then he starts } with his jawbreakers about phenomenon } and science } and this phenomenon } and the other phenomenon.

470 N2: The distinguished scientist } Herr Professor Luitpold Blumenduft } tendered medical evidence } to the effect } that the instantaneous fracture of the cervical vertebrae } and consequent scission of the spinal cord } would, according to the best approved tradition of medical science, be calculated } to inevitably produce in the human subject } a violent ganglionic stimulus } of the nerve centres of the genital apparatus, thereby causing the elastic pores of the *corpora cavernosa* } to rapidly dilate } in such a way }

as to instantaneously facilitate the flow of blood › to that part of the human anatomy › known as the penis › or male organ › resulting in the phenomenon › which has been denominated by the faculty › a morbid upwards and outwards philo-pro-genitive erection › *in articulo mortis per diminutionem capitis*.

N1 (*int.*): So of course › the citizen was only waiting › for the wink of the word › and he starts gassing out of him › about the invincibles › and the old guard › and the 480 men of sixty-seven › and who fears to speak of ninety-eight › and Joe with him › about all the fellows that were hanged, drawn › and transported › for the cause › by drumhead court-martial › and a new Ireland › and new this, that › and the other. Talking about new Ireland › he ought to go › and get a new dog › so he ought. Mangy ravenous brute › sniffing and sneezing › all round the place › and scratching his scabs. And round he goes › to Bob Doran › that was standing Alf a half one › sucking up › for what he could get. So of course › Bob Doran starts doing the bloody fool › with him:

Doran: Give us the paw! Give the paw, doggy! Good old doggy! Give the paw here! Give us the paw! 490

N1 (*int.*): Arrah, bloody end to the paw › he'd paw › and Alf trying to keep him › from tumbling off the bloody stool › atop of the bloody old dog › and he talking all kinds of drivel › about training by kindness › and thoroughbred dog › and intelligent dog: give you the bloody pip. Then he starts scraping › a few bits of old biscuit › out of the bottom of a Jacobs' tin › he told Terry to bring. Gob, he golloped it down › like old boots › and his tongue hanging out of him › a yard long for more. Near ate the tin and all, hungry bloody mongrel.

N1 (*int.*): And the citizen and Bloom › having an argument about the point, the brothers Sheares › and Wolfe Tone beyond on Arbour Hill › and Robert Emmet › and die 500 for your country, the Tommy Moore touch about Sara Curran › and she's far from the land. And Bloom, of course, with his knock-me-down cigar › putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon! The fat heap he married › is a nice old phenomenon › with a back on her › like a ball-alley. Time they were stopping › up in the City Arms › pissier Burke told me › there was an old one there › with a cracked loodheramaun of a nephew › and Bloom trying to get the soft side of her › doing the mollycoddle › playing bezique › to come in › for a bit of the wampum in her will › and not eating meat of a Friday › because the old one › was always thumping her craw › and taking the lout out for a walk. And one time › he led him the rounds of Dublin › and, by the holy farmer, he never cried 510 crack › till he brought him home › as drunk as a boiled owl › and he said › he did it to teach him › the evils of alcohol › and by herrings, if the three women didn't near roast him, › it's a queer story, the old one, Bloom's wife › and Mrs O'Dowd that kept the hotel. Jesus, I had to laugh › at pissier Burke taking them off › chewing the fat. And Bloom with

his *but don't you see?* and *but on the other hand*. And sure, more be token, the lout I'm told } was in Power's after, the blender's, round in Cope street } going home footless in a cab } five times in the week } after drinking his way } through all the samples } in the bloody establishment. Phenomenon!

Citizen: The memory of the dead

520 N1 (*int.*): says the citizen } taking up his pint-glass } and glaring at Bloom.

Joe: Ay, ay says Joe.

Bloom: You don't grasp my point says Bloom. What I mean is ...

Citizen: *Sinn féin!* ~~says the citizen.~~ *Sinn féin amháin!* The friends we love } are by our side } and the foes we hate } before us.

N3: The last farewell } was affecting in the extreme. From the belfries } far and near } the funereal death-bell tolled unceasingly } while all around } the gloomy precincts } rolled the ominous warning } of a hundred muffled drums } punctuated by the hollow booming } of pieces of ordnance. The deafening claps of thunder } and the dazzling flashes of lightning } which lit up the ghastly scene } testified that the artillery of heaven
530 } had lent its supernatural pomp } to the already gruesome spectacle. A torrential rain poured down } from the floodgates of the angry heavens } upon the bared heads of the assembled multitude } which numbered at the lowest computation } five hundred thousand persons.

N2: A posse of Dublin Metropolitan police } superintended by the Chief Commissioner in person } maintained order in the vast throng } for whom } the York street brass and reed band } whiled away the intervening time } by admirably rendering } on their black-draped instruments } the matchless melody } endeared to us from the cradle } by Speranza's plaintive muse. Special quick excursion trains and upholstered charabancs }
540 had been provided } for the comfort of our country cousins } of whom } there were large contingents.

N3: Considerable amusement } was caused by the favourite Dublin street-singers } L-n-h-n and M-ll-g-n } who sang *The Night before Larry was Stretched* } in their usual mirth-provoking fashion. Our two inimitable drolls } did a roaring trade } with their broadsheets } among lovers of the comedy element } and nobody who has a corner in his heart } for real Irish fun without vulgarity } will grudge them their hard-earned pennies. The children of the Male and Female Foundling Hospital } who thronged the windows overlooking the scene } were delighted with this unexpected addition } to the
550 day's entertainment } and a word of praise } is due to the Little Sisters of the Poor } for their excellent idea of affording } the poor fatherless and motherless children } a genuinely instructive treat.

N2 : The viceregal house-party } which included many well-known ladies } was chaperoned by Their Excellencies } to the most favourable positions on the grandstand } while the picturesque foreign delegation } known as the Friends of the Emerald Isle } was accommodated on a tribune directly opposite. The delegation, present in full force, consisted of Commendatore Bacibaci Benino-benone (the semi-paralysed *doyen* of the party } who had to be assisted to his seat } by the aid of a powerful steam crane),

N3 : Monsieur Pierrepaul Petite-patant,

N2 : the Grandjoker Vladinmire Poket-hankert-scheff,

N3 : the Archjoker Leopold Rudolph von Schwanzen-bad-Hoden-thaler, 560

N2 : Countess Marha Virága Kisászony Putrápesthi,

N3 : Hiram Y. Bomboost,

N2 : Count Athanatos Karamelopulos,

N3 : Ali Baba Backsheesh Rahat Lokum Effendi,

N2 : Señor Hidalgo Caballero Don Pecadillo y Palabras y Paternoster de la Malora de la Malaria,

N3 : Hokopoko Harakiri,

N2 : Hi Hung Chang,

N3 : Olaf Kobber-keddelsen,

N2 : Mynheer Trik van Trumps,

N3 : Pan Poleaxe Paddyrisky,

N2 : Goosepond Prhklstr Kratchin-abritch-is-itch,

N3 : Borus Hupinkoff,

N2 : Herr Hurhaus-direktor-president Hans Chuechli-Steuerli,

N3 : National-gymnasium-museum-sanatorium-and-suspensoriums-ordinary-privat-docent-general-history-special-professor-doctor Kriegfried Ueber-all-gemein.

N2 : All the delegates } without exception } expressed themselves } in the strongest possible heterogeneous terms } concerning the nameless barbarity } which they had 570 been called upon to witness. An animated altercation (in which all took part) ensued among the F.O.T.E.I. } as to whether } the eighth or the ninth of March } was the correct date } of the birth of Ireland's patron saint.

N₃: In the course of the argument › cannonballs,

N₂: scimitars,

N₃: boomerangs,

N₂: blunderbusses,

N₃: stink-pots,

N₂: meat-choppers,

N₃: umbrellas,

N₂: catapults,

N₃: knuckle-dusters,

N₂: sand-bags,

N₃: lumps of pig iron › were resorted to › and blows were freely exchanged.

N₂: The baby policeman, Constable MacFadden, summoned by special courier from
580 Booterstown, quickly restored order › and with lightning promptitude › proposed the
seventeenth of the month › as a solution › equally honourable for both contending
parties. The ready-witted nine-footer's suggestion › at once appealed to all › and was
unanimously accepted. Constable MacFadden was heartily congratulated › by all the
F.O.T.E.I., several of whom › were bleeding profusely.

N₃: Commendatore Benino-benone › having been extricated from underneath
the presidential armchair, it was explained › by his legal adviser Avvocato Pagamimi ›
that the various articles › secreted in his thirty-two pockets › had been abstracted by
him › during the affray › from the pockets of his junior colleagues › in the hope of
bringing them to their senses. The objects (which included several hundred ladies' and
590 gentlemen's gold and silver watches) were promptly restored to their rightful owners ›
and general harmony reigned supreme.

N₂: Quietly, unassumingly › Rumbold stepped on to the scaffold › in faultless
morning dress › and wearing his favourite flower, the *Gladiolus Cruentus*. He announced
his presence › by that gentle Rumboldian cough › which so many have tried (unsuc-
cessfully) to imitate—short, painstaking › yet withal › so characteristic of the man. The
arrival of the world-renowned headsman › was greeted by a roar of acclamation › from
the huge concourse, the viceregal ladies › waving their handkerchiefs in their excitement
› while the even more excitable foreign delegates › cheered vociferously in a medley of
600 cries, *hoch, banzai, eljen, zivio, chinchin, polla kronia, hiphip, vive, Allah*, amid which ›
the ringing *evviva* › of the delegate of the land of song (a high double F › recalling those

piercingly lovely notes } with which the eunuch Catalani } beglamoured our great·great·grandmothers) was easily distinguishable.

N3 : It was exactly seventeen o'clock. The signal for prayer } was then promptly given by megaphone } and in an instant } all heads were bared, the commendatore's patriarchal sombrero, which has been in the possession of his family } since the revolution of Rienzi, being removed } by his medical adviser in attendance, Dr Pippi. The learned prelate } who administered the last comforts of holy religion } to the hero martyr } when about to pay the death penalty } knelt in a most christian spirit } in a pool of rainwater, 610 his cassock above his hoary head, and offered up to the throne of grace } fervent prayers of supplication.

N2 : Hand by the block } stood the grim figure of the executioner, his visage being concealed } in a ten-gallon pot } with two circular perforated apertures } through which his eyes glowered furiously. As he awaited the fatal signal } he tested the edge of his horrible weapon } by honing it upon his brawny forearm } or decapitated in rapid succession } a flock of sheep } which had been provided } by the admirers of his fell } but necessary office. On a handsome mahogany table near him } were neatly arranged } the quartering knife, the various finely tempered disembowelling appliances (specially supplied by the world-famous firm of cutlers, Messrs John Round and Sons, Sheffield), 620 a terra cotta saucepan for the reception of the duodenum, colon, blind intestine } and appendix etc } when successfully extracted } and two commodious milk-jugs } destined to receive } the most precious blood } of the most precious victim.

N3 : The house-steward } of the amalgamated cats' and dogs' home } was in attendance } to convey these vessels } when replenished } to that beneficent institution. Quite an excellent repast } consisting of rashers and eggs, fried steak and onions, done to a nicety, delicious hot breakfast rolls } and invigorating tea } had been considerably provided } by the authorities } for the consumption of the central figure of the tragedy 630 } who was in capital spirits } when prepared for death } and evinced the keenest interest in the proceedings } from beginning to end } but he, with an abnegation } rare } in these our times, rose nobly to the occasion } and expressed the dying wish (immediately acceded to) that the meal should be divided in aliquot parts } among the members of the sick and indigent room-keepers' association } as a token of his regard and esteem.

N2 : The *nec* and *non plus ultra* of emotion } were reached } when the blushing bride elect } burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders } and flung herself } upon the muscular bosom of him } who was about to be launched into eternity } for her sake. The hero } folded her willowy form } in a loving embrace } murmuring fondly 640 *Sheila, my own*. Encouraged by this use of her christian name } she kissed passionately } all the various suitable areas of his person } which the decencies of prison garb }

permitted her ardour to reach. She swore to him › as they mingled the salt streams of their tears › that she would ever cherish his memory, that she would never forget her hero boy › who went to his death › with a song on his lips › as if he were but going › to a hurling match in Clonturk park. She brought back to his recollection › the happy days of blissful childhood together › on the banks of Anna Liffey › when they had indulged › in the innocent pastimes of the young › and, oblivious of the dreadful present, they both
650 laughed heartily, all the spectators, including the venerable pastor, joining in the general merriment.

N3 : That monster audience simply rocked with delight. But anon › they were overcome with grief › and clasped their hands for the last time. A fresh torrent of tears › burst from their lachrymal ducts › and the vast concourse of people, touched to the inmost core, broke into heart-rending sobs, not the least affected › being the aged prebendary himself. Big strong men, officers of the peace › and genial giants of the royal Irish constabulary, were making frank use › of their handkerchiefs › and it is safe to say › that there was not a dry eye › in that record assemblage.

N2 : A most romantic incident occurred › when a handsome young Oxford graduate, noted for his chivalry towards the fair sex, stepped forward › and, presenting his visiting
660 card, bankbook › and genealogical tree, solicited the hand of the hapless young lady, requesting her to name the day, and was accepted on the spot. Every lady in the audience › was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion › in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch, a timely and generous act › which evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when the gallant young Oxonian (the bearer, by the way, of one of the most time-honoured names in Albion's history) placed on the finger of his blushing *fiancée* › an expensive engagement ring › with emeralds set in the form of a four-leaved shamrock › the excitement knew no bounds.

N3 : Nay, even the stern provost-marshal, lieutenant-colonel Tomkin-Maxwell French-
670 mullan Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he › who had blown a considerable number of sepoy's › from the cannon-mouth without flinching, could not now › restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet › he brushed away a furtive tear › and was overheard, by those privileged burghers › who happened to be in his immediate *entourage*, to murmur to himself › in a faltering undertone:

Tomlinson : God blimey › if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey › it makes me kind of bleeding cry, straight, it does, when I sees her › cause I thinks of my old mashtub › what's waiting for me › down Limehouse way.

N1 (int.) : So then › the citizen begins talking about the Irish language › and the
680 corporation meeting › and all to that › and the shoneens that can't speak their own

language › and Joe chipping in › because he stuck someone for a quid › and Bloom putting in his old goo › with his two-penny stump › that he cadged off of Joe › and talking about the Gaelic league › and the anti-treating league › and drink, the curse of Ireland. Anti-treating is about the size of it. Gob, he'd let you pour all manner of drink › down his throat › till the Lord would call him › before you'd ever see the froth of his pint. And one night › I went in with a fellow › into one of their musical evenings, song and dance › about she could get up on a truss of hay › she could › my Maureen Lay › and there was a fellow › with a Ballyhooly blue ribbon badge › spiffing out of him › in Irish › and a lot of colleen bawns › going about with temperance beverages › and selling medals 690 › and oranges › and lemonade › and a few old dry buns, gob, flahoolagh entertainment, don't be talking. Ireland sober › is Ireland free. And then › an old fellow starts blowing › into his bagpipes › and all the gougers › shuffling their feet › to the tune › the old cow died of. And one or two sky pilots › having an eye around › that there was no goings on › with the females, hitting below the belt.

N1 (*int.*): So how-and-ever, as I was saying, the old dog › seeing the tin was empty › starts mousing around › by Joe and me. I'd train him by kindness, so I would, if he was my dog. Give him a rousing fine kick › now and again › where it wouldn't blind him. 700

Citizen: Afraid he'll bite you? ~~says the citizen,~~ [JEERING.]

N1: No ~~says I.~~ But he might take my leg › for a lamppost.

N1 (*int.*): So he calls the old dog over.

Citizen: What's on you, Garry? ~~says he.~~

N1 (*int.*): Then he starts hauling › and mauling › and talking to him › in Irish › and the old towser growling, letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera. Such growling › you never heard › as they let off between them. Someone that has nothing better to do › ought to write a letter › *pro bono publico* › to the papers › about the muzzling order › for a dog › the like of that. Growling and grouching › and his eye all bloodshot › from the drouth is in it › and the hydrophobia › dropping out of his jaws. 710

N2: All those who are interested › in the spread of human culture › among the lower animals (and their name is legion) should make a point › of not missing the really marvellous exhibition of cynanthropy › given by the famous old Irish red setter wolf-dog › formerly known by the *sobriquet* of Garryowen and recently rechristened › by his large circle of friends and acquaintances › Owen Garry. The exhibition, which is the result of years of training by kindness › and a carefully thought-out dietary system, comprises, among other achievements, the recitation of verse.

720 **N3 :** Our greatest living phonetic expert (wild horses shall not drag it from us!)
 has left no stone unturned › in his efforts to delucidate and compare the verse recited ›
 and has found it bears a *striking* resemblance (the italics are ours) to the ranns of ancient
 Celtic bards. We are not speaking so much › of those delightful love-songs › with which
 the writer who conceals his identity › under the graceful pseudonym of the Little Sweet
 Branch › has familiarised the book-loving world › but rather (as a contributor D.O.C.
 points out › in an interesting communication published by an evening contemporary) of
 the harsher and more personal note › which is found in the satirical effusions › of the
 famous Raftery and of Donal MacConsidine › to say nothing of a more modern lyrist ›
 730 at present › very much in the public eye.

N2 : We subjoin a specimen › which has been rendered into English › by an eminent
 scholar › whose name for the moment › we are not at liberty to disclose › though we
 believe that our readers will find the topical allusion › rather more than an indication.
 The metrical system of the canine original, which recalls the intricate alliterative and
 isosyllabic rules › of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely more complicated › but we believe
 our readers will agree › that the spirit has been well caught. Perhaps it should be added
 › that the effect is greatly increased › if Owen's verse be spoken somewhat slowly › and
 indistinctly › in a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour.

740 **Garryowen :** The curse of my curses
 Seven days every day
 And seven dry Thursdays
 On you, Barney Kiernan,
 Has no sup of water
 To cool my courage,
 And my guts red roaring
 after Lowry's lights.

N1 (int.): So he told Terry › to bring some water for the dog › and, gob, you could
 750 hear him lapping it up › a mile off. And Joe asked him › would he have another.

Citizen : I will says he, *a chara*, to show there's no ill feeling.

N1 (int.): Gob, he's not as green › as he's cabbage-looking. Arsing around from one
 pub to another, leaving it to your own honour, with old Giltrap's dog › and getting fed
 up by the ratepayers and corporators. Entertainment for man and beast. And says Joe:

Joe : Could you make a hole in another pint?

N1 : Could a swim duck? says I.

Joe : Same again, Terry ~~says Joe~~. Are you sure you won't have anything } in the way of liquid refreshment? ~~says he~~.

Bloom : Thank you, no ~~says Bloom~~. As a matter of fact } I just wanted to meet 760 Martin Cunningham, don't you see, about this insurance of poor Dignam's. Martin asked me to go to the house. You see, he, Dignam, I mean, didn't serve any notice } of the assignment on the company at the time } and } nominally under the act } the mortgagee can't recover on the policy.

Joe : Holy Wars ~~says Joe~~, [LAUGHING] that's a good one } if old Shylock is landed. So the wife comes out top dog, what?

Bloom : Well, that's a point ~~says Bloom~~, for the wife's admirers.

Joe : Whose admirers? ~~says Joe~~.

Bloom : The wife's advisers, I mean ~~says Bloom~~.

N1 (int.): Then he starts all confused } mucking it up } about mortgagor under 770 the act } like the lord chancellor giving it out on the bench } and for the benefit of the wife } and that a trust is created } but on the other hand } that Dignam owed Bridgeman the money } and if now the wife or the widow contested } the mortgagee's right } till he near had } the head of me addled } with his mortgagor under the act. He was bloody safe } he wasn't run in himself } under the act that time } as a rogue and vagabond } only he had a friend in court. Selling bazaar tickets } or what do you call it } royal Hungarian privileged lottery. True as you're there. O, commend me to an israelite! Royal and privileged Hungarian robbery.

N1 (int.): So Bob Doran comes lurching around } asking Bloom to tell Mrs Dignam 780 } he was sorry for her trouble } and he was very sorry about the funeral } and to tell her that he said } and everyone who knew him said } that there was never a truer, a finer } than poor little Willy that's dead } to tell her. Choking with bloody foolery. And shaking Bloom's hand } doing the tragic } to tell her that. Shake hands, brother. You're a rogue and I'm another.

Doran : Let me, ~~said he~~, so far presume upon our acquaintance } which, however slight it may appear } if judged by the standard of mere time, is founded, as I hope and believe, on a sentiment of mutual esteem } as to request of you } this favour. But, should I have overstepped } the limits of reserve } let the sincerity of my feelings } be the excuse 790 for my boldness.

Bloom : No, ~~rejoined the other~~, I appreciate to the full } the motives which actuate your conduct } and I shall discharge the office you entrust to me } consoled by the reflection that, though the errand be one of sorrow, this proof of your confidence } sweetens in some measure } the bitterness of the cup.

Doran : Then suffer me to take your hand, ~~said he.~~ The goodness of your heart, I feel sure, will dictate to you › better than my inadequate words › the expressions which are most suitable › to convey an emotion › whose poignancy, were I to give vent to my feelings, would deprive me › even of speech.

800 **N1 (int.) :** And off with him › and out trying to walk straight. Boosed at five o'clock. Night he was near being lagged › only Paddy Leonard knew the bobby, 14A. Blind to the world › up in a shebeen in Bride street › after closing time, fornicating with two shawls › and a bully on guard, drinking porter out of teacups. And calling himself a Frenchy for the shawls, Joseph Manuo, and talking against the Catholic religion, and he serving mass in Adam and Eve's › when he was young › with his eyes shut, who wrote the new testament, and the old testament, and hugging and smuggling. And the two shawls killed with the laughing, picking his pockets, the bloody fool › and he spilling
810 the porter all over the bed › and the two shawls › screeching laughing at one another. *How is your testament? Have you got an old testament?* Only Paddy was passing there, I tell you what. Then see him of a Sunday › with his little concubine of a wife, and she wagging her tail › up the aisle of the chapel › with her patent boots on her, no less, and her violets, nice as pie, doing the little lady. Jack Mooney's sister. And the old prostitute of a mother › procuring rooms to street couples. Gob, Jack made him toe the line. Told him › if he didn't patch up the pot, Jesus, he'd kick the shite out of him.

N1 (int.) : So Terry brought the three pints.

Joe : Here. ~~says Joe,~~ [*DOING THE HONOURS.*] Here, citizen.

Citizen : *Slán leat* ~~says he.~~

820 **N1 :** Fortune, Joe ~~says I.~~ Good health, citizen.

N1 (int.) : Gob, he had his mouth › half way down the tumbler already. Want a small fortune › to keep him in drinks.

Joe : Who is the long fellow › running for the mayoralty, Alf? ~~says Joe.~~

Alf Bergan : Friend of yours ~~says Alf.~~

Joe : Nannan? ~~says Joe.~~ The mimber?

Alf Bergan : I won't mention any names ~~says Alf.~~

Joe : I thought so ~~says Joe.~~ I saw him up at that meeting now › with William Field, M.P., the cattle traders.

Citizen : Hairy Iopas, ~~says the citizen,~~ that exploded volcano, the darling of all
830 countries › and the idol of his own.

N1 (int.): So Joe starts telling the citizen › about the foot and mouth disease › and the cattle traders › and taking action in the matter › and the citizen sending them all to the right-about › and Bloom coming out with his sheep-dip for the scab › and a hoose drench for coughing calves › and the guaranteed remedy for timber tongue. Because he was up one time › in a knacker's yard. Walking about with his book and pencil › here's my head › and my heels are coming › till Joe Cuffe gave him the order of the boot › for giving lip to a grazier. Mister Knowall. Teach your grandmother how to milk ducks. Pisser Burke was telling me in the hotel › the wife used to be in rivers of tears some times › with Mrs O'Dowd crying her eyes out › with her eight inches of fat all over her. 840
 Couldn't loosen her farting strings › but old cod's eye was waltzing around her › showing her how to do it. What's your programme today? Ay. Humane methods. Because the poor animals suffer › and experts say › and the best known remedy › that doesn't cause pain to the animal › and on the sore spot administer gently. Gob, he'd have a soft hand under a hen.

N3 : Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Black Liz is our hen. She lays eggs for us. When she lays her egg › she is so glad. Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Then comes good uncle Leo. He puts his hand under black Liz › and takes her fresh egg. Ga ga ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook.

Joe : Anyhow ~~says Joe~~, Field and Nannetti are going over tonight to London › to 850
 ask about it › on the floor of the house of commons.

Bloom : Are you sure ~~says Bloom~~, the councillor is going? I wanted to see him, as it happens.

Joe : Well, he's going off by the mailboat ~~says Joe~~, tonight.

Bloom : That's too bad ~~says Bloom~~. I wanted particularly. Perhaps only Mr Field is going. I couldn't phone. No. You're sure?

Joe : Nannan's going too ~~says Joe~~. The league told him to ask a question tomorrow › about the commissioner of police › forbidding Irish games in the park. What do you think of that, citizen? *The Sluagh na hÉireann*.

N2 : Mr Cowe Conacre (Multifarnham. Nat.): 860

Conacre : Arising out of the question of my honourable friend, the member for Shillelagh, may I ask the right honourable gentleman › whether the government has issued orders › that these animals shall be slaughtered › though no medical evidence is forthcoming › as to their pathological condition?

N3 : Mr Allfours (Tamoshant. Con.):

Allfours: Honourable members are already in possession of the evidence produced before a committee of the whole house. I feel I cannot usefully add anything to that. The answer to the honourable member's question is in the affirmative.

N2: Mr Orelli O'Reilly (Montenotte. Nat.):

870 **O'Reilly:** Have similar orders been issued for the slaughter of human animals who dare to play Irish games in the Phoenix park?

N3: Mr Allfours:

Allfours: The answer is in the negative.

N2: Mr Cowe Conacre:

Conacre: Has the right honourable gentleman's famous Mitchelstown telegram inspired the policy of gentlemen on the Treasury bench? (O! O!)

N3: Mr Allfours:

Allfours: I must have notice of that question.

N2: Mr Staylewit (Buncombe. Ind.):

Staylewit: Don't hesitate to shoot.

[(*IRONICAL OPPOSITION CHEERS.*)]

N2: The speaker:

Speaker: Order! Order!

[(*THE HOUSE RISES. CHEERS.*)]

880 **Joe:** There's the man ~~says Joe~~, that made the Gaelic sports revival. There he is sitting there. The man that got away James Stephens. The champion of all Ireland at putting the sixteen pound shot. What was your best throw, citizen?

Citizen: *Ná bac leis*, ~~says the citizen~~, letting on to be modest. There was a time I was as good as the next fellow anyhow.

Joe: Put it there, citizen ~~says Joe~~. You were and a bloody sight better.

Alf Bergan: Is that really a fact? ~~says Alf~~.

Bloom: Yes ~~says Bloom~~. That's well known. Did you not know that?

890 **N1 (int.):** So off they started about Irish sports and shoneen games the like of lawn tennis and about hurley and putting the stone and racy of the soil and building up a nation once again and all to that. And of course Bloom had to have his say too about if a fellow had a rower's heart violent exercise was bad. I declare

to my anti-macassar } if you took up a straw from the bloody floor } and if you said to Bloom: *Look at, Bloom. Do you see that straw? That's a straw.* Declare to my aunt } he'd talk about it for an hour } so he would } and talk steady.

N2: A most interesting discussion took place } in the ancient hall of *Brian O'Ciarnain's* in *Sráid na Breataine Bheag*, under the auspices of *Sluagh na hÉireann*, on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports } and the importance of physical culture, as understood in an- 900
cient Greece and ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for the development of the race. The venerable president of the noble order } was in the chair } and the attendance was of large dimensions. After an instructive discourse by the chairman, a magnificent oration } eloquently and forcibly expressed, a most interesting and instructive discussion } of the usual high standard of excellence } ensued as to the desirability } of the revivability } of the ancient games and sports } of our ancient Pan-celtic forefathers.

N3: The well-known and highly respected worker } in the cause of our old tongue, Mr Joseph M'Carthy Hynes, made an eloquent appeal } for the resuscitation of the an-
cient Gaelic sports and pastimes, practised morning and evening by Finn MacCool, as 910
calculated to revive } the best traditions of manly strength and prowess } handed down to us from ancient ages.

N2: L. Bloom, who met with a mixed reception of applause and hisses, having espoused the negative } the vocalist chairman brought the discussion to a close, in response to repeated requests and hearty plaudits } from all parts of a bumper house, by a remarkably noteworthy rendering } of the immortal Thomas Osborne Davis' evergreen verses (happily too familiar to need recalling here) *A Nation Once Again* in the execution of which } the veteran patriot champion } may be said } without fear of contradiction } to have fairly excelled himself.

N3: The Irish Caruso-Garibaldi was in superlative form } and his stentorian notes 920
were heard to the greatest advantage } in the time-honoured anthem } sung as only our citizen can sing it. His superb high-class vocalism, which by its super-quality } greatly enhanced his already international reputation, was vociferously applauded } by the large audience } among which were to be noticed } many prominent members of the clergy } as well as representatives of the press } and the bar } and the other learned professions. The proceedings then terminated.

N2: Amongst the clergy present were } the very rev. William Delany, S.J., L.L.D.;

N3: the rt rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D.;

N2: the rev. P.J. Kavanagh, C.S.Sp.;

N3: the rev. T. Waters, C.C.;

N2: the rev. John M. Ivers, P.P.;
 930 N3: the rev. P.J. Cleary, O.S.F.;
 N2: the rev. L.J. Hickey, O.P.;
 N3: the very rev. Fr. Nicholas, O.S.F.C.;
 N2: the very rev. B. Gorman, O.D.C.;
 N3: the rev. T. Maher, S.J.;
 N2: the very rev. James Murphy, S.J.;
 N3: the rev. John Lavery, V.F.;
 N2: the very rev. William Doherty, D.D.;
 N3: the rev. Peter Fagan, O.M.;
 N2: the rev. T. Brangan, O.S.A.;
 N3: the rev. J. Flavin, C.C.;
 N2: the rev. M.A. Hackett, C.C.;
 N3: the rev. W. Hurley, C.C.;
 N2: the rt rev. Mgr M'Manus, V.G.;
 N3: the rev. B.R. Slattery, O.M.I.;
 N2: the very rev. M.D. Scally, P.P.;
 N3: the rev. F.T. Purcell, O.P.;
 N2: the very rev. Timothy canon Gorman, P.P.;
 N3: the rev. J. Flanagan, C.C.
 N2: The laity included › P. Fay, T. Quirke, etc., etc.
 Alf Bergan: Talking about violent exercise ~~says Alf~~, were you at that Keogh-Bennett
 940 match?
 Joe: No ~~says Joe~~.
 Alf Bergan: I heard So and So made a cool hundred quid over it ~~says Alf~~.
 Joe: Who? Blazes? ~~says Joe~~.
 N1 (*int.*): And says Bloom:

Bloom: What I meant about tennis, for example, is the agility and training the eye.

Alf Bergan: Ay, Blazes ~~says Alf~~. He let out that Myler was on the beer › to run up the odds › and he swatting all the time.

Citizen : We know him, ~~says the citizen~~. The traitor's son. We know what put English gold in his pocket. 950

Joe: True for you ~~says Joe~~.

N1 (int.): And Bloom cuts in again › about lawn tennis and the circulation of the blood, asking Alf:

Bloom: Now, don't you think, Bergan?

Alf Bergan: Myler dusted the floor with him ~~says Alf~~. Heenan and Sayers was only a bloody fool to it. Handed him the father and mother of a beating. See the little kipper not up to his navel › and the big fellow swiping. God, he gave him one last puck in the wind, Queensberry rules and all, made him puke › what he never ate.

N3: It was a historic and a hefty battle › when Myler and Percy were scheduled › 960 to don the gloves for the purse of fifty sovereigns. Handicapped as he was › by lack of poundage, Dublin's pet lamb made up for it › by superlative skill in ring-craft. The final bout of fireworks › was a gruelling for both champions. The welter-weight sergeant-major had tapped some lively claret › in the previous mixup › during which › Keogh had been receiver-general of rights and lefts, the artillery-man putting in some neat work on the pet's nose, and Myler came on › looking groggy.

N2: The soldier got to business, leading off with a powerful left jab › to which the Irish gladiator retaliated › by shooting out a stiff one › flush to the point of Bennett's jaw. The redcoat ducked › but the Dubliner lifted him with a left hook, the body punch 970 being a fine one. The men came to handigrips. Myler quickly became busy and got his man under, the bout ending with the bulkier man on the ropes, Myler punishing him.

N3: The Englishman, whose right eye was nearly closed, took his corner › where he was liberally drenched with water › and when the bell went › came on gamey and brimful of pluck, confident of knocking out › the fistic Eblanite in jig-time. It was a fight to a finish › and the best man for it. The two fought like tigers › and excitement ran fever high.

N2: The referee twice cautioned Pucking Percy for holding › but the pet was tricky › and his footwork › a treat to watch. After a brisk exchange of courtesies › during which › a smart upper cut of the military man › brought blood freely from his opponent's mouth 980 › the lamb suddenly waded in › all over his man › and landed a terrific left › to Battling

Bennett's stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout › clean and clever. Amid tense expectation › the Portobello bruiser was being counted out › when Bennett's second › Ole Pfotts Wettstein › threw in the towel › and the Santry boy was declared victor › to the frenzied cheers of the public › who broke through the ring-ropes › and fairly mobbed him with delight.

Alf Bergan : He knows which side › his bread is buttered ~~says Alf.~~ I hear he's running a concert tour now › up in the north.

990 **Joe :** He is ~~says Joe.~~ Isn't he?

Bloom : Who? ~~says Bloom.~~ Ah, yes. That's quite true. Yes, a kind of summer tour, you see. Just a holiday.

Joe : Mrs B. is the bright particular star, isn't she? ~~says Joe.~~

Bloom : My wife? ~~says Bloom.~~ She's singing, yes. I think it will be a success too. He's an excellent man to organise. Excellent.

N1 (int.) : Hoho begob › says I to myself › says I. That explains the milk in the cocoanut › and absence of hair on the animal's chest. Blazes doing the tootle on the flute. Concert tour. Dirty Dan the dodger's son › off Island bridge › that sold the same horses
1000 twice over › to the government › to fight the Boers. Old What-what. I called about the poor and water rate, Mr Boylan. You what? The water rate, Mr Boylan. You what-what? That's the bucko that'll organise her, take my tip. 'Twixt me and you › Cadd-a-reesh.

N3 : Pride of Calpe's rocky mount, the raven-haired daughter of Tweedy. There grew she › to peerless beauty › where loquat and almond scent the air. The gardens of Alameda › knew her step: the garths of olives › knew and bowed. The chaste spouse of Leopold › is she: Marion of the bountiful bosoms.

N2 : And lo, there entered › one of the clan of the O'Molloy's, a comely hero of
1010 white face › yet withal somewhat ruddy, his majesty's counsel › learned in the law, and with him › the prince and heir › of the noble line of Lambert.

Alf Bergan : Hello, Ned.

Ned Lambert : Hello, Alf.

Joe : Hello, Jack.

J.J. O'Molloy : Hello, Joe.

Citizen : God save you, ~~says the citizen.~~

J.J. O'Molloy : Save you kindly ~~says J.J.~~ What'll it be, Ned?

Ned Lambert: Half one ~~says Ned~~.

N1 (*int.*): So J.J. ordered the drinks.

Joe: Were you round at the court? ~~says Joe~~.

J.J. O'Molloy: Yes ~~says J.J.~~ He'll square that, Ned, ~~says he~~.

1020

Ned Lambert: Hope so ~~says Ned~~.

N1 (*int.*): Now what were those two at? J.J. getting him off the grand jury list } and the other give him a leg over the stile. With his name in Stubbs's. Playing cards, hobnobbing with flash toffs } with a swank glass in their eye, a-drinking fizz } and he half smothered in writs and garnishee orders. Pawning his gold watch } in Cummins of Francis street } where no-one would know him } in the private office } when I was there with Pisser } releasing his boots out of the pop. What's your name, sir? Dunne } says he. Ay, and done } says I. Gob, he'll come home by weeping cross } one of those days, I'm thinking.

1030

Alf Bergan: Did you see that bloody lunatic Breen } round there? ~~says Alf~~. U.p: up.

J.J. O'Molloy: Yes ~~says J.J.~~ Looking for a private detective.

Ned Lambert: Ay ~~says Ned~~. And he wanted right go wrong } to address the court } only Corny Kelleher got round him } telling him } to get the handwriting examined first.

Alf Bergan: Ten thousand pounds. ~~says Alf~~, [*LAUGHING*] God, I'd give anything to hear him } before a judge and jury.

Joe: Was it you did it, Alf? ~~says Joe~~. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you } Jimmy Johnson.

Alf Bergan: Me? ~~says Alf~~. Don't cast your nasturtiums } on my character.

1040

Joe: Whatever statement you make ~~says Joe~~, will be taken down in evidence } against you.

J.J. O'Molloy: Of course } an action would lie ~~says J.J.~~ It implies that he is not *compos mentis*. U.p: up.

Alf Bergan: *Compos* your eye! ~~says Alf~~, [*LAUGHING*] Do you know that he's balmy? Look at his head. Do you know that some mornings } he has to get his hat on with a shoehorn.

J.J. O'Molloy: Yes ~~says J.J.~~, but the truth of a libel } is no defence to an indictment for publishing it } in the eyes of the law.

Joe: Ha ha, Alf ~~says Joe~~.

1050

Bloom: Still ~~says Bloom~~, on account of the poor woman, I mean his wife.

Citizen: Pity about her, ~~says the citizen~~. Or any other woman › marries a half and half.

Bloom: How half and half? ~~says Bloom~~. Do you mean he ...

Citizen: Half and half › I mean, ~~says the citizen~~. A fellow that's neither fish nor flesh.

Joe: Nor good red herring ~~says Joe~~.

Citizen: That what's I mean, ~~says the citizen~~. A pishogue, if you know what that is.

1060 **N1 (int.):** Begob › I saw there was trouble coming. And Bloom explaining › he meant on account of it being cruel › for the wife having to go round › after the old stuttering fool. Cruelty to animals › so it is › to let that bloody poverty-stricken Breen out on grass › with his beard out tripping him, bringing down the rain. And she with her nose cock-a-hoop › after she married him › because a cousin of his old fellow's › was pew-opener to the pope. Picture of him › on the wall › with his Smashall Sweeney's moustaches, the signior Brini from Summerhill, the eye-tally-a-no, papal Zouave to the Holy Father, has left the quay › and gone to Moss street. And who was he, tell us? A nobody, two pair back and passages, at seven shillings a week, and he covered with all
1070 kinds of breastplates › bidding defiance to the world.

J.J. O'Molloy: And moreover ~~says J.J.~~, a postcard is publication. It was held to be sufficient evidence of malice › in the testcase › *Sadgrove v. Hole*. In my opinion › an action might lie.

N1 (int.): Six and eight-pence, please. Who wants your opinion? Let us drink our pints in peace. Gob, we won't be let even do that much › itself.

Ned Lambert: Well, good health, Jack ~~says Ned~~.

J.J. O'Molloy: Good health, Ned ~~says J.J.~~

Joe: There he is again ~~says Joe~~.

Alf Bergan: Where? ~~says Alf~~.

1080 **N1 (int.):** And begob › there he was › passing the door › with his books under his oxter › and the wife beside him › and Corny Kelleher with his wall eye › looking in › as they went past, talking to him like a father, trying to sell him a second-hand coffin.

Joe: How did that Canada swindle case go off? ~~says Joe~~.

J.J. O'Molloy: Remanded ~~says J.J.~~

N1 (int.): One of the bottle-nosed fraternity it was } went by the name of James Wought } alias Saphiro } alias Spark and Spiro, put an ad in the papers } saying he'd give a passage to Canada } for twenty bob. What? Do you see any green in the white of my eye? Course it was a bloody barney. What? Swindled them all, skivvies and badhachs from the county Meath, ay, and his own kidney too. J.J. was telling us } there was an ancient Hebrew } Zaretsky or something } weeping in the witness-box } with his hat on him, swearing by the holy Moses } he was stuck for two quid. 1090

Joe: Who tried the case? ~~says Joe.~~

Ned Lambert: Recorder ~~says Ned.~~

Alf Bergan: Poor old sir Frederick ~~says Alf,~~ you can cod him } up to the two eyes.

Ned Lambert: Heart as big as a lion ~~says Ned.~~ Tell him a tale of woe } about arrears of rent } and a sick wife } and a squad of kids } and, faith, he'll dissolve in tears on the bench.

Alf Bergan : Ay ~~says Alf.~~ Reuben J was bloody lucky } he didn't clap him in the dock the other day } for suing poor little Gumley } that's minding stones, for the corporation } there near Butt bridge. 1100

N1 (int.): And he starts taking off } the old recorder } letting on to cry:

Alf Bergan : A most scandalous thing! This poor hardworking man! How many children? Ten, did you say?

Alf Bergan: Yes, your worship. And my wife has the typhoid.

Alf Bergan : And the wife with typhoid fever! Scandalous! Leave the court immediately, sir. No, sir, I'll make no order for payment. How dare you, sir, come up before me } and ask me to make an order! A poor hardworking industrious man! I dismiss the case. 1110

N3: And whereas } on the sixteenth day of the month } of the ox-eyed goddess } and in the third week } after the feast-day of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, the daughter of the skies, the virgin moon } being then in her first quarter, it came to pass } that those learned judges } repaired them to the halls of law. There master Courtenay, sitting in his own chamber, gave his rede } and master Justice Andrews, sitting without a jury in the probate court, weighed well and pondered } the claim of the first charge-ant } upon the property } in the matter of the will propounded } and final testamentary disposition } *in re* the real and personal estate } of the late lamented Jacob Halliday, vintner, deceased, 1120 versus Livingstone, an infant, of unsound mind, and another.

N2: And to the solemn court of Green street } there came sir Frederick the Falconer. And he sat him there } about the hour of five o'clock } to administer the law of the brehons } at the commission } for all that and those parts } to be holden in } and for the county } of the city of Dublin. And there sat with him } the high sinhedrim of the twelve tribes of Iar, for every tribe } one man, of the tribe of Patrick

N3: and of the tribe of Hugh

N2: and of the tribe of Owen

N3: and of the tribe of Conn

N2: and of the tribe of Oscar

N3: and of the tribe of Fergus

N2: and of the tribe of Finn

N3: and of the tribe of Dermot

N2: and of the tribe of Cormac

N3: and of the tribe of Kevin

N2: and of the tribe of Caolte

N3: and of the tribe of Ossian,

1130 N2: there being in all } twelve good men and true.

N3: And he conjured them } by Him who died on rood } that they should well and truly try } and true deliverance make } in the issue joined } between their sovereign lord the king } and the prisoner at the bar } and true verdict give } according to the evidence } so help them God } and kiss the book. And they rose in their seats, those twelve of Iar, and they swore } by the name of Him Who is from ever-lasting } that they would do His right-wise-ness.

N2: And straight-way } the minions of the law led forth } from their donjon keep } one whom the sleuth-hounds of justice had apprehended } in consequence of information received. And they shackled him hand and foot } and would take of him } ne bail } ne
1140 main-prise } but preferred a charge against him } for he was a malefactor.

Citizen: Those are nice things, ~~says the citizen,~~ coming over here to Ireland } filling the country with bugs.

N1 (*int.*): So Bloom lets on } he heard nothing } and he starts talking with Joe, telling him } he needn't trouble about that little matter } till the first } but if he would just say a word to Mr Crawford. And so Joe swore } high and holy } by this and by that } he'd do the devil and all.

Bloom: Because, you see ~~says Bloom~~, for an advertisement › you must have repetition. That's the whole secret.

Joe: Rely on me ~~says Joe~~.

Citizen: Swindling the peasants, ~~says the citizen~~, and the poor of Ireland. We want 1150
no more strangers › in our house.

Bloom: O, I'm sure that will be all right, Hynes ~~says Bloom~~. It's just that Keyes, you see.

Joe: Consider that done ~~says Joe~~.

Bloom: Very kind of you ~~says Bloom~~.

Citizen: The strangers, ~~says the citizen~~. Our own fault. We let them come in. We brought them in. The adulteress and her paramour › brought the Saxon robbers here.

J.J. O'Molloy: Decree *nisi* ~~says J.J.~~

N1 (int.): And Bloom letting on › to be awfully deeply interested in nothing, a 1160
spider's web in the corner behind the barrel, and the citizen scowling after him › and the old dog at his feet looking up › to know who to bite and when.

Citizen: A dishonoured wife, ~~says the citizen~~, that's what's the cause of all our misfortunes.

Alf Bergan: And here she is

N1 (int.): Says Alf › that was giggling over the *Police Gazette* with Terry on the counter.

Alf Bergan: In all her war-paint.

N1: Give us a squint at her ~~says I~~.

N1 (int.): And what was it › only one of the smutty yankee pictures › Terry borrows off of Corny Kelleher. Secrets for enlarging your private parts. Misconduct of society belle. Norman W. Tupper, wealthy Chicago contractor, finds pretty but faithless 1170
wife › in lap of officer Taylor. Belle in her bloomers › misconducting herself, and her fancy-man feeling for her tickles › and Norman W. Tupper bouncing in › with his pea-shooter › just in time to be late › after she doing the trick of the loop › with officer Taylor.

Joe: O jakers, Jenny ~~says Joe~~, how short your shirt is!

N1: There's hair, Joe ~~says I~~. Get a queer old tail-end of corned beef › off of that one, what?

N1 (*int.*): So anyhow › in came John Wyse Nolan › and Lenehan with him › with a face on him › as long as a late breakfast.

1180 Citizen: Well, ~~says the citizen~~, what's the latest from the scene of action? What did those tinkers in the city hall › at their caucus meeting › decide about the Irish language?

N3: O'Nolan, clad in shining armour, low bending › made obeisance › to the puissant and high and mighty chief of all Erin › and did him to wit › of that which had befallen, how that › the grave elders of the most obedient city, second of the realm, had met them in the tholsel, and there, after due prayers › to the gods who dwell in ether supernal, had taken solemn counsel › whereby they might, if so be it might be, bring once more into honour among mortal men › the winged speech of the sea-divided Gael.

1190 Citizen: It's on the march, ~~says the citizen~~. To hell with the bloody brutal Sasse-nachs and their *patois*.

N1 (*int.*): So J.J. puts in a word, doing the toff › about one story was good › till you heard another › and blinking facts › and the Nelson policy, putting your blind eye to the telescope › and drawing up a bill of attainder to impeach a nation, and Bloom trying to back him up › moderation and botheration › and their colonies › and their civilisation.

Citizen: Their syphilisation, you mean, ~~says the citizen~~. To hell with them! The curse of a good-for-nothing God › light sideways › on the bloody thick-lugged sons of whores' gets! No music and no art and no literature worthy of the name. Any civilisation
1200 they have › they stole from us. Tongue-tied sons of bastards' ghosts.

J.J. O'Molloy: The European family ~~says J.J.~~ ...

Citizen: They're not European, ~~says the citizen~~. I was in Europe with Kevin Egan of Paris. You wouldn't see a trace of them or their language › anywhere in Europe › except in a *cabinet d'aisance*.

N1 (*int.*): And says John Wyse:

John Wyse Nolan: Full many a flower › is born to blush unseen.

N1 (*int.*): And › says Lenehan › that knows a bit of the lingo:

Lenehan: *Conspuez les anglais! Perfide Albion!*

1210 N2: He said › and then lifted he › in his rude great brawny strengthly hands › the medher of dark strong foamy ale › and, uttering his tribal slogan *Lámh Dearg Abú*, he drank to the undoing of his foes, a race of mighty valorous heroes, rulers of the waves, who sit on thrones of alabaster › silent as the deathless gods.

N1: What's up with you, ~~says I to Lenehan~~. You look like a fellow › that had lost a bob › and found a tanner.

Lenehan: Gold cup ~~says he~~.

Terry: Who won, Mr Lenehan? ~~says Terry~~.

Lenehan: *Throwaway* ~~says he~~, at twenty to one. A rank outsider. And the rest nowhere.

1220

Terry: And Bass's mare? ~~says Terry~~.

Lenehan: Still running ~~says he~~. We're all in a cart. Boylan plunged two quid on my tip *Sceptre* › for himself and a lady friend.

Terry: I had half a crown myself ~~says Terry~~, on *Zinfandel* › that Mr Flynn gave me. Lord Howard de Walden's.

Lenehan: Twenty to one ~~says Lenehan~~. Such is life in an outhouse. *Throwaway*, ~~says he~~. Takes the biscuit, and talking about bunions. Frailty, thy name is *Sceptre*.

N1 (*int.*): So he went over to the biscuit tin › Bob Doran left › to see if there was anything › he could lift on the nod, the old cur after him › backing his luck › with his mangy snout up. Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.

1230

Lenehan: Not there, my child ~~says he~~.

Joe: Keep your pecker up ~~says Joe~~. She'd have won the money › only for the other dog.

N1 (*int.*): And J.J. and the citizen › arguing about law and history › with Bloom sticking in an odd word.

Bloom: Some people ~~says Bloom~~, can see the mote in others' eyes › but they can't see the beam in their own.

Citizen: *Raiméis*, ~~says the citizen~~. There's no-one as blind › as the fellow that won't see, if you know what that means. Where are our missing twenty millions of Irish › should be here today › instead of four, our lost tribes? And our potteries and textiles, the finest in the whole world! And our wool that was sold in Rome › in the time of Juvenal › and our flax › and our damask from the looms of Antrim › and our Limerick lace, our tanneries › and our white flint glass › down there by Ballybough › and our Huguenot poplin › that we have since Jacquard de Lyon › and our woven silk › and our Foxford tweeds › and ivory raised point › from the Carmelite convent in New Ross, nothing like it in the whole wide world. Where are the Greek merchants › that came through the pillars of Hercules, the Gibraltar now grabbed by the foe of mankind, with gold and

1240

1250 Tyrian purple › to sell in Wexford › at the fair of Carmen? Read Tacitus and Ptolemy, even Giraldus Cambrensis. Wine, peltries, Connemara marble, silver from Tipperary, second to none, our far-famed horses even today, the Irish hobbies, with king Philip of Spain › offering to pay customs duties › for the right to fish in our waters. What do the yellow-johns of Anglia › owe us for our ruined trade › and our ruined hearths? And the beds of the Barrow and Shannon › they won't deepen › with millions of acres of marsh and bog › to make us all die of consumption?

John Wyse Nolan : As tree-less as Portugal › we'll be soon, ~~says John Wyse,~~ or Heligoland › with its one tree › if something is not done to re-afforest the land. Larches,
1260 firs, all the trees of the conifer family › are going fast. I was reading a report of lord Castletown's ...

Citizen: Save them, ~~says the citizen,~~ the giant ash of Galway › and the chieftain elm of Kildare › with a forty-foot bole › and an acre of foliage. Save the trees of Ireland › for the future men of Ireland › on the fair hills of Eire, O.

Lenehan: Europe has its eyes on you ~~says Lenehan.~~

N3: The fashionable international world › attended *en masse* this afternoon › at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley.

N2: Lady Sylvester Elm-shade,

N3: Mrs Barbara Love-birch,

N2: Mrs Poll Ash,

1270 **N3:** Mrs Holly Hazel-eyes,

N2: Miss Daphne Bays,

N3: Miss Dorothy Cane-brake,

N2: Mrs Clyde Twelve-trees,

N3: Mrs Rowan Greene,

N2: Mrs Helen Vine-gadding,

N3: Miss Virginia Creeper,

N2: Miss Gladys Beech,

N3: Miss Olive Garth,

N2: Miss Blanche Maple,

N₃: Mrs Maud Mahogany,
 N₂: Miss Myra Myrtle,
 N₃: Miss Priscilla Elderflower,
 N₂: Miss Bee Honeysuckle,
 N₃: Miss Grace Poplar,
 N₂: Miss O Mimosa San,
 N₃: Miss Rachel Cedar-frond,
 N₂: the Misses Lilian and Viola Lilac,
 N₃: Miss Timidity Aspen-all,
 N₂: Mrs Kitty Dewey-Mosse,
 N₃: Miss May Hawthorne,
 N₂: Mrs Gloriana Palme,
 N₃: Mrs Liana Forrest,
 N₂: Mrs Arabella Blackwood

N₃: and Mrs Norma Holyoake of Oakholme Regis } graced the ceremony by their presence.

N₃: The bride } who was given away by her father, the M'Conifer of the Glands, 1280
 looked exquisitely charming } in a creation carried out in green mercerised silk, moulded
 on an under-slip of gloaming grey, sashed with a yoke of broad emerald } and finished
 with a triple flounce of darker-hued fringe, the scheme being relieved } by bretelles and
 hip insertions of acorn bronze.

N₂: The maids of honour, Miss Larch Conifer and Miss Spruce Conifer, sisters of
 the bride, wore very becoming costumes in the same tone, a dainty *motif* of plume rose }
 being worked into the pleats in a pinstripe } and repeated capriciously in the jade-green
 toques } in the form of heron feathers of pale-tinted coral. Senhor Enrique Flor presided
 at the organ } with his well-known ability } and, in addition to the prescribed numbers
 of the nuptial mass, played a new and striking arrangement of } *Woodman, spare that* 1290
tree } at the conclusion of the service.

N₃: On leaving the church of Saint Fiacre } *in horto* } after the papal blessing }
 the happy pair were subjected to a playful crossfire of hazelnuts, beech-mast, bay-leaves,
 catkins of willow, ivy-tod, holly-berries, mistletoe sprigs and quicken shoots. Mr and Mrs
 Wyse Conifer Neaulan will spend a quiet honeymoon } in the Black Forest.

Citizen: And our eyes are on Europe, ~~says the citizen.~~ We had our trade › with Spain and the French and with the Flemings › before those mongrels were pupped, Spanish ale in Galway, the wine-bark on the wine-dark water-way.

Joe: And will again ~~says Joe.~~

1300 **Citizen:** And with the help of the holy mother of God › we will again. ~~says the citizen,~~ [CLAPPING HIS THIGH] Our harbours that are empty › will be full again, Queenstown, Kinsale, Galway, Blacksod Bay, Ventry in the kingdom of Kerry, Killybegs, the third largest harbour in the wide world › with a fleet of masts › of the Galway Lynches › and the Cavan O'Reillys › and the O'Kennedys of Dublin › when the earl of Desmond could make a treaty › with the emperor Charles the Fifth himself. And will again ~~says he,~~ when the first Irish battleship › is seen breasting the waves › with our own flag to the fore, none of your Henry Tudor's harps, no, the oldest flag afloat, the flag of the province
1310 of Desmond and Thomond, three crowns on a blue field, the three sons of Milesius.

N1 (int.): And he took the last swig out of the pint. Moya. All wind and piss › like a tan-yard cat. Cows in Connacht have long horns. As much as his bloody life is worth › to go down and address his tall talk › to the assembled multitude in Shanagolden › where he daren't show his nose › with the Molly Maguires › looking for him › to let daylight through him › for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant.

John Wyse Nolan: Hear, hear to that, ~~says John Wyse.~~ What will you have?

Lenehan: An imperial yeomanry ~~says Lenehan,~~ to celebrate the occasion.

John Wyse Nolan: Half one, Terry, ~~says John Wyse,~~ and a hands up. Terry! Are you asleep?

1320 **Terry:** Yes, sir ~~says Terry.~~ Small whisky and bottle of Allsop. Right, sir.

N1 (int.): Hanging over the bloody paper with Alf › looking for spicy bits › instead of attending to the general public. Picture of a butting match, trying to crack their bloody skulls, one chap going for the other › with his head down › like a bull at a gate. And another one: *Black Beast Burned In Omaha, Ga.* A lot of Deadwood Dicks in slouch hats › and they firing at a Sambo › strung up in a tree › with his tongue out › and a bonfire under him. Gob, they ought to drown him in the sea after › and electrocute and crucify him › to make sure of their job.

Ned Lambert: But what about the fighting navy ~~says Ned,~~ that keeps our foes at bay?

1330 **Citizen:** I'll tell you what about it, ~~says the citizen.~~ Hell upon earth it is. Read the revelations that's going on in the papers › about flogging on the training ships at Portsmouth. A fellow writes › that calls himself *Disgusted One.*

N1 (int.): So he starts telling us } about corporal punishment } and about the crew of tars and officers and rear-admirals } drawn up in cocked hats } and the parson with his protestant bible } to witness punishment } and a young lad brought out, howling for his ma, and they tie him down on the butt-end of a gun.

Citizen: A rump and dozen, ~~says the citizen,~~ was what that old ruffian } sir John Beresford } called it } but the modern God's Englishman calls it } caning on the breech. 1340

N1 (int.): And says John Wyse:

John Wyse Nolan: 'Tis a custom more honoured in the breach } than in the observance.

N1 (int.): Then he was telling us } the master at arms comes along with a long cane } and he draws out } and he flogs the bloody backside off of the poor lad } till he yells meila murder.

Citizen: That's your glorious British navy, ~~says the citizen,~~ that bosses the earth.

Citizen: The fellows that never will be slaves, with the only hereditary chamber on the face of God's earth } and their land } in the hands of a dozen game-hogs } and cotton-ball barons. That's the great empire they boast about } of drudges } and whipped serfs. 1350

Joe: On which the sun never rises ~~says Joe.~~

Citizen: And the tragedy of it is, ~~says the citizen,~~ they believe it. The unfortunate yahoos } believe it.

N2: They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth, and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast, born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was scarified, flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day } he arose again from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beam-end } till further orders } whence he shall come } to drudge for a living } and be paid.

Bloom: But ~~says Bloom,~~ isn't discipline the same everywhere. I mean } wouldn't it be the same here } if you put force against force? 1360

N1 (int.): Didn't I tell you? As true as I'm drinking this porter } if he was at his last gasp } he'd try to down-face you } that dying was living.

Citizen: We'll put force against force, ~~says the citizen.~~ We have our greater Ireland beyond the sea. They were driven out of house and home } in the black 47. Their mud-cabins and their shielings by the roadside } were laid low by the battering-ram } and the *Times* rubbed its hands } and told the white-livered Saxons } there would soon be as few

Irish in Ireland › as redskins in America. Even the Grand Turk sent us his piastres. But
1370 the Sassenach tried to starve the nation at home › while the land was full of crops › that
the British hyenas bought › and sold in Rio de Janeiro. Ay, they drove out the peasants
in hordes. Twenty thousand of them died in the coffin-ships. But those that came to the
land of the free › remember the land of bondage. And they will come again › and with a
vengeance, no cravens, the sons of Granuaile, the champions of Kathleen ni Houlihan.

Bloom: Perfectly true ~~says Bloom~~. But my point was ...

Ned Lambert: We are a long time waiting for that day, citizen ~~says Ned~~. Since the
poor old woman told us › that the French were on the sea › and landed at Killala.

John Wyse Nolan: Ay, ~~says John Wyse~~. We fought for the royal Stuarts that reneged
1380 us › against the Williamites › and they betrayed us. Remember Limerick and the broken
treaty-stone. We gave our best blood to France and Spain, the wild geese. Fontenoy, eh?
And Sarsfield › and O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan in Spain, and Ulysses Browne of Camus ›
that was field-marshal to Maria Teresa. But what did we ever get for it?

Citizen: The French! ~~says the citizen~~. Set of dancing masters! Do you know what
it is? They were never worth a roasted fart to Ireland. Aren't they trying to make an
entente cordiale now › at Tay Pay's dinner-party with perfidious Albion? Firebrands of
Europe › and they always were.

Lenehan: *Conspuez les français*

N1 (int.): says Lenehan, nobbling his beer.

Joe: And as for the Prooshians and the Hanoverians ~~says Joe~~, haven't we had
1390 enough of those sausage-eating bastards on the throne › from George the elector › down
to the German lad › and the flatulent old bitch that's dead?

N1 (int.): Jesus, I had to laugh at the way he came out with that › about the old one
with the winkers on her, blind drunk in her royal palace › every night of God, old Vic,
with her jorum of mountain dew › and her coachman carting her up › body and bones ›
to roll into bed › and she pulling him by the whiskers › and singing him old bits of songs
about *Ehren on the Rhine* › and come where the booze is cheaper.

J.J. O'Molloy: Well ~~says J.J.~~ We have Edward the peacemaker now.

Citizen: Tell that to a fool, ~~says the citizen~~. There's a bloody sight more pox than
1400 pax about that boyo. Edward Guelph-Wettin!

Joe: And what do you think ~~says Joe~~, of the holy boys, the priests and bishops of
Ireland › doing up his room in Maynooth › in His Satanic Majesty's racing colours › and
sticking up pictures of all the horses › his jockeys rode. The earl of Dublin, no less.

Alf Bergan : They ought to have stuck up ∫ all the women he rode himself, says little Alf.

N1 (int.): And says J.J.:

J.J. O'Molloy : Considerations of space ∫ influenced their lordships' decision.

Joe : Will you try another, citizen? ~~says Joe.~~

Citizen : Yes, sir ~~says he.~~ I will.

1410

Joe : You? ~~says Joe.~~

N1 : Beholden to you, Joe ~~says I.~~ May your shadow never grow less.

Joe : Repeat that dose ~~says Joe.~~

N1 (int.): Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse ∫ and he quite excited with his dun·duckety·mud·coloured mug on him ∫ and his old plum·eyes rolling about.

Bloom : Persecution ~~says he,~~ all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

John Wyse Nolan : But do you know what a nation means? ~~says John Wyse.~~

Bloom : Yes ~~says Bloom.~~

1420

John Wyse Nolan : What is it? ~~says John Wyse.~~

Bloom : A nation? ~~says Bloom.~~ A nation is the same people ∫ living in the same place.

Ned Lambert : By God, then, ~~says Ned,~~ [LAUGHING] if that's so ∫ I'm a nation ∫ for I'm living in the same place ∫ for the past five years.

N1 (int.): So of course ∫ everyone had the laugh at Bloom ∫ and says he, trying to muck out of it:

Bloom : Or also living in different places.

Joe : That covers my case ~~says Joe.~~

Citizen : What is your nation ∫ if I may ask? ~~says the citizen.~~

1430

Bloom : Ireland ~~says Bloom.~~ I was born here. Ireland.

N1 (int.): The citizen said nothing ∫ only cleared the spit out of his gullet ∫ and, gob, he spat a Red bank oyster out of him ∫ right in the corner.

Citizen : After you with the push, Joe ~~says he~~

N1 (*int.*): taking out his handkerchief › to swab himself dry.

Joe: Here you are, citizen says-Joe. Take that in your right hand › and repeat after me › the following words.

1440 N3 : The much-treasured and intricately embroidered ancient Irish face-cloth › attributed to Solomon of Droma › and Manus Tomaltach og MacDonogh, authors of the Book of Ballymote, was then carefully produced › and called forth prolonged admiration. No need to dwell › on the legendary beauty of the corner-pieces, the acme of art, wherein one can distinctly discern › each of the four evangelists in turn › presenting to each of the four masters › his evangelical symbol, a bog-oak sceptre, a North American puma (a far nobler king of beasts than the British article, be it said in passing), a Kerry calf › and a golden eagle from Carrantuohill. The scenes depicted on the emunctory field, showing our ancient duns and raths › and cromlechs and grianauins › and seats of learning › and maledictive stones, are as wonderfully beautiful › and the pigments as delicate › as when 1450 the Sligo illuminators › gave free rein to their artistic fantasy › long long ago › in the time of the Barmecides.

N2: Glendalough,

N3: the lovely lakes of Killarney,

N2: the ruins of Clon-mac-nois,

N3: Cong Abbey,

N2: Glen Inagh and the Twelve Pins,

N3: Ireland's Eye,

N2: the Green Hills of Tallaght,

N3: Croagh Patrick,

N2: the brewery of Messrs Arthur Guinness, Son and Company (Limited),

N3: Lough Neagh's banks,

N2: the vale of Ovoca,

N3: Isolde's tower,

N2: the Mapas obelisk,

N3: Sir Patrick Dun's hospital,

N2: Cape Clear,

N3: the glen of Aherlow,

N2: Lynch's castle,

N3: the Scotch house,

N2: Rathdown Union Workhouse at Lough-lins-town,

N3: Tullamore jail,

N2: Castleconnel rapids,

N3: Kil-bally-mac-shon-a-kill,

N2: the cross at Mon-as-ter-boice,

N3: Jury's Hotel,

N2: S. Patrick's Purgatory,

N3: the Salmon Leap,

N2: Maynooth college refectory,

N3: Curley's hole,

N2: the three birth-places of the first duke of Wellington,

1460

N3: the rock of Cashel,

N2: the bog of Allen,

N3: the Henry Street Warehouse,

N2: Fingal's Cave

N3: —all these moving scenes } are still there for us today } rendered more beautiful still } by the waters of sorrow } which have passed over them } and by the rich incrustations of time.

N1: Shove us over the drink ~~says I~~. Which is which?

Joe: That's mine ~~says Joe~~, as the devil said to the dead policeman.

Bloom: And I belong to a race too ~~says Bloom~~, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant.

N1 (*int.*): Gob, he near burnt his fingers } with the butt of his old cigar.

Bloom: Robbed ~~says he~~. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment ~~says he~~, [*PUTTING UP HIS FIST*] sold by auction in Morocco } like slaves or cattle. 1470

Citizen: Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? ~~says the citizen.~~

Bloom: I'm talking about injustice ~~says Bloom.~~

John Wyse Nolan: Right, ~~says John Wyse.~~ Stand up to it then ∫ with force ∫ like men.

N1 (int.): That's an almanac picture for you. Mark for a soft-nosed bullet. Old lardy-face standing up ∫ to the business end of a gun. Gob, he'd adorn a sweeping-brush, so he would, if he only had a nurse's apron on him. And then he collapses all of a sudden,
1480 twisting around all the opposite, as limp as a wet rag.

Bloom: But it's no use ~~says he.~~ Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows ∫ that it's the very opposite of that ∫ that is really life.

Alf Bergan: What? ~~says Alf.~~

Bloom: Love ~~says Bloom.~~ I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now, [*SAYS HE TO JOHN WYSE.*] Just round to the court a moment ∫ to see if Martin is there. If he comes ∫ just say ∫ I'll be back in a second. Just a moment.

N1 (int.): Who's hindering you? And off he pops ∫ like greased lightning.
[*EXIT BLOOM.*]

Citizen: A new apostle to the gentiles, ~~says the citizen.~~ Universal love.

1490 **John Wyse Nolan:** Well ~~says John Wyse.~~ Isn't that what we're told. Love your neighbour.

Citizen: That chap? ~~says the citizen.~~ Beggar my neighbour ∫ is his motto. Love, moya! He's a nice pattern ∫ of a Romeo and Juliet.

N3: Love loves ∫ to love love.

N2: Nurse ∫ loves the new chemist.

N3: Constable 14A ∫ loves Mary Kelly.

N2: Gerty MacDowell ∫ loves the boy that has the bicycle.

N3: M.B. ∫ loves a fair gentleman.

N2: Li Chi Han ∫ lovey up kissy ∫ Cha Pu Chow.

N3: Jumbo, the elephant, ∫ loves Alice, the elephant.

N2: Old Mr Verschoyle with the ear trumpet ∫ loves old Mrs Verschoyle with the turned-in eye.

N3: The man in the brown macintosh ∩ loves a lady who is dead.

N2: His Majesty the King ∩ loves Her Majesty the Queen.

N3: Mrs Norman W. Tupper ∩ loves officer Taylor.

N2: You ∩ love a certain person.

1500

N3: And this person ∩ loves that other person ∩ because everybody ∩ loves somebody
∩ but God ∩ loves everybody.

N1: Well, Joe ~~says-I~~, your very good health and song. More power, citizen.

Joe: Hurrah, there ~~says-Joe~~.

Citizen: The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick ∩ on you, ~~says the citizen~~.

N1 (*int.*): And he ups with his pint ∩ to wet his whistle.

Citizen: We know those canters ~~says-he~~, preaching and picking your pocket. What about sanctimonious Cromwell ∩ and his ironsides ∩ that put the women and children of Drogheda ∩ to the sword ∩ with the bible text *God is love* ∩ pasted round the mouth of his cannon? The bible! Did you read that skit in the *United Irishman* today ∩ about that Zulu chief ∩ that's visiting England? 1510

Joe: What's that? ~~says-Joe~~.

N1 (*int.*): So the citizen takes up ∩ one of his paraphernalia papers ∩ and he starts reading out:

Citizen: A delegation of the chief cotton magnates of Manchester ∩ was presented yesterday ∩ to His Majesty ∩ the Alaki of Abeakuta ∩ by Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Walkup of Walkup on Eggs, to tender ∩ to His Majesty ∩ the heartfelt thanks of British traders ∩ for the facilities afforded them ∩ in his dominions. The delegation partook of luncheon ∩ at the conclusion of which ∩ the dusky potentate, in the course of a happy speech, freely translated by the British chaplain, the reverend Ananias Praise-god Barebones, tendered his best thanks ∩ to Massa Walkup ∩ and emphasised the cordial relations ∩ existing between Abeakuta and the British empire, stating that he treasured ∩ as one of his dearest possessions ∩ an illuminated bible, the volume of the word of God ∩ and the secret of England's greatness, graciously presented to him ∩ by the white chief woman, the great squaw Victoria, with a personal dedication ∩ from the august hand of the Royal Donor. The Alaki then drank a loving-cup of first-shot usquebaugh ∩ to the toast *Black and White* ∩ from the skull of his immediate predecessor ∩ in the dynasty Kakachakachak, surnamed Forty Warts, after which ∩ he visited the chief factory of Cottonopolis ∩ and signed his mark in the visitors' book, subsequently executing a charming old Abeakutic 1520 1530

war-dance, in the course of which } he swallowed several knives and forks, amid hilarious applause from the girl hands.

Ned Lambert: Widow woman ~~says Ned~~. I wouldn't doubt her. Wonder } did he put that bible } to the same use as I would.

Lenehan: Same } only more so ~~says Lenehan~~. And there-after } in that fruitful land } the broad-leaved mango flourished exceedingly.

John Wyse Nolan: Is that by Griffith? ~~says John Wyse~~.

Citizen: No, ~~says the citizen~~. It's not signed Shanganagh. It's only initialled: P.

1540 **Joe:** And a very good initial too ~~says Joe~~.

Citizen: That's how it's worked, ~~says the citizen~~. Trade follows the flag.

J.J. O'Molloy: Well ~~says J.J.~~, if they're any worse than those Belgians } in the Congo Free State } they must be bad. Did you read that report } by a man } what's this } his name is?

Citizen: Casement, ~~says the citizen~~. He's an Irishman.

J.J. O'Molloy: Yes, that's the man ~~says J.J.~~ Raping the women and girls } and flogging the natives on the belly } to squeeze all the red rubber } they can } out of them.

Lenehan: I know where he's gone ~~says Lenehan~~, [*CRACKING HIS FINGERS.*]

N1: Who? ~~says I~~.

1550 **Lenehan:** Bloom ~~says he~~. The courthouse is a blind. He had a few bob on *Throw-away* } and he's gone } to gather in the shekels.

Citizen: Is it that white-eyed kaffir? ~~says the citizen~~, that never backed a horse in anger } in his life?

Lenehan: That's where he's gone ~~says Lenehan~~. I met Bantam Lyons } going to back that horse } only I put him off it } and he told me } Bloom gave him the tip. Bet you } what you like } he has a hundred shillings to five on. He's the only man in Dublin } has it. A dark horse.

Joe: He's a bloody dark horse himself ~~says Joe~~.

N1: Mind, Joe ~~says I~~. Show us the entrance out.

1560 **Terry:** There you are ~~says Terry~~.

N1 (*int.*): Goodbye Ireland } I'm going to Gort. So I just went round the back of the yard } to pump·ship } and begob (hundred shillings to five) while I was letting off my (*Throwaway* twenty to) letting off my load } gob } says I to myself } I knew he was uneasy in his (two pints off of Joe } and one in Slattery's off) in his mind } to get off the mark to (hundred shillings is five quid) and when they were in the (dark horse) pisser Burke was telling me } card party } and letting on the child was sick (gob, must have done about a gallon) flabby·arse of a wife } speaking down the tube } *she's better* or *she's* (ow!) all a plan } so he could vamoose with the pool if he won } or (Jesus, full up I was) trading without a licence (ow!) Ireland my nation } says he (hoik! phthook!) never be 1570 up to those bloody (there's the last of it) Jerusalem (ah!) cuckoos.

N1 (*int.*): So anyhow } when I got back } they were at it ding·dong, John Wyse saying it was Bloom } gave the ideas for Sinn Féin to Griffith } to put in his paper } all kinds of jerry·mandering, packed juries } and swindling the taxes off of the government } and appointing consuls all over the world } to walk about selling Irish industries. Robbing Peter to pay Paul. Gob, that puts the bloody kybosh on it } if old sloppy eyes is mucking up the show. Give us a bloody chance. God save Ireland } from the likes of that bloody mouse·about. Mr Bloom with his argol bargol. And his old fellow before him } 1580 perpetrating frauds, old Methusalem Bloom, the robbing bag·man, that poisoned himself with the prussic acid } after he swamping the country } with his baubles and his penny diamonds. Loans by post } on easy terms. Any amount of money advanced } on note of hand. Distance no object. No security. Gob, he's like Lanty MacHale's goat } that'd go a piece of the road } with every one.

John Wyse Nolan : Well, it's a fact, ~~says John Wyse~~. And there's the man now } that'll tell you all about it, Martin Cunningham.

N1 (*int.*): Sure enough } the castle car drove up } with Martin on it } and Jack Power with him } and a fellow named Crofter or Crofton, pensioner out of the collector general's, an orange·man } Blackburn does have on the registration } and he drawing 1590 his pay } or Crawford } gallivanting around the country } at the king's expense.

N2 : Our travellers reached the rustic hostelry } and alighted from their palfreys.

Cunningham : Ho, varlet!

N2 : cried he, who by his mien } seemed the leader of the party.

Cunningham : Saucy knave! To us!

N2 : So saying } he knocked loudly with his sword·hilt } upon the open lattice.

N3 : Mine host came forth } at the summons, girding him with his tabard.

Terry: Give you good den, my masters,

N3: said he } with an obsequious bow.

1600 **Cunningham:** Be-stir thyself, sirrah!

N2: cried he who had knocked.

Cunningham: Look to our steeds. And for ourselves } give us of your best } for
i-faith } we need it.

Terry: Lackaday, good masters, ~~said the host,~~ my poor house has but a bare larder.
I know not what } to offer your lordships.

Mr Power: How now, fellow?

N2: cried the second of the party, a man of pleasant countenance.

Mr Power: So servest thou the king's messengers, master Taptun?

N3: An instantaneous change overspread the landlord's visage.

Terry: Cry you mercy, gentlemen,

N3: he said humbly.

Terry: An you be the king's messengers (God shield His Majesty!) you shall not
want for aught. The king's friends (God bless His Majesty!) shall not go a-fasting in my
1610 house } I warrant me.

Crofton: Then about!

N2: cried the traveller who had not spoken, a lusty trencherman } by his aspect.

Crofton: Hast aught to give us?

N3: Mine host bowed again } as he made answer:

Terry: What say you, good masters, to a squab pigeon pasty, some collops of veni-
son, a saddle of veal, widgeon with crisp hog's bacon, a boar's head with pistachios, a
bason of jolly custard, a medlar tansy } and a flagon of old Rhenish?

Crofton: Gadzooks! ~~cried the last speaker.~~ That likes me well. Pistachios!

Mr Power: Aha! ~~cried he of the pleasant countenance.~~ A poor house and a bare
1620 larder, quotha! 'Tis a merry rogue.

N1 (int.): So in comes Martin } asking where was Bloom.

Lenehan: Where is he? ~~says Lenehan.~~ Defrauding widows and orphans.

John Wyse Nolan: Isn't that a fact, ~~says John Wyse~~, what I was telling the citizen } about Bloom and the Sinn Féin?

Cunningham: That's so ~~says Martin~~. Or so they allege.

Alf Bergan: Who made those allegations? ~~says Alf~~.

Joe: I ~~says Joe~~. I'm the alligator.

John Wyse Nolan: And after all, ~~says John Wyse~~, why can't a jew love his country } like the next fellow?

J.J. O'Molloy: Why not? ~~says J.J.~~, when he's quite sure } which country it is. 1630

Ned Lambert: Is he a jew } or a gentile } or a holy Roman } or a swaddler } or what the hell is he? ~~says Ned~~. Or who is he? No offence, Crofton.

J.J. O'Molloy: Who is Junius? ~~says J.J.~~

Crofton: We don't want him,

N₁ (*int.*): ~~says Crofter~~ } the Orange-man or presbyterian.

Cunningham: He's a perverted jew ~~says Martin~~, from a place in Hungary } and it was he } drew up all the plans } according to the Hungarian system. We know that in the castle.

Mr Power: Isn't he a cousin } of Bloom the dentist? ~~says Jack Power~~.

Cunningham: Not at all ~~says Martin~~. Only namesakes. His name was Virag, the father's name } that poisoned himself. He changed it by deed-poll, the father did. 1640

Citizen: That's the new Messiah for Ireland! ~~says the citizen~~. Island of saints and sages!

Cunningham: Well, they're still waiting for their redeemer ~~says Martin~~. For that matter } so are we.

J.J. O'Molloy: Yes ~~says J.J.~~, and every male that's born } they think it may be their Messiah. And every jew is in a tall state of excitement, I believe, till he knows if he's a father or a mother.

Lenahan: Expecting every moment } will be his next ~~says Lenahan~~.

Ned Lambert: O, by God ~~says Ned~~, you should have seen Bloom } before that son 1650 of his that died } was born. I met him one day } in the south city markets } buying a tin of Neave's food } six weeks before the wife was delivered.

J.J. O'Molloy: *En ventre sa mère* ~~says J.J.~~

Citizen: Do you call that a man? ~~says the citizen.~~

Joe: I wonder › did he ever put it out of sight ~~says Joe.~~

Mr Power: Well, there were two children born anyhow, ~~says Jack Power.~~

Citizen: And who does he suspect? ~~says the citizen.~~

1660 **N1 (int.):** Gob, there's many a true word › spoken in jest. One of those mixed middlings › he is. Lying up in the hotel › Pisser was telling me › once a month with headache › like a totty with her courses. Do you know what I'm telling you? It'd be an act of God › to take a hold of a fellow › the like of that › and throw him in the bloody sea. Justifiable homicide, so it would. Then sloping off › with his five quid › without putting up a pint of stuff › like a man. Give us your blessing. Not as much › as would blind your eye.

Cunningham: Charity to the neighbour ~~says Martin.~~ But where is he? We can't wait.

Citizen: A wolf in sheep's clothing, ~~says the citizen.~~ That's what he is. Virag from Hungary! Ahasuerus › I call him. Cursed by God.

Ned Lambert: Have you time for a brief libation, Martin? ~~says Ned.~~

Cunningham: Only one ~~says Martin.~~ We must be quick. J.J. and S.

1670 **Ned Lambert:** You, Jack? Crofton? Three half ones, Terry.

Citizen: Saint Patrick would want to land again at Ballykinlar › and convert us, ~~says the citizen,~~ after allowing things like that › to contaminate our shores.

Cunningham: Well. ~~says Martin,~~ [*RAPPING FOR HIS GLASS*] God bless all here › is my prayer.

Citizen: Amen, ~~says the citizen.~~

Joe: And I'm sure He will ~~says Joe.~~

N2: And › at the sound of the sacring bell, headed by a crucifer with acolytes,

N3: thurifers,

N2: boat-bearers,

N3: readers,

N2: ostiarii,

N3: deacons and subdeacons,

N2: the blessed company drew nigh } of mitred abbots } and priors } and guardians
} and monks } and friars:

N3: the monks of Benedict of Spoleto,

N2: Carthusians and Camaldolesi,

N3: Cistercians and Olivetans,

1680

N2: Oratorians and Vallombrosans,

N3: and the friars of Augustine,

N2: Brigittines,

N3: Premonstratensians,

N2: Servi,

N3: Trinitarians,

N2: and the children of Peter Nolasco:

N3: and therewith } from Carmel mount } the children of Elijah prophet } led by
Albert bishop } and by Teresa of Avila, calced } and other:

N2: and friars, brown and grey,

N3: sons of poor Francis,

N2: capuchins,

N3: cordeliers,

N2: minimes and observants } and the daughters of Clara:

N3: and the sons of Dominic, the friars preachers,

N2: and the sons of Vincent:

N3: and the monks of S. Wolstan:

N2: and Ignatius his children:

N3: and the confraternity of the christian brothers } led by the reverend brother
Edmund Ignatius Rice.

N2: And after } came all saints and martyrs,

N3: virgins and confessors:

N2: S. Cyr

1690 N₃: and S. Isidore Arator
 N₂: and S. James the Less
 N₃: and S. Phocas of Sinope
 N₂: and S. Julian Hospitator
 N₃: and S. Felix de Cantalice
 N₂: and S. Simon Stylites
 N₃: and S. Stephen Protomartyr
 N₂: and S. John of God
 N₃: and S. Ferreol
 N₂: and S. Leugarde
 N₃: and S. Theodotus
 N₂: and S. Vulmar
 N₃: and S. Richard
 N₂: and S. Vincent de Paul
 N₃: and S. Martin of Todi
 N₂: and S. Martin of Tours
 N₃: and S. Alfred
 N₂: and S. Joseph
 N₃: and S. Denis
 N₂: and S. Cornelius
 N₃: and S. Leopold
 N₂: and S. Bernard
 N₃: and S. Terence
 N₂: and S. Edward
 N₃: and S. Owen Caniculus
 N₂: and S. Anonymous
 N₃: and S. Eponymous

N2: and S. Pseudonymous
 N3: and S. Homonymous
 N2: and S. Paronymous
 N3: and S. Synonymous
 N2: and S. Laurence O'Toole
 N3: and S. James of Dingle and Compostella
 N2: and S. Columcille
 N3: and S. Columba
 N2: and S. Celestine
 N3: and S. Colman
 N2: and S. Kevin 1700
 N3: and S. Brendan
 N2: and S. Frigidian
 N3: and S. Senan
 N2: and S. Fachtna
 N3: and S. Columbanus
 N2: and S. Gall
 N3: and S. Fursey
 N2: and S. Fintan
 N3: and S. Fiacre
 N2: and S. John Nepomuc
 N3: and S. Thomas Aquinas
 N2: and S. Ives of Brittany
 N3: and S. Michan
 N2: and S. Herman-Joseph
 N3: and the three patrons of holy youth ᵝ S. Aloysius Gonzaga
 N2: and S. Stanislaus Kostka

N3: and S. John Berchmans
 N2: and the saints Gervasius, Servasius and Bonifacius
 N3: and S. Bride
 N2: and S. Kieran
 N3: and S. Canice of Kilkenny
 N2: and S. Jarlath of Tuam
 N3: and S. Finbarr
 N2: and S. Pappin of Ballymun
 N3: and Brother Aloysius Pacificus
 N2: and Brother Louis Bellicosus
 N3: and the saints Rose of Lima
 N2: and of Viterbo
 N3: and S. Martha of Bethany
 N2: and S. Mary of Egypt
 N3: and S. Lucy
 N2: and S. Brigid
 N3: and S. Attracta
 1710 N2: and S. Dympna
 N3: and S. Ita
 N2: and S. Marion Calpensis
 N3: and the Blessed Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus
 N2: and S. Barbara
 N3: and S. Scholastica
 N2: and S. Ursula with eleven thousand virgins.
 N3: And all came } with nimbi and aureoles and glorieae,
 N2: bearing palms and harps and swords and olive crowns,
 N3: in robes whereon were woven } the blessed symbols of their efficacies,

N2: ink·horns,
N3: arrows,
N2: loaves,
N3: cruses,
N2: fetters,
N3: axes,
N2: trees,
N3: bridges,
N2: babes in a bathtub,
N3: shells,
N2: wallets,
N3: shears,
N2: keys,
N3: dragons,
N2: lilies,
N3: buckshot,
N2: beards,
N3: hogs,
N2: lamps,
N3: bellows,
N2: bee·hives,
N3: soup·ladles,
N2: stars,
N3: snakes,
N2: anvils,
N3: boxes of vaseline,
N2: bells,

N3: crutches,
 N2: forceps,
 N3: stags' horns,
 N2: water-tight boots,
 N3: hawks,
 N2: mill-stones,
 N3: eyes on a dish,
 N2: wax candles,
 N3: aspergills,
 N2: unicorns.
 1720 N3: And as they wended their way } by Nelson's Pillar,
 N2: Henry street,
 N3: Mary street,
 N2: Capel street,
 N3: Little Britain street } chanting the introit *in epiphania domini* } which beginneth
surge, illuminare } and thereafter most sweetly } the gradual *omnes* } which saith *de saba*
venient } they did divers wonders } such as casting out devils,
 N2: raising the dead to life,
 N3: multiplying fishes,
 N2: healing the halt and the blind,
 N3: discovering various articles which had been mislaid,
 N2: interpreting and fulfilling the scriptures,
 N3: blessing and prophesying.
 N2: And last, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold } came the reverend Father O'Flynn
 } attended by Malachi and Patrick. And when the good fathers had reached the appointed
 place, the house of Bernard Kiernan and Co, limited, 8, 9 and 10 little Britain street,
 1730 N3: wholesale grocers,
 N2: wine and brandy shippers,

N3: licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits } for consumption on the premises,

N2: the celebrant blessed the house

N3: and censed the mullioned windows

N2: and the groynes

N3: and the vaults

N2: and the arrises

N3: and the capitals

N2: and the pediments

N3: and the cornices

N2: and the enrailed arches

N3: and the spires

N2: and the cupolas

N3: and sprinkled the lintels thereof } with blessed water

N2: and prayed } that God might bless that house } as he had blessed the house of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob } and make the angels of His light } to inhabit therein. And entering } he blessed the viands } and the beverages } and the company of all the blessed } answered his prayers.

N3: *Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.*

1740

N2: *Qui fecit coelum et terram.*

N3: *Dominus vobiscum.*

N2: *Et cum spiritu tuo.*

N2: And he laid his hands } upon that he blessed } and gave thanks } and he prayed } and they all with him } prayed:

All: *Deus, cuius verbo sanctificantur omnia, benedictionem tuam effunde } super creaturas istas: et praesta ut quisquis eis } secundum legem et voluntatem Tuam } cum gratiarum actione usus fuerit } per invocationem sanctissimi nominis Tui } corporis sanitatem et } animae tutelam Te auctore percipiat } per Christum Dominum nostrum.*

Mr Power: And so say all of us says Jack.

1750

Crofton: Thousand a year, Lambert, says Crofton or Crawford.

Ned Lambert: Right. ~~says Ned, taking up his John Jameson.~~ And butter for fish.

N1 (*int.*): I was just looking around } to see who the happy thought would strike }
when be damned } but in he comes again } letting on } to be in a hell of a hurry.

[ENTER BLOOM.]

Bloom: I was just round at the courthouse ~~says he,~~ looking for you. I hope I'm not
...

Cunningham: No ~~says Martin,~~ we're ready.

1760 N1 (*int.*): Courthouse } my eye } and your pockets hanging down } with gold and
silver. Mean bloody scut. Stand us a drink itself. Devil a sweet fear! There's a jew for
you! All for number one. Cute as a shit-house rat. Hundred to five.

Citizen: Don't tell anyone, ~~says the citizen.~~

Bloom: Beg your pardon ~~says he.~~

Cunningham: Come on boys

N1 (*int.*): ~~says Martin,~~ seeing it was looking blue.

Cunningham: Come along now.

Citizen: Don't tell anyone,

N1 (*int.*): ~~says the citizen,~~ letting a bawl out of him.

Citizen: It's a secret.

N1 (*int.*): And the bloody dog woke up } and let a growl.

Cunningham: Bye bye all ~~says Martin.~~

1770 N1 (*int.*): And he got them out } as quick as he could, Jack Power } and Crofton or
whatever you call him } and him in the middle of them } letting on to be all at sea } and
up with them } on the bloody jaunting car.

Cunningham: Off with you,

N1 (*int.*): ~~says Martin~~ to the jarvey.

N3: The milk-white dolphin tossed his mane } and, rising in the golden poop } the
helms-man spread the bellying sail upon the wind } and stood off forward } with all sail
set, the spinnaker to larboard. A many comely nymphs drew nigh } to starboard and to
larboard } and, clinging to the sides of the noble bark, they linked their shining forms }
as doth the cunning wheel-wright } when he fashions about the heart of his wheel } the
equidistant rays } whereof each one is sister to another } and he binds them all with an

outer ring › and giveth speed to the feet of men › when-as they ride to a hosting › or contend › for the smile of ladies fair. Even so › did they come › and set them, those 1780 willing nymphs, the undying sisters. And they laughed, sporting in a circle of their foam: and the bark clave the waves.

N1 (*int.*): But begob › I was just lowering the heel of the pint › when I saw the citizen getting up › to waddle to the door, puffing and blowing with the dropsy, and he cursing › the curse of Cromwell on him, bell, book and candle › in Irish, spitting and spatting out of him › and Joe and little Alf round him › like a leprechaun › trying to peacify him.

Citizen: Let me alone ~~says he~~.

N1 (*int.*): And begob › he got as far as the door › and they holding him › and he bawls out of him: 1790

Citizen: Three cheers for Israel!

N1 (*int.*): Arrah, sit down on the parliamentary side of your arse › for Christ' sake › and don't be making a public exhibition of yourself. Jesus, there's always some bloody clown or other › kicking up a bloody murder › about bloody nothing. Gob, it'd turn the porter sour in your guts, so it would.

N1 (*int.*): And all the ragamuffins and sluts of the nation › round the door › and Martin telling the jarvey to drive ahead › and the citizen bawling › and Alf and Joe at him to whisht › and he on his high horse about the jews › and the loafers calling for a speech › and Jack Power trying to get him to sit down on the car › and hold his bloody jaw › and a loafer with a patch over his eye › starts singing *If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew* › and a slut shouts out of her: 1800

Ragamuffin: Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

N1 (*int.*): And says he:

Bloom: Mendelssohn was a jew › and Karl Marx › and Mercadante › and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew › and his father was a jew. Your God.

Cunningham: He had no father ~~says Martin~~. That'll do now. Drive ahead.

Citizen: Whose God? ~~says the citizen~~.

Bloom: Well, his uncle was a jew ~~says he~~. Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew › like me.

N1 (*int.*): Gob, the citizen made a plunge back into the shop. 1810

Citizen: By Jesus ~~says he~~, I'll brain that bloody jewman } for using the holy name.
By Jesus, I'll crucify him } so I will. Give us that biscuit-box here.

Joe: Stop! Stop! ~~says Joe~~.

N2: A large and appreciative gathering } of friends and acquaintances } from
the metropolis and greater Dublin } assembled in their thousands } to bid farewell } to
Nagyaságos uram Lipóti Virag, late of Messrs Alexander Thom's, printers to His Majesty,
on the occasion of his departure } for the distant clime of Százharminczbrojűgulyás-
Dugulás (Meadow of Murmuring Waters). The ceremony } which went off with great
1820 *éclat* } was characterised by the most affecting cordiality.

N3: An illuminated scroll of ancient Irish vellum, the work of Irish artists, was
presented to the distinguished phenomenologist } on behalf of a large section of the
community } and was accompanied by the gift of a silver casket, tastefully executed in
the style of ancient Celtic ornament, a work which reflects every credit on the makers,
Messrs Jacob *agus* Jacob. The departing guest was the recipient of a hearty ovation,
many of those who were present } being visibly moved } when the select orchestra of
Irish pipes } struck up the well-known strains of *Come Back to Erin*, followed immediately
by *Rakóoczy's March*.

N2: Tar-barrels and bonfires were lighted } along the coastline of the four seas } on
the summits of the Hill of Howth,

1830 **N3:** Three Rock Mountain,

N2: Sugarloaf,

N3: Bray Head,

N2: the mountains of Mourne,

N3: the Galtees,

N2: the Ox and Donegal and Sperrin peaks,

N3: the Nagles and the Bograghs,

N2: the Connemara hills,

N3: the reeks of M'Gillicuddy,

N2: Slieve Aughty,

N3: Slieve Bernagh

N2: and Slieve Bloom.

N3 : Amid cheers that rent the welkin, responded to } by answering cheers }
from a big muster of henchmen } on the distant Cambrian and Caledonian hills, the
mastodontic pleasure-ship slowly moved away } saluted by a final floral tribute } from
the representatives of the fair sex } who were present in large numbers } while, as it
proceeded down the river, escorted by a flotilla of barges, the flags of the Ballast office
and Custom House } were dipped in salute } as were also those of the electrical power
station } at the Pigeon-house and the Poolbeg Light. *Visszontlátásra, kedvös barátom!* 1840
Visszontlátásra! Gone but not forgotten.

N1 (*int.*): Gob, the devil wouldn't stop him } till he got hold of the bloody tin
anyhow } and out with him } and little Alf hanging on to his elbow } and he shouting
like a stuck pig, as good as any bloody play } in the Queen's royal theatre:

Citizen: Where is he } till I murder him?

N1 (*int.*): And Ned and J.J. } paralysed with the laughing.

N1 : Bloody wars says-I, I'll be in for the last gospel.

N1 (*int.*): But as luck would have it } the jarvey got the nag's head round the other 1850
way } and off with him.

Joe: Hold on, citizen says-Joe. Stop!

N1 (*int.*): Begob } he drew his hand } and made a swipe } and let fly. Mercy of God
} the sun was in his eyes } or he'd have left him for dead. Gob, he near sent it into the
county Longford. The bloody nag took fright } and the old mongrel after the car } like
bloody hell } and all the populace shouting and laughing } and the old tinbox } clattering
along the street.

N3 : The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The observatory
of Dunsink registered } in all } eleven shocks, all of the fifth grade of Mercalli's scale, 1860
and there is no record extant } of a similar seismic disturbance in our island } since the
earthquake of 1534, the year of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The epicentre appears
to have been } that part of the metropolis } which constitutes the Inn's Quay ward }
and parish of Saint Michan } covering a surface of forty-one acres, two roods } and one
square pole or perch.

N2 : All the lordly residences } in the vicinity of the palace of justice } were
demolished } and that noble edifice itself, in which } at the time of the catastrophe }
important legal debates were in progress, is literally a mass of ruins } beneath which } it is
to be feared } all the occupants have been buried alive. From the reports of eyewitnesses
} it transpires that the seismic waves were accompanied } by a violent atmospheric 1870
perturbation } of cyclonic character.

N3: An article of headgear } since ascertained to belong } to the much respected clerk of the crown and peace } Mr George Fottrell } and a silk umbrella with gold handle } with the engraved initials, crest, coat of arms and house number } of the erudite and worshipful chairman of quarter sessions } sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, } have been discovered by search parties } in remote parts of the island } respectively, the former } on the third basaltic ridge of the giant's causeway, the latter } embedded to the extent of one foot three inches } in the sandy beach of Holeopen bay } near the old head of Kinsale.

1880 N2: Other eyewitnesses depose } that they observed an incandescent object of enormous proportions } hurtling through the atmosphere } at a terrifying velocity } in a trajectory directed southwest by west. Messages of condolence and sympathy } are being hourly received } from all parts of the different continents } and the sovereign pontiff has been graciously pleased } to decree that a special *missa pro defunctis* } shall be celebrated simultaneously } by the ordinaries of each and every cathedral church } of all the episcopal dioceses } subject to the spiritual authority of the Holy See } in suffrage of the souls } of those faithful departed } who have been so unexpectedly } called away from our midst.

1890 N3: The work of salvage, removal of *débris*, human remains etc } has been entrusted to Messrs Michael Meade and Son, 159 Great Brunswick street, and Messrs T. and C. Martin, 77, 78, 79 and 80 North Wall, assisted by the men and officers } of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry } under the general supervision of H.R.H., rear admiral, the right honourable } sir Hercules Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson,

N2: K.G., K.P., K.T.,

N3: P.C., K.C.B., M.P,

N2: J.P., M.B., D.S.O., S.O.D.,

N3: M.F.H., M.R.I.A.,

N2: B.L., Mus.Doc., P.L.G.,

N3: F.T.C.D., F.R.U.I., F.R.C.P.I. and F.R.C.S.I.

1900 N1 (*int.*): You never saw the like of it } in all your born puff. Gob, if he got that lottery ticket } on the side of his poll } he'd remember the gold cup, he would so, but begob } the citizen would have been lagged } for assault and battery } and Joe for aiding and abetting. The jarvey saved his life by furious driving } as sure as God made Moses. What? O, Jesus, he did. And he let a volley of oaths } after him.

Citizen: Did I kill him says-he, or what?

N1 (*int.*): And he shouting to the bloody dog:

Citizen: After him, Garry! After him, boy!

N1 (*int.*): And the last we saw ∽ was the bloody car rounding the corner ∽ and old sheeps-face on it ∽ gesticulating ∽ and the bloody mongrel after it ∽ with his lugs back ∽ for all he was bloody well worth ∽ to tear him limb from limb. Hundred to five! Jesus, he took the value of it ∽ out of him, I promise you.

N2: When, lo, there came about them all ∽ a great brightness ∽ and they beheld the 1910
chariot ∽ wherein He stood ∽ ascend to heaven. And they beheld Him ∽ in the chariot,
clothed upon ∽ in the glory of the brightness, having raiment as of the sun, fair as the
moon ∽ and terrible ∽ that for awe ∽ they durst not look upon Him. And there came a voice
out of heaven, calling: *Elijah! Elijah!* And He answered ∽ with a main cry: *Abba! Adonai!*
And they beheld Him ∽ even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend ∽ to
the glory of the brightness ∽ at an angle of forty-five degrees ∽ over Donohoe's in Little
Green street ∽ like a shot off a shovel.