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(<i>The Mabbot street entrance of nighttown, before which stretches an uncobbled

tramsiding set with skeleton tracks, red and green will-o'-the wisps and

danger signals. Rows of flimsy houses with gaping doors. Rare lamps

with faint rainbow fans. Round Rabaiotti's halted ice gondola stunted

men and women squabble. They grab wafers between which are wedged

lumps of coal and copper snow. Sucking, they scatter slowly. Children.

The swancomb of the gondola, highreared, forges on through the murk,

white and blue under a lighthouse. Whistles call and answer.</i>)

<sc>the calls</sc>

Wait, my love, and I'll be with you.

<sc>the answers</sc>

Round behind the stable.

(<i>A deafmute idiot with goggle eyes, his shapeless mouth dribbling, jerks past,

shaken in Saint Vitus' dance. A chain of children's hands imprisons

him.</i>)

<sc>the children</sc>

Kithogue! Salute!

<sc>the idiot</sc>

(<i>Lifts a palsied left arm and gurgles.</i>) Grhahute!

<sc>the children</sc>

Where's the great light?

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<sc>the idiot</sc>

(<i>Gobbling.</i>) Ghaghahest.

(<i>They release him. He jerks on. A pigmy woman swings on a rope slung

between the railings, counting. A form sprawled against a dustbin and

muffled by its arm and hat moves, groans, grinding growling teeth, and

snores again. On a step a gnome totting among a rubbishtip crouches

to shoulder a sack of rags and bones. A crone standing by with a smoky

oil lamp rams the last bottle in the maw of his sack. He heaves his

booty, tugs askew his peaked cap and hobbles off mutely. The crone

makes back for her lair swaying her lamp. A bandy child, asquat on

the doorstep with a papershuttlecock, crawls sidling after her in spurts,

clutches her skirt, scrambles up. A drunken navvy grips with both

hands the railings of an area, lurching heavily. At a corner two

night watch in shoulder capes, their hands upon their staffholsters,

loom tall. A plate crashes; a woman screams; a child wails. Oaths

of a man roar, mutter, cease. Figures wander, lurk, peer from

warrens. In a room lit by a candle stuck in a bottleneck a slut combs

out the tatts from the hair of a scrufulous child. Cissy Caffrey's voice,

still young, sings shrill from a lane.</i>)

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

I gave it to Molly

Because she was jolly,

The leg of the duck

The leg of the duck.

(<i>Private Carr and Private Compton, swaggersticks tight in their oxters,

as they march unsteadily rightaboutface and burst together from

their mouths a volleyed fart. Laughter of men from the lane. A hoarse

virago retorts.</i>)

<sc>the virago</sc>

Signs on you, hairy arse. More power the Cavan girl.

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

More luck to me. Cavan, Cootehill and Belturbet. (<i>She sings.</i>)

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I gave it to Nelly

To stick in her belly

The leg of the duck

The leg of the duck.

(<i>Private Carr and Private Compton turn and counterretort, their tunics

bloodbright in a lampglow, black sockets of caps on their blond cropped

polls. Stephen Dedalus and Lynch pass through the crowd close to the

redcoats.</i>)

<sc>private compton</sc>

(<i>Jerks his finger.</i>) Way for the parson.

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Turns and calls.</i>) What ho, parson!

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

(<i>Her voice soaring higher.</i>)

She has it, she got it,

Wherever she put it

The leg of the duck.

(<i>Stephen flourishing the ashplant in his left hand, chants with joy the</i>

introit <i>for paschal time. Lynch, his jockey cap low on his brow,

attends him, a sneer of discontent wrinkling his face.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

<i>Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro. Alleluia.</i>

(<i>The famished snaggletusks of an elderly bawd protude from a doorway.</i>)

<sc>the bawd</sc>

(<i>Her voice whispering huskily.</i>) Sst! Come, here till I tell you. Maidenhead

inside. Sst.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Altius aliquantulum.</i>) <i>Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista.</i>

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<sc>the bawd</sc>

(<i>Spits in their trail her jet of venom.</i>) Trinity medicals. Fallopian tube. All

prick and no pence.

(<i>Edy Boardman, sniffling, crouched with Bertha Supple, draws her shawl

across her nostrils.</i>)

<sc>edy boardman</sc>

(<i>Bickering.</i>) And says the one: I seen you up Faithful place with your

squarepusher, the greaser off the railway, in his cometobed hat. Did you, says

I. That's not for you to say, says I. You never seen me in the mantrap with a

married highlander, says I. The likes of her! Stag that one is. Stubborn as a

mule! And her walking with two fellows the one time, Kildbride the

enginedriver, and lancecorporal Oliphant.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Triumphaliter.</i>) <i>Salvi facti i sunt.</i>

(<i>He flourishes his ashplant shivering the lamp image, shattering light over

the world. A liver and white spaniel on the prowl slinks after him,

growling. Lynch scares it with a kick.</i>)

<sc>lynch</sc>

So that?

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Looks behind.</i>) So that gesture, not music not odours, would be a universal

language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay sense but the first

entelechy, the structural rhythm.

<sc>lynch</sc>

Pornosophical philotheology. Metaphysics in Mecklenburg street!

<sc>stephen</sc>

We have shrewridden Shakespeare and henpecked Socrates. Even the

allwisest stagyrite was bitted, bridled and mounted by a light of love.

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<sc>lynch</sc>

Ba!

<sc>stephen</sc>

Anyway, who wants two gestures to illustrate a loaf and a jug! This

movement illustrates the loaf and jug of bread and wine in Omar. Hold my

stick.

<sc>lynch</sc>

Damn your yellow stick. Where are we going?

<sc>stephen</sc>

Lecherous lynx, to <i>la belle dame sans merci,</i> Georgina Johnson, <i>ad deam qui

laetificat juventutem meam</i>.

(<i>Stephen thrusts the ashplant on him and slowly holds out his hands, his

head going back till both hands are a span from his breast, down

turned in planes intersecting, the fingers about to part, the left being

higher.</i>)

<sc>lynch</sc>

Which is the jug of bread? It skills not. That or the customhouse.

Illustrate thou. Here take your crutch and walk.

(<i>They pass. Tommy Caffrey scrambles to a gaslamp and, clasping, climbs

in spasms. From the top spur he slides down. Jacky Caffrey clasps to

climb. The navvy lurches against the lamp. The twins scuttle off in the

dark. The navvy, swaying, presses a forefinger against a wing of his

nose and ejects from the farther nostril a long liquid jet of snot.

Shoulderiug the lamp he staggers away through the crowd with his

flaring cresset.</i>

<i>Snakes of river fog creep slowly. From drains, clefts, cesspools, middens

arise on all sides stagnant fumes. A glow leaps in the south beyond the

seaward reaches of the river. The navvy staggering forward cleaves the

crowd and lurches towards the tramsiding. On the farther side under

the railway bridge Bloom appears flushed, panting, cramming bread

and chocolate into a side pocket. From Gillen's hairdresser's window a

composite portrait shows him gallant Nelson's image. A concave mirror

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at the side presents to him lovelorn longlost lugubru Booloohoom. Grave

Gladstone sees him level, Bloom for Bloom. He passes, struck by the

stare of truculent Wellington but in the convex mirror grin unstruck

the bonham eyes and fatchuck cheekchops of Jollypoldy the rixdix

doldy.</i>

<i>At Antonio Rabaiotti's door Bloom halts, sweated under the bright arclamps.

He disappears. In a moment he reappears and hurries on.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Fish and taters. N.g. Ah!

(<i>He disappears into Olhousen's, the pork butcher's, under the downcoming

rollshutter. A few moments later he emerges from under the shutter,

puffing Poldy, blowing Bloohoom. In each hand he holds a parcel, one

containing a lukewarm pig's crubeen, the other a cold sheep's trotter,

sprinkled with wholepepper. He gasps, standing upright. Then bending

to one side he presses a parcel against his rib and groans.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Stitch in my side. Why did I run?

(<i>He takes breath with care and goes forward slowly towards the lampset

siding. The glow leaps again.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

What is that? A flasher? Searchlight.

(<i>He stands at Cormack's corner, watching.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

<i>Aurora borealis</i> or a steel foundry? Ah, the brigade, of course. South side

anyhow. Big blaze. Might be his house. Beggar's bush. We're safe. (<i>He hums

cheerfully.</i>) London's burning, London's burning! On fire, on fire! (<i>He catches

sight of the navvy lurching through the crowd at the farther side of Talbot street.</i>)

I'll miss him. Run. Quick. Better cross here.

(<i>He darts to cross the road. Urchins shout.</i>)

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<sc>the urchins</sc>

Mind out, mister!

(<i>Two cyclists, with lighted paper lanterns awsing, swim by him, grazing

him, their bells rattling.</i>)

<sc>the bells</sc>

Haltyaltyaltyall.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Halts erect stung by a spasm.</i>) Ow.

(<i>He looks round, darts forward suddenly. Through rising fog a dragon

sandstrewer, travelling at caution, slews heavily down upon him, its

huge red headlight winking, its trolley hissing on the wire. The

motorman bangs his footgong.</i>)

<sc>the gong</sc>

Bang Bang Bla Bak Blud Bugg Bloo.

(<i>The brake cracks violently. Bloom, raising a policeman's whitegloved

hand, blunders stifflegged, out of the track. The motorman thrown

forward, pugnosed, on the guidewheel, yells as he slides past over

chains and keys.</i>)

<sc>the motorman</sc>

Hey, shitbreeches, are you doing the hattrick?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Bloom trickleaps to the curbstone and halts again. He brushes a mudflake

from his cheek with a parcelled hand.</i>)

No thoroughfare. Close shave that but cured the stitch. Must take up

Sandow's exerciser again. On the hands down. Insure against street accident

too. The Providential. (<i>He feels his trouser pocket.</i>) Poor mamma's panacea. Heel

easily catch in tracks or bootlace in a cog. Day, the wheel of the black Maria,

peeled off my shoe at Leonard's corner. Third time is the charm. Shoe trick.

Insolent driver. I ought to report him. Tension makes them nervous. Might

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be the fellow balked me this morning with that horsey woman. Same style of

beauty. Quick of him all he same. The stiff walk. True word spoken in jest.

That awful cramp in Lad lane. Something poisonous I ate. Emblem of luck.

Why? Probably lost cattle. Mark of the beast. (<i>He closes his eyes an instant.</i>) Bit

light in the head. Monthly or effect of the other. Brainfogfag. That tired

feeling. Too much for me now. Ow!

(<i>A sinister figure leans on plaited legs against O'Beirne's wall, a visage

unknown, injected with dark mercury. From under a wideleaved

sombrero the figure regards him with evil eye.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

<i>Bue|?nas noches, se|?norita Blanca, que calle es esta?</i>

<sc>the figure</sc>

(<i>Impassive, raises a signal arm.</i>) Password. <i>Sraid Mabbot.</i>

<sc>bloom</sc>

Haha. <i>Merci.</i> Esperanto. <i>Slan leath.</i> (<i>He mutters.</i>) Gaelic league spy, sent

by that fireeater.

(<i>He steps forward. A sackshouldered ragman bars his path. He steps left,

ragsackman left.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

I beg.

(<i>He swerves, sidles, stepaside, slips past and on.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Keep to the right, right, right. If there is a fingerpost planted by the

Touring Club at Stepaside who procured that public boon? I who lost my way

and contributed to the columns of the <i>Irish Cyclist</i> the letter headed, <i>In

darkset Stepaside</i>. Keep, keep, keep to the right. Rags and bones, at midnight.

A fence more likely. First place murderer makes for. Wash off his sins of the

world.

(<i>Jacky Caffrey, hunted by Tommy Caffrey, runs full tilt against Bloom.</i>)

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<sc>bloom</sc>

O.

(<i>Shocked, on weak hams, he halts. Tommy and Jacky vanish there, there.

Bloom pats with parcelled hands watch, fobpocket, bookpocket, pursepoke,

sweets of sin, potato soap.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Beware of pickpockets. Old thieves dodge. Collide. Then snatch your

purse.

(<i>The retriever approches sniffling, nose to the ground. A sprawled form

sneezes. A stooped bearded figure appears garbed in the long caftan of

an elder in Zion and a smoking cap with magenta tassels. Horned

spectacles hang down at the wings of the nose. Yellow poison streaks

are on the drawn face.</i>)

<sc>rudolph</sc>

Second halfcrown waste money today. I told you not go with drunken

goy ever. So. You catch no money.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Hides the crubeen and trotter behind his back and, crestfallen, feels warm and

cold feetmeat.</i>) <i>Ja, ich weiss, papachi.</i>

<sc>rudolph</sc>

What you making down this place? Have you no soul? (<i>With feeble vulture

talons he feels the silent face of Bloom.</i>) Are you not my son Leopold, the grand

son of Leopold? Are you not my dear son Leopold who left the house of his

father and left the god of his fathers Abraham and Jacob?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>With precaution.</i>) I suppose so, father. Mosenthal. All that's left of him.

<sc>rudolph</sc>

(<i>Severely.</i>) One night they bring you home drunk as dog after spend your

good money. What you call them running chaps?

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In youth's smart blue Oxford suit with white vestslips, narrowshouldered, in

brown Alpine hat, wearing gent's sterling silver waterbury keyless watch and double

curb Albert with seal attached, one side of him coated with stiffening mud.</i>) Harriers,

father. Only that once.

<sc>rudolph</sc>

Once! Mud head to foot. Cut your hand open. Lockjaw. They make you

kaput, Leopoldleben. You watch them chaps.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Weakly.</i>) They challenged me to a sprint. It was muddy. I slipped.

<sc>rudolph</sc>

(<i>With contempt.</i>) <i>Goim nachez</i> Nice spectacles for your poor mother!

<sc>bloom</sc>

Mamma!

<sc>ellen bloom</sc>

(<i>In pantomime dame's stringed mobcap, crinoline and bustle, widow Twankey's

blouse with muttonleg sleeves buttoned behind, grey mittens and cameo brooch,

her hair plaited in a crispine net, appears over the staircase banisters, a slanted

candlestick in her hand and cries out in shrill alarm.</i>) O blessed Redeemer, what

have they done to him! My smelling salts! (<i>She hauls up a reef of skirt and

ransacks the pouch of her striped blay petticoat. A phial, an Agnus Dei, a shrivelled

potato and a celluloid doll fall out.</i>) Sacred Heart of Mary, where were you at

all, at all?

(<i>Bloom, mumbling, his eyes downcast begins to bestow his parcels in his

filled pockets but desists, muttering.</i>)

<sc>a voice</sc>

(<i>Sharply.</i>) Poldy!

<sc>bloom</sc>

Who? (<i>He ducks and wards off a blow clumsily.</i>) At your service.

(<i>He looks up. Beside her mirage of datepalms a handsome woman in

Turkish costume stands before him. Opulent curves fill out her scarlet

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trousers and jacket slashed with gold. A wide yellow cummerbund

girdles her. A white yashmak violet in the night, covers her face, leaving

free only her large dark eyes and raven hair.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Molly!

<sc>marion</sc>

Welly? Mrs Marion from this out, my dear man, when you speak to me.

(<i>Satirically.</i>) Has poor little hubby cold feet waiting so long?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shifts from foot to foot.</i>) No, no. Not the least little bit.

(<i>He breathes in deep agitation, swallowing gulps of air, questions, hopes,

crubeens for her supper, things to tell her, excuses, desire, spellbound.

A coin gleams on her forehead. On her feet are jewelled toerings. Her

ankles are linked by a slender fetterchain. Beside her a camel, hooded

with a turreting turban, waits. A silk ladder of innumerable rungs

climbs to his bobbing howdah. He ambles near with disgruntled

hindquarters. Fiercely she slaps his haunch, her goldcurb wristbangles

angriling, scolding him in Moorish.</i>)

<sc>marion</sc>

Nebrakada! Feminimum!

(<i>The camel, lifting a foreleg, plucks from a tree a large mango fruit, offers

it to his mistress, blinking, in his cloven hoof then droops his head and,

grunting, with uplifted neck, fumbles to kneel. Bloom stoops his back

for leapfrog.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

I can give you ... I mean as your business menagerer ... Mrs Marion ...

if you ...

<sc>marion</sc>

So you notice some change? (<i>Her hands passing slowly over her trinketed

stomacher. A slow friendly mockery in her eyes.</i>) O Poldy, Poldy, you are a poor

old stick in the mud! Go and see life. See the wide world.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

I was just going back for that lotion whitewax, orangeflower water. Shop

closes early on Thursday. But the first thing in the morning. (<i>He pats divers

pockets.</i>) This moving kidney. Ah!

(<i>He points to the south, then to the east. A cake of new clean lemon soap

arises, diffusing light and perfume.</i>)

<sc>the soap</sc>

We're a capital couple are Bloom and I

He brightens the earth, I polish the sky.

(<i>The freckled face of Sweny, the druggist, appears in the disc of the soapsun.</i>)

<sc>sweny</sc>

Three and a penny, please.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Yes. For my wife, Mrs Marion. Special recipe.

<sc>marion</sc>

(<i>Softly.</i>) Poldy!

<sc>bloom</sc>

Yes, ma'am?

<sc>marion</sc>

<i>Ti trema un poco il cuore?</i>

(<i>In disdain she saunters away, plump as a pampered pouter pigeon,

humming the duet from</i> Don Giovanni.)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Are you sure about that <i>Voglio</i>? I mean the pronunciati ...

(<i>He follows, followed by the sniffing terrier. The elderly bawd seizes his

sleeve, the bristles of her chinmole glittering.</i>)

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<sc>the bawd</sc>

Ten shillings a maidenhead. Fresh thing was never touched. Fifteen.

There's no-one in it only her old father that's dead drunk.

(<i>She points. In the gap of her dark den furtive, rainbedraggled, Bridie

Kelly stands.</i>)

<sc>bridie</sc>

Hatch street. Any good in your mind?

(<i>With a squeak she flaps her bat shawl and runs. A burly rough pursues

with booted strides. He stumbles on the steps, recovers, plunges into

gloom. Weak squeaks of laughter are heard, weaker.</i>)

<sc>the bawd</sc>

(<i>Her wolfeyes shining.</i>) He's getting his pleasure. You won't get a virgin in

the flash houses. Ten shillings. Don't be all night before the polis in plain

clothes sees us. Sixtyseven is a bitch.

(<i>Leering, Gerty MacDowell limps forward. She draws from behind,

ogling, and shows coyly her bloodied clout.</i>)

<sc>gerty</sc>

With all my worldly goods I thee and thou. (<i>She murmurs.</i>) You did

that. I hate you.

<sc>bloom</sc>

I? When? You're dreaming. I never saw you.

<sc>the bawd</sc>

Leave the gentleman alone, you cheat. Writing the gentleman false letters.

Streetwalking and soliciting. Better for your mother take the strap to you at

the bedpost, hussy like you.

<sc>gerty</sc>

(<i>To Bloom.</i>) When you saw all the secrets of my bottom drawer. (<i>She

paws his sleeve, slobbering.</i>) Dirty married man! I love you for doing that to me.

(<i>She slides away crookedly. Mrs Breen in man's frieze overcoat with loose

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bellows pockets, stands in the causeway, her roguish eyes wideopen,

smiling in all her herbivorous buckteeth.</i>)

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

Mr ...

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Coughs gravely.</i>) Madam, when we last had this pleasure by letter dated

the sixteenth instant ...

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

Mr Bloom! You down here in the haunts of sin! I caught you nicely!

Scamp!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Hurriedly.</i>) Not so loud my name. Whatever do you think me? Don't

give me away. Walls have hears. How do you do? It's ages since I. You're

looking splendid. Absolutely it. Seasonable weather we are having this time of

year. Black refracts heat. Short cut home here. Interesting quarter. Rescue of

fallen women Magdalen asylum. I am the secretary ...

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>Holds up a finger.</i>) Now don't tell a big fib! I know somebody won't like

that. O just wait till I see Molly! (<i>Slily.</i>) Account for yourself this very

sminute or woe betide you!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Looks behind.</i>) She often said she'd like to visit. Slumming. The exotic,

you see. Negro servants too in livery if she had money. Othello black brute.

Eugene Stratton. Even the bones and cornerman at the Livermore christies.

Bohee brothers. Sweep for that matter.

(<i>Tom and Sam Bohee, coloured coons in white duck suits, scarlet socks,

upstarched Sambo chokers and large scarlet asters in their buttonholes

leap out. Each has his banjo slung. Their paler smaller negroid hands

jingle the twingtwang wires. Flashing white Kaffir eyes and tusks

they rattle through a breakdown in clumsy clogs, twinging, singing,

back to back, toe heel, heel toe, with smackfatclacking nigger lips.</i>)

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<sc>tom and sam</sc>

There's someone in the house with Dina

There's someone in the house, I know,

There's someone in the house with Dina

Playing on the old banjo.

(<i>They whisk black masks from raw babby faces: then, chuckling, chortling,

trumming, twanging they diddle diddle cakewalk dance away.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>With a sour tenderish smile.</i>) A little frivol, shall we, if you are so

inclined? Would you like me perhaps to embrace you just for a fraction of

a second?

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>Screams gaily.</i>) O, you ruck! You ought to see yourself!

<sc>bloom</sc>

For old sake' sake. I only meant a square party, a mixed marriage mingling

of our different little conjugials. You know I had a soft corner for you.

(<i>Gloomily.</i>) 'Twas I sent you that valentine of the dear gazelle.

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

Glory Alice, you do look a holy show! Killing simply. (<i>She puts out her

hand inquisitively.</i>) What are you hiding behind your back? Tell us, there's a

dear.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Seizes her wrist with his free hand.</i>) Josie Powell that was, prettiest deb in

Dublin. How time flies by! Do you remember, harking back in a retrospective

arrangement, Old Christmas night Georgina Simpson's housewarming while

they were playing the Irving Bishop game, finding the pin blindfold and

thoughtreading! Subject, what is in this snuffbox!

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

You were the lion of the night with your seriocomic recitation and you

looked the part. You were always a favourite with the ladies.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Squire of dames, in dinner jacket with watered silkfacings, blue masonic badge

in his buttonhole, black bow and mother-of-pear studs, a prismatic champagne glass

tilted in his hand.</i>) Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Ireland, home and beauty.

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

The dear dead days beyond recall. Love's old sweet song.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Meaningfully dropping his voice.</i>) I confess I'm teapot with curiosity to find

out whether some person's something is a little teapot at present.

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>Gushingly.</i>) Tremendously teapot! London's teapot and I'm simply teapot

all over me. (<i>She rubs sides with him.</i>) After the parlour mystery games and the

crackers from the tree we sat on the staircase ottoman. Under the mistletoe.

Two is company.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Wearing a purple Napoleon hat with an amber halfmoon, his fingers and thumb

passing slowly down to her soft moist meaty palm which she surrenders gently.</i>) The

witching hour of night. I took the splinter out of this hand, carefully, slowly.

(<i>Tenderly, as he slips on her finger a ruby ring.</i>) <i>Là ci darem la mano.</i>

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>In a onepiece evening frock executed in moonlight blue, a tinsel sylph's diadem

on her brow with her dancecard fallen beside her moonblue satin slipper, curves her

palm softly, breathing quickly.</i>) <i>Voglio e non.</i> You're hot! You're scalding! The

left hand nearest the heart.

<sc>bloom</sc>

When you made your present choice they said it was beauty and the beast.

I can never forgive you for that. (<i>His clenched fist at his brow.</i>) Think what it

means. All you meant to me then. (<i>Hoarsely.</i>) Woman, it's breaking me!

(<i>Denis Breen, whitetallhatted, with Wisdom Hely's sandwichboard, shuffles

past them in carpet slippers, his dull beard thrust out, muttering to

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right and left. Little Alf Bergan, cloaked in the pall of the ace of

spades dogs him to left and right, doubled in laughter.</i>)

<sc>alf bergan</sc>

(<i>Points jeering at the sandwich boards.</i>) U.p: Up.

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>To Bloom.</i>) High jinks below stairs. (<i>She gives him the glad eye.</i>) Why

didn't you kiss the spot to make it well! You wanted to.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shocked.</i>) Molly's best friend! Could you?

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>Her pulpy tongue between her lips, offers a pigeon kiss.</i>) Hnhn. The answer

is a lemon. Have you a little present for me there?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Offhandedly.</i>) Kosher. A snack for supper. The home without potted meat

is incomplete. I was at <i>Leah</i>, Mrs Bandman Palmer. Trenchant exponent of

Shakespeare. Unfortunately threw away the programme. Rattling good place

round there for pig's feet. Feel.

(<i>Richie Goulding, three ladies' hats pinned on his head, appears weighted

to one side by the black legal bag of Collis and Ward on which a skull

and crossbones are painted in white limewash. He opens it and shows

it full of polonies, kippered herrings, Findon haddies and tightpacked

pills.</i>)

<sc>richie</sc>

Best value in Dub.

(<i>Bald Pat, bothered beetle, stands on the curbstone, folding his napkin,

waiting to wait.</i>)

<sc>pat</sc>

(<i>Advances with a tilted dish of spillspilling gravy.</i>) Steak and kidney. Bottle

of lager. Hee hee hee. Wait till I wait.

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<sc>richie</sc>

Goodgod. Inev erate inall ...

(<i>With hanging head he marches doggedly forward. The navvy, lurching

by, gores him with his flaming pronghorn.</i>)

<sc>richie</sc>

(<i>With a cry of pain, his hand to his back.</i>) Ah! Bright's! Lights!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Points to the navvy.</i>) A spy. Don't attract attention. I hate stupid crowds.

I am not on pleasure bent. I am in a grave predicament.

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

Humbugging and deluthering as per usual with your cock and bull story.

<sc>bloom</sc>

I want to tell you a little secret about how I came to be here. But you

must never tell. Not even Molly. I have a most particular reason.

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>All agog.</i>) O, not for worlds.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Let's walk on. Shall us?

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

Let's.

(<i>The bawd makes an unheeded sign. Bloom walks on with Mrs Breen. The

terrier follows, whining piteously, wagging his tail.</i>)

<sc>the bawd</sc>

Jewman's melt!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In an oatmeal sporting suit, a sprig of woodbine in the lapel, tony buff shirt,

shepherd's plaid Saint Andrew's cross scarftie, white spats, fawn dustcoat on his

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arm, tawny red brogues, fieldglasses in bandolier and a grey billycock hat.</i>) Do you

remember a long long time, years and years ago, just after Milly, Marionette we

called her, was weaned when we all went together to Fairyhouse races, was it?

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>In smart Saxe tailormade, white velours hat and spider veil.</i>) Leopardstown.

<sc>bloom</sc>

I mean, Leopardstown. And Molly won seven shillings on a three year old

named Nevertell and coming home along by Foxrock in that old fiveseater

shanderadan of a waggonette you were in your heyday then and you had on

that new hat of white velours with a surround of molefur that Mrs Hayes

advised you to buy because it was marked down to nineteen and eleven, a bit

of wire and an old rag of velveteen, and I'll lay you what you like she did it

on purpose ...

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

She did, of course, the cat! Don't tell me! Nice adviser!

<sc>bloom</sc>

Because it didn't suit you one quarter as well as the other ducky little

tammy toque with the bird of paradise wing in it that I admired on you and

you honestly looked just too fetching in it though it was a pity to kill it,

you cruel creature, little mite of a thing with a heart the size of a fullstop.

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>Squeezes his arm, simpers.</i>) Naughty cruel I was.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Low, secretly, ever more rapidly.</i>) And Molly was eating a sandwich of

spiced beef out of Mrs Joe Gallaher's lunch basket. Frankly, though she had

her advisers or admirers, I never cared much for her style. She was ...

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

Too ...

<sc>bloom</sc>

Yes. And Molly was laughing because Rogers and Maggot O'Reilly were

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mimicking a cock as we passed a farmhouse and Marcus Tertius Moses, the tea

merchant, drove past us in a gig with his daughter, Dancer Moses was her

name, and the poodle in her lap bridled up and you asked me if I ever heard

or read or knew or came across ...

<sc>mrs breen</sc>

(<i>Eagerly.</i>) Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

(<i>She fades from his side. Followed by the whining dog he walks on towards

hellsgates. In an archway a standing woman, bent forward, her feet

apart, pisses cowily. Outside a shuttered pub a bunch of loiterers

listen to a tale which their broken snouted gaffer rasps out with raucous

humour. An armless pair of them flop wrestling, growling, in

maimed sodden playfight.</i>)

<sc>the gaffer</sc>

(<i>Crouches, his voice twisted in his snout.</i>) And when Cairns came down from

the scaffolding in Beaver Street what was he after doing it into only into the

bucket of porter that was there waiting on the shavings for Derwan's

plasterers.

<sc>the loiterers</sc>

(<i>Guffaw with cleft palates.</i>) O jays!

(<i>Their paintspeckled hats wag. Spattered with size and lime of their lodges

they frisk limblessly about him.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Coincidence too. They think it funny. Anything but that. Broad daylight.

Trying to walk. Lucky no woman.

<sc>the loiterers</sc>

Jays, that's a good one. Glauber salts. O jays, into the men's porter.

(<i>Bloom passes. Cheap whores, singly, coupled, shawled, dishevelled, call

from lanes, doors, corners.</i>)

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<sc>the whores</sc>

Are you going far, queer fellow?

How's your middle leg?

Got a match on you?

Eh, come her till I stiffen it for you.

(<i>He plodges through their sump towards the lighted street beyond. From a

bulge of window curtains a gramophone rears a battered brazen trunk.

In the shadow a shebeenkeeper haggles with the navvy and the two

redcoats.</i>)

<sc>the navvy</sc>

(<i>Belching.</i>) Where's the bloody house?

<sc>the shebeenkeeper</sc>

Purdon street. Shilling a bottle of stout. Respectable woman.

<sc>the navvy</sc>

(<i>Gripping the two redcoats, staggers forward with them.</i>) Come on, you

British army!

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Behind his back.</i>) He aint half balmy.

<sc>private compton</sc>

(<i>Laughs.</i>) What ho!

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>To the navvy.</i>) Portobello barracks canteen. You ask for Carr. Just Carr.

<sc>the navvy</sc>

(<i>Shouts.</i>)

We are the boys. Of Wexford.

<sc>private compton</sc>

Say! What price the sergeantmajor?

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<sc>private carr</sc>

Bennett? He's my pal. I love old Bennett.

<sc>the navvy</sc>

(<i>Shouts.</i>)

The galling chain.

And free our native land.

(<i>He staggers forward, dragging them with him. Bloom stops, at fault.

The dog approches, his tongue outlolling, panting.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Wildgoose chase this. Disorderly houses. Lord knows where they are

gone. Drunks cover distance double quick. Nice mixup. Scene at Westland

row. Then jump in first class with third ticket. Then too far. Train with

engine behind. Might have taken me to Malahide or a siding for the night or

collision. Second drink does it. Once is a dose. What am I following him for?

Still, he's the best of that lot. If I hadn't heard about Mrs Beaufoy Purefoy

I wouldn't have gone and wouldn't have met. Kismet. He'll lose that cash.

Relieving office here. Good biz for cheapjacks, organs. What do ye lack?

Soon got, soon gone. Might have lost my life too with that mangong-

wheeltracktrolleyglarejuggernaut only for presence of mind. Can't always save

you, though. If I had passed Truelock's window that day two minutes later

would have been shot. Absence of body. Still if bullet only went through my

coat get damages for shock, five hundred pounds. What was he? Kildare street

club toff. God help his gamekeeper.

(<i>He gazes ahead reading on the wall a scrawled chalk legend</i> Wet Dream

<i>and a phallic design.</i>)

Odd! Molly drawing on the frosted carriagepane at Kingstown. What's

that like? (<i>Gaudy dollwomen loll in the lighted doorways, in window embrasures,

smoking birdseye cigarettes. The odour of the sicksewet weed floats towards him in slow

round ovalling wreaths.</i>)

<sc>the wreaths</sc>

Sweet are the sweets. Sweets of sin.

<sc>bloom</sc>

My spine's a bit limp. Go or turn? And this food? Eat it and get all

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pigsticky. Absurd I am. Waste of money. One and eight pence too much.

(<i>The retriever drives a cold snivelling muzzle against his hand, wagging his tail.</i>)

Strange how they take to me. Even that brute today. Better speak to him first.

Like women they like <i>rencontres</i>. Stinks like a polecat. <i>Chacun son go|<ut.</i> He

might be mad. Fido. Uncertain in his movements. Good fellow! Garryowen!

(<i>The wolfdog sprawls on his back, wriggling obscenely with begging paws, his long

black tongue lolling out.</i>) Influence of his surroundings. Give and have done

with it. Provided nobody. (<i>Calling encouraging words he shambles back with a

furtive poacher's tread, dogged by the setter into a dark stalestunk corner. He

unrolls one parcel and goes to dump the crubeen softly but holds back and feels the

trotter.</i>) Sizeable for threepence. But then I have it in my left hand. Calls for

more effort. Why? Smaller from want of use. O, let it slide. Two and six.

(<i>With regret he lets unrolled crubeen and trotter slide. The mastiff mauls

the bundle clumsily and gluts himself with growling greed, crunching

the bones. Two raincaped watch approach, silent, vigilant. They

murmur together.</i>)

<sc>the watch</sc>

Bloom. Of Bloom. For Bloom. Bloom.

(<i>Each lays hand on Bloom's shoulder.</i>)

<sc>first watch</sc>

Caught in the act. Commit no nuisance.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Stammers.</i>) I am doing good to others.

<i>(A covey of gulls, storm petrels, rises hungrily from Liffey slime with

Banbury cakes in their beaks.)</i>

<sc>the gulls</sc>

Kaw kave kankury kake.

<sc>bloom</sc>

The friend of man. Trained by kindness.

(<i>He points. Bob Doran, toppling from a high barstool, sways over the

munching spaniel.</i>)

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<sc>bob doran</sc>

Towser. Give us the paw. Give the paw.

(<i>The bulldog growls, his scruff standing, a gobbet of pig's knuckle between

his molars through which rabid scumspittle dribbles. Bob Doran falls

silently into an area.</i>)

<sc>second watch</sc>

Prevention of cruelty to animals.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Enthusiastically.</i>) A noble work! I scolded that tramdriver on Harold's

cross bridge for illusing the poor horse with his harness scab. Bad French I got

for my pains. Of course it was frosty and the last tram. All tales of circus life

are highly demoralising.

(<i>Signor Maffei, passion pale, in liontamer's costume with diamonds studs

in his shirtfront steps forward, holding a circus paper hoop, a curling

carriagewhip and a revolver with which he covers the gorging

boarhound.</i>

<sc>signor maffei</sc>

(<i>With a sinister smile.</i>) Ladies and gentlemen, my educated greyhound. It

was I broke in the bucking broncho Ajax with my patent spiked saddle for

carnivores. Lash under the belly with a knotted thong. Block tackle and a

strangling pully will bring your lion to heel, no matter how fractious, even

<i>Leo ferox</i> there, the Libyan maneater. A redhot crowbar and some liniment

rubbing on the burning part produced Fritz of Amsterdam, the thinking hyena.

(<i>He glares.</i>) I possess the Indian sign. The glint of my eye does it with these

breastsparklers. (<i>With a bewitching smile.</i>) I now introduce Mademoiselle Ruby,

the pride of the ring.

<sc>first watch</sc>

Come. Name and address.

<sc>bloom</sc>

I have forgotten for the moment. Ah, yes! (<i>He takes off his high grade hat,

saluting.</i>) Dr Bloom, Leopold, dental surgeon. You have heard of von Bloom

Pasha. Umpteen millions. <i>Donnerwetter!</i> Owns half Austria. Egypt. Cousin.

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<sc>first watch</sc>

Proof.

(<i>A card falls from inside the leather headband of Bloom's hat.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In red fez, cadi's dress coat with broad green sash, wearing a false badge of

the Legion of Honour, picks up the card hastily and offers it.</i>) Allow me. My

club is the Junior Army and Navy. Solicitors: Messrs John Henry Menton,

27 Bachelor's Walk.

<sc>first watch</sc>

(<i>Reads.</i>) Henry Flower. No fixed abode. Unlawfully watching and

besetting.

<sc>second watch</sc>

An alibi. You are cautioned.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Produces from his heartpocket a crumpled yellow flower.</i>) This is the flower in

question. It was given me by a man I don't know his name. (<i>Plausibly.</i>) You

know that old joke, rose of Castile. Bloom. The change of name. Virag. (<i>He

murmurs privately and confidentially.</i>) We are engaged you see, sergeant. Lady

in the case. Love entanglement. (<i>He shoulders the second watch gently.</i>) Dash it

all. It's a way we gallants have in the navy. Uniform that does it. (<i>He turns

gravely to the first watch.</i>) Still, of course, you do get your Waterloo sometimes.

Drop in some evening and have a glass of old Burgundy. (<i>To the second watch

gaily.</i>) I'll introduce you, inspector. She's game. Do it in the shake of a lamb's

tail.

(<i>A dark mercurialised face appears, leading a veiled figure.</i>)

<sc>the dark mercury</sc>

The Castle is looking for him. He was drummed out of the army.

<sc>martha</sc>

(<i>Thickveiled, a crimson halter round her neck, a copy of the</i> Irish Times <i>in

her hand, in tone of reproach, pointing.</i>) Henry! Leopold! Leopold! Lionel, thou

lost one! Clear my name.

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<sc>first watch</sc>

(<i>Sternly.</i>) Come to the station.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Scared, hats himself, steps back then, plucking at his heart and lifting his

right forearm on the square, he gives the sign and dueguard of fellowcraft.</i>) No, no,

worshipful master, light of love. Mistaken identity. The Lyons mail. Lesurques

and Dubosc. You remember the Childs fratricide case. We medical men. By

striking him dead with a hatchet, I am wrongfully accused. Better one guilty

escape than ninetynine wrongfully condemned.

<sc>martha</sc>

(<i>Sobbing behind her veil.</i>) Breach of promise. My real name is Peggy Griffin.

He wrote to me that he was miserable. I'll tell my brother, the Bective

rugger fullback, on you, heartless flirt.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Behind his hand.</i>) She's drunk. The woman is inebriated. (<i>He murmurs

vaguely the past of Ephraim.</i>) Shitbroleeth.

<sc>second watch</sc>

(<i>Tears in his eyes, to Bloom.</i>) You ought to be thoroughly well ashamed of

yourself.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Gentlemen of the jury, let me explain. A pure mare's nest. I am a man

misunderstood. I am being made a scapegoat of. I am a respectable married man,

without a stain on my character. I live in Eccles street. My wife, I am the

daughter of a most distinguished commander, a gallant upstanding gentleman,

what do you call him, Majorgeneral Brian Tweedy, one of Britain's fighting

men who helped to win our battles. Got his majority for the heroic defence

of Rorke's Drift.

<sc>first watch</sc>

Regiment.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Turns to the gallery.</i>) The royal Dublins, boys, the salt of the earth,

known the world over. I think I see some old comrades in arms up there

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among you. The R.D.F. With our own Metropolitan police, guardians of

our homes, the pluckiest lads and the finest body of men, as physique, in the

service of our sovereign.

<sc>a voice</sc>

Turncoat! Up the Boers! Who booed Joe Chamberlain?

<sc>bloom</sc>

<i>(His hand on the shoulder of the first watch.</i>) My old dad too was a J.P. I'm

as staunch a Britisher as you are, sir. I fought with the colours for king and

country in the absentminded war under general Gough in the park and was

disabled at Spion Kop and Bloemfontein, was mentioned in dispatches. I did

all a white man could. (<i>With quiet feeling.</i>) Jim Bludso. Hold her nozzle again

the bank.

<sc>first watch</sc>

Profession or trade.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Well, I follow a literary occupation. Author-journalist. In fact we are just

bringing out a collection of prize stories of which I am the inventor, something

that is an entirely new departure. I am connected with the British and Irish

press. If you ring up ...

(<i>Myles Crawford strides out jerkily, a quill between his teeth. His scarlet

beak blazes within the aureole of his straw hat. He dangles a hank of

Spanish onions in one hand and holds with the other hand a telephone

receiver nozzle to his ear.</i>)

<sc>myles crawford</sc>

(<i>His cock's wattles wagging.</i>) Hello, seventyseven eightfour. Hello.

<i>Freeman's Urinal</i> and <i>Weekly Arsewiper</i> here. Paralyse Europe. You which?

Bluebags? Who writes? Is it Bloom?

(<i>Mr Philip Beaufoy, palefaced, stands in the witnessbox, in accurate

morning dress, outbreast pocket with peak of handkerchief showing,

creased lavender trousers and patent boots. He carries a large portfolio

labelled</i> Matcham's Masterstrokes.)

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<sc>beaufoy</sc>

(<i>Drawls.</i>) No, you aren't, not by a long shot if I know it. I don't see it,

that's all. No born gentleman, no one with the most rudimentary promptings

of a gentleman would stoop to such particularly loathsome conduct. One of

those, my lord. A plagiarist. A soapy sneak masquerading as a literateur. It's

perfectly obvious that with the most inherent baseness he has cribbed some of

my bestselling books, really gorgeous stuff, a perfect gem, the love passages in

which are beneath suspicion. The Beaufoy books of love and great possessions

with which your lordship is doubtless familiar, are a household word

throughout the kingdom.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Murmurs with hangdog meekness.</i>) That bit about the laughing witch hand

in hand I take exception to, if I may ...

<sc>beaufoy</sc>

(<i>His lip upcurled, smiles superciliously on the court.</i>) You funny ass, you!

You're too beastly awfully weird for words! I don't think you need over

excessively disincommodate yourself in that regard. My literary agent

Mr J.B. Pinker is in attendance. I presume, my lord, we shall receive the usual

witnesses' fees, shan't we! We are considerably out of pocket over this bally

pressman johnny, this jackdaw of Rheims, who has not even been to a

university.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Indistinctly.</i>) University of life. Bad art.

<sc>beaufoy</sc>

(<i>Shouts.</i>) It's a damnably foul lie showing the moral rottenness of the

man! (<i>He extends his portfolio.</i>) We have here damning evidence the <i>corpus

delicti,</i> my lord, a specimen of my maturer work disfigured by the hallmark

of the beast.

<sc>a voice from the gallery</sc>

Moses, Moses, king of the jews,

Wiped his arse in the <i>Daily News</i>.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Bravely</i>). Overdrawn.

<sc>beaufoy</sc>

You low cad! You ought to be ducked in the horsepond, you rotter!

(<i>To the court.</i>) Why look at the man's private life! Leading a quadruple existence!

Street angel and house devil. Not fit to be mentioned in mixed society. The

arch conspirator of the age.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>To the court.</i>) And he, a bachelor, how ...

<sc>first watch</sc>

The King versus Bloom. Call the woman Driscoll.

<sc>the crier</sc>

Mary Driscoll, scullerymaid!

(<i>Mary Driscoll, a slipshod servant girl approaches. She has a bucket on

the crook of her arm and a scouringbrush in her hand.</i>)

<sc>second watch</sc>

Another! Are you of the unfortunate class?

<sc>mary driscoll</sc>

(<i>Indignantly.</i>) I'm not a bad one. I bear a respectable character and was

four months in my last place. I was in a situation, six pounds a year and my

chances with Fridays out and I had to leave owing to his carryings on.

<sc>first watch</sc>

What do you tax him with?

<sc>mary driscoll</sc>

He made a certain suggestion but I thought more of myself as poor as I am.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In housejacket of ripplecloth flannel trousers, heelless slippers, unshaven, his

hair rumpled softly.</i>) I treated you white. I gave you mementos, smart emerald

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garters far above your station. Incautiously I took your part when you were

accused of pilfering. There's a medium in all things. Play cricket.

<sc>mary driscoll</sc>

(<i>Excitedly.</i>) As God is looking down on me this night if ever I laid a

hand to them oylsters!

<sc>first watch</sc>

The offence complained of? Did something happen?

<sc>mary driscoll</sc>

He surprised me in the rere of the premises, your honour, when the

missus was out shopping one morning with a request for a safety pin. He held

me and I was discoloured in four places as a result. And he interfered twict

with my clothing.

<sc>bloom</sc>

She counterassaulted.

<sc>mary driscoll</sc>

(<i>Scornfully.</i>) I had more respect for the scouringbrush, so I had. I

remonstrated with him, your lord, and he remarked: Keep it quiet!

(<i>General laughter.</i>)

<sc>georges fottrell</sc>

(<i>Clerk of the crown and peace, resonantly.</i>) Order in court! The accused will

now make a bogus statement.

(<i>Bloom, pleading not guilty and holding a fullblown waterlily, begins a

long unintelligible speech. They would hear what counsel had to say

in his stirring address to the grandjury. He was down and out but,

through branded as a black sheep, if he might say so, he meant to reform,

to retrieve the memory of the past in a purely sisterly way and return to

nature as a purely domestic animal. A seven months child he had been

carefully brought up and nurtured by an aged bedridden parent. There

might have been lapses of an erring father but he wanted to turn over

a new leaf and now, when at long last in sight of the whipping post, to

lead a homely life in the evening of his days, permeated by the affectionate

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surroundings of the heaving bosom of the family. An acclimatised

Britisher, he had seen that summer eve from the footplate of an engine

cab of the Loop line railway company while the rain refrained from

falling glimpses, as it were, through the windows of loveful households

in Dublin city and urban district of scenes truly rural of happiness of

the better land with Dockrell's wallpaper at one and ninepence a dozen,

innocent Britishborn bairns lisping prayers to the Sacred Infant, youthful

scholars grappling with their pensums, model young ladies playing on the

pianoforte or anon all with fervour reciting the family rosary round

the crackling Yulelog while in the boreens and green lanes the colleens

with their swains strolled what times the strains of the organtoned

melodeon Brittania metalbound with four acting stops and twelvefold

bellows, a sacrifice, greatest bargain ever ...</i>)

(<i>Renewed laughter. He mumbles incoherently. Reporters complain that they

cannot hear.</i>)

<sc>longhand and shorthand</sc>

<i>(Without looking up from their notebooks.)</i> Loosen his boots.

<sc>professor machugh</sc>

(<i>From the presstable, coughs and calls.</i>)

Cough it up, man. Get it out in bits.

(<i>The crossexamination proceeds</i> re <i>Bloom and the bucket. A large bucket.

Bloom himself. Bowel trouble. In Beaver street. Gripe, yes. Quite bad.

A plasterer's bucket. By walking stifflegged. Suffered untold misery.

Deadly agony. About noon. Love or burgundy. Yes, some spinach.

Crucial moment. He did not look in the bucket. Nobody. Rather a mess.

Not completely. A</i> Titbits <i>back number.</i>)

(<i>Uproar and cat calls. Bloom in a torn frockcoat stained with whitewash,

dinged silk hat sideways on his head, a strip of stickingplaster

across his nose, talks inaudibly.</i>)

<sc>j.j. o'molloy</sc>

(<i>In barrister's grey wig and stuffgown, speaking with a voice of pained protest.</i>)

This is no place for indecent levity at the expense of an erring mortal

disguised in liquor. We are not in a beargarden nor at an Oxford rag nor is this

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a travesty of justice. My client is an infant, a poor foreign immigrant who

started scratch as a stowaway and is now trying to turn an honest penny. The

trumped up misdemeanour was due to a momentary aberration of heredity,

brought on by hallucination, such familiarities as the alleged guilty occurrence

being quite permitted in my client's native place, the land of the Pharaoh.

<i>Prima facie,</i> I put it to you that there was no attempt at carnally knowing.

Intimacy did not occur and the offence complained of by Driscoll, that her

virtue was solicited, was not repeated. I would deal in especial with atavism.

There have been cases of shipwreck and somnambulism in my client's family.

If the accused could speak he could a tale unfold one of the strangest that

have ever been narrated between the covers of a book. He himself, my lord,

is a physical wreck from cobbler's weak chest. His submission is that he is of

Mongolian extraction and irresponsible for his actions. Not all there, in fact.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Barefoot, pigeonbreasted, in lascar's vest and trousers, apologetic toes turned in,

opens his tiny mole's eyes and looks about him dazedly, passing a slow hand across

his forehead. Then he hitches his belt sailor fashion and with a shrug of oriental

obeisance salutes the court, pointing one thumb heavenward.</i>) Him makee velly

muchee fine night. (<i>He begins to lilt simply.</i>)

Li li poo lil chile.

Blingee pigfoot evly night.

Payee two shilly ...

(<i>He is howled down.</i>)

<sc>j.j. o'molloy</sc>

(<i>Hotly to the populace.</i>) This is a lonehand fight. By Hades, I will not have

any client of mine gagged and badgered in this fashion by a pack of curs and

laughing hyenas. The Mosaic code has superseded the law of the jungle.

I say it and I say it emphatically without wishing for one moment

to defeat the ends of justice, accused, was not accessory before the act and

prosecutrix has not been tampered with. The young person was treated by

defendant as if she were his very own daughter. (<i>Bloom takes J.J. O'Molloy's

hand and raises it to his lips.</i>) I shall call rebutting evidence to prove up to the

hilt that the hidden hand is again at its old game. When in doubt persecute

Bloom. My client, an innately bashful man, would be the last man in the

world to do anything ungentlemanly which injured modesty could object to

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or cast a stone at a girl who took the wrong turning when some dastard,

responsible for her condition, had worked his own sweet will on her. He wants

to go straight. I regard him as the whitest man I know. He is down on his

luck at present owing to the mortgaging of his extensive property at Agendath

Netaim in faraway Asia Minor, slides of which will now be shown. (<i>To Bloom.</i>)

I suggest that you will do the handsome thing.

<sc>bloom</sc>

A penny in the pound.

(<i>The mirage of the lake of Kinnereth with blurred cattle cropping in silver

haze is projected ou the wall. Moses Dlugacz, ferreteyed albino, in

blue dungarees, stands up in the gallery, holding in each hand an

orange citron and a pork kidney.</i>)

<sc>dlugacz</sc>

(<i>Hoarsely.</i>) Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W, 13.

(<i>J.J. O'Molloy steps on to a low plinth and holds the lapel of his coat

with solemnity. His face lengthens, grows pale and bearded, with

sunken eyes, the blotches of phthisis and hectic cheekbones of John F.

Taylor. He applies his handkerchief to his mouth and scrutinises the

galloping tide of rosepink blood.</i>

<sc>j.j. o'molloy</sc>

(<i>Almost voicelessly.</i>) Excuse me, I am suffering from a severe chill, have

recently come from a sickbed. A few wellchosen words. (<i>He assumes the avine

head, foxy moustache and proboscidal eloquence of Seymour Bushe.</i>) When the angel's

book comes to be opened if aught that the pensive bosom has inaugurated

of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live I say accord the

prisoner at the bar the sacred benefit of the doubt. <i>(A paper with something

written on it is handed into court.)</i>

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In court dress.</i>) Can give best references. Messrs Callan, Coleman. Mr Wisdom

Hely J.P. My old chief Joe Cuffe. Mr. V.B. Dillon, ex-lord mayor of Dublin.

I have moved in the charmed circle of the highest ... Queens of Dublin Society.

(<i>Carelessly.</i>) I was just chatting this afternoon at the viceregal lodge to my old pals,

sir Robert and lady Ball, astronomer royal, at the levee. Sir Bob, I said ...

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<sc>mrs yelverton barry</sc>

(<i>In lowcorsaged opal balldress and elbowlength ivory gloves, wearing a

sabletrimmed brick quilted dolman, a comb of brilliants and panache of osprey in

her hair.</i>) Arrest him, constable. He wrote me an anonymous letter in prentice

backhand when my husband was in the North Riding of Tipperary on the

Munster circuit, signed James Lovebirch. He said that he had seen from the

gods my peerless globes as I sat in a box of the <i>Theatre Royal</i> at a command

performance of <i>La Cigale</i>. I deeply inflamed him, he said. He made improper

overtures to me to misconduct myself at half past four p.m. on the following

Thursday, Dunsink time. He offered to send me through the post a work of

fiction by Monsieur Paul de Kock, entitled <i>The Girl with the Three Pairs of

Stays</i>.

<sc>mrs bellingham</sc>

(<i>In cap and seal coney mantle, wrapped up to the nose, steps out of her brougham

and scans through tortoiseshell quizzing-glasses which she takes from inside her huge

opossum muff.</i>) Also to me. Yes, I believe it is the same objectionable person.

Because he closed my carriage door outside sir Thornley Stoker's one sleety day

during the cold snap of February ninetythree when even the grid of the wastepipe

and ballstop in my bath cistern were frozen. Subsequently he enclosed a bloom

of edelweiss culled on the heights, as he said, in my honour. I had it examined

by a botanical expert and elicited the information that it was a blossom of the

homegrown potato plant purloined from a forcingcase of the model farm.

<sc>mrs yelverton barry</sc>

Shame on him!

(<i>A crowd of sluts and ragamuffins surges forward.</i>)

<sc>the sluts and ragamuffins</sc>

(<i>Screaming.</i>) Stop thief! Hurrah there, Bluebeard! Three cheers for

Ikey Mo!

<sc>second watch</sc>

(<i>Produces handcuffs.</i>) Here are the darbies.

<sc>mrs bellingham</sc>

He addressed me in several handwritings with fulsome compliments as a

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Venus in furs and alleged profound pity for my frostbound coachman Palmer

while in the same breath he expressed himself as envious of his earflaps and

ffeecy sheepskins and of his fortunate proximity to my person, when standing

behind my chair wearing my livery and the armorial bearings of the Bellingham

escutcheon garnished sable, a buck's head couped or. He lauded almost

extravagantly my nether extremities, my swelling calves in silk hose drawn up

to the limit and eulogised glowingly my other hidden treasures in priceless

lace which, he said, he could conjure up. He urged me, stating that he felt it

his mission in life to urge me, to defile the marriage bed, to commit adultery

at the earliest possible opportunity.

<sc>the honourable mrs mervyn talboys</sc>

(<i>In amazon costume, hard hat, jackboots cockspurred, vermilion waistcoat, fawn

musketeer gauntlets with braided drums, long train held up and hunting crop with

which she strikes her welt constantly.</i>) Also me. Because he saw me on the polo

ground of the Phœnix park at the match All Ireland versus the Rest of Ireland.

My eyes, I know, shone divinely as I watched Captain Slogger Dennehy of

the Inniskillings win the final chukkar on his darling cob <i>Centaur</i>. This

plebeian Don Juan observed me from behind a hackney car and sent me in

double envelopes an obscene photograph, such as are sold after dark on Paris

boulevards, insulting to any lady. I have it still. It represents a partially nude

se|?norita, frail and lovely (his wife as he solemnly assured me, taken by him

from nature) practising illicit intercourse with a muscular torero, evidently a

blackguard. He urged me to do likewise, to misbehave, to sin with officers of

the garrison. He implored me to soil his letter in an unspeakable manner, to

chastise him as he richly deserves, to bestride and ride him, to give him a most

vicious horsewhipping.

<sc>mrs bellingham</sc>

Me too.

<sc>mrs yelverton barry</sc>

Me too.

(<i>Several highly respectable Dublin ladies hold up improper letters received

from Bloom.</i>)

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<sc>the honourable mrs mervyn talboys</sc>

(<i>Stamps her jingling spurs in a sudden paroxysm of sudden fury.</i>) I will, by

the God above me. I'll scourge the pigeonlivered cur as long as I can stand

over him. I'll flay him alive.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>His eyes closing, quails expectantly.</i>) Here? (<i>He squirms.</i>) Again! (<i>He pants

cringing.</i>) I love the danger.

<sc>the honourable mrs mervyn talboys</sc>

Very much so! I'll make it hot for you. I'll make you dance Jack Latten

for that.

<sc>mrs bellingham</sc>

Tan his breech well, the upstart! Write the stars and stripes on it!

<sc>mrs yeluerton barry</sc>

Disgraceful! There's no excuse for him! A married man!

<sc>bloom</sc>

All these people. I meant only the spanking idea. A warm tingling glow

without effusion. Refined birching to stimulate the circulation.

<sc>the honourable mrs mervyn talboys</sc>

(<i>Laughs derisively.</i>) O, did you, my fine fellow? Well, by the living God,

you'll get the surprise of your life now, believe me, the most unmerciful hiding

a man ever bargained for. You have lashed the dormant tigress in my nature

into fury.

<sc>mrs bellingham</sc>

(<i>Shakes her muff and quizzing-glasses vindictively.</i>) Make him smart, Hanna

dear. Give him ginger. Thrash the mongrel within an inch of his life. The

cat-o'-nine tails. Geld him. Vivisect him.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shuddering, shrinking, joins his hands with hangdog mien.</i>) O cold! O

shivery! It was your ambrosial beauty. Forget, forgive. Kismet. Let me off

this once. (<i>He offers the other cheek.</i>)

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<sc>mrs yelverton barry</sc>

(<i>Severely.</i>) Don't do so on any account, Mrs Talboys! He should be

soundly trounced!

<sc>the honourable mrs mervyn talboys</sc>

(<i>Unbuttoning her gauntlet violently.</i>) I'll do no such thing. Pig dog and always

was ever since he was pupped! To dare address me! I'll flog him black and blue

in the public streets. I'll dig my spurs in him up to the rowel. He is a wellknown

cuckold. (<i>She swishes her huntingcrop savagely in the air.</i>) Take down his trousers

without loss of time. Come here, sir! Quick! Ready?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Trembling, beginning to obey.</i>) The weather has been so warm.

(<i>Davy Stephens, ringletted, passes with a bevy of barefoot newsboys.</i>)

<sc>davy stephens</sc>

<i>Messenger of the Sacred Heart</i> and <i>Evening Telegraph</i> with Saint Patrick's

Day Supplement. Containing the new addresses of all the cuckolds in Dublin.

(<i>The very reverend Canon O'Hanlon in cloth of gold cope elevates and

exposes a marble timepiece. Before him Father Conroy and the reverend

John Hughes S.J. bend low.</i>)

<sc>the timepiece</sc>

(<i>Unportalling.</i>)

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

(<i>The brass quoits of a bed are heard to jingle.</i>)

<sc>the quoits</sc>

Jigjag, Jigajiga. Jigjag.

(<i>A panel of fog rolls back rapidly, revealing rapidly in the jurybox the

faces of Martin Cunningham, foreman, silkhatted, Jack Power,

Simon Dedalus, Tom Kernan, Ned Lambert, John Henry Menton,

Myles Crawford, Lenehan, Paddy Leonard, Nosey Flynn, M'Coy

and the featureless face of a Nameless One.</i>)

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<sc>the nameless one</sc>

Bareback riding. Weight for age. Gob, he organised her.

<sc>the jurors</sc>

(<i>All their heads turned to his voice.</i>) Really?

<sc>the nameless one</sc>

(<i>Snarls.</i>) Arse over tip. Hundred shillings to five.

<sc>the jurors</sc>

(<i>All their heads lowered in assent.</i>) Most of us thought as much.

<sc>first watch</sc>

He is a marked man. Another girl's plait cut. Wanted: Jack the Ripper.

A thousand pounds reward.

<sc>second watch</sc>

(<i>Awed, whispers.</i>) And in black. A mormon. Anarchist.

<sc>the crier</sc>

(<i>Loudly.</i>) Whereas Leopold Bloom of no fixed abode is a wellknown

dynamitard, forger, bigamist, bawd and cuckold and a public nuisance to the

citizens of Dublin and whereas at this commission of assizes the most

honourable ...

(<i>His Honour, sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, in judicial garb

of grey stone rises from the bench, stonebearded. He bears in his arms

an umbrella sceptre. From his forehead arise starkly the Mosaic

ramshorns.</i>)

<sc>the recorder</sc>

I will put an end to this white slave traffic and rid Dublin of this odious

pest. Scandalous! (<i>He dons the black cap.</i>) Let him be taken, Mr Subsheriff,

from the dock where he now stands and detained in custody in Mountjoy

prison during His Majesty's pleasure and there be hanged by the neck until he

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is dead and therein fail not at your peril or may the Lord have mercy on

your soul. Remove him. (<i>A black skullcap descends upon his head.</i>)

(<i>The subsheriff Long John Fanning appears, smoking a pungent Henry

Clay.</i>)

<sc>long john fanning</sc>

(<i>Scowls and calls with rich rolling utterance.</i>) Who'll hang Judas Iscariot?

(<i>H. Rumbold, master barber, in a bloodcoloured jerkin and tanner's

apron, a rope coiled over his shoulder, mounts the block. A life

preserver and a nailstudded bludgeon are stuck in his belt. He rubs

grimly his grappling hands, knobbed with knuckledusters.</i>)

<sc>rumbold</sc>

(<i>To the recorder with sinister familiarity.</i>) Hanging Harry, your Majesty,

the Mersey terror. Five guineas a jugular. Neck or nothing.

(<i>The bells of George's church toll slowly, loud dark iron.</i>)

<sc>the bells</sc>

Heigho! Heigho!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Desperately.</i>) Wait. Stop. Gulls. Good heart. I saw. Innocence. Girl in

the monkeyhouse. Zoo. Lewd chimpanzees. (<i>Breathlessly.</i>) Pelvic basin. Her

artless blush unmanned me. (<i>Overcome with emotion.</i>) I left the precincts. (<i>He

turns to a figure in the crowd, appealing.</i>) Hynes, may I speak to you? You

know me. That three shillings you can keep. If you want a little more ...

<sc>hynes</sc>

(<i>Coldly.</i>) You are a perfect stranger.

<sc>second watch</sc>

(<i>Points to the corner.</i>) The bomb is here.

<sc>first watch</sc>

Infernal machine with a time fuse.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

No, no. Pig's feet. I was at a funeral.

<sc>first watch</sc>

(<i>Draws his truncheon.</i>) Liar!

(<i>The beagle lift his snout, showing the grey scorbutic face of Paddy Dignam.

He has gnawed all. He exhales a putrid carcasefed breath. He grows

to human size and shape. His dachshund coat becomes a brown mortuary

habit. His green eye flashes bloodshot. Half of one ear, all the nose and

both thumbs are ghouleaten.</i>)

<sc>paddy dignam</sc>

(<i>In a hollow voice.</i>) It is true. it was my funeral. Doctor Finucane

pronounced life extinct when I succumbed to the disease from natural causes.

(<i>He lifts his mutilated ashen face moonwards and bays lugubriously.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In triumph.</i>) You hear?

<sc>paddy dignam</sc>

Bloom, I am Paddy Dignam's spirit. List, list, O list!

<sc>bloom</sc>

The voice is the voice of Esau.

<sc>second watch</sc>

(<i>Blesses himself.</i>) How is that possible?

<sc>first watch</sc>

It is not in the penny catechism.

<sc>paddy dignam</sc>

By metempsychosis. Spooks.

<sc>a voice</sc>

O rocks.

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<sc>paddy dignam</sc>

(<i>Earnestly.</i>) Once I was in the employ of Mr J.H. Menton solicitor,

commissioner for oaths and affidavits, of 27 Bachelor's Walk. Now I am

defunct, the wall of the heart hypertrophied. Hard lines. The poor wife was

awfully cut up. How is she bearing it? Keep her off that bottle of sherry. (<i>He

looks round him.</i>) A lamp. I must satisfy an animal need. That buttermilk didn't

agree with me.

(<i>The portly figure of John O'Connell, caretaker, stands forth, holding a

bunch of keys tied with crape. Beside him stands Father Coffey, chaplain,

toadbellied, wrynecked, in a surplice and bandanna nightcap, holding

sleepily a staff of twisted poppies.</i>)

<sc>father coffey</sc>

(<i>Yawns, then chants with a hoarse croak.</i>) Namine. Jacobs Vobiscuits. Amen.

<sc>john o'connell</sc>

(<i>Foghorns stormily through his megaphone.</i>) Dignam, Patrick T, deceased.

<sc>paddy dignam</sc>

(<i>With pricked up ears, winces.</i>) Overtones. (<i>He wriggles forward, places an

ear to the ground.</i>) My master's voice!

<sc>john o'connell</sc>

Burial docket letter number U.P. Eightyfive thousand. Field seventeen.

House of Keys, Plot, one hundred and one.

(<i>Paddy Dignam listens with visible effort, thinking, his tail stiffpointed,

his ears cocked.</i>)

<sc>paddy dignam</sc>

Pray for the repose of his soul.

(<i>He worms down through a coalhole, his brown habit trailing its tether

over rattling pebbles. After him toddles an obese grandfather rat on

fungus turtle paws under a grey carapace. Dignam's voice, muffled,

is heard baying under ground:</i> Dignam's dead and gone below.

<i>Tom Rochford, robinredbreasted, in cap and breeches, jumps from his

twocolumned machine.</i>)

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<sc>tom rochford</sc>

(<i>A hand to his breastbone, bows.</i>) Reuben J. A florin I find him. (<i>He fixes

the manhole with a resolute stare.</i>) My turn now on. Follow me up to Carlow.

(<i>He executes a daredevil salmon leap in the air and is engulfed in the

coalhole. Two discs on the columns wobble eyes of nought. All recedes.

Bloom plodges forward again. He stands before a lighted house, listening.

The kisses, winging from their bowers fly about him, twittering,

warbling, cooing.</i>)

<sc>the kisses</sc>

(<i>Warbling.</i>) Leo! (<i>Twittering.</i>) Icky licky micky sticky for Leo! (<i>Cooing.</i>)

Coo coocoo! Yummyumm Womwom! (<i>Warbling.</i>) Big comebig! Pirouette!

Leopopold! (<i>Twittering.</i>) Leeolee! (<i>Warbling.</i>) O Leo!

(<i>They rustle, flutter upon his garments, alight, bright giddy flecks, silvery

sequins.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

A man's touch. Sad music. Church music. Perhaps here.

(<i>Zoe Higgins, a young whore in a sapphire slip, closed with three bronze

buckles, a slim black velvet fillet round her throat, nods, trips down

the steps and accosts him.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

Are you looking for someone? He's inside with his friend.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Is this Mrs Mack's?

<sc>zoe</sc>

No, eightyone. Mrs Cohen's. You might go farther and fare worse. Mother

Slipperslapper. (<i>Familiarly.</i>) She's on the job herself tonight with the vet, her

tipster, that gives her all the winners and pays for her son in Oxford. Working

overtime but her luck's turned today. (<i>Suspiciously.</i>) You're not his father, are

you?

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<sc>bloom</sc>

Not I!

<sc>zoe</sc>

You both in black. Has little mousey any tickles tonight?

(<i>His skin, alert, feels her fingertips approach. A hand slides over his left

thigh.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

How's the nuts?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Off side. Curiously they are on the right. Heavier I suppose. One in a

million my tailor, Mesias, says.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>In sudden alarm.</i>) You've a hard chancre.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Not likely.

<sc>zoe</sc>

I feel it.

(<i>Her hand slides into his left trouser pocket and brings out a hard black

shrivelled potato. She regards it and Bloom with dumb moist lips.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

A talisman. Heirloom.

<sc>zoe</sc>

For Zoe? For keeps? For being so nice, eh?

(<i>She puts the potato greedily into a pocket, then links his arm, cuddling him

with supple warmth. He smiles uneasily. Slowly, note by note, oriental

music is played. He gazes in the tawny crystal of her eyes, ringed with

kohol. His smile softens.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

You'll know me the next time.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Forlornly.</i>) I never loved a dear gazelle but it was sure to ...

(<i>Gazelles are leaping, feeding on the mountains. Near are lakes. Round

their shores file shadows black of cedargroves. Aroma rises, a strong

hairgrowth of resin. It burns, the orient, a sky of sapphire, cleft by the

bronze flight of eagles. Under it lies the womancity, nude, white, still,

cool, in luxury. A fountain murmurs among damask roses. Mammoth

roses murmur of scarlet winegrapes. A wine of shame, lust, blood

exudes, strangely murmuring.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Murmuring singsong with the music, her odalisk lips lusciously smeared

with salve of swinefat and rosewater.</i>)

<i>Schorach ani wenowach, benoith Hierushaloim.</i>

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Fascinated.</i>) I thought you were of good stock by your accent.

<sc>zoe</sc>

And you know what thought did?

(<i>She bites his ear gently with little goldstopped teeth sending on him a cloying

breath of stale garlic. The roses draw apart, disclose a sepulchre of

the gold of kings and their mouldering bones.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Draws back, mechanically caressing her right bub with a flat awkward hand.</i>)

Are you a Dublin girl?

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Catches a stray hair deftly and twists it to her coil.</i>) No bloody fear. I'm

English. Have you a swaggerroot?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>As before.</i>) Rarely smoke, dear. Cigar now and then. Childish device.

(<i>Lewdly.</i>) The mouth can be better engaged than with a cylinder of rank weed.

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<sc>zoe</sc>

Go on. Make a stump speech out of it.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In workman's corduroy overalls, black gansy with red floating tie and apache

cap.</i>) Mankind is incorrigible. Sir Walter Raleigh brought from the new world

that potato and that weed, the one a killer of pestilence by absorption, the other

a poisoner of the ear, eye, heart, memory, will, understanding, all. That is to

say, he brought the poison a hundred years before another person whose

name I forget brought the food. Suicide. Lies. All our habits. Why, look at our

public life!

(<i>Midnight chimes from distant steeples.</i>)

<sc>the chimes</sc>

Turn again, Leopold! Lord mayor of Dublin!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In alderman's gown and chain.</i>) Electors of Arran Quay, Inns Quay,

Rotunda, Mountjoy and North Dock better run a tramline, I say, from the

cattlemarket to the river. That's the music of the future. That's my programme.

<i>Cui bono?</i> But our bucaneering Vanderdeckens in their phantom ship of

finance ...

<sc>an elector</sc>

Three times three for our future chief magistrate!

(<i>The aurora borealis of the torchlight procession leaps.</i>)

<sc>the torchbearers</sc>

Hooray!

(<i>Several wellknown burgesses, city magnates and freemen of the city shake

hands with Bloom and congratulate him. Timothy Harrington, late

thrice Lord Mayor of Dublin, imposing in mayoral scarlet, gold chain

and white silk tie, confers with councillor Lorcan Sherlock, locum

tenens. They nod vigorously in agreement.</i>)

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<sc>late lord mayor harrington</sc>

(<i>In scarlet robe with mace, gold mayoral chain and large white silk scarf.</i>)

That alderman, sir Leo Bloom's speech be printed at the expense of the

ratepayers. That the house in which he was born be ornamented with a

commemorative tablet and that the thoroughfare hitherto known as Cow

Parlour off Cork street be henceforth designated Boulevard Bloom.

<sc>councillor lorcan sherlock</sc>

Carried unanimously.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Impassionedly.</i>) These flying Dutchmen or lying Dutchmen as they recline

in their upholstered poop, casting dice, what reck they? Machines is their cry,

their chimera, their panacea. Laboursaving apparatuses, supplanters, bugbears,

manufactured monsters for mutual murder, hideous hobgoblins produced by

a horde of capitalistic lusts upon our prostituted labour. The poor man starves

while they are grassing their royal mountain stags or shooting peasants and

phartridges in their purblind pomp of pelf and power. But their reign is rover

for rever and ever and ev ...

(<i>Prolonged applause. Venetian masts, maypoles and festal arches spring

up. A streamer bearing the legends</i> Cead Mile Failte <i>and</i> Mah Ttob

Melek Israel <i>spans the street. All the windows are thronged with

sightseers, chiefly ladies. Along the route the regiments of the royal

Dublin fusiliers, the King's own Scottish borderers, the Cameron

Highlanders and the Welsh Fusiliers, standing to attention keep back

the crowd. Boys from High school are perched on the lampposts, telegraph

poles, windowsills, cornices, gutters, chimneypots, railings, rainspouts,

whistling and cheering. The pillar of the cloud appears. A fife and

drum band is heard in the distance playing the Kol Nidre. The beaters

approach with imperial eagles hoisted, trailing banners and waving

oriental palms. The chryselephantine papal standard rises high,

surrounded by pennons of the civic fl|?ag. The van of the procession appears

headed by John Howard Parnell, city marshal, in a chessboard tabard,

the Athlone Poursuivant and Ulster King of Arms. They are followed

by the Right Honourable Joseph Hutchinson, lord mayor of Dublin, the

lord mayor of Cork, their worships the mayors of Limerick, Galway,

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Sligo and Waterford, twentyeight Irish representative peers, sirdars,

grandees and maharajahs bearing the cloth of estate, the Dublin

Metropolitan Fire Brigade, the chapter of the saints of finance in their

plutocratic order of precedence, the bishop of Down and Connor, His

Eminence Michael cardinal Logue archbishop of Armagh, primate of

all Ireland, His Grace, the most reverend Dr William Alexander,

archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland, the chief rabbi, the

presbyterian moderator, the heads of the baptist, anabaptist, methodist

and Moravian chapels and the honorary secretary of the society of

friends. After them march the guilds and trades and trainbands with

flying colours: coopers, bird fanciers, millwrights, newspaper

canvassers, law scriveners, masseurs, vintners, trussmakers, chimney

sweeps, lard refiners, tabinet and poplin weavers, farriers, Italian

warehousemen, church decorators, bootjack manufacturers, understakers,

silk mercers, lapidaries, salesmasters, corkcutters, assessors of fire

losses, dyers and cleaners, export bottlers, fellmongers, ticketwriters,

heraldic seal engravers, horse repository hands, bullion brokers,

cricket and archery outfitters, riddlemakers, egg and potato factors,

hosiers and glovers, plumbing contractors. After them march gentlemen

of the bedchamber, Black Rod, Deputy Garter, Gold Stick, the master

of horse, the lord great chamberlain, the earl marshal, the high constable

carrying the sword of state, saint Stephen's iron crown, the chalice and

bible. Four buglers on foot blow a sennet. Beefeaters reply, winding

clarions of welcome. Under an arch of triumph Bloom appears

bareheaded, in a crimson velvet mantletrimmed with ermine, bearing

Saint Edward's staff, the orb and sceptre with the dove, the curtana.

He is seated on a milkwhite horse with long flowing crimson tail, richly

caparisoned, with golden headstall. Wild excitement. The ladies from

their balconies throw down rosepetals. The air is perfumed with essences.

The men cheer. Bloom's boys run amid the bystanders with branches of

hawthorn and wrenbushes.</i>)

<sc>bloom's boys</sc>

The wren, the wren,

The king of all birds,

Saint Stephen's his day

Was caught in the furze.

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<sc>a blacksmith</sc>

(<i>Murmurs.</i>) For the honour of God! And is that Bloom? He scarcely

looks thirtyone.

<sc>a pavior</sc> and <sc>flagger</sc>

That's the famous Bloom now, the world's greatest reformer. Hats off!

(<i>All uncover their heads. Women whisper eagerly.</i>)

<sc>a millionairess</sc>

(<i>Richly.</i>) Isn't he simply wonderful?

<sc>a noblewoman</sc>

(<i>Nobly.</i>) All that man has seen!

<sc>a feminist</sc>

(<i>Masculinely.</i>) And done!

<sc>a bellhanger</sc>

A classic face! He has the forehead of a thinker.

(<i>Bloom's weather. A sunburst appears in the northwest.</i>)

<sc>the bishop of down and connor</sc>

I here present your undoubted emperor president and king chairman, the

most serene and potent and very puissant ruler of this realm. God save Leopold

the First!

<sc>all</sc>

God save Leopold the First!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In dalmatic and purple mantle, to the bishop of Down and Connor, with

dignity.</i>) Thanks, somewhat eminent sir.

<sc>william, archbishop of armagh</sc>

(<i>In purple stock and shovel hat.</i>) Will you to your power cause law and

mercy to be executed in all your judgments in Ireland and territories thereunto

belonging?

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Placing his right hand on his testicles, swears.</i>) So may the Creator deal

with me. All this I promise to do.

<sc>michael, archbishop of armagh</sc>

(<i>Pours a cruse of hairoil over Bloom's head.</i>) <i>Gaudium magnum annuntio

vobis. Habemus carneficem.</i> Leopold, Patrick, Andrew, David, George, be thou

anointed!

(<i>Bloom assumes a mantle of cloth of gold and puts on a ruby ring. He

ascends and stands on the stone of destiny. The representative peers put

on at the same time their twentyeight crowns. Joybells ring in Christ

church, Saint Patrick's, George's and gay Malahide. Mirus bazaar

fireworks go up from all sides with symbolical phallopyrotechnic designs.

The peers do homage, one by one, approaching and genuflecting.</i>)

<sc>the peers</sc>

I do become your liege man of life and limb to earthly worship.

(<i>Bloom holds up his right hand on which sparkles the Koh-i-Noor diamond.

His palfrey neighs. Immediate silence. Wireless intercontinental and

interplanetary transmitters are set for reception of message.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

My subjects! We hereby nominate our faithful charger Copula Felix

hereditary Grand Vizier and announce that we have this day repudiated our

former spouse and have bestowed our royal hand upon the princess Selene,

the splendour of night.

(<i>The former morganatic spouse of Bloom is hastily removed in the Black

Maria. The princess Selene, in moonblue robes, a silver crescent on her

head, descends from a Sedan chair, borne by two giants. An outburst

of cheering.</i>)

<sc>john howard parnell</sc>

(<i>Raises the royal standard.</i>) Illustrious Bloom! Successor to my famous

brother!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Embraces John Howard Parnell.</i>) We thank you from our heart, John,

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for this right royal welcome to green Erin, the promised land of our common

ancestors.

(<i>The freedom of the city is presented to him embodied in a charter. The

keys of Dublin, crossed on a crimson cushion, are given to him. He

shows all that he is wearing green socks.</i>)

<sc>tom kernan</sc>

You deserve it, your honour.

<sc>bloom</sc>

On this day twenty years ago we overcame the hereditary enemy at

Ladysmith. Our howitzers and camel swivel guns played on his lines with

telling effect. Half a league onward! They charge! All is lost now! Do we

yield? No! We drive them headlong! Lo! We charge! Deploying to the left

our light horse swept across the heights of Plevna and, uttering thier warcry,

<i>Bonafide Sabaoth</i>, sabred the Saracen gunners to a man.

<sc>the chapel of freeman typesetters</sc>

Hear! Hear!

<sc>john wyse nolan</sc>

There's the man that got away James Stephens.

<sc>a bluecoat schoolboy</sc>

Bravo!

<sc>an old resident</sc>

You're a credit to your country, sir, that's what you are.

<sc>an applewoman</sc>

He's a man like Ireland wants.

<sc>bloom</sc>

My beloved subjects, a new era is about to dawn. I, Bloom, tell you verily

it is even now at hand. Yea, on the word of a Bloom, ye shall ere long enter

into the golden city which is to be, the new Bloomusalem in the Nova

Hibernia of the future.

(<i>Thirty two workmen wearing rosettes, from all the counties of Ireland,

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under the guidance of Derwan the builder, construct the new

Bloomusalem. It is a colossal edifice, with crystal roof, built in the

shape of a huge pork kidney, containing forty thousand rooms. In

the course of its extension several buildings and monuments are

demolished. Government offices are temporarily transferred to railway

sheds. Numerous houses are razed to the ground. The inhabitants are

lodged in barrels and boxes, all marked in red with the letters: L.B.

Several paupers fall from a ladder. A part of the walls of Dublin

crowded with loyal sightseers, collapses.</i>)

<sc>the sightseers</sc>

(<i>Dying.</i>) <i>Morituri te salutant.</i> (<i>They die.</i>)

(<i>A man in a brown macintosh springs up through a trapdoor. He points

an elongated figure at Bloom.</i>)

<sc>the man in the macintosh</sc>

Don't you believe a word he says. That man is Leopold M'Intosh, the

notorious fireraiser. His real name is Higgins.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Shoot him! Dog of a christian! So much for M'Intosh!

(<i>A cannonshot. The man in the macintosh disppears. Bloom with his sceptre

strikes down poppies. The instantaneous deaths of many powerful

enemies, graziers, members of parliament, members of standing

committees, are reported. Bloom's bodyguard distribute Maundy money,

commemoration medals, loaves and fishes, temperance badges, expensive

Henry Clay cigars, free cowbones for soup, rubber preservatives, in

sealed envelopes tied with gold thread, butter scotch, pineapple rock,</i>

billets doux <i>in the form of cocked hats, readymade suits, porringers of

toad in the hole, bottles of Jeyes' Fluid, purchase stamps, 40 days'

indulgences, spurious coins, dairyfed pork sausages, theatre passes, season

tickets available for all tram lines, coupons of the royal and prvileged

Hungarian lottery, penny dinner counters, cheap reprints of the World's

Twelve Worst Books: Froggy and Fritz</i> (<i>politic</i>)<i>, Care of the Baby</i>

(<i>infantilic</i>), <i>50 Meals for 7/6</i> (<i>culinic</i>), <i>Was Jesus a Sun Myth?</i>

(<i>historic</i>)<i>, Expel that Pain</i> (<i>medic</i>), <i>Infant's Compendium of the

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Universe</i> (<i>cosmic</i>), <i>Let's All Chortle</i> (<i>hilaric</i>), <i>Canvasser's Vade

Mecum</i> (<i>journalic</i>), <i>Loveletters of Mother Assistant</i> (<i>erotic</i>), <i>Who's

Who in Space</i> (<i>astric</i>), <i>Songs that Reached 'Our Heart</i> (<i>melodic</i>),

<i>Pennywise's Way to Wealth</i> (<i>parsimonic</i>). <i>A general rush and

scramble. Women press forward to touch the hem of Bloom's robe.

The lady Gwendolen Dubedat bursts through the throng, leaps on

his horse and kisses him on both cheeks amid great acclamation.

A magnesium flashlight photograph is taken. Babes and sucklings

are held up.</i>)

<sc>the women</sc>

Little father! Little father

<sc>the babes</sc> and <sc>sucklings</sc>

Clap clap hands till Poldy comes home,

Cakes in his pocket for Leo alone.

(<i>Bloom, bending down, pokes Baby Boardman gently in the stomach.</i>)

<sc>baby boardman</sc>

(<i>Hiccups, curdled milk flowing from his mouth.</i>) Hajajaja.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shaking hands with a blind stripling.</i>) My more than Brother! (<i>Placing

his arms round the shoulders of an old couple.</i>) Dear old friends! (<i>He playes pussy

fourcorners with ragged boys and girls.</i>) Peep! Bopeep! (<i>He wheels twins in a

perambulator.</i>) Ticktacktwo wouldyousetashoe? (<i>He performs juggler's tricks,

draws red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet silk haudherchiefs from his

mouth.</i>) Roygbiv. 32 feet per second. (<i>He consoles a widow.</i>) Absence makes the

heart grow younger. (<i>He dances the Highland fling with grotesque antics.</i>)

Leg it, ye devils! (<i>He kisses the bedsores of a palsied veteran.</i>) Honourable

wounds! (<i>He trips up a fat policeman.</i>) U.p: up. U.p: up. (<i>He whispers in the

ear of a blushing waitress and laughs kindly.</i>) Ah, naughty, naughty! (<i>He eats a

raw turnip offered him by Maurice Butterly, farmer.</i>) Fine! Splendid! (<i>He refuses

to accept three shillings offered him by Joseph Hynes, journalist.</i>) My dear fellow,

not at all! (<i>He gives his coat to a beggar.</i>) Please accept. (<i>He takes part in a

stomach race with elderly male and female cripples.</i>) Come on, boys! Wriggle it,

girls!

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<sc>the citizen</sc>

(<i>Choked with emotion, brushes aside a tear in his emerald muffler.</i>) May the

good God bless him!

(<i>The ram's horns sound for silence. The standard of Zion is hoisted.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Uncloaks impressively, revealing obesity, unrolls a paper and reads solemnly.</i>)

Aleph Beth Ghimel Daleth Hagadah Tephilim Kosher Yom Kippur Hanukah

Roschaschana Beni Brith Bar Mitzvah Mazzoth Askenazim Meshuggah Talith.

(<i>An official translation is read by Jimmy Henry, assistant town clerk.</i>)

<sc>jimmy henry</sc>

The Court of Conscience is now open. His Most Catholic Majesty will now

administer open air justice. Free medical and legal advice, solution of doubles

and other problems. All cordially invited. Given at this our loyal city of Dublin

in the year 1 of the Paradisiacal Era.

<sc>paddy leonard</sc>

What am I to do about my rates and taxes?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Pay them, my friend.

<sc>paddy leonard</sc>

Thank you.

<sc>nosey flynn</sc>

Can I raise a mortgage on my fire insurance?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Obdurately.</i>) Sirs, take notice that by the law of torts you are bound over

in your own recognisances for six months in the sum of five pounds.

<sc>j.j. o'molloy</sc>

A Daniel did I say? Nay! A Peter O'Brien!

<sc>nosey flynn</sc>

Where do I draw the five pounds?

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<sc>pisser burke</sc>

For bladder trouble?

<sc>bloom</sc>

<i>Acid. nit. hydrochlor dil</i>, 20 minims

<i>Tinct. mix. vom</i>, 5 minims

<i>Extr. taraxel. lig.</i> 30 minims.

<i>Aq. dis. ter in die.</i>

<sc>chris callinan</sc>

What is the parallax of the subsolar ecliptic of Aldebaran?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Pleased to hear from you, Chris. K. 11.

<sc>joe hynes</sc>

Why aren't you in uniform?

<sc>bloom</sc>

When my progenitor of sainted memory wore the uniform of the Austrian

despot in a dank prison where was yours?

<sc>ben dollard</sc>

Pansies?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Embellish (beautify) suburban gardens.

<sc>ben dollard</sc>

When twins arrive?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Father (pater, dad) starts thinking.

<sc>larry o'rourke</sc>

An eight day licence for my new premises. You remember me, sir Leo,

when you were in number seven. I'm sending around a dozen of stout for

the missus.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Coldly.</i>) You have the advantage of me. Lady Bloom accepts no

presents.

<sc>crofton</sc>

This is indeed a festivity.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Solemnly.</i>) You call it a festivity. I call it a sacrament.

<sc>alexander keyes</sc>

When will we have our own house of keys?

<sc>bloom</sc>

I stand for the reform of municipal morals and the plain ten commandments.

New worlds for old. Union of all, jew, moslem and gentile. Three acres

and a cow for all children of nature. Saloon motor hearses. Compulsory manual

labour for all. All parks open to the public day and night. Electric

dishscrubbers. Tuberculosis, lunacy, war and mendicancy must now cease.

General amnesty, weekly carnival, with masked licence, bonuses for all,

esperanto the universal brotherhood. No more patriotism of barspongers and

dropsical impostors. Free money, free love and a free lay church in a free lay

state.

<sc>o'madden burke</sc>

Free fox in a free henroost.

<sc>davy byrne</sc>

(<i>Yawning.</i>) Iiiiiiiiiaaaaaaach!

<sc>bloom</sc>

Mixed races and mixed marriage.

<sc>lenehan</sc>

What about mixed bathing?

(<i>Bloom explains to those near him his schemes for social regeneration. All

agree with him. The keeper of the Kildare Street museum appears,

dragging a lorry on which are the shaking statues of several naked

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goddesses, Venus Callipyge, Venus Pandemos, Venus Metempsychosis,

and plaster figures, also naked, representing the new nine muses,

Commerce, Operatic Music, Amor, Publicity, Manufacture, Liberty

of Speech, Plural Voting, Gastronomy, Private Hygiene, Seaside

Concert Entertainments, Painless Obstetrics and Astronomy for the

People.</i>)

<sc>father farley</sc>

He is an episcopalian, an agnostic, an anythingarian seeking to overthrow

our holy faith.

<sc>mrs riordan</sc>

(<i>Tears up her will.</i>) I'm disappointed in you! You bad man!

<sc>mother grogan</sc>

(<i>Removes her boot to throw it at Bloom.</i>) You beast! You abominable person!

<sc>nosey flynn</sc>

Give us a tune, Bloom. One of the old sweet songs.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>With rollicking humour.</i>)

I vowed that I never would leave her,

She turned out a cruel deceiver.

With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom.

<sc>hoppy holohan</sc>

Good old Bloom! There's nobody like him after all.

<sc>paddy leonard</sc>

Stage Irishman!

<sc>bloom</sc>

What railway opera is like a tramline in Gibraltar? The Rows of Casteele

(<i>Laughter.</i>)

<sc>lenehan</sc>

Plagiarist! Down with Bloom!

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<sc>the veiled sibyl</sc>

(<i>Enthusiastically.</i>) I'm a Bloomite and I glory in it. I believe in him in

spite of all. I'd give my life for him, the funniest man on earth.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Winks at the bystanders.</i>) I bet she's a bonny lassie.

<sc>theodore purefoy</sc>

(<i>In fishingcap and oilskin jacket.</i>) He employs a mechanical device to

frustrate the sacred ends of nature.

<sc>the veiled sibyl</sc>

(<i>Stabs herself.</i>) My hero god! (<i>She dies.</i>)

(<i>Many most attractive and enthusiastic women also commit suicide by

stabbing, drowning, drinking prussic acid, aconite, arsenic, opening

their veins, refusing food, casting themselves under steamrollers, from

the top of Nelson's Pillar, into the great vat of Guinness's brewery,

asphyxiating themselves by placing their heads in gas ovens, hanging

themselves in stylish garters, leaping from windows of different storeys.</i>)

<sc>alexander j. dowie</sc>

(<i>Violently.</i>) Fellowchristians and antiBloomites, the man called Bloom is

from the roots of hell, a disgrace to christian men. A fiendish libertine from

his earliest years this stinking goat of Mendes gave precocious signs of infantile

debauchery recalling the cities of the plain, with a dissolute granddam. This

vile hypocrite, bronzed with infamy, is the white bull mentioned in the

Apocalypse. A worshipper of the Scarlet Woman, intrigue is the very breath of

his nostrils. The stake faggots and the caldron of boiling oil are for him. Caliban!

<sc>the mob</sc>

Lynch him! Roast him! He's as bad as Parnell was. Mr. Fox!

(<i>Mother Grogan throws her boot at Bloom. Several shopkeepers from

upper and lower Dorset street throw objects of little or no commercial

value, hambones, condensed milk tins, unsaleable cabbage, stale bread,

sheeps'tails, odd pieces of fat.</i>)

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Excitedly.</i>) This is midsummer madness, some ghastly joke again. By

heaven, I am guiltless as the unsunned snow! It was my brother Henry. He

is my double. He lives in number 2 Dolphin's Barn. Slander, the viper, has

wrongfully accused me. Fellowcountrymen, <i>sgenl inn ban bata coisde gan capall.</i>

I call on my old friend, Dr Malachi Mulligan, sex specialist, to give medical

testimony on my behalf.

<sc>dr mulligan</sc>

(<i>In motor jerkin, green motorgoggles on his brow.</i>) Dr Bloom is bisexually

abnormal. He has recently escaped from Dr Eustace's private asylum for

demented gentlemen. Born out of bedlock hereditary epilepsy is present, the

consequence of unbridled lust. Traces of elephantiasis have been discovered

among his ascendants. There are marked symptoms of chronic exhibitionism.

Ambidexterity is also latent. He is prematurely bald from selfabuse, perversely

idealistic in consequence, a reformed rake, and has metal teeth. In consequence

of a family complex he has temporarily lost his memory and I believe him to

be more sinned against than sinning. I have made a pervaginal examination

and, after application of the acid test to 5427 anal, axillary, pectoral and

pubic hairs, I declare him to be <i>virgo intacta</i>.

(<i>Bloom holds his high grade hat over his genital organs.</i>)

<sc>dr madden</sc>

Hypsospadia is also marked. In the interest of coming generations I suggest

that the parts affected should be preserved in spirits of wine in the national

teratological museum.

<sc>dr crotthers</sc>

I have examined the patient's urine. It is albuminoid. Salivation is

insufficient, the patellar reflex intermittent.

<sc>dr punch costello</sc>

The <i>fetor judaicus</i> is most perceptible.

<sc>dr dixon</sc>

(<i>Reads a bill of health.</i>) Professor Bloom is a finished example of the new

womanly man. His moral nature is simple and lovable. Many have found

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him a dear man, a dear person. He is a rather quaint fellow on the whole,

coy though not feebleminded in the medical sense. He has written a really

beautiful letter, a poem in itself, to the court missionary of the Reformed

Priests Protection Society which clears up everything. He is practically a total

abstainer and I can affirm that he sleeps on a straw litter and eats the most

Spartan food, cold dried grocer's peas. He wears a hairshirt winter and summer

and scourges himself every Saturday. He was, I understand, at one time a

firstclass misdemeanant in Glencree reformatory. Another report states that he

was a very posthumous child. I appeal for clemency in the name of the most

sacred word our vocal organs have ever been called upon to speak. He is about

to have a baby.

(<i>General commotion and compassion. Women faint. A wealthy American

makes a street collection for Bloom. Gold and silver coins, blank

cheques, banknotes, jewels, treasury bonds, maturing bills of exchange,

I.O.U's, wedding rings, watchchains, lockets, necklaces and bracelets

are rapidly collected.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

O, I so want to be a mother.

<sc>mrs thornton</sc>

(<i>In nursetender's gown.</i>) Embrace me tight, dear. You'll be soon over it.

Tight, dear.

(<i>Bloom embraces her tightly and bears eight male yellow and white children.

They appear on a redcarpeted staircase adorned with expensive plants.

All are handsome, with valuable metallic faces, wellmade, respectably

dressed and wellconducted, speaking five modern languages fluently

and interested in various arts and sciences. Each has his name

printed in legible letters on his shirtfront: Nasodoro, Goldfinger,

Chrysostomos, Maindorée, Silversmile, Silberselber, Vifargent,

Panargyros. They are immediately appointed to positions of high public

trust in several different countries as managing directors of banks,

traffic managers of railways, chairmen of limited liability companies,

vice chairmen of hotel syndicates.</i>)

<sc>a voice</sc>

Bloom, are you the Messiah ben Joseph or ben David?

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Darkly.</i>) You have said it.

<sc>brother buzz</sc>

Then perform a miracle.

<sc>bantam lyons</sc>

Prophesy who will win the Saint Leger.

(<i>Bloom walks on a net, covers his left eye with his left ear, passes

through several walls, climbs Nelson's Pillar, hangs from the top

ledge by his eyelids, eats twelve dozen oysters (shells included), heals

several sufferers from king's evil, contracts his face so as to resemble

many historical personages, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Byron, Wat

Tyler, Moses of Egypt, Moses Maimonides, Moses Mendelssohn,

Henry Irving, Rip van Winkle, Kossuth, Jean Jacques Rousseau,

Baron Leopold Rothschild, Robinson Crusoe, Sherlock Holmes,

Pasteur, turns each foot simultaneously in different directions, bids the

tide turn back, eclipses the sun by extending his little finger.</i>)

<sc>brini, papal nuncio</sc>

(<i>In papal zouave's uniform, steel cuirasses as breastplate, armplates,

thighplates, legplates, large profane moustaches and brown paper

mitre.</i>)

<i>Leopoldi autem generatio.</i> Moses begat Noah and Noah begat Eunuch and

Eunuch begat O'Halloran and O'Halloran begat Guggenheim and Guggenheim

begat Agendath and Agendath begat Netaim and Netaim begat Le Hirsch and

Le Hirsch begat Jesurum and Jesurum begat MacKay and MacKay begat

Ostrolopsky and Ostrolopsky begat Smerdoz and Smerdoz begat Weiss

and Weiss begat Schwarz and Schwarz begat Adrianopoli and Adrianopoli

begat Aranjuez and Aranjuez begat Lewy Lawson and Lewy Lawson begat

Ichabudonosor and Ichabudonosor begat O'Donnell Magnus and O'Donnell

Magnus begat Christbaum and Christbaum begat ben Maimun and ben Maimun

begat Dusty Rhodes and Dusty Rhodes begat Benamor and Benamor begat

Jones-Smith and Jones-Smith begat Savorgnanovich and Savorgnanovich

begat Jasperstone and Jasperstone begat Vingtetunieme and Vingtetunieme

begat Szombathely and Szombathely begat Virag and Virag begat Bloom <i>et

vocabitur nomen eius Emmanuel</i>.

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<sc>a deadhand</sc>

(<i>Writes on the wall.</i>) Bloom is a cod.

<sc>crab</sc>

(<i>In bushranger's kit.</i>) What did you do in the cattlecreep behind Kilbarrack?

<sc>a female infant</sc>

(<i>Shakes a rattle.</i>) And under Ballybough bridge?

<sc>a hollybush</sc>

And in the devil's glen?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Blushes furiously all over from frons to nates, three tears falling from his left

eye.</i>) Spare my past.

<sc>the irish evicted tenants</sc>

(<i>In bodycoats, kneebreeches, with Donnybrook fair shillelaghs.</i>) Sjambok him!

(<i>Bloom with asses' ears seats himself in the pillory with crossed arms, his

feet protruding. He whistles</i> Don Giovanni, a cenar teco. <i>Artane

orphans, joining hands, caper round him. Girls of the Prison Gate

Mission, joining hands, caper round in the opposite direction.</i>)

<sc>the artane orphans</sc>

You hig, you hog, you dirty dog!

You think the ladies love you!

<sc>the prison gate girls</sc>

If you see kay

Tell him he may

See you in tea

Tell him from me.

<sc>hornblower</sc>

(<i>In ephod and huntingcap, announces.</i>) And he shall carry the sins of the

people to Azazel, the spirit which is in the wilderness, and to Lilith, the

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nighthag. And they shall stone him and defile him, yea, all from Agendath

Netaim and from Mizraim, the land of Ham.

(<i>All the people cast soft pantomime stones at Bloom. Many bonafide

travellers and ownerless dogs come near him and defile him.

Mastiansky and Citron approach in gaberdines, wearing long earlocks,

They wag their beards at Bloom.</i>)

<sc>mastiansky and citron</sc>

Belial! Laemlein of Istria! the false Messiah! Abulafia!

(<i>George S. Mesias, Bloom's tailor, appears, a tailor's goose under his arm,

presenting a bill.</i>)

<sc>mesias</sc>

To alteration one pair trousers eleven shillings.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Rubs his hands cheerfully.</i>) Just like old times. Poor Bloom!

(<i>Reuben J. Dodd, blackbearded Iscariot, bad shepherd, bearing on his

shoulders the drowned corpse of his son, approaches the pillory.</i>)

<sc>reuben j.</sc>

(<i>Whispers hoarsely.</i>) The squeak is out. A split is gone for the flatties. Nip

the first rattler.

<sc>the fire brigade</sc>

Pflaap!

<sc>brother buzz</sc>

(<i>Invests Bloom in a yellow habit with embroidery of painted flames and high

pointed hat. He places a bag of gunpowder round his neck and hands him over to the

civil power, saying.</i>) Forgive him his trespasses.

(<i>Lieutenant Myers of the Dublin Fire Brigade by general request sets fire

to Bloom. Lamentations.</i>)

<sc>the citizen</sc>

Thank heaven!

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In a seamless garment marked I.H.S. stands upright amid phoenix flames.</i>)

Weep not for me, O daughters of Erin.

(<i>He exhibits to Dublin reporters traces of burning. The daughters of Erin,

in black garments with large prayerbooks and long lighted candles in

their hands, kneel down and pray.</i>)

<sc>the daughters of erin</sc>

Kidney of Bloom, pray for us.

Flower of the Bath, pray for us.

Mentor of Menton, pray for us.

Canvasser for the Freeman, pray for us.

Charitable Mason, pray for us.

Wandering Soap, pray for us.

Sweets of Sin, pray for us.

Music without Words, pray for us.

Reprover of the Citizen, pray for us.

Friend of all Frillies, pray for us.

Midwife Most Merciful, pray for us.

Potato Preservative against Plague and Pestilence, pray for us.

(<i>A choir of six hundred voices, conducted by Mr Vincent O'Brien, sings

the Alleluia chorus, accompanied on the organ by Joseph Glynn.

Bloom becomes mute, shrunken, carbonised.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

Talk away till you're black in the face.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In caubeen with clay pipe stuck in the band, dsuty brogues, an emigrant's red

handkerchief bundle in his hand leading a black bogoak pig by a sugaun, with a

smile in his eye.</i>) Let me be going now, woman of the house, for by all the

goats in Connemara I'm after having the father and mother of a bating.

(<i>With a tear in his eye.</i>) All insanity. Patriotism, sorrow for the dead, music,

future of the race. To be or not to be. Life's dream is o'er. End it peacefully.

They can live on. (<i>He gazes far away mournfully.</i>) I am ruined. A few pastilles

of aconite. The blinds drawn. A letter. Then lie back to rest. (<i>He breathes

softly.</i>) No more. I have lived. Fare. Farewell.

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<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Stiffly, her finger in her neckfillet.</i>) Honest? Till the next time. (<i>She sneers.</i>)

Suppose you got up the wrong side of the bed or came too quick with your

best girl. O, I can read your thoughts.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Bitterly.</i>) Man and woman, love, what is it? A cork and bottle.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>In sudden sulks.</i>) I hate a rotter that's insincere. Give a bleeding whore a

chance.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Repentantly.</i>) I am very disagreable. You are a necessary evil. Where are

you from? London?

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Glibly.</i>) Hog's Norton where the pigs plays the organs. I'm Yorkshire

born (<i>She holds his hand which is feeling for her nipple.</i>) I say, Tommy Tittlemouse.

Stop that and begin worse. Have you cash for a short time? Ten shillings?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Smiles, nods slowly.</i>) More, houri, more.

<sc>zoe</sc>

And more's mother? (<i>She pats him offhandedly with velvet paws.</i>) Are you

coming into the musicroom to see our new pianola? Come and I'll peel off.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Feeling his occiput dubiously with the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed

pedlar gauging the symmetry of her peeled pears.</i>) Somebody would be dreadfully

jealous if she knew. The greeneyed monster (<i>Earnestly.</i>) You know how difficult

it is. I needn't tell you.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Flattered.</i>) What the eye can't see the heart can't grieve for (<i>She pats him.</i>)

Come.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Laughing witch! The hand that rocks the cradle.

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<sc>zoe</sc>

Babby!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In babylinen and pelisse, bigheaded, with a caul of dark hair, fixes big eyes on

her fluid slip and counts its bronze buckles with a chubby finger, his moist tongue

lolling and lisping.</i>) One two tlee: tlee tlwo tlone.

<sc>the buckles</sc>

Love me. Love me not. Love me.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Silent means consent. (<i>With little parted talons she captures his hand, her

forefinger giving to his palm the passtouch of secret monitor, luring him to doom.</i>)

Hot hands cold gizzard.

(<i>He hesitates amid scents, music, temptations. She leads him towards the

steps, drawing him by the odour of her armpits, the vice of her painted

eyes, the rustle of her slip in whose sinuous folds lurks the lion reek

of all the male brutes that have possessed her.</i>)

<sc>the male brutes</sc>

(<i>Exhaling sulphur of rut and dung and ramping in their loosebox, faintly

roaring, their drugged heads swaying to and fro.</i>) Good!

(<i>Zoe and Bloom reach the doorway where two sister whores are seated. They

examine him curiously from under their pencilled brows and smile to

his hasty bow. He trips awkwardly.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Her lucky hand instantly saving him.</i>) Hoopsa! Don't fall upstairs.

<sc>bloom</sc>

The just man falls seven times (<i>He stands aside at the threshold.</i>) After you

is good manners.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Ladies first, gentlemen after.

(<i>She crosses the threshold. He hesitates. She turns and, holding out her hands,

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draws him over. He hops. On the antlered rack of the hall hang a man's

hat and waterproof, Bloom uncovers himself but, seeing them, frowns

then smiles, preoccupied. A door on the return landing is thrown open.

A man in purple shirt and grey trousers brownsocked, passes with an

ape's gait, his bald head and goatee beard upheld, hugging a full

waterjugjar, his twotailed black braces dangling at heels. Averting

his face quickly Bloom bends to examine on the halltable the spaniel

eyes of a running fox: then, his lifted head sniffing, follows Zoe into

the musicroom. A shade of mauve tissuepaper dims the light of the

chandelier. Round and round a moth flies, colliding, escaping. The

floor is covered with an oilcloth mosaic of jade and azure and cinnabar

rhomboids. Footmarks are stamped over it in all senses, heel to heel,

heel to hollow, toe to toe, feet locked, a morris of shuffling feet without

body phantoms, all in a scrimmage higgledypiggledy. The walls are

tapestried with a paper of yewfronds and clear glades. In the grate is

spread a screen of peacock feathers. Lynch squats crosslegged on the

hearthrug of matted hair, his cap back to the front. With a wand he

beats time slowly. Kitty Ricketts, a bony pallid whore in navy

costume, doeskin gloves rolled back from a coral wristlet, a chain purse

in her hand, sits perched on the edge of the table swinging her leg

and glancing at herself in the gilt mirror over the mantlepiece. A tag

of her corset lace hangs slightly below her jacket. Lynch indicates

mockingly the couple at the piano.</i>)

<sc>kitty</sc>

(<i>Coughs behind her hand.</i>) She's a bit imbecillic. (<i>She signs with a waggling

forefinger.</i>) Blemblem. (<i>Lynch lifts up her skirt and white petticoat with the wand.

She settles them down quickly.</i>) Respect yourself. (<i>She hiccups, then bends quickly

her sailor hat under which her hair glows, red with henna.</i>) O, excuse!

<sc>zoe</sc>

More limelight, Charley. (<i>She goes to the chandelier and turns the gas full cock.</i>)

<sc>kitty</sc>

(<i>Peers at the gasjet.</i>) What ails it tonight?

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<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Deeply.</i>) Enter a ghost and hobgoblins.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Clap on the back for Zoe.

(<i>The wand in Lynch's hand flashes: a brass poker. Stephen stands at the

pianola on which sprawl his hat and ashplant. With two fingers he

repeats once more the series of empty fifths. Florry Talbot, a blond

feeble goosefat whore in a tatterdemalion gown of mildewed strawberry

lolls spreadeagle in the sofa corner, her limp forearm pendent over the

bolster, listening. A heavy stye droops over her sleepy eyelid.</i>)

<sc>kitty</sc>

(<i>Hiccups again with a kick of her horsed foot.</i>) O, excuse!

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Promptly.</i>) Your boy's thinking of you. Tie a knot on your shift.

(<i>Kitty Ricketts bends her head. Her boa uncoils, slides, glides over her

shoulder, back, arm, chair to the ground. Lynch lifts the curled

catterpillar on his wand. She snakes her neck, nestling. Stephen

glances behind at the squatted figure with its cap back to the front.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

As a matter of fact it is of no importance whether Benedetto Marcello

found it or made it. The rite is the poet's rest. It may be an old hymn to

Demeter or also illustrate <i>Cœla enarrant gloriam Domini</i>. It is susceptible of

nodes or modes as far apart as hyperphrygian and mixolydian and of texts so

divergent as priests haihooping round David's that is Circe's or what am I

saying Ceres' altar and David's tip from the stable to his chief bassoonist about

the alrightiness of his almightiness. <i>Mais, nom de nom,</i> that is another pair of

trousers. <i>Jetez la gourme. Faut que jeunesse se passe.</i> (<i>He stops, points at Lynch's cap,

smiles, laughs.</i>) Which side is your knowledge bump?

<sc>the cap</sc>

(<i>With saturnine spleen.</i>) Bah! It is because it is. Woman's reason. Jewgreek

is greekjew. Extremes meet. Death is the highest form of life. Bah!

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<sc>stephen</sc>

You remember fairly accurately all my errors, boasts, mistakes. How long

shall I continue to close my eyes to disloyalty? Whetstone!

<sc>the cap</sc>

Bah!

<sc>stephen</sc>

Here's another for you. (<i>He frowns.</i>) The reason is because the

fundamental and the dominant are separated by the greatest possible interval

which ...

<sc>the cap</sc>

Which? Finish. You can't.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>With an effort.</i>) Interval which. Is the greatest possible elipse. Consistent

with. The ultimate return. The octave. Which.

<sc>the cap</sc>

Which?

(<i>Outside the gramophone begins to blare</i> The Holy City.)

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Abruptly.</i>) What went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not

itself, God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed

in reality itself becomes that self. Wait a moment. Wait a second. Damn that

fellow's noise in the street. Self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned

to become. <i>Ecco!</i>

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>With a mocking whinny of laughter grins at Bloom and Zoe Higgins.</i>) What

a learned speech, eh?

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Briskly.</i>) God help your head, he knows more than you have forgotten.

(<i>With obese stupidity Florry Talbot regards Stephen.</i>)

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<sc>florry</sc>

They say the last day is coming this summer.

<sc>kitty</sc>

No!

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Explodes in laughter.</i>) Great unjust God!

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Offended.</i>) Well, it was in the papers about Antichrist. O, my foot's tickling.

(<i>Ragged barefoot newsboys jogging a wagtail kite, patter past, yelling.</i>)

<sc>the newsboys</sc>

Stop press edition. Result of the rockinghorse races. Sea serpent in the

royal canal. Safe arrival of Antichrist.

(<i>Stephen turns and sees Bloom.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

A time, times and half a time.

(<i>Reuben J. Antichrist, wandering jew, a clutching hand open on his spine,

stumps forward. Across his loins is slung a pilgrim's wallet from

which protrude promissory notes and dishonoured bills. Aloft over his

shoulder he bears a long boatpole from the hook of which the sodden

huddled mass of his only son, saved from Liffey waters hangs from

the slack of its breeches. A hobgoblin in the image of Punch Costello,

hipshot, crookbacked, hydrocephalic, prognatic with receding forehead

and Ally Sloper nose tumbles in somersaults through the gathering

darkness.</i>)

<sc>all</sc>

What?

<sc>the hobgoblin</sc>

(<i>His jaws chattering, capers to and fro, goggling his eyes, squeaking,

kangaroohopping, with outstretched clutching arms then all at once thrusts his

lipless face through the fork of his thighs.</i>) <i>Il vient! C'est moi! L'homme qui rit!

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L'homme primigène!</i> (<i>He whirls round and round with dervish howls.</i>) <i>Sieurs et

dames, faites vos jeux!</i> (<i>He crouches juggling. Tiny roulette planets fly from his

hands.</i>) <i>Les jeux sont faits!</i> (<i>The planets rush together, uttering crepitant cracks.</i>)

<i>Rien n'va plus.</i> (<i>The planets, buoyant balloons, sail swollen up and away. He

springs off into vacuum.</i>)

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Sinking into torpor, crosses herself secretly.</i>) The end of the world!

(<i>A female tepid effluvium leaks out from her. Nebulous obscurity occupies

space. Through the drifting fog without the gramophone blares over

coughs and feetshuffling.</i>)

<sc>the gramophone</sc>

Jerusalem!

Open your gates and sing

Hosanna ...

(<i>A rocket rushes up the sky and bursts. A white star falls from it,

proclaiming the consummation of all things and second coming of

Elijah. Along an infinite invisible tightrope taut from zenith to nadir

the End of the World, a twoheaded octopus in gillie's kilts, busby

and tartan filibegs whirls through the murk, head over heels, in the

form of the Three Legs of Man.</i>)

<sc>the end of the world</sc>

(<i>With a Scotch accent.</i>) Wha'll dance the keel row, the keel row, the

keel row?

(<i>Over the passing drift and choking breathcoughs, Elijah's voice, harsh as

a corncrake's, jars on high. Perspiring in a loose lawn surplice with

funnel sleeves he is seen, vergerfaced, above a rostrum about which

the banner of old glory is draped. He thumps the parapet.</i>)

<sc>elijah</sc>

No yapping, if you please, in this booth. Jake Crane, Creole Sue, Dave

Campbell, Abe Kirschner, do your coughing with your mouths shut. Say, I am

operating all this trunk line. Boys, do it now. God's time is 12.25. Tell mother

you'll be there. Rush your order and you play a slick ace. Join on right here!

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Book through to eternity junction, the nonstop run. Just one word more. Are

you a god or a doggone clod? If the second advent came to Coney Island are

we ready? Florry Christ, Stephen Christ, Zoe Christ, Bloom Christ, Kitty

Christ, Lynch Christ, it's up to you to sense that cosmic force. Have we cold

feet about the cosmos? No. Be on the side of the angels. Be a prism. You have

that something within, the higher self. You can rub shoulders with a Jesus, a

Gautama, an Ingersoll. Are you all in this vibration? I say you are. You once

nobble that, congregation, and a buck joyride to heaven becomes a back number.

You got me? It's a lifebrightener, sure. The hottest stuff ever was. It's the

whole pie with jam in. It's just the cutest snappiest line out. It is immense,

supersumptuous. It restores. It vibrates. I know and I am some vibrator. Joking

apart and getting down to bedrock, A.J. Christ Dowie and the harmonial

philosophy have you got that? O.K. Seventyseven west sixtyninth street. Got

me? That's it. You call me up by sunphone any old time. Bumboosers, save

your stamps. (<i>He shouts.</i>) Now then our glory song. All join heartily in the

singing. Encore! (<i>He sings.</i>) Jeru ...

<sc>the gramophone</sc>

(<i>Drowning his voice.</i>)

Whorusalaminyourhighhohhhh ... (<i>The disc rasps gratingly against the

needle.</i>)

<sc>the three whores</sc>

(<i>Covering their ears, squawk.</i>) Ahhkkk!

<sc>elijah</sc>

(<i>In rolledup shirtsleeves, black in the face, shouts at the top of his voice, his arms

uplifted.</i>) Big Brother up there, Mr President, you hear what I done just been

saying to you. Certainly, I sort of believe strong in you, Mr President. I

certainly am thinking now Miss Higgins and Miss Ricketts got religion way

inside them. Certainly seems to me I don't never see no wusser scared female

than the way you been, Miss Florry, just now as I done seed you. Mr President,

you come long and help me save our sisters dear. (<i>He winks at his audience.</i>)

Our Mr President, he twig the whole lot and he ain't saying nothing.

<sc>kitty-kate</sc>

I forgot myself. In a weak moment I erred and did what I did on

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Constitution hill. I was confirmed by the bishop. My mother's sister married

a Montmorency. It was a working plumber was my ruination when I was pure.

<sc>zoe-fanny</sc>

I let him larrup it into me for the fun of it.

<sc>florry-teresa</sc>

It was in consequence of a portwine beverage on top of Hennessy's three

stars. I was guilty with Whelan when he slipped into the bed.

<sc>stephen</sc>

In the beginning was the word, in the end the world without end. Blessed

be the eight beatitudes.

(<i>The beatitudes, Dixon, Madden, Crotthers, Costello, Lenehan, Bannon,

Mulligan and Lynch in white surgical students' gowns, four abreast,

goosestepping, tramp fast past in noisy marching.</i>)

<sc>the beatitudes</sc>

(<i>Incoherently.</i>) Beer beef battledog buybull businum barnum buggerum

bishop.

<sc>lyster</sc>

(<i>In quakergrey kneebreeches and broadbrimmed hat, says discreetly.</i>) He is our

friend. I need not mention names. Seek thou the light.

(<i>He corantos by. Best enters in hairdresser attire, shinily laundered, his

locks in curlpapers. He leads John Eglinton who wears a mandarin's

kimono of Nankeen yellow, lizardlettered, and a high pagoda hat.</i>)

<sc>best</sc>

(<i>Smiling, lifts the hat and displays a shaven poll from the crown of which

bristles a pigtail toupee tied with an orange topknot.</i>) I was just beautifying him,

don't you know. A thing of beauty, don't you know, Yeats says, or I mean,

Keats says.

<sc>john eglinton</sc>

(<i>Produces a greencapped dark lantern and flashes it towards a corner; with car-//ping

accent.</i>) Esthetics and cosmetics are for the boudoir. I am out for truth.

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Plain truth for a plain man. Tanderagee wants the facts and means to get

them.

(<i>In the cone of the searchlight behind the coalscuttle, ollave, holyeyed, the

bearded figure of Mananann Mac Lir broods, chin on knees. He

rises slowly. A cold seawind blows from his druid mantle. About his

head writhe eels and elvers. He is encrusted with weeds and shells.

His right hand holds a bicycle pump. His left hand grasps a huge

crayfish by its two talons.</i>)

<sc>mhananann mac lir</sc>

(<i>With a voice of waves.</i>) Aum! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor! Ma! White

yoghin of the Gods. Occult pimander of Hermes Trismegistos. (<i>With a voice

of whistling seawind.</i>) Punarjanam patsypunjaub! I won't have my leg pulled.

It has been said by one: beware the left, the cult of Shakti. (<i>With a cry of

stormbirds.</i>) Shakti, Shiva! Dark hidden Father! (<i>He smites with his bicycle pump the

crayfish in his left hand. On its cooperative dial glow the twelve signs of the zodiac.

He wails with the vehemence of the ocean.</i>) Aum! Baum! Pyjaum! I am the light

of the homestead, I am the dreamery creamery butter.

(<i>A skeleton judashand strangles the light. The green light wanes to mauve.

The gasjet wails whistling.</i>)

<sc>the gasjet</sc>

Pooah! Pfuiiiiii!

(<i>Zoe runs to the chandelier and, crooking her leg, adjusts the mantle.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

Who has a fag as I'm here?

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Tossing a cigarette on to the table.</i>) Here.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Her head perched aside in mock pride.</i>) Is that the way to hand the <i>pot</i> to a

lady? (<i>She stretches up to light the cigarette over the flame, twirling it slowly, showing

the brown tufts of her armpits. Lynch with his poker lifts boldly a side of her slip.

Bare from her garters up her flesh appears under the sapphire a nixie's green. She puffs

calmly at her cigarette.</i>) Can you see the beauty spot of my behind?

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<sc>lynch</sc>

I'm not looking.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Makes sheep's eyes.</i>) No? You wouldn't do a less thing. Would you suck a

lemon?

(<i>Squinting in mock shame she glances with sidelong meaning at Bloom

then twists round towards him, pulling her slip free of the poker.

Blue fluid again flows over her flesh. Bloom stands, smiling

desirously, twirling his thumbs. Kitty Ricketts licks her middle finger

with her spittle and gazing in the mirror, smooths both eyebrows.

Lipoti Virag, basilicogrammate, chutes rapidly down through the

chimneyflue and struts two steps to the left on gawky pink stilts. He

is sausaged into several overcoats and wears a brown macintosh under

which he holds a roll of parchment. In his left eye flashes the

monocle of Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell. On his

head is perched an Egyptian pshent. Two quills project over his ears.</i>)

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Heels together, bows.</i>) My name is Virag Lipoti, of Szombathely. (<i>He coughs

thoughtfully, drily.</i>) Promiscuous nakedness is much in evidence hereabouts,

eh? Inadvertently her backview revealed the fact that she is not wearing those

rather intimate garments of which you are a particular devotee. The injection

mark on the thigh I hope you perceived? Good.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Granpapachi. But ...

<sc>virag</sc>

Number two on the other hand, she of the cherry rouge and coiffeuse

white, whose hair owes not a little to our tribal elixir of gopherwood is in

walking costume and tightly staysed by her sit, I should opine. Backbone in

front, so to say. Correct me but I always understood that the act so performed

by skittish humans with glimpses of lingerie appealed to you in virtue of its

exhibitionististicicity. In a word. Hippogriff. Am I right?

<sc>bloom</sc>

She is rather lean.

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<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Not unpleasantly.</i>) Absolutely! Well observed and those pannier pockets of

the skirt and slightly pegtop effect are devised to suggest bunchiness of hip.

A new purchase at some monster sale for which a gull has been mulcted.

Meretricious finery to deceive the eye. Observe the attention to details of

dustspecks. Never put on you tomorrow what you can wear today Parallax! (<i>With

a nervous twitch of his head.</i>) Did you hear my brain go snap? Pollysyllabax!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>An elbow resting in a hand, a forefinger against his cheek.</i>) She seems sad.

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Cynically, his weasel teeth bared yellow, draws down his left eye wilh a finger

and barks hoarsely.</i>) Hoax! Beware of the flapper and bogus mournful. Lily of

the alley. All possess bachelor's button discovered by Rualdus Columbus.

Tumble her. Columble her. Chameleon. (<i>More genially.</i>) Well then, permit

me to draw your attention to item number three. There is plenty of her visible

to the naked eye. Observe the mass of oxygenated vegetable matter on her

skull. What ho, she bumps! The ugly duckling of the party, longcasted and

deep in keel.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Regretfully.</i>) When you come out without your gun.

<sc>virag</sc>

We can do you all brands mlld, medium and strong. Pay your money,

take your choice. How happy caould you be with either ...

<sc>bloom</sc>

With? ...

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>His tongue upcurling.</i>) Lyum! Look. Her beam is broad. Sbe is coated with

quite a considerable layer of fat. Obviously mammal in weight of bosom you

remark that she has in front well to the fore two protuberances of very

respectable dimensions, inclined to fall in the noonday soupplate, while on her

rere lower down are two additional protuberances, suggestive of potent rectum

and tumescent for palpation which leave nothing to be desired save compactness.

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Such fleshy parts are the product of careful nurture. When coopfattened their

livers reach an elephantine size. Pellets of new bread with fennygreek and

gumbenjamin swamped down by potions of green tea endow them during

their brief existence with natural pincushions of quite colossal blubber. That

suits your book, eh? Fleshhotpots of Egypt to hanker after. Wallow in it.

Lycopodium. (<i>His throat twitches.</i>) Slapbang! There he goes again.

<sc>bloom</sc>

The stye I dislike.

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Arches his eyebrows.</i>) Contact with a goldring, they say. <i>Argumentum ad

feminam</i>, as we said in old Rome and ancient Greece in the consulship of

Diplodocus and Ichthyosaurus. For the rest Eve's sovereign remedy. Not for

sale. Hire only. Huguenot. (<i>He twitches.</i>) It is a funny sound. (<i>He coughs

encouragingly.</i>) But possibly it is only a wart. I presume you shall have

remembered what I will have taught you on that head? Wheatenmeal with

honey and nutmeg.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Reflecting.</i>) Wheatenmeal with lycopodium and syllabax. This searching

ordeal. It has been an unusually fatiguing day, a chapter of accidents. Wait. I

mean, wartsblood spreads warts, you said ...

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Severely, his nose hardhumped, his side eye winking.</i>) Stop twirling your

thumbs and have a good old thunk. See, you have forgotten. Exercise your

mnemotechnic. <i>La causa è santa.</i> Tara. Tara. (<i>Aside.</i>) He will surely remember.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Rosemary also did I understand you to say or willpower over parasitic

tissues. Then nay no I have an inkling. The touch of a deadhand cures.

Mnemo?

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Excitedly.</i>) I say so. I say so. E'en so. Technic. (<i>He taps his parchment

roll energetically.</i>) This book tells you how to act with all descriptive particulars.

Consult index for agitated fear of aconite, melancholy of muriatic, priapic

pulsatilla. Virag is going to talk about amputation. Our old friend caustic.

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They must be starved. Snip off with horsehair under the denned neck. But, to

change the venue to the Bulgar and the Basque, have you made up your mind

whether you like or dislike women in male habiliments. (<i>With a dry snigger.</i>)

You intended to devote an entire year to the study of the religious problem and

the summer months of 1882 to square the circle and win that million.

Pomegranate! From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Pyjamas, let

us say? Or stockingette gussetted knickers, closed? Or, put we the case, those

complicated combinations, camiknickers? (<i>He crows derisively.</i>) Keekeereekee!

(<i>Bloom surveys incertainly the three whores then gazes at the veiled mauve

light, hearing the everflying moth.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

I wanted then to have now concluded. Nightdress was never. Hence this.

But tomorrow is a new day will be. Past was is today. What now is will then

tomorrow as now was be past yester.

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Prompts into his ear in a pig's whisper.</i>) Insects of the day spend their

brief existence in reiterated coition, lured by the smell of the inferiorly

pulchritudinous fumale possessing extendified pudendal verve in dorsal region.

Pretty Poll! (<i>His yellow parrotbeak gabbles nasally.</i>) They had a proverb in

the Carpathians in or about the year five thousand five hundred and fifty of

our era. One tablespoonful of honey will attract friend Bruin more than half

a dozen barrels of first choice malt vinegar. Bear's buzz bothers bees. But of

this apart. At another time we may resume. We were very pleased, we others.

(<i>He coughs and, bending his brow, rubs his nose thoughtfully with a scooping hand.</i>)

You shall find that these night insects follow the light. An illusion for

remember their complex unadjustable eye. For all these knotty points see the

seventeenth book of my Fundamentals of Sexology or the Love Passion

which Doctor L.B. says is the book sensation of the year. Some, to example,

there are again whose movements are automatic. Perceive. That is his

appropriate sun. Nightbird nightsun nighttown. Chase me, Charley! Buzz!

<sc>bloom</sc>

Bee or bluebottle too other day butting shadow on wall dazed self then

me wandered dazed down shirt good job I ...

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<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>His face impassive, laughs in a rich feminine key.</i>) Splendid! Spanish fly

in his fly or mustard plaster on his dibble. (<i>He gabbles gluttonously with

turkey wattles.</i>) Bubbly jock! Bubbly jock! Where are we? Open Sesame!

Cometh forth! (<i>He unrolls his parchment rapidly and reads, his glowworm's nose

running backwards over the letters which he claws.</i>) Stay, good friend. I bring

thee thy answer. Redbank oysters will shortly be upon us. I'm the best o'cook.

Those succulent bivalves may help us and the truffles of Perigord, tubers

dislodged through mister omnivorous porker, were unsurpassed in cases of nervous

debility or viragitis. Though they stink yet they sting. (<i>He wags his head with

cackling raillery.</i>) Jocular. With my eyeglass in my ocular.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Absently.</i>) Ocularly woman's bivalve case is worse. Always open sesame.

The cloven sex. Why they fear vermin, creeping things. Yet Eve and the

serpent contradict. Not a historical fact. Obvious analogy to my idea. Serpents

too are gluttons for woman's milk. Wind their way through miles of omnivorous

forest to sucksucculent her breast dry. Like those bubblyjocular Roman matrons

one reads of in Elephantuliasis.

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>His mouth projected in hard wrinkles, eyes stonily forlornly closed, psalms in

outlandish monotone.</i>) That the cows with their those distended udders that they

have been the known ...

<sc>bloom</sc>

I am going to scream. I beg your pardon. Ah? So. (<i>He repeats.</i>)

Spontaneously to seek out the saurian's lair in order to entrust their teats to

his avid suction. Ant milks aphis. (<i>Profoundly.</i>) Instinct rules the world. In

life. In death.

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Head askew, arches his back and hunched wingshoulders, peers at the moth

out of blear bulged eyes, points a horning claw and cries.</i>) Who's Ger Ger? Who's

dear Gerald? O, I much fear he shall be most badly burned. Will some pleashe

pershon not now impediment so catastrophics mit agitation of firstclass

tablenumpkin? (<i>He mews.</i>) Luss puss puss puss! (<i>He sighs, draws back and

stares sideways down with dropping underjaw.</i>) Well, well. He doth rest anon.

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<sc>the moth</sc>

I'm a tiny tiny thing

Ever flying in the spring

Round and round a ringaring.

Long ago I was a king,

Now I do this kind of thing

On the wing, on the wing!

Bing!

(<i>He rushes against the mauve shade flapping noisily</i>). Pretty pretty pretty

pretty pretty pretty petticoats.

(<i>From left upper entrance with two sliding steps Henry Flower comes

forward to left front centre. He wears a dark mantle and drooping

plumed sombrero. He carries a silverstringed inlaid dulcimer and a

longstemmed bamboo Jacob's pipe, its clay bowl fashioned as a female

head. He wears dark velvet hose and silverbuckled pumps. He has

the romantic Saviour's face with flowing locks, thin beard and

moustache. His spindlelegs and sparrow feet are those of the tenor

Mario, prince of Candia. He settles down his goffered ruffs and

moistens his lips with a passage of his amorous tongue.</i>)

<sc>henry</sc>

(<i>In a low dulcet voice, touching the strings of his guitar.</i>) There is a flower

that bloometh.

(<i>Virag truculent, his jowl set, stares at the lamp. Grave Bloom regards

Zoe's neck. Henry gallant turns with pendant dewlap to the piano.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>To himself.</i>) Play with your eyes shut. Imitate pa. Filling my belly with

husks of swine. Too much of this. I will arise and go to my. Expect this is the.

Steve, thou art in a parlous way. Must visit old Deasy or telegraph. Our interview

of this morning has left on me a deep impression. Though our ages. Will

write fully tomorrow. I'm partially drunk, by the way. (<i>He touches the keys

again.</i>) Minor chord comes now. Yes. Not much however.

(<i>Almidano Artifoni holds out a batonroll of music with vigorous

moustachework.</i>)

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<sc>artifoni</sc>

<i>Ci rifletta. Lei rovina tutto.</i>

<sc>florry</sc>

Sing us something. Love's old sweet song.

<sc>stephen</sc>

No voice. I am a most finished artist. Lynch, did I show you the letter

about the lute?

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Smirking.</i>) The bird that can sing and won't sing.

(<i>The Siamese twins, Philip Drunk and Philip Sober, two Oxford dons

with lawnmowers, appear in the window embrasure. Both are masked

with Matthew Arnold's face.</i>)

<sc>philip sober</sc>

Take a fool's advice. All is not well. Work it out with the buttend of a

pencil, like a good young idiot. Three pounds twelve you got, two notes, one

sovereign, two crowns, if youth but knew. Mooney's en ville, Mooney's sur

mer, the Moira, Larchet's, Holles street hospital, Burke's. Eh? I am watching

you.

<sc>philip drunk</sc>

(<i>Impatiently.</i>) Ah, bosh, man. Go to hell! I paid my way. If I could only find

out about octaves. Reduplication of personality. Who was it told me his name?

(<i>His lawnmower begins to purr.</i>) Aha, yes. <i>Zoe mou sas agapo.</i> Have a notion I

was here before. When was it not Atkinson his card I have somewhere. Mac

somebody. Unmack I have it. He told me about, hold on, Swinburne, was it,

no?

<sc>florry</sc>

And the song?

<sc>stephen</sc>

Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

<sc>florry</sc>

Are you out of Maynooth? You're like someone I knew once.

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<sc>stephen</sc>

Out of it now (<i>To himself.</i>) Clever.

<sc>philip drunk and philip sober</sc>

(<i>Their lawnmowers purring with a rigadoon of grasshalms</i>). Clever ever. Out

of it. Out of it. By the bye have you the book, the thing, the ashplant? Yes,

there it, yes. Cleverever outofitnow. Keep in condition. Do like us.

<sc>zoe</sc>

There was a priest down here two nights ago to do his bit of business with

his coat buttoned up. You needn't try to hide, I says to him. I know you've a

Roman collar.

<sc>virag</sc>

Perfectly logical from his standpoint. Fall of man. (<i>Harshly, his pupils

waxing.</i>) To hell with the pope! Nothing new under the sun. I am the Virag

who disclosed the sex secrets of monks and maidens. Why I left the Church

of Rome. Read the Priest, the Woman and the Confessional. Penrose. Flipperty

Jippert. (<i>He wriggles.</i>) Woman, undoing with sweet pudor her belt of

rushrope, offers her allmoist yoni to man's lingam. Short time after man

presents woman with pieces of jungle meat. Woman shows joy and covers herself

with featherskins. Man loves her yoni fiercely with big lingam, the stiff one.

(<i>He cries.</i>) <i>Coactus volui.</i> Then giddy woman will run about. Strong man grapses

woman's wrist. Woman squeals, bites, spucks. Man, now fierce angry, strikes

woman's fat yadgana. (<i>He chases his tail.</i>) Piffpaff! Popo! (<i>He stops, sneezes.</i>)

Pchp! (<i>He worries his butt.</i>) Prrrrrht!

<sc>lynch</sc>

I hope you gave the good father a penance. Nine glorias for shooting a

bishop.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Spouts walrus smoke through her nostrils.</i>) He couldn't get a connection.

Only, you know, sensation. A dry rush.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Poor man!

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<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Lightly.</i>) Only for what happened him.

<sc>bloom</sc>

How?

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>A diabolic rictus of black luminosity contracting his visage, cranes his scraggy

neck forward. He lifts a mooncalf nozzle and howls.</i>) <i>Verfluchte Goim!</i> He had a

father, forty fathers. He never existed. Pig God! He had two left feet. He was

Judas Iacchias, a Lybian eunuch, the pope's bastard. (<i>He leans out on tortured

forepaws, elbows bent rigid, his eye agonising in his flat skullneck and yelps over the

mute world.</i>) A son of a whore. Apocalypse.

<sc>kitty</sc>

And Mary Shortall that was in the lock with the pox she got from Jimmy

Pidgeon in the blue caps had a child off him that couldn't swallow and was

smothered with the convulsions in the mattress and we all suscribed for the

funeral.

<sc>philip drunk</sc>

(<i>Gravely.</i>) <i>Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position, Philippe?</i>

<sc>philip sober</sc>

(<i>Gaily.</i>) <i>C'était le sacré pigeon, Philippe.</i>

(<i>Kitty unpins her hat and sets it down calmly, patting her henna hair.

And a prettier, a daintier head of winsome curls was never seen on a

whore's shoulders. Lynch puts on her hat. She whips it off.</i>)

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Laughs.</i>) And to such delights has Metchnikoff inoculated anthropoid

apes.

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Nods.</i>) Locomotor ataxy.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Gaily.</i>) O, my dictionary.

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<sc>lynch</sc>

Three wise virgins.

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Agueschaken, profuse yellow spawn foaming over his bony epileptic lips.</i>)

She sold lovephiltres, whitewax, orange flower. Panther, the Roman centurion,

polluted her with his genitories. (<i>He sticks out a flickering phosphorescent scorpion

tongue, his hand on his fork.</i>) Messiah! He burst her tympanum. (<i>With gibbering

baboon's cries he jerks his hips in the cynical spasm.</i>) Hik! Hek! Hak! Hok! Huk!

Kok! Kuk!

(<i>Ben Jumbo Dollard, rubicund, musclebound, hairynostrilled, hugebearded,

cabbageeared, shaggychested, shockmaned, fatpapped, stands forth,

his loins and genitals tightened into a pair of black bathing bagslops.</i>)

<sc>ben dollard</sc>

(<i>Nakkering castanet bones in his huge padded paws, yodels jovially in base

barreltone.</i>) When love absorbs my ardent soul.

(<i>The virgins, Nurse Callan and Nurse Quigley burst through the

ringkeepers and the ropes and mob him with open arms.</i>)

<sc>the virgins</sc>

(<i>Gushingly.</i>) Big Ben! Ben Mac Chree!

<sc>a voice</sc>

Hold that fellow with the bad breeches.

<sc>ben dollard</sc>

(<i>Smites his thigh in abundant laughter.</i>) Hold him now.

<sc>henry</sc>

(<i>Caressing on his breast a severed female head, murmurs.</i>) Thine heart, mine

love. (<i>He pluks his lutestrings.</i>) When first I saw ...

<sc>virag</sc>

(<i>Sloughing his skins, his multitudinous plumage moulting.</i>) Rats! (<i>He yawns,

showing a coalblack throat and closes his jaws by an upward push of his parchment

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roll.</i>) After having said which I took my departure. Farewell. Fare thee well.

<i>Dreck!</i>

(<i>Henry Flower combs his moustache and beard rapidly with a pocketcomb

and gives a cow's lick to his hair. Steered by his rapier, he glides to

the door, his wild harp slung behind him. Virag reaches the door in

two ungainly stilthops, his tail cocked, and deftly claps sideways on

the wall a pusyellow flybill, butting it with his head.</i>)

<sc>the flybill</sc>

K. 11. post no bills. Strictly confidential. Dr Hy Franks.

<sc>henry</sc>

All is lost now.

(<i>Virag unscrews his head in a trice and holds it under his arm.</i>)

<sc>virag's head</sc>

Quack!

(<i>Exeunt severally.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Over his shoulder to Zoe.</i>) You would have preferred the fighting parson

who founded the protestant error. But beware Antisthenes, the dog sage, and

the last end of Arius Heresiarchus. The agony in the closet.

<sc>lynch</sc>

All one and the same God to her.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Devoutly.</i>) And Sovereign Lord of all things.

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>To Stephen.</i>) I'm sure you are a spoiled priest. Or a monk.

<sc>lynch</sc>

He is. A cardinal's son.

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<sc>stephen</sc>

Cardinal sin. Monks of the screw.

(<i>His Eminence, Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus, Primate of all Ireland,

appears in the doorway, dressed in red soutane, sandals and socks.

Seven dwarf simian acolytes, also in red, cardinal sins, uphold his

train, peeping under it. He wears a battered silk hat sideways on his

head. His thumbs are stuck in his armpits and his palms outspread.

Round his neck hangs a rosary of corks ending on his breast in a

corkscrew cross. Releasing his thumbs, he invokes grace from on high

with large wave gestures and proclaims with bloated pomp.</i>)

<sc>the cardinal</sc>

Conservio lies captured

He lies in the lowest dungeon

With manacles and chains around his limbs

Weighing upwards of three tons.

(<i>He looks at all for a moment, his right eye closed tight, his left cheek

puffed out. Then, unable to repress his merriment, he rocks to and

fro, arms akimbo, and sings with broad rollicking humour.</i>)

O, the poor little fellow

Hi-hi-hi-hi-his legs they were yellow

He was plump, fat and heavy and brisk as a snake

But some bloody savage

To graize his white cabbage

He murdered Nell Flaherty's duckloving drake.

(<i>A multitude of midges swarms over his robe. He scratches himself with

crossed arms at his ribs, grimacing, and exclaims.</i>)

I'm suffering the agony of the damned. By the hoky fiddle, thanks be to

Jesus those funny little chaps are not unanimous. If they were they'd walk me

off the face of the bloody globe.

(<i>His head aslant, he blesses curtly with fore and middle fingers, imparts

the Easter kiss and doubleshuffles off comically, swaying his hat

from side to side, shrinking quickly to the size of his trainbearers.

The dwarf acolytes, giggling, peeping, nudging, ogling, Easter-

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kissing, zigzag behind him. His voice is heard mellow from afar,

merciful, male, melodious.</i>)

Shall carry my heart to thee,

Shall carry my heart to thee,

And the breath of the balmy night

Shall carry my heart to thee.

(<i>The trick doorhandle turns.</i>)

<sc>the doorhandle</sc>

Theeee.

<sc>zoe</sc>

The devil is in that door.

(<i>A male form passes down the creaking staircase and is heard taking the

waterproof and hat from the rack. Bloom starts forward involuntarily

and, half closing the door as he passes, takes the chocolate from his

pocket and offers it nervously to Zoe.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Sniffs his hair briskly.</i>) Hum. Thank your mother for the rabbits. I'm

very fond of what I like.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Hearing a male voice in talk with the whores on the doorstep, pricks his ears.</i>)

If it were he? After? Or because not? Or the double event?

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Tears open the silverfoil.</i>) Fingers was made before forks. (<i>She breaks off

and nibbles a piece, gives a piece to Kitty Ricketts and then turns kittenishly to Lynch.</i>)

No objection to French lozenges? (<i>He nods. She taunts him.</i>) Have it now or

wait till you get it? (<i>He opens his mouth, his head cocked. She whirls the prize

in left circle. His head follows. She whirls it back in right circle. He eyes her.</i>)

Catch.

(<i>She tosses a piece. With an adroit snap he catches it and bites it through

with a crack.</i>)

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<sc>kitty</sc>

(<i>Chewing.</i>) The engineer I was with at the bazaar does have lovely ones.

Full of the best liqueurs. And the viceroy was there with his lady. The gas

we had on the Toft's hobbyhorses. I'm giddy still.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In Svengali's fur overcoat, with folded arms and Napoleonic forelock, frowns

in ventriloquial exorcism with piercing eagle glance towards the door. Then, rigid,

with left foot advanced, he makes a swift pass with impelling fingers and gives the

sign of past master drawing his right arm downwards from his left shoulder.</i>) Go,

go, go, I conjure you, whoever you are.

(<i>A male cough and tread are heard passing through the mist outside.

Bloom's features relax. He places a hand in his waistcoat, posing

calmly. Zoe offers him chocolate.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Solemnly.</i>) Thanks.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Do as you're bid. Here.

(<i>A firm heelclacking is heard on the stairs.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Takes the chocolate.</i>) Aphrodisiac? But I bought it. Vanilla calms or?

Mnemo. Confused light confuses memory. Red influences lupus. Colours affect

women's characters, any they have. This black makes me sad. Eat and be

merry for tomorrow. (<i>He eats.</i>) Influence taste too, mauve. But it is so long

since I. Seems new. Aphro. That priest. Must come. Better late than never.

Try truffles at Andrews.

(<i>The door opens. Bella Cohen, a massive whoremistress enters. She is

dressed in a threequarter ivory gown, fringed round the hem with

tasselled selvedge and cools herself, flirting a black horn fan like

Minnie Hauck in</i> Carmen. <i>On her left hand are wedding and

keeper rings. Her eyes are deeply carboned. She has a sprouting

moustache. Her olive face is heavy, slightly sweated and fullnosed,

with orangetainted nostrils. She has large pendant beryl eardrops.</i>)

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<sc>bella</sc>

My word! I'm all of a mucksweat.

(<i>She glances around her at the couples. Then her eyes rest on Bloom with

hard insistence. Her large fan winnows wind towards her heated face,

neck and embonpoint. Her falcon eyes glitter.</i>)

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Flirting quickly, then slowly.</i>) Married, I see.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Yes ... Partly, I have mislaid ...

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Half opening, then closing.</i>) And the missus is master. Petticoat government.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Looks down with a sheepish grin.</i>) That is so.

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Folding together, rests against her eardrop.</i>) Have you forgotten me?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Nes. Yo.

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Folded akimbo against her waist.</i>) Is me her was you dreamed before?

Was then she him you us since knew? Am all them and the same now we?

(<i>Bella approaches, gently tapping with the fan.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Wincing.</i>) Powerful being. In my eyes read that slumber which women

love.

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Tapping.</i>) We have met. You are mine. It is fate.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Cowed.</i>) Exuberant female. Enormously I desiderate your domination. I

am exhausted, abandoned, no more young. I stand, so to speak, with an

unposted letter bearing the extra regulation fee before the too late box of the

general postoffice of human life. The door and window open at a right angle

cause a draught of thirtytwo feet per second according to the law of falling

bodies. I have felt this instant a twinge of sciatica in my left glutear muscle. It

runs in our family. Poor dear papa, a widower, was a regular barometer from

it. He believed in animal heat. A skin of tabby lined his winter waistcoat.

Near the end, remembering king David and the Sunamite, he shared his bed

with Athos, faithful after death. A dog's spittle, as you probably ... (<i>He winces.</i>)

Ah!

<sc>richie goulding</sc>

(<i>Bagweighted, passes the door.</i>) Mocking is catch. Best value in Dub. Fit for

a prince's liver and kidney.

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Tapping.</i>) All things end. Be mine. Now.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Undecided.</i>) All now? I should not have parted with my talisman. Rain,

exposure at dewfall on the sea rocks, a peccadillo at my time of life. Every

phenomenon has a natural cause.

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Points downwards slowly.</i>) You may.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Looks downwards and perceives her unfastened bootlace.</i>) We are observed.

<sc>the fan</sc>

(<i>Points downwards quickly.</i>) You must.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>With desire, with reluctance.</i>) I can make a true black knot. Learned when

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I served my time and worked the mail order line for Kellett's. Experienced hand.

Every knot says a lot. Let me. In courtesy. I knelt once before today. Ah!

(<i>Bella raises her gown slightly and, steadying her pose, lifts to the edge of

a chair a plump buskined hoof and a full pastern, silksocked. Bloom,

stifflegged, aging, bends over her hoof and with gentle fingers draws

out and in her laces.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Murmurs lovingly.</i>) To be a shoefitter in Mansfield's was my love's young

dream, the darling joys of sweet buttonhooking, to lace up crisscrossed to

kneelength the dressy kid footwear satinlined, so incredibly small, of Clyde

Road ladies. Even their wax model Raymonde I visited daily to admire her

cobweb hose and stick of rhubarb toe, as worn in Paris.

<sc>the hoof</sc>

Smell my hot goathide. Feel my royal weight.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Crosslacing.</i>) Too tight?

<sc>the hoof</sc>

If you bungle, Handy Andy, I'll kick your football for you.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Not to lace the wrong eyelet as I did the night of the bazaar dance. Bad

luck. Nook in wrong tache of her ... person you mentioned. That night she

met ... Now!

(<i>He knots the lace. Bella places her foot on the floor. Bloom raises his

head. Her heavy face, her eyes strike him in midbrow. His eyes grow

dull, darker and pouched, his nose thickens.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Mumbles.</i>) Awaiting your further orders, we remain, gentlemen ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>With a hard basilisk stare, in a baritone voice.</i>) Hound of dishonour!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Infatuated.</i>) Empress!

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<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>His heavy cheekchops sagging.</i>) Adorer of the adulterous rump!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Plaintively.</i>) Hugeness!

<sc>bello</sc>

Dungdevourer!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>With sinews semiflexed.</i>) Magnificence!

<sc>bello</sc>

Down! (<i>He taps her on the shoulder with his fan.</i>) Incline feet forward!

Slide left foot one pace back. You will fall. You are falling. On the hands down!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Her eyes upturned in the sign of admiration, closing.</i>) Truffles!

(<i>With a piercing epileptic cry she sinks on all fours, grunting, snuffling,

rooting at his feet, then lies, shamming dead with eyes shut tight,

trembling eyelids, bowed upon the ground in the attitude of most

excellent master.</i>)

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>With bobbed hair, purple gills, fat moustache rings ronnd his shaven mouth, in

mountaineer's puttees, green silverbuttoned coat, sport skirt and alpine hat with

moorcock's feather, his hands stuck deep in his breeches pockets, places his heel on her

neck and grinds it in.</i>) Feel my entire weight. Bow, bondslave, before the

throne of your despot's glorious heels, so glistening in their proud erectness.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Enthralled, bleats.</i>) I promise never to disobey.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Laughs loudly.</i>) Holy smoke! You little know what's in store for you. I'm

the tartar to settle your little lot and break you in! I'll bet Kentucky cocktails

all round I shame it out of you, old son. Cheek me, I dare you. If you do

tremble in anticipation of heel discipline to be inflicted in gym costume.

(<i>Bloom creeps under the sofa and peers out through the fringe.</i>)

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<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Widening her slip to screen her.</i>) She's not here.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Closing her eyes.</i>) She's not here.

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Hiding her with her gown.</i>) She didn't mean it, Mr Bello. She'll be good,

sir.

<sc>kitty</sc>

Don't be too hard on her, Mr Bello. Sure you won't, ma'amsir.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Coaxingly.</i>) Come, ducky dear. I want a word with you, darling, just to

administer correction. Just a little heart to heart talk, sweety. (<i>Bloom puts out

her timid head.</i>) There's a good girly now. (<i>Bello grabs her hair violently and

drags her forward.</i>) I only want to correct you for your own good on a soft safe

spot. How's that tender behind? O, ever so gently, pet. Begin to get ready.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Fainting.</i>) Don't tear my ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Savagely.</i>) The nosering, the pliers, the bastinado, the hanging hook,

the knout I'll make you kiss while the flutes play like the Nubian slave of

old. You're in for it this time. I'll make you remember me for the balance of

your natural life. (<i>His forehead veins swollen, his face congested.</i>) I shall sit on your

ottomansaddleback every morning after my thumping good breakfast of

Matterson's fat ham rashers and a bottle of Guinness's porter. (<i>He belches.</i>) And

suck my thumping good Stock Exchange cigar while I read the <i>Licensed

Victualler's Gazette</i>. Very possibly I shall have you slaughtered and skewered

in my stables and enjoy a slice of you with crisp crackling from the baking

tin basted and baked like sucking pig with rice and lemon or currant sauce.

It will hurt you.

(<i>He twists her arm. Bloom squeaks, turning turtle.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Don't be cruel, nurse! Don't!

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<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Twisting.</i>) Another!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Screams.</i>) O, it's hell itself! Every nerve in my body aches like mad!

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Shouts.</i>) Good, by the rumping jumping general! That's the best bit of

news I heard these six weeks. Here, don't keep me waiting, damn you. (<i>He

slaps her face.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Whimpers.</i>) You're after hitting me. I'll tell ...

<sc>bello</sc>

Hold him down, girls, till I squat on him.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Yes. Walk on him! I will.

<sc>florry</sc>

I will. Don't be greedy.

<sc>kitty</sc>

No, me. Lend him to me.

(<i>The brothel cook, Mrs Keogh, wrinkled, greybearded, in a greasy bib,

men's grey and green socks and brogues, floursmeared, a rollingpin

stuck with raw pastry in her bare red arm and hand, appears at the

door.</i>)

<sc>mrs keogh</sc>

(<i>Ferociously.</i>) Can I help? (<i>They hold and pinion Bloom.</i>)

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Squats, with a grunt on Bloom's upturned face, puffing cigarsmoke, nursing a

fat leg.</i>) I see Keating Clay is elected chairman of the Richmond Asylum and

bytheby Guinness's preference shares are at sixteen three quarters. Curse me

for a fool that I didn't buy that lot Craig and Gardner told me about. Just my

infernal luck, curse it. And that Goddamned outsider <i>Throwaway</i> at twenty

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to one. (<i>He quenches his cigar angrily on Bloom's ear.</i>) Where's that Goddamned

cursed ashtray?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Goaded, buttocksmothered.</i>) O! O! Monsters! Cruel one!

<sc>bello</sc>

Ask for that every ten minutes. Beg, pray for it as you never prayed

before. (<i>He thrusts out a figged fist and foul cigar.</i>) Here, kiss that. Both. Kiss.

(<i>He throws a leg astride and, pressing with horseman's knees, calls in a hard

voice.</i>) Gee up! A cockhorse to Banbury cross. I'll ride him for the Eclipse

stakes. (<i>He bends sideways and squeezes his mount's testicles roughly, shouting.</i>) Ho!

off we pop! I'll nurse you in proper fashion. (<i>He horserides cockhorse, leaping in

the, in the saddle.</i>) The lady goes a pace a pace and the coachman goes a

trot a trot and the gentleman goes a gallop a gallop a gallop a gallop.

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Pulls at Bello.</i>) Let me on him now. You had enough. I asked before you.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Pulling at Florry.</i>) Me. Me. Are you not finished with him yet, suckeress?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Stifling.</i>) Can't.

<sc>bello</sc>

Well, I'm not. Wait. (<i>He holds in his breath.</i>) Curse it. Here. This bung's

about burst. (<i>He uncorks himself behind: then, contorting his features, farts loudly.</i>)

Take that! (<i>He recorks himself.</i>) Yes, by Jingo, sixteen three quarters.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>A sweat breaking out over him.</i>) Not man. (<i>He sniffs.</i>) Woman.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Stands up.</i>) No more blow hot and cold. What you longed for has come

to pass. Henceforth you are unmanned and mine in earnest, a thing under the

yoke. Now for your punishment frock. You will shed your male garments,

you understand, Ruby Cohen? and don the shot silk luxuriously rustling over

head and shoulders and quickly too.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shrinks.</i>) Silk, mistress said! O crinkly! scrapy! Must I tiptouch it with

my nails?

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Points to his whores.</i>) As they are now, so will you be, wigged, singed,

perfumesprayed, ricepowdered, with smoothshaven armpits. Tape measurements

will be taken next your skin. You will be laced with cruel force into vicelike

corsets of soft dove coutille, with whalebone busk, to the diamond trimmed

pelvis, the absolute outside edge, while your figure, plumper than when

at large, will be restrained in nettight frocks, pretty two ounce petticoats and

fringes and things stamped, of course, with my houseflag, creations of lovely

lingerie for Alice and nice scent for Alice. Alice will feel the pullpull. Martha

and Mary will be a little chilly at first in such delicate thighcasing but the frilly

flimsiness of lace round your bare knees will remind you ...

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>A charming soubrette with dauby cheeks, mustard hair and large male hands

and nose, leering mouth.</i>) I tried her things on only once, a small prank, in

Holles street. When we were hardup I washed them to save the laundry bill.

My own shirts I turned. It was the purest thrift.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Jeers.</i>) Little jobs that make mother pleased, eh! and showed off

coquettishly in your domino at the mirror behind closedrawn blinds your

unskirted thighs and hegoat's udders, in various poses of surrender, eh? Ho!

Ho! I have to laugh! That secondhand black operatop shift and short trunk

leg naughties all split up the stitches at her last rape that Mrs Miriam Dandrade

sold you from the Shelbourne Hotel, eh?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Miriam. Black. Demimondaine.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Guffaws.</i>) Christ Almighty, it's too tickling, this! You were a nicelooking

Miriam when you clipped off your backgate hairs and lay swooning in the

thing across the bed as Mrs Dandrade, about to be violated by Lieutenant

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Smythe-Smythe, Mr Philip Augustus Blockwell, M.P., Signor Laci Daremo,

the robust tenor, blueeyed Bert, the liftboy, Henry Fleury of Gordon Bennett

fame, Sheridan, the quadroon Crœsus, the varsity wetbob eight from old

Trinity, Ponto, her splendid Newfoundland and Bobs, dowager duchess of

Manorhamilton. (<i>He guffaws again.</i>) Christ, wouldn't it make a Siamese cat

laugh?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Her hands and features working.</i>) It was Gerald converted me to be a true

corsetlover when I was female impersonator in the High School play <i>Vice Versa.</i>

It was dear Gerald. He got that kink, fascinated by sister's stays. Now dearest

Gerald uses pinky greasepaint and gilds his eyelids. Cult of the beautiful.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>With wicked glee.</i>) Beautiful! Give us a breather! When you took your

seat with womanish care, lifting your billowy flounces, on the smoothworn

throne.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Science. To compare the various joys we each enjoy. (<i>Earnestly.</i>) and really

it's better the position ... because often I used to wet ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Sternly.</i>) No insubordination. The sawdust is there in the corner for you.

I gave you strict instructions, didn't I? Do it standing, sir! I'll teach you to

behave like a jinkleman! If I catch a trace on your swaddles. Aha! By the ass

of the Dorans' you'll find I'm a martinet. The sins of your past are rising

against you. Many. Hundreds.

<sc>the sins of the past</sc>

(<i>In a medley of voices.</i>) He went through a form of clandestine marriage

with at least one woman in the shadow of the Black Church. Unspeakable

messages he telephoned mentally to Miss Dunn at an address in d'Olier Street

while he presented himself indecently to the instrument in the callbox. By

word and deed he encouraged a nocturnal strumpet to deposit fecal and other

matter in an unsanitary outhouse attached to empty premises. In five public

conveniences he wrote pencilled messages offering his nuptial partner to all

strongmembered males. And by the offensively smelling vitriol works did he

not pass night after night by loving courting couples to see if and what and

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how much he could see? Did he not lie in bed, the gross boar, gloating over

a nauseous fragment of wellused toilet paper presented to him by a nasty harlot,

stimulated by gingerbread and a postal order?

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Whistles loudly.</i>) Say! What was the most revolting piece of obscenity in

all your career of crime? Go the whole hog. Puke it out. Be candid for once.

(<i>Mute inhuman faces throng forward, leering, vanishing, gibbering,

Booloohoom. Poldy Kock, Bootlaces a penny. Cassidy's hag, blind

stripling, Larry Rhinoceros, the girl, the woman, the whore, the

other, the ...</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Don't ask me: Our mutual faith. Pleasants street. I only thought the half

of the ... I swear on my sacred oath ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Peremptorily.</i>) Answer. Repugnant wretch! I insist on knowing. Tell me

something to amuse me, smut or a bloody good ghoststory or a line of poetry,

quick, quick, quick! Where? How? What time? With how many? I give

you just three seconds. One! Two! Thr ...!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Docile, gurgles.</i>) I rererepugnosed in rerererepugnant ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Imperiously.</i>) O get out, you skunk! Hold your tongue! Speak when

you're spoken to.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Bows.</i>) Master! Mistress! Mantamer!

(<i>He lifts his arms. His bangle bracelets fall.</i>)

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Satirically.</i>) By day you will souse and bat our smelling underclothes,

also when we ladies are unwell, and swab out our latrines with dress pinned up

and a dishclout tied to your tail, Won't that be nice? (<i>He places a ruby ring on

her finger.</i>) And there now! With this ring I thee own. Say, thank you, mistress.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Thank you, mistress.

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<sc>bello</sc>

You will make the beds, get my tub ready, empty the pisspots in the

different rooms, including old Mrs Keogh's the cook's, a sandy one. Ay, and

rinse the seven of them well, mind, or lap it up like champagne. Drink me

piping hot. Hop! you will dance attendance or I'll lecture you on your

misdeeds, Miss Ruby, and spank your bare bot right well, miss, with the

hairbrush. You'll be taught the error of your ways. At night your wellcreamed

braceletted hands will wear fortythreebutton gloves newpowdered with talc and

having delicately scented fingertips. For such favours knights of old laid down

their lives (<i>He chuckles.</i>) My boys will be no end charmed to see you so ladylike,

the colonel, above all. When they come here the night before the wedding to

fondle my new attraction in gilded heels. First, I'll have a go at you myself.

A man I know on the turf named Charles Alberta Marsh (I was in bed with

him just now and another gentleman out of the Hanaper and Petty Bag office)

is on the lookout for a maid of all work at a short knock. Swell the bust.

Smile. Droop shoulders. What offers? (<i>He points.</i>) For that lot trained by owner

to fetch and carry, basket in mouth. (<i>He bares his arm and plunges it elbowdeep

in Bloom's vulva.</i>) There's fine depth for you! What, boys? That give you a

hardon? (<i>He shoves his arm in a bidder's face.</i>) Here wet the deck and wipe it

round!

<sc>a bidder</sc>

A florin.

(<i>Dillon's lacquey rings his handbell.</i>)

<sc>a voice</sc>

One and eightpence too much.

<sc>the lacquey</sc>

Barang!

<sc>charles alberta marsh.</sc>

Must be virgin. Good breath. Clean.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Gives a rap with his gavel.</i>) Two bar. Rockbottom figure and cheap at the

price. Fourteen hands high. Touch and examine shis points. Handle hrim.

This downy skin, these soft muscles, this tender flesh. If I had only my gold

piercer here! And quite easy to milk. Three newlaid gallons a day. A pure

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stockgetter, due to lay within the hour. His sire's milk record was a thousand

gallons of whole milk in forty weeks. Whoa, my jewel! Beg up! Whoa! (<i>He

brands his initial C on Bloom's croup.</i>) So! Warranted Cohen! What advance

on two bob, gentlemen?

<sc>a darkvisaged man</sc>

(<i>In disguised accent.</i>) Hoondert punt sterlink.

<sc>voices</sc>

(<i>Subdued.</i>) For the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid.

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Gaily.</i>) Right. Let them all come. The scanty, daringly short skirt, riding

up at the knee to show a peep of white pantelette, is a potent weapon and

transparent stockings, emeraldgartered, with the long straight seam trailing up

beyond the knee, appeal to the better instincts of the <i>blasé</i> man about town.

Learn the smooth mincing walk on four inch Louis XV heels, the Grecian

bend with provoking croup, the thighs fluescent, knees modestly kissing. Bring all

your power of fascination to bear on them. Pander to their Gomorrahan vices.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Bends his blushing face into his armpit and simpers with forefinger in

mouth.</i>) O, I know what you're hinting at now.

<sc>bello</sc>

What else are you good for, an impotent thing like you? (<i>He stoops and,

peering, pokes with his fan rudely under the fat suet folds of Bloom's haunches.</i>)

Up! Up! Manx cat! What have we here? Where's your curly teapot gone to or

who docked it on you, cockyolly? Sing, birdy, sing. It's as limp a boy of six's

doing his pooly behind a cart. Buy a bucket or sell your pump. (<i>Loudly.</i>) Can

you do a man's job?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Eccles Street ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Sarcastically.</i>) I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world but there's a

man of brawn in possession there. The tables are turned, my gay young fellow!

He is something like a fullgrown outdoor man. Well for you, you muff, if

you had that weapon with knobs and lumps and warts all over it. He shot his

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bolt, I can tell you! Foot to foot, knee to knee, belly to belly, bubs to

breast! He's no eunuch. A shock of red hair he has sticking out of him behind

like a furzebush! Wait for nine months, my lad! Holy ginger, it's kicking and

coughing up and down in her guts already! That makes you wild, don't it?

Touches the spot? (<i>He spits in contempt.</i>) Spittoon!

<sc>bloom</sc>

I was indecently treated, I ... inform the police. Hundred pounds.

Unmentionable. I ...

<sc>bello</sc>

Would if you could, lame duck. A downpour we want not your drizzle.

<sc>bloom</sc>

To drive me mad! Moll! I forgot! Forgive! Moll! ... We ... Still ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Ruthlessly.</i>) No, Leopold Bloom, all is changed by woman's will since

you slept horizontal in Sleepy Hollow your night of twenty years. Return

and see.

(<i>Old Sleepy Hollow calls over the wold.</i>)

<sc>sleepy hollow</sc>

Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In tattered mocassins with a rusty fowlingpiece, tiptoing, fingertipping, his

haggard bony bearded face peering through the diamond panes, cries out.</i>) I see

her! It's she! The first night at Mat Dillon's! But that dress, the green! And

her hair is dyed gold and he ...

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Laughs mockingly.</i>) That's your daughter, you owl, with a Mullingar

student.

(<i>Milly Bloom, fairhaired, greenvested, slimsandalled, her blue scarf in the

seawind simply swirling, breaks from the arms of her lover and calls,

her young eyes wonderwide.</i>)

<sc>milly</sc>

My! It's Papli! But, O Papli, how old you've grown!

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<sc>bello</sc>

Changed, eh? Our whatnot, our writing table where we never wrote,

Aunt Hegarty's armchair, our classic reprints of old masters. A man and his

menfriends are living there in clover. The <i>Cuckoos' Rest!</i> Why not? How

many women had you, say? Following them up dark streets,, flatfoot, exciting

them by your smothered grunts. What, you male prostitute? Blameless dames

with parcels of groceries. Turn about. Sauce for the goose, my gander, O.

<sc>bloom</sc>

They ... I ...

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Cuttingly.</i>) Their heelmarks will stamp the Brusselette carpet you bought

at Wren's auction. In their horseplay with Moll the romp to find the buck flea

in her breeches they will deface the little statue you carried home in the rain

for art for art' sake. They will violate the secrets of your bottom drawer. Pages

will be torn from your handbook of astronomy to make them pipespills. And

they will spit in your ten shilling brass fender from Hampton Leedom's.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Ten and six. The act of low scoundrels. Let me go. I will return. I will

prove ...

<sc>a voice</sc>

Swear!

(<i>Bloom clenches his fists and crawls forward, a bowie knife between his teeth.</i>)

<sc>bello</sc>

As a paying guest or a kept man? Too late. You have made your secondbest

bed and others must lie in it. Your epitaph is written. You are down and out

and don't you forget it, old bean.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Justice! All Ireland versus one! Has nobody ...?

(<i>He bites his thumb.</i>)

<sc>bello</sc>

Die and be damned to you if you have any sense of decency or grace

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about you. I can give you a rare old wine that'll send you skipping to hell

and back. Sign a will and leave us any coin you have. If you have none see

you damn well get it, steal it, rob it! We'll bury you in our shrubbery jakes

where you'll be dead and dirty with old Cuck Cohen, my stepnephew I married,

the bloody old gouty procurator and sodomite with a crick in his neck, and

my other ten or eleven husbands, whatever the buggers' names were, suffocated

in the one cesspool. (<i>He explodes in a loud phlegmy laugh.</i>) We'll manure you,

Mr Flower! (<i>He pipes scoffingly.</i>) Byby, Poldy! Byby. Papli!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Clasps his head.</i>) My will power! Memory! I have sinned! I have suff ...

(<i>He weeps tearlessly.</i>)

<sc>bello</sc>

(<i>Sneers.</i>) Crybabby! Crocodile tears!

(<i>Bloom, broken, closely veiled for the sacrifice, sobs, his face to the earth.

The passing bell is heard. Darkshawled figures of the circumcised,

in sackcloth and ashes, stand by the wailing wall. M. Shulomowitz,

Joseph Goldwater, Moses Herzog, Harris Rosenberg, M. Moisel,

J. Citron, Minnie Watchman, O. Mastiansky, the Reverend Leopold

Abramovitz, Chazen. With swaying arms they wail in pneuma over

the recreant Bloom.</i>)

<sc>the circumcised</sc>

(<i>In a dark guttural chant as they cast dead sea fruit upon him, no flowers.</i>)

<i>Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad.</i>

<sc>voices</sc>

(<i>Sighing.</i>) So he's gone. Ah yes. Yes, indeed. Bloom? Never heard of him.

No? Queer kind of chap. There's the widow. That so? Ah, yes.

(<i>From the suttee pyre the flame of gum camphire ascends. The pall of incense

smoke screens and disperses. Out of her oak frame a nymph with hair

unbound, lightly clad in teabrown art colours, descends from her

grotto and passing under interlacing yews, stands over Bloom.</i>)

<sc>the yews</sc>

(<i>Their leaves whispering.</i>) Sister. Our sister. Ssh.

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<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Softly.</i>) Mortal! (<i>Kindly.</i>) Nay, dost not weepest!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Crawls jellily forward under the bought, streaked by sunlight, with dignity.</i>)

This position. I felt it was expected of me. Force of habit.

<sc>the nymph</sc>

Mortal! You found me in evil company, highkickers, coster picnic

makers, pugilists, popular generals, immoral panto boys in flesh tights and the

nifty shimmy dancers, La Aurora and Karini, musical act, the hit of the century.

I was hidden in cheap pink paper that smelt of rock oil. I was surrounded by

the stale smut of clubmen, stories to disturb callow youth, adsf or transparencies,

truedup dice and bustpads, proprietary articles and why wear a truss with

testimonial from ruptured gentleman. Useful hints to the married.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Lifts a turtle head towards her lap.</i>) We have met before. On another star.

<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Sadly.</i>) Rubber goods. Neverrip. Brand as supplied to the aristocracy.

Corsets for men. I cure fits or money refunded. Unsolicited testimonials for

Professor Waldmann's wonderful chest exuber. My bust developed four inches

in three weeks, reports Mrs Gus Rublin with photo.

<sc>bloom</sc>

You mean <i>Photo Bits</i>?

<sc>the nymph</sc>

I do. You bore me away, framed me in oak and tinsel, set me above

your marriage couch. Unseen, one summer eve, you kissed me in four places.

And with loving pencil you shaded my eyes, my bosom and my shame.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Humbly kisses her long hair.</i>) Your classic curves, beautiful immortal. I

was glad to look on you, to praise you, a thing of beauty, almost to pray.

<sc>the nymph</sc>

During dark nights I heard your praise.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Quickly.</i>) Yes, yes. You mean that I ... Sleep reveals the worst side of

everyone, children perhaps excepted. I know I fell out of my bed or rather was

pushed. Steel wine is said to cure snoring. For the rest there is that English

invention, pamphlet of which I received some days ago, incorrectly addressed.

It claims to afford a noiseless inoffensive vent. (<i>He sighs.</i>) 'Twas ever thus.

Frailty, thy name is marriage.

<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Her fingers in her ears.</i>) And words. They are not in my dictionary.

<sc>bloom</sc>

You understood them?

<sc>the yews</sc>

Ssh.

<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Covers her face with her hand.</i>) What have I not seen in that chamber?

What must my eyes look down on?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Apologetically.</i>) I know. Soiled personal linen, wrong side up with care.

The quoits are loose. From Gibraltar by long sea, long ago.

<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Bends her head.</i>) Worse! Worse!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Reflects precautiously.</i>) That antiquated commode. It wasn't her weight.

She scaled just eleven stone nine. She put on nine pounds after weaning. It

was a crack and want of glue. Eh? And that absurd orangekeyed utensil

which has only one handle.

(<i>The sound of a waterfall is heard in bright cascade.</i>)

<sc>the waterfall</sc>

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca.

<sc>the yews</sc>

(<i>Mingling their boughs.</i>) Listen. Whisper. She is right, our sister. We grew

by Poulaphouca waterfall. We gave shade on languorous summer days.

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<sc>john wyse nolan</sc>

(<i>In the background, in Irish National Forester's uniform, doffs his plumed

hat.</i>) Prosper! Give shade on languorous days, trees of Ireland!

<sc>the yews</sc>

(<i>Murmuring.</i>) Who came to Poulaphouca with the high school

excursion? Who left his nutquesting classmates to seek our shade?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Pigeonbreasted, bottleshouldered, padded, in nondescript juvenile grey and black

striped suit, too small for him, white tennis shoes, bordered stockings with turnover

tops, and a red school cap with badge.</i>) I was in my tens, a growing boy. A

little then sufficed, a jolting car, the mingling odours of the ladies' cloakroom

and lavatory, the throng penned tight on the old Royal stairs for they love

crushes, instinct of the herd, and the dark sexsmelling theatre unbridles vice.

Even a pricelist of their hosiery. And then the heat. There were sunspots that

summer. End of school. And tipsycake. Halcyon days.

(<i>Halcyon Days, high school boys in blue and white football jerseys and

shorts, Master Donald Turnbull, Master Abraham Chatterton,

Master Owen Goldberg, Master Jack Meredith, Master Percy Apjohn,

stand in a clearing of the trees and shout to Master Leopold Bloom.</i>)

<sc>the halcyon days</sc>

Mackerel! Live us again. Hurray! (<i>They cheer.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Hobbledehoy, warmgloved, mammamufflered, stunned with spent snowballs,

struggles to rise.</i>) Again! I feel sixteen! What a lark! Let's ring all the bells in

Montague Street (<i>He cheers feebly.</i>) Hurray for the High School!

<sc>the echo</sc>

Fool!

<sc>the yews</sc>

(<i>Rustling.</i>) She is right, our sister. Whisper. (<i>Whispered kisses are heard in

all the wood. Faces of hamadryads peep out from the boles and among the leaves and

break blossoming into bloom.</i>) Who profaned our silent shade?

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<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Coyly through parting fingers.</i>) There! In the open air?

<sc>the yews</sc>

(<i>Sweeping downward.</i>) Sister, yes. And on our virgin sward.

<sc>the waterfall</sc>

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca

Phoucaphouca Phoucaphouca

<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>With wide fingers.</i>) O! Infamy!

<sc>bloom</sc>

I was precocious. Youth. The fauns. I sacrificed to the god of the forest.

The flowers that bloom in the spring. It was pairing time. Capillary attraction

is a natural phenomenon. Lotty Clarke, flaxenhaired, I saw at her night

toilette trough illclosed curtains, with poor papa's operaglasses. The wanton ate

grass wildly. She rolled downhill at Rialto Bridge to tempt me with her flow

of animal spirits. She climbed their crooked tree and I ... A saint couldn't

resist it. The demon possessed me. Besides, who saw?

(<i>Staggering Bob, a white polled calf, thrusts a ruminating head with

humid nostrils through the foliage.</i>)

<sc>staggering bob</sc>

Me. Me see.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Simply satisfying a need. (<i>With pathos.</i>) No girl would when I went

girling. Too ugly. They wouldn't play ...

(<i>High on Ben Howth through rhododendrons a nannygoat passes,

plumpuddered, buttytailed, dropping currants.</i>)

<sc>the nannygoat</sc>

(<i>Bleats.</i>) Megegaggegg! Nannannanny!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Hatless, flushed, covered with burrs of thistledown and gorsepine.</i>) Regularly

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engaged. Circumstances alter cases. (<i>He gazes intently downwards on the water.</i>)

Thirtytwo head over heels per second. Press nightmare. Giddy Elijah. Fall

from cliff. Sad end of government printer's clerk. (<i>Through silversilent summer

air the dummy of Bloom, rolled in a mummy, rolls roteatingly from the Lion's Head

cliff into the purple waiting waters.</i>)

<sc>the dummymummy</sc>

Bbbbblllllbbbbblblobschbg!

(<i>Far out in the bay between Bailey and Kish lights the</i> Erin's King <i>sails,

sending a broadening plume of coalsmoke from her funnel towards the

land.</i>)

<sc>councillor nannetti</sc>

(<i>Alone on deck, in dark alpaca, yellow kitefaced, his hand in his waistcoat,

opening, declaims.</i>) When my country takes her place among the nations of

the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have ...

<sc>bloom</sc>

Done. Prff!

<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Loftily.</i>) We immortals, as you saw today have not such a place and no

hair there either. We are stonecold and pure. We eat electric light. (<i>She arches

her body in lascivious crispation, placing her forefinger in her mouth.</i>) Spoke to me.

Heard from behind. How then could you ...?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Pacing the heather abjectly.</i>) O, I have been a perfect pig. Enemas too, I have

administered. One third of a pint of quassia to which add a tablespoonful of

rocksalt. Up the fundament. With Hamilton Long's syringe, the ladies' friend.

<sc>the nymph</sc>

In my presence. The powderpuff. (<i>She blushes and makes a knee.</i>) And the

rest.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Dejected.</i>) Yes. <i>Peccavi!</i> I have paid homage on that living altar where the

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back changes name. (<i>With sudden fervour.</i>) For why should the dainty scented

jewelled hand, the hand that rules ...?

(<i>Figures wind serpenting in slow woodland pattern around the treestems,

cooeeing.</i>)

<sc>the voice of kitty</sc>

(<i>In the thicket.</i>) Show us one of them cushions.

<sc>the voice of florry</sc>

Here.

(<i>A grouse wings clumsily through the underwood.</i>)

<sc>the voice of lynch</sc>

(<i>In the thicket.</i>) Whew! Piping hot!

<sc>the voice of zoe</sc>

(<i>From the thicket.</i>) Came from a hot place.

<sc>the voice of virag</sc>

(<i>A birdchief, bluestreaked and feathered in war panoply with his assegai,

striding through a crackling canebrake over beechmast and acorns.</i>) Hot! Hot! Ware

Sitting Bull!

<sc>bloom</sc>

It overpowers me. The warm impress of her warm form. Even to sit where

a woman has sat, especially with divaricated thighs, as though to grant the last

favours, most especially with previously well uplifted white sateen coatpans. So

womanly full. It fills me full.

<sc>the waterfall</sc>

Phillaphulla Poulaphouca

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca

<sc>the yews</sc>

Ssh! Sister, speak!

<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>Eyeless, in nun's white habit, coif and huge winged wimple, softly, with remote

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eyes.</i>) Tranquilla convent. Sister Agatha. Mount Carmel, the apparitions of

Knock and Lourdes. No more desire. (<i>She reclines her head, sighing.</i>) Only the

ethereal. Where dreamy creamy gull waves o'er the waters dull.

(<i>Bloom half rises. His back trousers' button snaps.</i>)

<sc>the button</sc>

Bip!

(<i>Two sluts of the Coombe dance rainily by, shawled, yelling flatly.</i>)

<sc>the sluts</sc>

O Leopold lost the pin of his drawers

He didn't know what to do,

To keep it up,

To keep it up.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Coldly.</i>) You have broken the spell. The last straw. If there were only

ethereal where would you all be, postulants and novices? Shy but willing like

an ass pissing.

<sc>the yews</sc>

(<i>Their silverfoil of leaves precipitating, their skinny arms aging and swaying.</i>)

Deciduously!

<sc>the nymph</sc>

Sacrilege! To attempt my virtue! (<i>A large moist stain appears on her robe.</i>)

Sully my innocence! You are not fit to touch the garment of a pure woman.

(<i>She clutches in her robe.</i>) Wait, Satan. You'll sing no more lovesongs. Amen.

Amen. Amen. Amen. (<i>She draws a poniard and, clad in the sheathmail of an

elected knight of nine, strikes at his loins.</i>) Nekum!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Starts up, seizes her hand.</i>) Hoy! Nebrakada! Cat of nine lives! Fair

play, madam. No pruning knife. The fox and the grapes, is it? What do we

lack with your barbed wire? Crucifix not thick enough? (<i>He clutches her veil.</i>)

A holy abbot you want or Brophy, the lame gardener, or the spoutless statue

of the watercarrier or good Mother Alphonsus, eh Reynard?

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<sc>the nymph</sc>

(<i>With a cry, flees from him unveiled, her plaster cast cracking, a cloud of

stench escaping from the cracks.</i>) Poli ...!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Calls after her.</i>) As if you didn't get it on the double yourselves. No

jerks and multiple mucosities all over you. I tried it. Your strength our

weakness. What's our studfee? What will you pay on the nail? You fee men

dancers on the Riviera, I read. (<i>The fleeing nymph raises a keen.</i>) Eh? I have

sixteen years of black slave labour behind me. And would a jury give me five

shillings alimony to morrow, eh? Fool someone else, not me. (<i>He sniffs.</i>) But,

Onions. Stale. Sulphur. Grease.

(<i>The figure of Bella Cohen stands before him.</i>)

<sc>bella</sc>

You'll know me the next time.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Composed, regards her.</i>) <i>Passée.</i> Mutton dressed as lamb. Long in the

tooth and superflous hair. A raw onion the last thing at night would benefit

your complexion. And take some double chin drill. Your eyes are as vapid

as the glass eyes of your stuffed fox. They have the dimensions of your other

features, that's all. I'm not a triple screw propeller.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Contemptuously.</i>) You're not game, in fact. (<i>Her sowcunt barks</i>). Fohracht!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Contemptuously.</i>) Clean your nailless middle finger first, the cold spunk of

your bully is dripping from your cockscomb. Take a handful of hay and wipe

yourself.

<sc>bella</sc>

I know you, canvasser! Dead cod!

<sc>bloom</sc>

I saw him, kipkeeper! Pox and gleet vendor!

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<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Turns to the piano.</i>) Which of you was playing the dead march from

<i>Saul</i>?

<sc>zoe</sc>

Me. Mind your cornflowers. (<i>She darts to the piano and bangs chords on it

with crossed arms.</i>) The cat's ramble through the slag. (<i>She glances back.</i>) Eh?

Who's making love to my sweeties? (<i>She darts back to the table.</i>) What's yours

is mine and what's mine is my own.

(<i>Kitty disconcerted coats her teeth with the silver paper. Bloom approaches

Zoe.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Gently.</i>) Give me back that potato, will you?

<sc>zoe</sc>

Forfeits, a fine thing and a superfine thing.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>With feeling.</i>) It is nothing but still a relic of poor mamma.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Give a thing and take it back

God'll ask you where is that

You'll say you don't know

God'll send you down below.

<sc>bloom</sc>

There is a memory attached to it. I should like to have it.

<sc>stephen</sc>

To have or not to have, that is the question.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Here. (<i>She hauls up a reef of her slip, revealing her bare thigh and unrolls the

potato from the top of her stocking.</i>) Those that hides knows where to find.

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<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Frowns.</i>) Here. This isn't a musical peepshow. And don't you smash that

piano. Who's paying here?

(<i>She goes to the pianola. Stephen fumbles in his pocket and, taking out a

banknote by its corner, hands it to her.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>With exagerated politeness.</i>) This silken purse I made out of the sow's

ear of the public. Madam, excuse me. If you allow me. (<i>He indicates vaguely

Lynch and Bloom.</i>) We are all in the same sweepstake, Kinch and Lynch. <i>Dans

ce bordel où tenons nostre état.</i>

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Calls from the hearth.</i>) Dedalus! Give her your blessing for me.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Hands Bella a coin.</i>) Gold. She has it.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Looks at the money, then at Zoe, Florrie and Kitty.</i>) Do you want three girls?

It's ten shillings here.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Delightedly.</i>) A hundred thousand apologies. (<i>He fumbles again and takes

out and hands her two crowns.</i>) Permit, <i>brevi manu</i>, my sight is somewhat

troubled.

(<i>Bella goes to the table to count the money while Stephen talks to himself

in monosyllabbes. Zoe bounds over to the table. Kitty leans over Zoe's

neck, Lynch gets up, rights his cap and clasping Kitty's waist, adds his

head to the group.</i>)

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Strives heavily to rise.</i>) Ow! My foot's asleep. (<i>She limps over to the table.

Bloom approaches.</i>)

<sc>bella, zoe, kitty, lynch, bloom</sc>

(<i>Chattering and squabbling.</i>) The gentleman ... ten shillings ... paying for the

three ... allow me a moment ... this gentleman pays separate ... who's touching

it? ... ow ... mind who you're pinching ... are you staying the night or a

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short time? ... who did? ... you're a liar, excuse me ... the gentleman paid down

like a gentleman ... drink ... it's long after eleven.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>At the pianola, making a gesture of abhorrence.</i>) No bottles! What,

eleven? A riddle.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Lifting up her pettigown and folding a half sovereign into the top of her

stocking.</i>) Hard earned on the flat of my back.

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Lifting Kitty from the table.</i>) Come!

<sc>kitty</sc>

Wait. (<i>She clutches the two crowns.</i>)

<sc>florry</sc>

And me?

<sc>lynch</sc>

Hoopla!

(<i>He lifts her, carries her and bumps her down on the sofa.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

The fox crew, the cocks flew,

The bells in heaven

Were striking eleven.

'Tis time for her poor soul

To get out of heaven.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Quietly lays a half sovereign on the table between Bella and Florry.</i>) So.

Allow me. (<i>He takes up the poundnote.</i>) Three times ten. We're square.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Admiringly.</i>) You're such a slyboots, old cocky. I could kiss you.

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<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Points.</i>) Hum? Deep as a drawwell. (<i>Lynch bends Kitty back over the sofa

and kisses her. Bloom goes with the poundnote to Stephen.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

This is yours.

<sc>stephen</sc>

How is that? <i>Le distrait</i> or absentminded beggar. (<i>He fumbles again in his

pocket and draws out a handful of coins. An object falls.</i>) That fell.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Stooping, picks up and hands a box of matches.</i>) This.

<sc>stephen</sc>

Lucifer. Thanks.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Quietly.</i>) You had better hand over that cash to me to take care of. Why

pay more?

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Hands him all his coins.</i>) Be just before you are generous.

<sc>bloom</sc>

I will but is it wise? (<i>He counts.</i>) One, seven, eleven, and five. Six.

Eleven. I don't answer for what you may have lost.

<sc>stephen</sc>

Why striking eleven? Proparoxyton. Moment before the next Lessing

says. Thirsty fox. (<i>He laughs loudly.</i>) Burying his grandmother. Probably he

killed her.

<sc>bloom</sc>

That is one pound six and eleven. One pound seven, say.

<sc>stephen</sc>

Doesn't matter a rambling damn.

<sc>bloom</sc>

No, but ...

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<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Comes to the table.</i>) Cigarette, please. (<i>Lynch tosses a cigarette from the sofa

to the table.</i>) And so Georgina Johnson is dead and married. (<i>A cigarette appears

on the table Stephen looks at it.</i>) Wonder. Parlour magic. Married. Hm. (<i>He strikes

a match and proceeds to light the cigarette with enigmatic melancholy.</i>)

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Watching him.</i>) You would have a better chance of lighting it if you held

the match nearer.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Brings the match nearer his eye.</i>) Lynx eye. Must get glasses. Broke them

yesterday. Sixteen years ago. Distance. The eye sees all flat. (<i>He draws the

match away. It goes out.</i>) Brain thinks. Near: far. Ineluctable modality of the

visible. (<i>He frowns mysteriously.</i>) Hm. Sphinx. The beast that has two backs at

midnight. Married.

<sc>zoe</sc>

It was a commercial traveller married her and took her away with him.

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Nods.</i>) Mr Lambe from London.

<sc>stephen</sc>

Lamb of London, who takest away the sins of our world.

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Embracing Kitty on the sofa, chants deeply.</i>) <i>Dona nobis pacem.</i>

(<i>The cigarette slips from Stephen's fingers. Bloom picks it up and throws

it into the gate.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Don't smoke. You ought to eat. Cursed dog I met. (<i>To Zoe.</i>) You have

nothing?

<sc>zoe</sc>

Is he hungry?

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<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Extends his hand to her smiling and chants to the air of the bloodoath in the</i>

Dusk of the Gods.)

Hangende Hunger,

Fragende Frau,

Macht uns alle kaput.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Tragically.</i>) Hamlet, I am thy father's gimlet! (<i>She takes his hand.</i>) Blue

eyes beauty I'll read your hand. (<i>She points to his forehead.</i>) No wit, no wrinkles

(<i>She counts.</i>) Two, three, Mars, that's courage. (<i>Stephen shakes his head.</i>) No kid.

<sc>lynch</sc>

Sheet lightning courage. The youth who could not shiver and shake. (<i>To

Zoe.</i>) Who taught you palmistry?

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Turns.</i>) Ask my ballocks that I haven't got. (<i>To Stephen.</i>) I see it in

your face. The eye, like that. (<i>She frowns with lowered head.</i>)

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Laughing, slaps Kitty behind twice.</i>) Like that. Pandy bat.

(<i>Twice loudly a pandybat cracks, the coffin of the pianola flies open, the

bald tittle round jack-in-the-box head of Father Dolan springs up.</i>)

<sc>father dolan</sc>

Any boy want flogging? Broke his glasses? Lazy idle little schemer. See

it in your eye.

(<i>Mild, benign, rectorial, reproving, the head of Don John Connee rises

from the pianola coffin.</i>)

<sc>don john connee</sc>

Now, Father Dolan! Now. I'm sure that Stephen is a very good little

boy.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Examining Stephen's palm.</i>) Woman's hand.

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<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Murmurs.</i>) Continue. Lie. Hold me. Caress. I never could read His

handwriting except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock.

<sc>zoe</sc>

What day were you born?

<sc>stephen</sc>

Thursday. Today.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Thursday's child has far to go. (<i>She traces lines on his hand.</i>) Line of fate.

Influential friends.

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Pointing.</i>) Imagination.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Mount of the moon. You'll meet with a ... (<i>She peers at his hands abruptly.</i>)

I won't tell you what's not good for you. Or do you want to know?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Detaches her fingers and offers his palm.</i>) More harm than good. Here. Read

mine.

<sc>bella</sc>

Show. (<i>She turns up Bloom's hand.</i>) I thought so. Knobby knuckles, for

the women.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Peering at Bloom's palm.</i>) Gridiron. Travels beyond the sea and marry

money.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Wrong.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Quickly.</i>) O, I see. Short little finger. Henpecked husband. That wrong?

(<i>Black Liz, a huge rooster hatching in a chalked circle, rises, stretches her

wings and clucks.</i>)

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<sc>black liz</sc>

Gara. Klook. Klook. Klook.

(<i>She sidles from her newlaid egg and waddles off.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Points to his hand.</i>) That weal there is an accident. Fell and cut it twenty

two years age. I was sixteen.

<sc>zoe</sc>

I see, says the blind man. Tell us news.

<sc>stephen</sc>

See? Moves to one great goal. I am twentytwo too. Sixteen years ago I

twentytwo tumbled, twentytwo years ago he sixteen fell off his hobbyhorse

(<i>He winces.</i>) Hurt my hand somewhere. Must see a dentist. Money?

(<i>Zoe whispers to Florry. They giggle. Bloom releases his hand and writes

idly on the table in backhand, pencilling slow curves.</i>)

<sc>florry</sc>

What?

(<i>A hackneycar, number three hundred and twentyfour, with a gallant

buttocked mare, driven by James Barton, Harmony Avenue,

Donnybrook, trots past. Blazes Boylan and Lenehan sprawl swaying

on the sideseats. The Ormond boots crouches behind on the axle. Sadly

over the crossblind Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy gaze.</i>)

<sc>the boots</sc>

(<i>Jogging, mocks them with thumb and wriggling wormfingers.</i>) Haw, haw,

have you the horn?

(<i>Bronze by gold they whisper.</i>).

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>To Florry.</i>) Whisper.

(<i>They whisper again.</i>)

(<i>Over the well of the car Blazes Boylan leans, his boater straw, set sideways,

a red flower in his mouth. Lenehan, in a yachtsman's cap and

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white shoes, officiously detaches a long hair from Blazes Boylan's

shoulder.</i>)

<sc>lenehan</sc>

Ho! What do I here behold? Were you brushing the cobwebs off a few

quims?

<sc>boylan</sc>

(<i>Sated, smiles.</i>) Plucking a turkey.

<sc>lenehan</sc>

A good night's work.

<sc>boylan</sc>

(<i>Holding up four thick bluntungulated fingers, winks.</i>) Blazes Kate! Up to

sample or your money back. (<i>He holds out a forefinger.</i>) Smell that.

<sc>lenehan</sc>

(<i>Smells gleefully.</i>) Ah! Lobster and mayonnaise. Ah!

<sc>zoe</sc> and <sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Laugh together.</i>) Ha ha ha ha.

<sc>boylan</sc>

(<i>Jumps surely from the car and calls loudly for all to hear.</i>) Hello, Bloom!

Mrs Bloom up yet?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>In a flunkey's plum plush coat and kneebreeches, buff stockings and powdered

wig.</i>) I'm afraid not, sir, the last articles .....

<sc>boylan</sc>

(<i>Tosses him sixpence.</i>) Here, to buy yourself a gin and splash. (<i>He hangs his

hat smartly on a peg of Bloom's autlered head.</i>) Show me in. I have a little private

business with your wife. You understand?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Thank you, sir. Yes, sir, Madam Tweedy is in her bath, sir.

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<sc>marion</sc>

He ought to feel himself highly honoured. (<i>She plops splashing out of the

water.</i>) Raoul, darling, come and dry me. I'm in my pelt. Only my new hat

and a carriage sponge.

<sc>boylan</sc>

(<i>A merry twinkle in his eye.</i>) Topping!

<sc>bella</sc>

What? What is it?

(<i>Zoe whispers to her.</i>)

<sc>marion</sc>

Let him look, the pishogue! Pimp! And scourge himself! I'll write to

a powerful prostitute or Bartholomona, the bearded woman, to raise weals out

on him an inch thick and make him bring me back a signed and stamped receipt.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Laughing.</i>) Ho ho ho ho.

<sc>boylan</sc>

(<i>To Bloom, over his shoulder.</i>) You can apply your eye to the keyhole and

play with yourself while I just go through her a few times.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Thank you, sir. I will, sir. May I bring two men chums to witness the deed

and take a snapshot? (<i>He holds an ointment jar.</i>) Vaseline, sir? Orangeflower? ...

Lukewarm water? ...

<sc>kitty</sc>

(<i>From the sofa.</i>) Tell us, Florry. Tell us. What ...

(<i>Florry whispers to her. Whispering lovewords murmur liplapping loudly,

poppysmic plopslop.</i>)

<sc>mina kennedy</sc>

(<i>Her eyes upturned.</i>) O, it must be like the scent of geraniums and lovely

peaches! O, he simply idolises every bit of her! Stuck together! Covered with

kisses!

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<sc>lydia douce</sc>

(<i>Her mouth opening.</i>) Yumyum. O, he's carrying her round the room doing

it! Ride a cock horse. You could hear them in Paris and New York. Like

mouthfuls of strawberries and cream.

<sc>kitty</sc>

(<i>Laughing.</i>) Hee hee hee.

<sc>boylan's voice</sc>

(<i>Sweetly, hoarsely, in the pit of his stomach.</i>) Ah! Gooblazeqruk

brukarchkrasht!

<sc>marion's voice</sc>

(<i>Hoarsely, sweetly rising to her throat.</i>) O! Weeshwashtkissimapooisth-

napoohuck!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>His eyes wildy dilated, clasps himself.</i>) Show! Hide! Show! Plough her!

More! Shoot!

<sc>bella, zoe, florry, kitty</sc>

Ho ho! Ha ha! Hee hee!

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Points.</i>) The mirror up to nature. (<i>He laughs.</i>) Hu hu hu hu hu.

(<i>Stephen and Bloom gaze in the mirror. The face of William Shakespeare,

beardless, appears there, rigid in facial paralysis, crowned by the

reflection of the reindeer antlered hatrack in the hall.</i>)

<sc>shakespeare</sc>

(<i>In dignified ventriloquy.</i>) 'Tis the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind. (<i>To

Bloom.</i>) Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible. Gaze. (<i>He crows with

a black capon's laugh.</i>) Iagogo! How my Oldfellow chokit his Thursdaymomun.

Iagogogo!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Smiles yellowly at the whores.</i>) When will I hear the joke?

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<sc>zoe</sc>

Before you're twice married and once a widower.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Lapses are condoned. Even the great Napoleon, when measurements

were taken near the skin after his death ...

(<i>Mrs Dignam, widow woman, her snubnose and cheeks flushed with

deathtalk, fears and Tunny's tawny sherry, hurries by in her weeds,

her bonnet awry, rouging and powdering her cheeks, lips and nose a

pen chivvying her brood of cygnets. Beneath her skirt appear her late

husband's everyday trousers and turnedup boots, large eights. She

holds a Scottish widow's insurance policy and large marqueeumbrella

under which her brood runs with her, Patsy, hopping on one short foot,

his collar loose, a hank of porksteaks dangling, Freddy, whimpering,

Susy with a crying cods' mouth, Alice, struggling with the baby. She

cuffs them on, her streamers flaunting aloft.</i>)

<sc>freddy</sc>

Ah, ma, you're dragging me along!

<sc>susy</sc>

Mamma, the beeftea is fizzing over!

<sc>shakespeare</sc>

(<i>With paralytic rage.</i>) Weda seca whokilla farst.

(<i>The face of Martin Cunningham, bearded, refeatures Shakespeare's beardless

face. The marqueeumbrella sways drunkenly, the children run aside.

Under the umbrella appears Mrs Cunningham in Merry Widow hat

and kimono gown. She glides sidling and bowing, twisting japanesily.</i>)

<sc>mrs cunningham</sc>

(<i>Sings.</i>)

And they call me the jewel of Asia.

<sc>martin cunningham</sc>

(<i>Gazes on her impassive.</i>) Immense! Most bloody awful demirep!

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<sc>stephen</sc>

<i>Et exaltabuntur cornua iusti.</i> Queens lay with prize bulls. Remember

Pasiphae for whose lust my grandoldgrossfather made the first confessionbox.

Forget not Madam Grissel Steevens nor the suine scions of the house of

Lambert. And Noah was drunk with wine. And his ark was open.

<sc>bella</sc>

None of that here. Come to the wrong shop.

<sc>lynch</sc>

Let him alone. He's back from Paris.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Runs to Stephen and links him.</i>) O go on! Give us some parleyvoo.

(<i>Stephen claps hat on head and leaps over to the fireplace, where he stands

with shrugged shoulders, finny hands outspread, a painted smile on

his face.</i>)

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Pommelling on the sofa.</i>) Rmm Rmm Rmm Rrrrrrmmmmm.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Gabbles, with marionette jerks.</i>) Thousand places of entertainment to

expenses your evenings with lovely ladies saling gloves and other things perhap

her heart beerchops perfect fashionable house very eccentric where lots cocottes

beautiful dressed much about princesses like are dancing cancan and walking

there parisian clowneries extra foolish for bachelors foreigns the same if

talking a poor english how much smart they are on things love and sensations

voluptuous. Misters very selects for is pleasure must to visit heaven and hell

show with mortuary candles and they tears silver which occur every night.

Perfectly shocking terrific of religion's things mockery seen in universal world.

All chic womans which arrive full of modesty then disrobe and squeal loud to

see vampire man debauch nun very fresh young with <i>dessous troublants</i> (<i>He

clacks his tongue loudly.</i>) <i>Ho, la la! Ce pif qu'il a!</i>

<sc>lynch</sc>

<i>Vive le vampire!</i>

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<sc>the whores</sc>

Bravo! Parleyvoo!

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Grimacing with head back, laughs loudly, clapping himself.</i>) Great success of

laughing. Angels much prostitutes like and holy apostles big damn ruffians.

<i>Demimondaines</i> nicely handsome sparkling of diamonds very amiable costumed.

Or do you are fond better what belongs they moderns pleasure turpitude of old

mans? (<i>He points about him with grotesque gestures which Lynch and the whores

reply to.</i>) Caoutchouc statue woman reversible or lifesize tompeeptoms virgins

nudities very lesbic the kiss five ten times. Enter gentlemen to see in mirrors

every positions trapezes all that machine there besides also if desire act awfully

bestial butcher's boy pollutes in warm veal liver or omlette on the belly <i>pièce de

Shakespeare</i>.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Clapping her belly sinks back on the sofa with a shout of laughter.</i>) An

omelette on the ... Ho! ho! ho! ho! ... Omelette on the ...

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Mincingly.</i>) I love you, Sir darling. Speak you englishman tongue for

<i>double entente cordiale</i>. O yes, <i>mon loup</i>. How much cost? Waterloo. Watercloset.

(<i>He ceases suddenly and holds up a forefinger.</i>)

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Laughing.</i>) Omelette ...

<sc>the whores</sc>

(<i>Laughing.</i>) Encore! Encore!

<sc>stephen</sc>

Mark me. I dreamt of a watermelon.

<sc>zoe</sc>

Go abroad and love a foreign lady.

<sc>lynch</sc>

Across the world for a wife.

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<sc>florry</sc>

Dreams go by contraries.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Extending his arms.</i>) It was here. Street of harlots. In Serpentine Avenue

Beelzebub showed me her, a fubsy widow. Where's the red carpet spread?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Approaching Stephen.</i>) Look ...

<sc>stephen</sc>

No, I flew. My foes beneath me. And ever shall be. World without end.

(<i>He cries.</i>) <i>Pater!</i> Free!

<sc>bloom</sc>

I say, look ...

<sc>stephen</sc>

Break my spirit, will he? <i>O merde alors!</i> (<i>He cries, his vulture talons

sharpened.</i>) Hola! Hillyho!

(<i>Simon Dedalus' voice hilloes in answer, somewhat sleepy but ready.</i>)

<sc>simon</sc>

That's all right. (<i>He swoops uncertainly through the air, wheeling, uttering cries

of hearkening, on strong ponderous buzzard wings.</i>) Ho, boy! Are you going to

win? Hoop! Pschatt! Stable with those halfcastes. Wouldn't let them within

the bawl of an ass. Head up! Keep our flag flying! An eagle gules volant in a

field argent displayed. Ulster king at arms! hai hoop! (<i>He makes the beagle's

call giving tongue.</i>) Bulbul! Burblblbrurblbl! Hai, boy!

(<i>The fronds and spaces of the wall paper file rapidly across country. A

stout fox drawn from covert, brush pointed, having buried his

grandmother, runs swift, for the open brighteyed, seeking badger earth,

under the leaves. The pack of staghounds follows, nose to the ground,

sniffing their quarry, beaglebaying, burblbrbling to be blooded. Ward

Union huntsmen and huntswomen live with them, hot for a kill. From

Six Mile Point, Flathouse, Nine Mile Stone follow the footpeople with

knotty sticks, salmongaffs, lassos, flockmasters with stockwhips,

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bearbaiters with tomtoms, toreadors with bullswords, grey negroes

waving torches. The crowd bawls of dicers, crown and anchor players,

thimbleriggers, broadsmen. Crows and touts, hoarse bookies in high

wizard hats clamour deafeningly.</i>)

<sc>the crowd</sc>

Card of the races. Racing card!

Ten to one the field!

Tommy on the clay here! Tommy on the clay!

Ten to one bar one. Ten to one bar one.

Try your luck on spinning Jenny!

Ten to one bar one!

Sell the monkey, boys! Sell the monkey!

I'll give ten to one!

Ten to one bar one!

(<i>A dark horse riderless, bolts like a phantom past the winningpost, his mane

moonfoaming, his eyeballs stars. The field follows, a bunch of bucking

mounts. Skeleton horses: Sceptre, Maximum the Second, Zinfandel,

the Duke of Westminster's Shotover, Repulse, The Duke of Beaufort's

Ceylon, prix de Paris. Dwarfs ride them, rusty armoured, leaping,

leaping in their, in their saddles. Last in a drizzle of rain, on a broken-

winded isabelle nag. Cock of the North, the favourite, honey cap, green

jacket, orange sleeves, Garrett Deasy up, gripping the reins, a hockey

stick at the ready. His nag, stumbling on whitegaitered feet, jogs

along the rocky road.</i>)

<sc>the orange lodges</sc>

(<i>Jeering.</i>) Get down and push, mister. Last lap! You'll be home the

night!

<sc>ganett deary</sc>

(<i>Bolt upright, his nailscraped face plastered with postage stamps, brandishes

his hockeystick, his blue eyes flashing in the prism of the chandelier as

his mount lopes by at schooling gallop.</i>)

<i>Per vias rectas!</i>

(<i>A yoke of buckets leopards all over him and his rearing nag, a torrent of

mutton broth with dancing coins of carrots, barley, onions, turnips,

potatoes.</i>)

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<sc>the green lodges</sc>

Soft day, sir John! Soft day, your honour!

(<i>Private Carr, Private Compton and Cissy Caffrey pass beneath the windows,

singing in discord.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

Hark! Our friend, noise in the street!

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Holds up her hand.</i>) Stop!

<sc>private carr, private compton</sc> and <sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

Yet I've a sort a

Yorkshire relish for ...

<sc>zoe</sc>

That's me. (<i>She claps her hands.</i>) Dance! Dance! (<i>She runs to the pianola.</i>)

Who has twopence?

<sc>bloom</sc>

Who'll? ...

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Handing her coins.</i>) Here.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Cracking his fingers impatiently.</i>) Quick! Quick! Where's my augur's

rod? (<i>He runs to the piano and takes his ashplant, beating his foot in tripudium.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Turns the drumhandle.</i>) There.

(<i>She drops two pennies in the slot. Gold pink and violet lights start forth.

The drum turns purring in low hesitation waltz. Professor Goodwin,

in a bowknotted periwig, in court dress, wearing a stained inverness

cape, bent in two from incredible age, totters across the room, his

hands fluttering. He sits tinily on the piano stool and lifts and beats

handless sticks of arms on the keyboard, nodding with damsel's grace,

his bowknot bobbing.</i>)

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<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Twirls around herself, heeltapping.</i>) Dance. Anybody here for there?

Who'll dance?

(<i>The pianola, with changing lights plays in waltz time the prelude of</i> My

Girl's a Yorkshire Girl. <i>Stephen throws his ashplant on the table and

seizes Zoe around the waist. Florry and Bella push the table towards

the fireplace. Stephen, arming Zoe with exaggerated grace, begins to

waltz her around the room. Her sleeve, falling from gracing arms,

reveals a white fleshflower of vaccination. Bloom stands aside. Between

the curtains, Professor Maginni inserts a leg on the toepoint of

which spins a silk hat. With a deft kick, he sends it spinning to

his crown and jauntyhatted skates in. He wears a slate frockcoat with

claret silk lapels, a gorget of cream tulle, a green lowcut waistcoat,

stock collar with white kerchief, tight lavender trousers, patent pumps

and canary gloves. In his buttonhole is a dahlia. He twirls in reversed

directions a clouded cane, then wedges it tight in his oxter. He places a

hand limply on his breastbone, bows and fondles his flower and

buttons.</i>)

<sc>maginni</sc>

The poetry of motion, art of calisthenics. No connection with Madam

Legget Byrne's or Levinstone's. Fancy dress balls arranged. Deportment. The

Katty Lanner steps. So. Watch me! My terpsichorean abilities. (<i>He minuets

forward three paces on tripping bee's feet.</i>) <i>Tout le monde en avant! Reverence! Tout

le monde en place!</i>

(<i>The prelude ceases. Professor Goodwin, beating vague arms, shrivels,

shrinks, his live cape falling about the stool. The air, in firmer waltz

time, pounds. Stephen and Zoe circle freely. The lights change, glow,

fade, gold, rose, violet.</i>)

<sc>the pianola</sc>

Two young fellows were talking about their girls, girls, girls,

Sweethearts they'd left behind ...

(<i>From a corner the morning hours run out, goldhaired, slim, in girlish

blue, waspwaisted, with innocent hands. Nimbly they dance, twirling

their skipping ropes. The hours of noon follow in amber gold. Laughing

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linked, high haircombs flashing, they catch the sun in mocking

mirrors, lifting their arms.</i>)

<sc>maginni</sc>

(<i>Clipclaps glovesilent hands.</i>) <i>Carré! Avant deux!</i> Breathe evenly! <i>Balance!</i>

(<i>The morning and noon hours waltz in their places, turning, advancing

to each other, shaping their curves, bowing vis a vis. Cavaliers behind

them arch and suspend their arms, with hands descending to, touching,

rising from their shoulders.</i>)

<sc>hours</sc>

You may touch my ...

<sc>cavaliers</sc>

May I touch your?

<sc>hours</sc>

O, but lightly!

<sc>cavaliers</sc>

O, so lightly!

<sc>the pianola</sc>

My little shy little lass has a waist.

(<i>Zoe and Stephen turn boldly with looser swing. The twilight hours

advance, from long landshadows, dispersed, lagging, languideyed, their

cheeks delicate with cipria and false faint bloom. They are in grey

gauze with dark bat sleeves that flutter in the land breeze.</i>)

<sc>maginni</sc>

<i>Avant huit! Traversé! Salut! Cours de mains! Croisé!</i>

(<i>The night hours steal to the last place. Morning, noon and twilight hours

retreat before them. They are masked, with daggered hair and bracelets

of dull bells. Weary, they curchycurchy under veils.</i>)

<sc>the bracelets</sc>

Heigho! Heigho!

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<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Twisting, her hand to her brow.</i>) O!

<sc>maginni</sc>

<i>Les tiroirs! Cha|<ine de dames! La corbeille! Dos à dos!</i>

(<i>Arabesquing wearily, they weave a pattern on the floor, weaving,

unweaving, curtseying, twisting, simply swirling.</i>)

<sc>zoe</sc>

I'm giddy.

(<i>She frees herself, droops on a chair, Stephen seizes Florry and turns with

her.</i>)

<sc>maginni</sc>

<i>Boulangère! Les ronds! Les ponts! Chevaux de bois! Escargots!</i>

(<i>Twining, receding, with interchanging hands, the night hours link, each

with arching arms, in a mosaic of movements, Stephen and Florry

turn cumbrously.</i>)

<sc>maginni</sc>

<i>Dansez avec vos dames! Changez de dames! Donnez le petit bouquet à votre

dame! Remerciez!</i>

<sc>the pianola</sc>

Best, best of all,

Baraabum!

<sc>kitty</sc>

(<i>Jumps up.</i>) O, they played that on the hobbyhorses at the <i>Mirus</i> bazaar!

(<i>She runs to Stephen. He leaves Florry brusquely and seizes Kitty. A

screaming bittern's harsh high whistle shrieks. Groangrousegurgling

Toft's cumbersome whirligig turns slowly the room right roundabout

the room.</i>)

<sc>the pianola</sc>

My girl's a Yorkshire girl.

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<sc>zoe</sc>

Yorkshire through and through.

Come on all!

(<i>She seizes Florry and waltzes her.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

<i>Pas seul!</i>

(<i>He wheels Kitty into Lynch's arms, snatches up his ashplant from the

table and takes the floor. All wheel, whirl, waltz, twirl. Bloombella,

Kittylynch, Florryzoe, jujuby women. Stephen with hat ashplant

frogsplits in middle highkicks with skykicking mouth shut hand clasp

part under thigh, with clang tinkle boomhammer tallyho hornblower

blue green yellow flashes Toft's cumbersome turns with hobbyhorse

riders from gilded snakes dangled, bowels fandango leaping spurn

soil foot and fall again.</i>)

<sc>the pianola</sc>

Though she's a factory lass

And wears no fancy clothes.

(<i>Closeclutched swift swifter with glareblareflare scudding they scotlootshoot

lumbering by. Baraabum!</i>)

<sc>tutti</sc>

Encore! Bis! Bravo! Encore!

<sc>simon</sc>

Think of your mother's people!

<sc>stephen</sc>

Dance of death.

(<i>Bang fresh barang bang of lacquey's bell, horse, nag, steer, piglings.

Conmee on Christass lame crutch and leg sailor in cockboat armfolded

ropepulling hitching stamp hornpipe through and through, Baraabum!

On nags, hogs, bellhorses, Gadarene swine, Corny in coffin. Steel

shark stone onehandled Nelson, two trickies Frauenzimmer plumstained

from pram falling bawling. Gum, he's a champion. Fuseblue peer

from barrel rev. evensong Love on hackney jaunt Blazes blind

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coddoubled bicyclers Dilly with snowcake no fancy clothes. Then in

last wiswitchback lumbering up and down bump mashtub sort of

viceroy and reine relish for tublumber bumpshire rose. Baraabum!</i>)

(<i>The couples fall aside. Stephen whirls giddily. Room whirls back. Eyes

closed, he totters. Red rails fly spacewards. Stars all around suns

turn roundabout. Bright midges dance on wall. He stops dead.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

Ho!

(<i>Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor in leper grey with

a wreath of faded orange blossoms and a torn bridal veil, her face

worn and noseless, green with grave mould. Her hair is scant and

lank. She fixes her bluecircled hollow eyesockets on Stephen and opens

her toothless mouth uttering a silent word. A choir of virgins and

confessors sing voicelessly.</i>)

<sc>the choir</sc>

Liliata rutilantium te confessorum ...

Jubilantium te virginum ...

(<i>From the top of a tower Buck Mulligan, in particoloured jester's dress of

puce and yellow and clown's cap with curling bell, stands gaping at

her, a smoking buttered split scone in his hand.</i>)

<sc>buck mulligan</sc>

She's beastly dead. The pity of it! Mulligan meets the afflicted mother. (<i>He

upturns his eyes.</i>) Mercurial Malachi.

<sc>the mother</sc>

(<i>With the subtle smile of death's madness.</i>) I was once the beautiful May

Goulding. I am dead.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Horrorstruck.</i>) Lemur, who are you? What bogeyman's trick is this?

<sc>buck mulligan</sc>

(<i>Shakes his curling capbell.</i>) The mockery of it! Kinch killed her dogsbody

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bitchbody. She kicked the bucket. (<i>Tears of molten butter fall from his eyes into the

scone.</i>) Our great sweet mother! <i>Epi oinopa ponton.</i>

<sc>the mother</sc>

(<i>Comes nearer, breathing upon him softly her breath of wetted ashes.</i>) All must

go through it, Stephen. More women than men in the world. You too. Time

will come.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Choking with fright, remorse and horror.</i>) They said I killed you, mother.

He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny.

<sc>the mother</sc>

(<i>A green rill of bile trickling from a side of her mouth.</i>) You sang that song

to me. <i>Love's bitter mystery.</i>

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Eagerly.</i>) Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known

to all men.

<sc>the mother</sc>

Who saved you the night you jumped into the train at Dalkey with Paddy

Lee? Who had pity for you when you were sad among the strangers? Prayer

is all powerful. Prayer for the suffering souls in the Ursuline manual, and

forty days indulgence. Repent, Stephen.

<sc>stephen</sc>

The ghoul! Hyena!

<sc>the mother</sc>

I pray for you in my other world. Get Dilly to make you that boiled rice

every night after your brain work. Years and years I loved you, O my son, my

firstborn, when you lay in my womb.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Fanning herself with the grate fan.</i>) I'm melting!

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>Points to Stephen.</i>) Look! He's white.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Goes to the window to open it more.</i>) Giddy.

<sc>the mother</sc>

(<i>With smouldering eyes.</i>) Repent! O, the fire of hell!

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Panting.</i>) The corpsechewer! Raw head and bloody bones!

<sc>the mother</sc>

(<i>Her face drawing near and nearer, sending out an ashen breath.</i>) Beware!

(<i>She raises her blackened, withered right arm slowly towards Stephen's breast with

outstretched fingers.</i>) Beware! God's hand! (<i>A green crab with malignant red eyes

sticks deep its grinning claws in Stephen's heart.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Strangled with rage.</i>) Shite! (<i>His features grow drawn and grey and old.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>At the window.</i>) What?

<sc>stephen</sc>

<i>Ah non, par exemple!</i> The intellectual imagination! With me all or not at

all. <i>Non serviam!</i>

<sc>florry</sc>

Give him some cold water. Wait. (<i>She rushes out.</i>)

<sc>the mother</sc>

(<i>Wrings her hands slowly, moaning desperately.</i>) O Sacred Heart of Jesus,

have mercy on him! Save him from hell, O divine Sacred Heart!

<sc>stephen</sc>

No! No! No! Break my spirit all of you if you can! I'll bring you all to

heel!

<sc>the mother</sc>

(<i>In the agony of her deathrattle.</i>) Have mercy on Stephen, Lord, for my

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sake! Inexpressible was my anguish when expiring with love, grief and agony

on Mount Calvary.

<sc>stephen</sc>

<i>Nothung!</i>

(<i>He lifts his ashplant high with both hands and smashes the chandelier.

Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin

of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry.</i>)

<sc>the gasjet</sc>

Pwfungg!

<sc>bloom</sc>

Stop!

<sc>lynch</sc>

(<i>Rushes forward and seizes Stephen's hand.</i>) Here! Hold on! Don't run amok!

<sc>bella</sc>

Police!

(<i>Stephen, abandoning his ashplant, his head and arms thrown back stark,

beats the ground and flees from the room past the whores at the door.</i>)

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Screams.</i>) After him!

(<i>The two whores rush to the halldoors. Lynch and Kitty and Zoe stampede

from the room. They talk excitedly. Bloom follows, returns.</i>)

<sc>the whores</sc>

(<i>Jammed in the doorway, pointing.</i>) Down there.

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>Pointing.</i>) There. There's something up.

<sc>bella</sc>

Who pays for the lamp? (<i>She seizes Bloom's coattail.</i>) There. You were

with him. The lamp's broken.

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Rushes to the hall, rushes back.</i>) What lamp, woman?

<sc>a whore</sc>

He tore his coat.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Her eyes hard with anger and cupidity, points.</i>) Who's to pay for that? Ten

shillings. You're a witness.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Snatches up Stephen's ashplant.</i>) Me? Ten shillings? Haven't you lifted

enough off him? Didn't he ...!

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Loudly.</i>) Here, none of your tall talk. This isn't a brothel. A ten shilling

house.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>His hand under the lamp, pulls the chain. Pulling, the gasjet lights up a crushed

mauve purple shade. He raises the ashplant.</i>) Only the chimney's broken. Here

is all he ...

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Shrinks back and screams.</i>) Jesus! Don't!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Warding off a blow</i>). To show you how he hit the paper. There's not a

sixpenceworth of damage done. Ten shillings!

<sc>florry</sc>

(<i>With a glass of water, enters.</i>) Where is he?

<sc>bella</sc>

Do you want me to call the police?

<sc>bloom</sc>

O, I know. Bulldog on the premises. But he's a Trinity student. Patrons

of your establishment. Gentlemen that pay the rent. (<i>He makes a masonic

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sign.</i>) Know what I mean? Nephew of the vicechancellor. You don't want

a scandal.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Angrily.</i>) Trinity. Coming down here ragging after the boat races and

paying nothing. Are you my commander here? Where is he? I'll charge him.

Disgrace him, I will. (<i>She shouts.</i>) Zoe! Zoe!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Urgently.</i>) And if it were your own son in Oxford! (<i>Warningly.</i>) I know.

<sc>bella</sc>

(<i>Almost speechless.</i>) Who are you incog?

<sc>zoe</sc>

(<i>In the doorway.</i>) There's a row on.

<sc>bloom</sc>

What? Where? (<i>He throws a shilling on the table and shouts.</i>) That's for

the chimney. Where? I need mountain air.

(<i>He hurries out through the hall. The whores point. Florry follows, spilling

water from her tilted tumbler. On the doorstep all the whores clustered

talk volubly, pointing to the right where the fog has cleared off. From the

left arrives a jingling hackney car. It slows to in front of the house. Bloom

at the halldoor perceives Corny Kelleher who is about to dismount from

the car with two silent lechers. He averts his face. Bella from within

the hall urges on her whores. They blow ickylickysticky yumyum

kisses. Corny Kelleher replies with a ghostly lewd smile. The silent

lechers turn to pay the jarvey. Zoe and Kitty still point right. Bloom,

parting them swiftly, draws his caliph's hood and poncho and hurries

down the steps with sideways face. Incog Haroun al Raschid, he flits

behind the silent lechers and hastens on by the railings with fleet step

of a pard strewing the drag behind him, torn envelopes drenched in

aniseed. The ashplant marks his stride. A pack of bloodhounds led by

Hornblower of Trinity brandishing a dogwhip in tallyho cap, and

an old pair of grey trousers, follows from far, picking up the scent,

nearer, baying, panting, at fault, breaking away, throwing their

tongues, biting his heels, leaping at his tail. He walks, runs, zigzags,

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gallops, lugs laid back. He is pelted with gravel, cabbagestumps,

biscuitboxes, eggs, potatoes, dead codfish, woman's slipperslappers.

After him, freshfound, the hue and cry zigzag gallops in hot pursuit

of follow my leader: 65 C 66 C night watch, John Henry Menton,

Wisdom Hely, V.B. Dillon, Councillor Nannetti, Alexander Keyes,

Larry O'Rourke, Joe Cuffe, Mrs O'Dowd, Pisser Burke, The Nameless

One, Mrs Riordan, The Citizen, Garryowen, Whatdoyoucallhim,

Strangeface, Fellowthatslike, Sawhimbefore, Chapwith, Chris Callinan,

sir Charles Cameron, Benjamin Dollard, Lenehan, Bartell d'Arcy,

Joe Hynes, red Murray, editor Brayden, T.M. Healy, Mr Justice

Fitzgibbon, John Howard Parnell, the reverend Tinned Salmon,

Professor Joly, Mrs Breen, Denis Breen, Theodore Purefoy, Mina

Purefoy, the Westland Row postmistress, C.P. McCoy, friend of

Lyons, Hoppy Holohan, man in the street, other man in the street,

Footballboots, pugnosed driver, rich protestant lady, Davy Byrne,

Mrs Ellen McGuinness, Mrs Joe Gallaher, George Lidwell, Jimmy

Henry on corns, Superintendent Laracy, Father Cowley, Crofton out

of the Collector General's, Dan Dawson, dental surgeon Bloom with

tweezers, Mrs Bob Doran, Mrs Kennefick, Mrs Wyse Nolan, John

Wyse Nolan, handsomemarriedwomanrubbedagainstwidebehindin-

Clonskea tram, the bookseller of</i> Sweets of Sin, <i>Miss Dubedatandshe-

didbedad, Mesdames Gerald and Stanislaus Moran of Roebuck, the

managing clerk of Drimmie's, colonel Hayes, Mastiansky, Citron,

Penrose, Aaron Figatner, Moses Herzog, Michael E. Geraghty,

Inspector Troy, Mrs Galbraith, the constable off Eccles Street corner,

old doctor Brady with stethoscope, the mystery man on the beach, a

retriever, Mrs Miriam Dandrade and all her lovers.</i>)

<sc>the hue and cry</sc>

(<i>Helterskelterpelterwelter.</i>) He's Bloom! Stop Bloom! Stopabloom! Stopper-

robber! Hi! Hi! Stop him on the corner!

(<i>At the corner of Beaver Street beneath the scaffolding Bloom panting stops

on the fringe of the noisy quarelling knot, a lot not knowing a jot what

hi! hi! row and wrangle round the whowhat brawlaltogether.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>With elaborate gestures, breathing deeply and slowly.</i>) You are my guests.

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The uninvited. By virtue of the fifth of George and seventh of Edward.

History to blame. Fabled by mothers of memory.

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>To Cissy Caffrey.</i>) Was he insulting you?

<sc>stephen</sc>

Addressed her in vocative feminine. Probably neuter. Ungenitive.

<sc>voices</sc>

No, he didn't. The girl's telling lies. He was in Mrs Cohen's. What's

up? Soldiers and civilians.

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

I was in company with the soldiers and they left me to do -- you know

and the young man ran up behind me. But I'm faithful to the man that's

treating me though I'm only a shilling whore.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Catches sight of Kitty's and Lynch's heads.</i>) Hail, Sisyphus. (<i>He points to

himself and the others.</i>) Poetic. Neopoetic.

<sc>voices</sc>

She's faithfultheman.

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

Yes, to go with him. And me with a soldier friend.

<sc>private compton</sc>

He doesn't half want a thick ear, the blighter. Biff him one, Harry.

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>To Cissy.</i>) Was he insulting you while me and him was having a piss?

<sc>lord tennyson</sc>

(<i>In Union Jack blazer and cricket flannels, bareheaded, flowingbearded.</i>) Their's

not to reason why.

<sc>private compton</sc>

Biff him, Harry.

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<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>To Private Compton.</i>) I don't know your name but you are quite right.

Doctor Swift says one man in armour will beat ten men in their shirts. Shirt

is synechdoche. Part for the whole.

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

(<i>To the crowd.</i>) No, I was with the private.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Amiably.</i>) Why not? The bold soldier boy. In my opinion every lady for

example ...

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>His cap awry, advancing to Stephen.</i>) Say, how would it be, governor, if

I was to bash in your jaw?

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Looks up in the sky.</i>) How? Very unpleasant. Noble art of selfpretence.

Personally, I detest action. (<i>He waves his hand.</i>) Hand hurts me slightly.

<i>Enfin, ce sont vos oignons.</i> (<i>To Cissy Caffrey.</i>) Some trouble is on here. What is

it, precisely?

<sc>dolly gray</sc>

(<i>From her balcony waves her handkerchief, giving the sign of the heroine of

Jericho.</i>) Rahab. Cook's son, goodbye. Safe home to Dolly. Dream of the girl

you left behind and she will dream of you.

(<i>The soldiers turn their swimming eyes.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Elbowing through the crowd, plucks Stephen's sleeve vigorously.</i>) Come now,

professor, that carman is waiting.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Turns.</i>) Eh? (<i>He disengages himself.</i>) Why should I not speak to him or

to any human being who walks upright upon this oblate orange? (<i>He points his

finger.</i>) I'm not afraid of what I can talk to if I see his eye. Retaining the

perpendicular.

(<i>He staggers a pace back.</i>)

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Propping him.</i>) Retain your own.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Laughs emptily.</i>) My centre of gravity is displaced. I have forgotten the

trick. Let us sit down somewhere and discuss. Struggle for life is the law of

existence but modern philirenists, notably the tsar and the king of England,

have invented arbitration. (<i>He taps his brow.</i>) But in here it is I must kill the

priest and the king.

<sc>biddy the clap</sc>

Did you hear what the professor said? He's a professor out of the college

<sc>cunty kate</sc>

I did. I heard that.

<sc>biddy the clap</sc>

He expresses himself with much marked refinement of phraseology.

<sc>cunty kate</sc>

Indeed, yes. And at the same time with such apposite trenchancy.

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Pulls himself free and comes forward.</i>) What's that you're saying about my

king?

(<i>Edward the Seventh appears in an archway. He wears a white jersey on

which an image of the Sacred Heart is stitched, with the insignia of

Garter and Thistle, Golden Fleece, Elephant of Denmark, Skinner's

and Probyn's horse, Lincoln's Inns' bencher and ancient and

honourable artillery company of Massachussets. He sucks a red jujube.

He is robed as a grand elect perfect and sublime mason with trowel and

apron, marked</i> made in Germany. <i>In his left hand he holds a

plasterer's bucket on which is printed:</i> Défense d'uriner. <i>A roar of

welcome greets him.</i>)

<sc>edward the seventh</sc>

(<i>Slowly, solemnly but indistinctly.</i>) Peace, perfect peace. For identification

bucket in my hand. Cheerio, boys. (<i>He turns to his subjects.</i>) We have come

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here to witness a clean straight fight and we heartily wish both men the best

of good luck. Mahak makar a back.

(<i>He shakes hands with Private Carr, Private Compton, Stephen, Bloom

and Lynch. General applause. Edward the Seventh lifts the bucket

graciously in acknowledgement.</i>)

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>To Stephen.</i>) Say it again.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Nervous, friendly, pulls himself up.</i>) I understand your point of view though

I have no king myself for the moment. This is the age of patent medicine.

A discussion is difficult down here. But this is the point. You die for your

country, suppose. (<i>He places his arm on Private Carr's sleeve.</i>) Not that I wish

it for you. But I say: Let my country die for me. Up to the present it has done

so. I don't want it to die. Damn death. Long live life!

<sc>edward the seventh</sc>

(<i>Levitates over heaps of slain in the garb and with the halo of Joking Jesus, a

white jujube in his phosphorescent face.</i>)

My methods are new and are causing surprise.

To make the blind see I throw dust in their eyes.

<sc>stephen</sc>

Kings and unicorns! (<i>He falls back a pace.</i>) Come somewhere and we'll ...

What was that girl saying? ...

<sc>private compton</sc>

Eh, Harry, give him a kick in the knackers. Stick one into Jerry.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>To the privates, softly.</i>) He doesn't know what he's saying. Taking a little

more than is good for him. Absinthe, the greeneyed monster. I know him.

He's a gentleman, a poet. It's all right.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Nods, smiling and laughing.</i>) Gentleman, patriot, scholar and judge of

impostors.

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<sc>private carr</sc>

I don't give a bugger who he is.

<sc>private compton</sc>

We don't give a bugger who he is.

<sc>stephen</sc>

I seem to annoy them. Green rag to a bull.

(<i>Kevin Egan of Paris in black Spanish tasselled shirt and peep-o'-day boy's

hat signs to Stephen.</i>)

<sc>kevin egan</sc>

H'lo! <i>Bonjour!</i> The <i>vieille ogresse</i> with the <i>dents jaunes</i>.

(<i>Patrice Egan peeps from behind, his rabbit face nibbling a quince leaf.</i>)

<sc>patrice</sc>

<i>Socialiste!</i>

<sc>don emile patrizio franz rupert pope hennessy</sc>

(<i>In medieval hauberk, two wild geese valant on his helm, with noble indignation

points a mailed hand against the privates.</i>) Werf those eykes to footboden, big

grand porcos of johnyellows todos covered of gravy!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>To Stephen.</i>) Come home. You'll get into trouble.

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Swaying.</i>) I don't avoid it. He provokes my intelligence.

<sc>biddy the clap</sc>

One immediately observes that he is of patrician lineage.

<sc>the virago</sc>

Green above the red, says he. Wolfe Tone.

<sc>the bawd</sc>

The red's as good as the green, and better. Up the soldiers! Up King

Edward!

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<sc>a rough</sc>

(<i>Laughs.</i>) Ay! Hands up to De Wet.

<sc>the citizen</sc>

(<i>With a huge emerald muffler and shillelagh, calls.</i>)

May the God above

Send down a dove

With teeth as sharp as razors

To slit the throat

Of the English dogs

That hanged our Irish leaders.

<sc>the croppy boy</sc>

(<i>The rope noose round his neck, gripes in his issuing bowels with both hands.</i>)

I bear no hate to a living thing,

But I love my country beyond the king.

<sc>rumbold, demon barber</sc>

(<i>Accompanied by two blackmasked assistants, advances with a gladstone bag

which he opens.</i>) Ladies and gents, cleaver purchased by Mrs Pearcy to slay Mogg.

Knife with which Voisin dismembered the wife of a compatriot and hid remains

in a sheet in the cellar, the unfortunate female's throat being cut from ear

to ear. Phial containing arsenic retrieved from the body of Miss Barron which

sent Seddon to the gallows.

(<i>He jerks the rope, the assistants leap at the victim's legs and drag him

downward, grunting: the croppy boy's tongue protrudes violently.</i>)

<sc>the croppy boy</sc>

Horhot ho hray ho rhother's hest

(<i>He gives up the ghost. A violent erection of the hanged sends gouts of

sperm spouting through his death clothes on to the cobblestones.

Mrs Bellingham, Mrs Yelverton Barry and the Honourable Mrs

Mervy Talboys rush forward with their handkerchiefs to sop it up.</i>)

<sc>rumbold</sc>

I'm near it myself. (<i>He undoes the noose.</i>) Rope which hanged the awful

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rebel. Ten shillings a time as applied to His Royal Highness. (<i>He plunges his

head into the gaping belly of the hanged and draws out his head again clotted with

coiled and smoking entrails.</i>) My painful duty has now been done. God save the king!

<sc>edward the seventh</sc>

(<i>Dances slowly, solemnly, rattling his bucket and sings with soft contentment.</i>)

On coronation day, on coronation day,

O, won't we have a merry time,

Drinking whisky, beer and wine!

<sc>private carr</sc>

Here. What are you saying about my king?

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Throws up his hands.</i>) O, this is too monotonous! Nothing. He wants my

money and my life, though want must be his master, for some brutish empire

of his. Money I haven't. (<i>He searches his pockets vaguely.</i>) Gave it to someone.

<sc>private carr</sc>

Who wants your bleeding money?

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Tries to move off.</i>) Will some one tell me where I am least likely to meet

these necessary evils? <i>|;Ca se voit aussi à Paris.</i> Not that I ... But by Saint

Patrick! ...

(<i>The women's heads coalesce. Old Gummy Granny in sugarloaf hat

appears seated on a toadstool, the deathflower of the potato blight on

her breast.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

Aha! I know you, gammer! Hamlet, revenge! The old sow that eats

her farrow!

<sc>old gummy granny</sc>

(<i>Rocking to and fro.</i>) Ireland's sweetheart, the king of Spain's daughter,

alanna. Strangers im my house, bad manners to them! (<i>She keens with banshee

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woe.</i>) Ochone! Ochone! Silk of the kine! (<i>She wails.</i>) You met with poor

old Ireland and how does she stand?

<sc>stephen</sc>

How do I stand you? The hat trick! Where's the third person of the

Blessed Trinity? Soggarth Aroon? The reverend Carrion Crow.

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

(<i>Shrill.</i>) Stop them from fighting!

<sc>a rough</sc>

Our men retreated.

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Tugging at his belt.</i>) I'll wring the neck of any bugger says a word against

my fucking king.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Terrified.</i>) He said nothing. Not a word. A pure misunderstanding.

<sc>the citizen</sc>

<i>Erin go hragh!</i>

(<i>Major Tweedy and the Citizen exhibit to each other medals, decorations,

trophies of war, wounds. Both salute with fierce hostility.</i>)

<sc>private compton</sc>

Go it, Harry. Do him one in the eye. He's a proboer.

<sc>stephen</sc>

Did I? When?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>To the redcoats.</i>) We fought for you in South Africa, Irish missile troops.

Isn't that history? Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Honoured by our monarch.

<sc>the navvy</sc>

(<i>Staggering past.</i>) O, yes. O, God, yes! O, make the kwawr a krowawr!

O! Bo!

(<i>Casqued halberdiers in armour thrust forward a pentice of gutted spear

points. Major Tweedy, moustached like Turko the terrible, in bearskin

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cap with hackle plume and accoutrements, with epaulette, gilt chevrons

and sabretache, his breast bright with medals, toes the line. He gives

the pilgrim warrior's sign of the knights templars.</i>)

<sc>major tweedy</sc>

(<i>Growls gruffly.</i>) Rorke's Drift! Up, guards, and at them! Mahal shalal

hashbaz.

<sc>private carr</sc>

I'll do him in.

<sc>private compton</sc>

(<i>Waves the crowd back.</i>) Fair play, here. Make a bleeding butcher's shop of

the bugger.

(<i>Massed bands blare</i> Garryowen <i>and</i> God save the king.)

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

They're going to fight. For me!

<sc>cunty kate</sc>

The brave and the fair.

<sc>biddy the clap</sc>

Methinks yon sable knight will joust it with the best.

<sc>cunty kate</sc>

(<i>Blushing deeply.</i>) Nay, Madam. The gules doublet and merry Saint

George for me!

<sc>stephen</sc>

The harlot's cry from street to street

Shall weave old Ireland's windingsheet.

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Loosening his belt, shouts.</i>) I'll wring the neck of any fucking bastard says

a word against my bleeding fucking king.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shakes Cissy Caffrey's shoulders.</i>) Speak, you! Are you struck dumb? You

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are the link between nations and generations. Speak, woman, sacred life

giver!

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

(<i>Alarmed, seizes Private Carr's sleeve.</i>) Amn't I with you? Amn't I your

girl? Cissy's your girl. (<i>She cries.</i>) Police!

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Ecstatically, to Cissy Caffrey.</i>)

White thy fambles, red thy gan

And thy quarrons dainty is.

<sc>voices</sc>

Police!

<sc>distant voices</sc>

Dublin's burning! Dublin's burning! On fire, on fire!

(<i>Brimstone fires spring up. Dense clouds roll past. Heavy Gatling guns

boom. Pandemonium. Troops deploy. Gallop of hoofs. Artillery.

Hoarse commands. Bells clang. Backers shout. Drunkards bawl

Whores screech. Foghorns hoot. Cries of valour. Shrieks of dying.

Pikes clash on cuirasses. Thieves rob the slain. Birds of prey, winging

from tbe sea, rising from marshlands, swooping from eyries, hover

screaming, gannets, cormorants, vultures, goshawks, climbing

woodcocks, peregrines, merlins, blackgrouse, sea eagles, gulls, albatrosses,

barnacle geese. The midnight sun is darkened. The earth trembles.

The dead of Dublin from Prospect and Mount Jerome in white

sheepskin overcoats and black goatfell cloaks arise and appear to many.

A chasm opens with a noisless yawn. Tom Rochford, winner in

athlete's singlet and breeches, arrives at the head of the national hurdle

handicap and leaps into the void. He is followed by a race of runners

and leapers. In wild attitudes they spring from the brink. Their bodies

plunge. Factory lasses with fancy clothes toss redhot Yorkshire

baraabombs. Society ladies lift their skirts above their heads to protect

themselves. Laughing witches in red cutty sarks ride through the air

on broomsticks. Quakerlyster plasters blisters. It rains dragon's teeth.

Armed heroes spring up from furrows. They exchange in amity

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the pass of knights of the red cross and fight duels with cavalry sabres:

Wolfe Tome against Henry Grattan, Smith O'Brien against Daniel

O'Connell, Michael Davitt against Isaac Butt, Justin M'Carthy

against Parnell, Arthur Griffith against John Redmond, John O'Leary

against Lear O'Johnny, Lord Edward Fitzgerald against Lord

Gerald Fitzedward, The O'Donoghue of the Glens against The Glens

of The Donoghue. On an eminence, the centre of the earth, rises the field

altar of Saint Barbara. Black candles rise from its gospel and epistle

horns. From the high barbacans of the tower two shafts of light fall

on the smokepalled altarstone. On the altarstone Mrs Mina Purefoy,

goddess of unreason, lies, naked, fettered, a chalice resting on her

swollen belly. Father Malachi O'Flynn in a long petticoat and reversed

chasuble, his two left feet back to the front, celebrates camp mass. The

Reverend Mr Hugh C Haines Love M.A. in a plain cassock and

mortar board, his head and collar back to the front, holds over the

celebrant's head an open umbrella.</i>)

<sc>father malachi o'flynn</sc>

<i>Introibo ad altare diaboli.</i>

<sc>the reverend mr haines love</sc>

To the devil which hath made glad my young days.

<sc>father malachi o'flynn</sc>

(<i>Takes from the chalice and elevates a blooddripping host.</i>) <i>Corpus Meum.</i>

<sc>the reverend mr haines love</sc>

(<i>Raises high behind the celebrant's petticoats, revealing his grey bare hairy

buttocks between which a carrot is stuck.</i>) My body.

<sc>the voice of all the damned</sc>

Htengier Lnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof, Aiulella!

(<i>From on high the voice of Adonai calls.</i>)

<sc>adonai</sc>

Dooooooooooog!

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<sc>the voice of all the blessed</sc>

Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

(<i>From on high the voice of Adonai calls.</i>)

<sc>adonai</sc>

Goooooooooood!

(<i>In strident discord peasants and townsmen of Orange and Green factions

sing</i> Kick the Pope <i>and</i> Daily, daily sing to Mary.)

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>With ferocious articulation.</i>) I'll do him in, so help me fucking Christ!

I'll wring the bastard fucker's bleeding blasted fucking windpipe!

<sc>old gummy granny</sc>

(<i>Thrusts a dagger towards Stephen's hand.</i>) Remove him, acushla. At 8.35

a.m. you will be in heaven and Ireland will be free. (<i>She prays.</i>) O good God,

take him!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Runs to Lynch.</i>) Can't you get him away?

<sc>lynch</sc>

He likes dialectic, the universal language. Kitty! (<i>To Bloom.</i>) Get him

away, you. He won't listen to me.

(<i>He drags Kitty away.</i>)

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Points.</i>) <i>Exit Judas. Et laqueo se suspendit.</i>

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Runs to Stephen.</i>) Come along with me now before worse happens. Here's

your stick.

<sc>stephen</sc>

Stick, no. Reason. This feast of pure reason.

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

(<i>Pulling Private Carr.</i>) Come on, you're boosed. He insulted me but

I forgive him. (<i>Shouting in his ear.</i>) I forgive him for insulting me.

<sc>bloom</sc>

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(<i>Over Stephen's shoulder.</i>) Yes, go. You see he's incapable.

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Breaks loose.</i>) I'll insult him.

(<i>He rushes towards Stephen, fists outstretched, and strikes him in the face.

Stephen totters, collapses, falls stunned. He lies prone, his face to the

sky, his hat rolling to the wall. Bloom follows and picks it up.</i>)

<sc>major tweedy</sc>

(<i>Loudly.</i>) Carbine in bucket! Cease fire! Salute!

<sc>the retriever</sc>

(<i>Barking furiously.</i>) Ute ute ute ute ute ute ute ute.

<sc>the crowd</sc>

Let him up! Don't strike him when he's down! Air! Who? The soldier

hit him. He's a professor. Is he hurted? Don't manhandle him! he's fainted!

(<i>The retriever, nosing on the fringe of the crowd, barks noisily.</i>)

<sc>a hag</sc>

What call had the redcoat to strike the gentleman and he under the

influence. Let them go and fight the Boers!

<sc>the bawd</sc>

Listen to who's talking! Hasn't the soldier a right to go with his girl? He

gave him the coward's blow.

(<i>They grab at each other's hair, claw at each other and spit.</i>)

<sc>the retriever</sc>

(<i>Barking.</i>) Wow wow wow.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shoves them back, loudly.</i>) Get back, stand back!

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<sc>private compton</sc>

(<i>Tugging his comrade.</i>) Here bugger off, Harry. There's the cops! (<i>Two

raincaped watch, tall, stand in the group.</i>)

<sc>first watch</sc>

What's wrong here?

<sc>private compton</sc>

We were with this lady and he insulted us and assaulted my chum. (<i>The

retriever barks.</i>) Who owns the bleeding tyke?

<sc>cissy caffrey</sc>

(<i>With expectation.</i>) Is he bleeding?

<sc>a man</sc>

(<i>Rising from his knees.</i>) No. Gone off. He'll come to all right.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Glances sharply at the man.</i>) Leave him to me. I can easily ...

<sc>second watch</sc>

Who are you? Do you know him?

<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Lurches towards the watch.</i>) He insulted my lady friend.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Angrily.</i>) You hit him without provocation. I'm a witness. Constable,

take his regimental number.

<sc>second watch</sc>

I don't want your instructions in the discharge of my duty.

<sc>private compton</sc>

(<i>Pulling his comrade.</i>) Here, bugger off, Harry. Or Bennett'll have you in

the lockup.

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<sc>private carr</sc>

(<i>Staggering as he is pulled away.</i>) God fuck old Bennett! He's a whitearsed

bugger. I don't give a shit for him.

<sc>first watch</sc>

(<i>Taking out his notebook.</i>) What's his name?

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Peering over the crowd.</i>) I just see a car there. If you give me a hand a

second, sergeant ...

<sc>first watch</sc>

Name and address.

(<i>Corny Kelleher, weepers round his hat, a death wreath in his hand, appears

among the bystanders.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Quickly.</i>) O, the very man! (<i>He whispers.</i>) Simon Dedalus' son. A bit

sprung. Get those policemen to move those loafers back.

<sc>second watch</sc>

Night, Mr Kelleher.

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

(<i>To the watch, with drawling eye.</i>) That's all right. I know him. Won a

bit on the races. Gold cup. Throwaway. (<i>He laughs.</i>) Twenty to one. Do you

follow me?

<sc>first watch</sc>

(<i>Turns to the crowd.</i>) Here, what are you all gaping at? Move on out of

that.

(<i>The crowd disperses slowly, muttering, down the lane.</i>)

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

Leave it to me, sergeant. That'll be all right. (<i>He laughs, shaking his head.</i>)

We were often as bad ourselves, ay or worse. What? Eh, what?

<sc>first watch</sc>

(<i>Laughs.</i>) I suppose so.

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<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

(<i>Nudges the second watch.</i>) Come and wipe your name off the slate. (<i>He

lilts, wagging his head.</i>) With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom.

What, eh, do you follow me?

<sc>second watch</sc>

(<i>Genially.</i>) Ah, sure we were too.

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

(<i>Winking.</i>) Boys will be boys. I've a car round there.

<sc>second watch</sc>

All right, Mr Kelleher. Good night.

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

I'll see to that.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Shakes hands with both of the watch in turn.</i>) Thank you very much,

gentlemen, thank you. (<i>He mumbles confidentially.</i>) We don't want any scandal,

you understand. Father is a well known, highly respected citizen. Just a little

wild oats, you understand.

<sc>first watch</sc>

O, I understand, sir.

<sc>second watch</sc>

That's all right, sir.

<sc>first watch</sc>

It was only in case of corporal injuries I'd have to report it at the station.

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Nods rapidly.</i>) Naturally. Quite right. Only your bounden duty.

<sc>second watch</sc>

It's our duty.

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

Good night, men.

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<sc>the watch</sc>

(<i>Saluting together.</i>) Night, gentlemen. (<i>They move off with slow heavy tread.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Blows.</i>) Providential you came on the scene. You have a car? ...

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

(<i>Laughs, pointing his thumb over his right shoulder to the car brought up

against the scaffolding.</i>) Two commercials that were standing fizz in Jammet's.

Like princes, faith. One of them lost two quid on the race. Drowning his grief

and were on for a go with the jolly girls. So I landed them up on Behan's car

and down to nighttown.

<sc>bloom</sc>

I was just going home by Gardiner street when I happened to ...

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

(<i>Laughs.</i>) Sure they wanted me to join in with the mots. No, by God,

says I. Not for old stagers like myself and yourself. (<i>He laughs again and leers

with lacklustre eye.</i>) Thanks be to God we have it in the house what, eh, do

you follow me? Hah! hah! hah!

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Tries to laugh.</i>) He, he, he! Yes. Matter of fact I was just visiting an old

friend of mine there, Virag, you don't know him (poor fellow he's laid up

for the past week) and we had a liquor together and I was just making my

way home ...

(<i>The horse neighs.</i>)

<sc>the horse</sc>

Hohohohohohoh! Hohohohome!

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

Sure it was Behan, our jarvey there, that told me after we left the two

commercials in Mrs Cohen's and I told him to pull up and got off to see. (<i>He

laughs.</i>) Sober hearsedrivers a specialty. Will I give him a lift home? Where

does he hang out? Somewhere in Cabra, what?

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<sc>bloom</sc>

No, in Sandycove, I believe, from what he let drop.

(<i>Stephen, prone, breathes to the stars. Corny Kelleher, asquint, drawls at the

horse. Bloom in gloom, looms down.</i>)

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

(<i>Scratches his nape.</i>) Sandycove! (<i>He bends down and calls to Stephen.</i>) Eh!

(<i>He calls again.</i>) Eh! He's covered with shavings anyhow. Take care they

didn't lift anything off him.

<sc>bloom</sc>

No, no, no. I have his money and his hat here and stick.

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

Ah, well he'll get over it. No bones broken. Well, I'll shove along. (<i>He

laughs.</i>) I've a rendezvous in the morning. Burying the dead. Safe home!

<sc>the horse</sc>

(<i>Neighs.</i>) Hohohohohome.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Good night. I'll just wait and take him along in a few ...

(<i>Corny Kelleher returns to the outside car and mounts it. The horse

harness jingles.</i>)

<sc>corny kelleher</sc>

(<i>From the car, standing.</i>) Night.

<sc>bloom</sc>

Night.

(<i>The jarvey chucks the reins and raises his whip encouragingly. The

car and horse back slowly, awkwardly and turn. Corny Kelleher on

the sideseat sways his head to and fro in sign of mirth at Bloom's plight.

The jarvey joins in the mute pantomimic merriment nodding from

the farther seat. Bloom shakes his head in mute mirthful reply. With

thumb and palm Corny Kelleher reassures that the two bobbies will

allow the sleep to continue for what else is to be done. With a slow

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nod Bloom conveys his gratitude as that is exactly what Stephen

needs. The car jingles tooraloom round the corner of the tooraloom

lane. Corny Kelleher again reassuralooms with his hand. Bloom with

his hand assuralooms Corny Kelleher that he is reassuraloomtay. The

tinkling hoofs and jingling harness grow fainter with their tooralooloo

looloo lay. Bloom, holding in his hand Stephen's hat festooned with

shavings and ashplant, stands irresolute. Then he bends to him and

shakes him by the shoulder.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Eh! Ho! (<i>There is no answer; he bends again.</i>) Mr Dedalus! (<i>There is no

answer.</i>) The name if you call. Somnambulist. (<i>He bends again and, hesitating,

brings his mouth near the face of the prostrate form.</i>) Stephen! (<i>There is no

answer. He calls again.</i>) Stephen!

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Groans.</i>) Who? Black panther vampire. (<i>He sighs and stretches himself,

then murmurs thickly with prolonged vowels.</i>)

Who ... drive ... Fergus now.

And pierce ... wood's woven shade? ...

(<i>He turns on his left side, sighing, doubling himself together.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

Poetry. Well educated. Pity. (<i>He bends again and undoes the buttons of

Stephen's waistcoat.</i>) To breathe. (<i>He brushes the woodshavings from Stephen's clothes

with light hands and fingers.</i>) One pound seven. Not hurt anyhow. (<i>He listens.</i>)

What!

<sc>stephen</sc>

(<i>Murmurs.</i>)

... shadows ... the woods.

... white breast ... dim ...

(<i>He stretches out his arms, sighs again and curls his body. Bloom holding

his hat and ashplant stands erect. A dog barks in the distance. Bloom

tightens and loosens his grip on the ashplant. He looks down on

Stephen's face and form.</i>)

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<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Communes with the night.</i>) Face reminds me of his poor mother. In the

shady wood. The deep white breast. Ferguson, I think I caught. A girl. Some

girl. Best thing could happen him ... (<i>He murmurs.</i>) ... swear that I will always

hail, ever conceal, never reveal, any part or parts, art or arts ... (<i>He murmurs.</i>) ...

in the rough sands of the sea ... a cabletow's length from the shore ... where

the tide ebbs ... and flows ...

(<i>Silent, thoughtful, alert, he stands on guard, his fingers at his lips in

the attitude of secret master. Against the dark wall a figure appears

slowly, a fairy boy of eleven, a changeling, kidnapped, dressed in an

Eton suit with glass shoes and a little bronze helmet, holding a book

in his hand. He reads from right to left inaudibly, smiling, kissing the

page.</i>)

<sc>bloom</sc>

(<i>Wonderstruck, calls inaudibly.</i>) Rudy!

<sc>rudy</sc>

(<i>Gazes unseeing into Bloom's eyes and goes on reading, kissing, smiling.

He has a delicate mauve face. On his suit he has diamond and ruby

buttons. In his free left hand he holds a slim ivory cane with a violet

bowknot. A white lambskin peeps out of his waistcoat pocket.</i>)