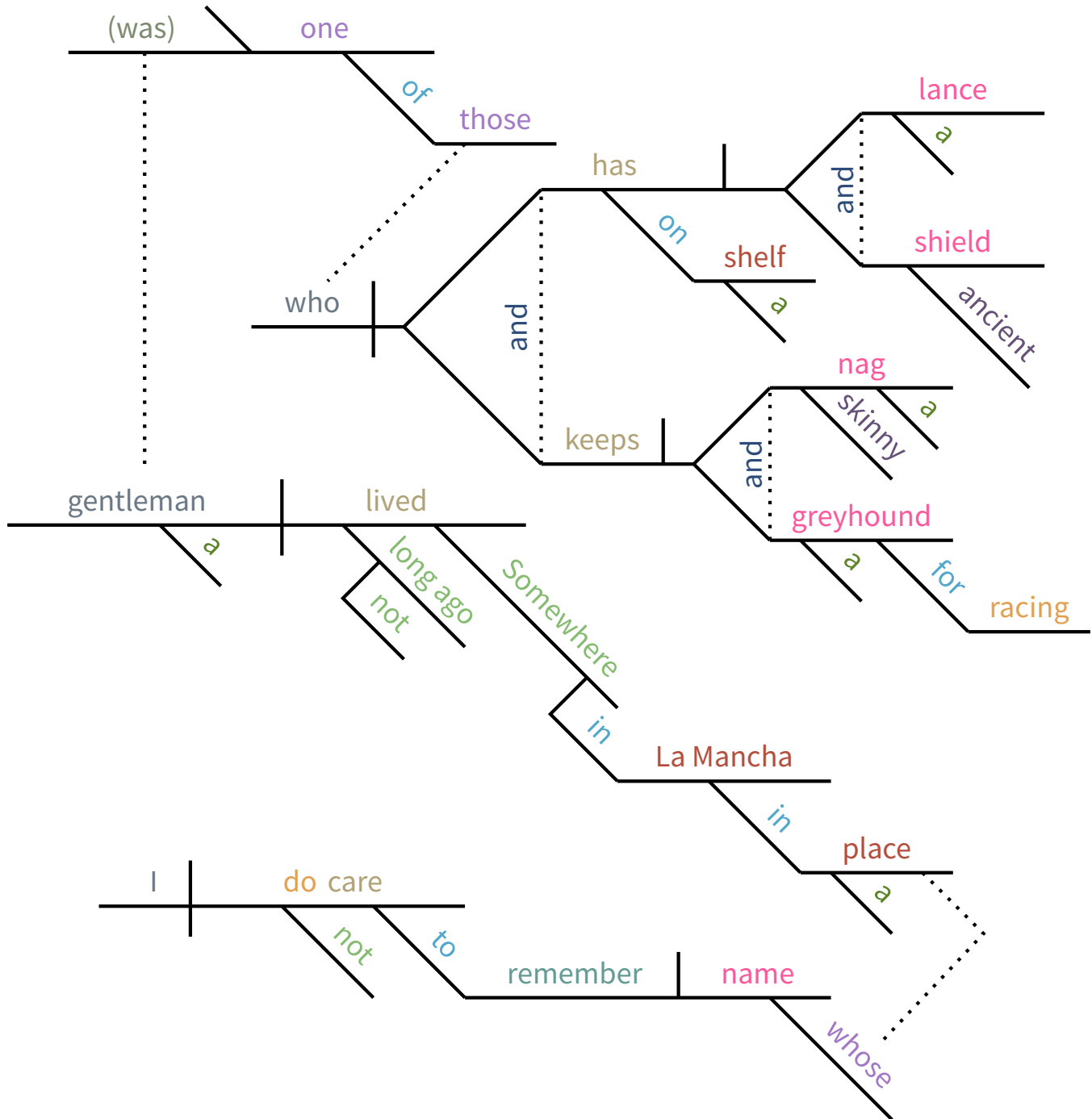


Somewhere in la Mancha, in a place whose name I do not care to remember,
a gentleman lived not long ago, one of those who has a lance and ancient shield
on a shelf and keeps a skinny nag and a greyhound for racing.

Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote*



Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing
a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*

