Ulysses text for IV continued:

53.3572359,-6.2651052

St. Georges Church

Mr. Bloom enters the streets of Dublin this sunny morning and we begin to see the city through his eyes.  He possesses tireless powers of observation – in this encounter with just his own block of his own neighborhood, he notices details of a neighbor’s “loose cellarflap,” the steeple of George’s church, and a bread van, amidst curiosity about why you feel hotter in a black suit as well as thoughts of his wife’s preference for day-old loafs and new undergarments, intertwined with a reverie of walking though a Middle Eastern market that he quickly dismisses as overly romanticized.  Get used to this agile sort of mental activity – we will spend the better part of 10 episodes with Mr. Bloom, frequently accessing his inner monologue.

*He crossed to the bright side, avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive. The sun was nearing the steeple of George's church. Be a warm day I fancy. Specially in these black clothes feel it more. Black conducts, reflects (refracts is it?), the heat. But I couldn't go in that light suit. Make a picnic of it. His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth. Boland's breadvan delivering with trays our daily but she prefers yesterday's loaves turnovers crisp crowns hot. Makes you feel young. Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn, travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically.*