ULYSSES

by James Joyce

-- I --

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of

lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown,

ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He

held the bowl aloft and intoned:

--\_Introibo ad altare Dei\_.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

--Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about

and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the

awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent

towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat

and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned

his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking

gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light

untonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the

bowl smartly.

--Back to barracks! he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

--For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul

and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One

moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused

awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there

with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered

through the calm.

--Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off

the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering

about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and

sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages.

A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

--The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek!

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet,

laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily

halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as

he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and

lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

--My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a

Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself.

We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out

twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

--Will he come? The jejune jesuit!

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

--Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

--Yes, my love?

--How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

--God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks

you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money

and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you

have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you

is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade.

He shaved warily over his chin.

--He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is

his guncase?

--A woful lunatic! Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

--I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark

with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a

black panther. You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If

he stays on here I am off.

Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down

from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily.

--Scutter! he cried thickly.

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper

pocket, said:

--Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a

dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly.

Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:

--The bard's noserag! A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen.

You can almost taste it, can't you?

He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair

oakpale hair stirring slightly.

--God! he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey

sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. \_Epi oinopa

ponton\_. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks! I must teach you. You must read them

in the original. \_Thalatta! Thalatta\_! She is our great sweet mother.

Come and look.

Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. Leaning on it he looked

down on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbourmouth of

Kingstown.

--Our mighty mother! Buck Mulligan said.

He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's

face.

--The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't

let me have anything to do with you.

--Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily.

--You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother

asked you, Buck Mulligan said. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to

think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and

pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you...

He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek. A tolerant

smile curled his lips.

--But a lovely mummer! he murmured to himself. Kinch, the loveliest

mummer of them all!

He shaved evenly and with care, in silence, seriously.

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against

his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat-sleeve.

Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in

a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its

loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her

breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of

wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a

great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay

and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had

stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had

torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.

--Ah, poor dogsbody! he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt

and a few noserags. How are the secondhand breeks?

--They fit well enough, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip.

--The mockery of it, he said contentedly. Secondleg they should be. God

knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair

stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. I'm not joking, Kinch. You

look damn well when you're dressed.

--Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey.

--He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror.

Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey

trousers.

He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the

smooth skin.

Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its

smokeblue mobile eyes.

--That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan,

says you have g.p.i. He's up in Dottyville with Connolly Norman. General

paralysis of the insane!

He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad

in sunlight now radiant on the sea. His curling shaven lips laughed and

the edges of his white glittering teeth. Laughter seized all his strong

wellknit trunk.

--Look at yourself, he said, you dreadful bard!

Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by

a crooked crack. Hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this

face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too.

--I pinched it out of the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her

all right. The aunt always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi. Lead

him not into temptation. And her name is Ursula.

Laughing again, he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes.

--The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If

Wilde were only alive to see you!

Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:

--It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking-glass of a servant.

Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him

round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he

had thrust them.

--It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly.

God knows you have more spirit than any of them.

Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The

cold steelpen.

--Cracked lookingglass of a servant! Tell that to the oxy chap

downstairs and touch him for a guinea. He's stinking with money and

thinks you're not a gentleman. His old fellow made his tin by selling

jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other. God, Kinch, if you and I

could only work together we might do something for the island. Hellenise

it.

Cranly's arm. His arm.

--And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I'm the only one

that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you

up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll

bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave

Clive Kempthorpe.

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces:

they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another. O, I shall

expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit

ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the

table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the

tailor's shears. A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade. I don't

want to be debagged! Don't you play the giddy ox with me!

Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf

gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower

on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms.

To ourselves... new paganism... omphalos.

--Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at

night.

--Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. I'm

quite frank with you. What have you against me now?

They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the

water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Stephen freed his arm quietly.

--Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

--Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow,

fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of

anxiety in his eyes.

Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said:

--Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's

death?

Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said:

--What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and

sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God?

--You were making tea, Stephen said, and went across the landing to

get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the

drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room.

--Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.

--You said, Stephen answered, \_O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is

beastly dead.\_

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck

Mulligan's cheek.

--Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that?

He shook his constraint from him nervously.

--And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You

saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and

Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom. It's a beastly

thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel

down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why?

Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the

wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes

are not functioning. She calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks

buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her

last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like

some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I

didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping

wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly:

--I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

--Of what then? Buck Mulligan asked.

--Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel.

--O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post,

gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now grew

dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt

the fever of his cheeks.

A voice within the tower called loudly:

--Are you up there, Mulligan?

--I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered.

He turned towards Stephen and said:

--Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola,

Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers.

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level

with the roof:

--Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the

moody brooding.

His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of

the stairhead:

\_And no more turn aside and brood

Upon love's bitter mystery

For Fergus rules the brazen cars.\_

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the

stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of

water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of

the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the

harpstrings, merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words

shimmering on the dim tide.

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly, shadowing the bay in

deeper green. It lay beneath him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song:

I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her

door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity

I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those

words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery.

Where now?

Her secrets: old featherfans, tasselled dancecards, powdered with musk,

a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer. A birdcage hung in the sunny

window of her house when she was a girl. She heard old Royce sing in the

pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed with others when he sang:

\_I am the boy

That can enjoy

Invisibility.\_

Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.

\_And no more turn aside and brood.\_

Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys. Memories beset his

brooding brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had

approached the sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brown sugar,

roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn evening. Her shapely

fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from the children's

shirts.

In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its

loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath,

bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me

alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured

face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on

their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down. \_Liliata rutilantium te

confessorum turma circumdet: iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.\_

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!

No, mother! Let me be and let me live.

--Kinch ahoy!

Buck Mulligan's voice sang from within the tower. It came nearer up the

staircase, calling again. Stephen, still trembling at his soul's cry,

heard warm running sunlight and in the air behind him friendly words.

--Dedalus, come down, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. Haines is

apologising for waking us last night. It's all right.

--I'm coming, Stephen said, turning.

--Do, for Jesus' sake, Buck Mulligan said. For my sake and for all our

sakes.

His head disappeared and reappeared.

--I told him your symbol of Irish art. He says it's very clever. Touch

him for a quid, will you? A guinea, I mean.

--I get paid this morning, Stephen said.

--The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much? Four quid? Lend us one.

--If you want it, Stephen said.

--Four shining sovereigns, Buck Mulligan cried with delight. We'll

have a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids. Four omnipotent

sovereigns.

He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone stairs, singing out of

tune with a Cockney accent:

\_O, won't we have a merry time,

Drinking whisky, beer and wine!

On coronation,

Coronation day!

O, won't we have a merry time

On coronation day!\_

Warm sunshine merrying over the sea. The nickel shavingbowl shone,

forgotten, on the parapet. Why should I bring it down? Or leave it there

all day, forgotten friendship?

He went over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness,

smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the brush was stuck.

So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes. I am another now and

yet the same. A servant too. A server of a servant.

In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form

moved briskly to and fro about the hearth, hiding and revealing its

yellow glow. Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor

from the high barbacans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of

coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning.

--We'll be choked, Buck Mulligan said. Haines, open that door, will you?

Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker. A tall figure rose from the

hammock where it had been sitting, went to the doorway and pulled open

the inner doors.

--Have you the key? a voice asked.

--Dedalus has it, Buck Mulligan said. Janey Mack, I'm choked!

He howled, without looking up from the fire:

--Kinch!

--It's in the lock, Stephen said, coming forward.

The key scraped round harshly twice and, when the heavy door had been

set ajar, welcome light and bright air entered. Haines stood at the

doorway, looking out. Stephen haled his upended valise to the table and

sat down to wait. Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on to the dish beside

him. Then he carried the dish and a large teapot over to the table, set

them down heavily and sighed with relief.

--I'm melting, he said, as the candle remarked when... But, hush! Not a

word more on that subject! Kinch, wake up! Bread, butter, honey. Haines,

come in. The grub is ready. Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts.

Where's the sugar? O, jay, there's no milk.

Stephen fetched the loaf and the pot of honey and the buttercooler from

the locker. Buck Mulligan sat down in a sudden pet.

--What sort of a kip is this? he said. I told her to come after eight.

--We can drink it black, Stephen said thirstily. There's a lemon in the

locker.

--O, damn you and your Paris fads! Buck Mulligan said. I want Sandycove

milk.

Haines came in from the doorway and said quietly:

--That woman is coming up with the milk.

--The blessings of God on you! Buck Mulligan cried, jumping up from his

chair. Sit down. Pour out the tea there. The sugar is in the bag. Here,

I can't go fumbling at the damned eggs.

He hacked through the fry on the dish and slapped it out on three

plates, saying:

--\_In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.\_

Haines sat down to pour out the tea.

--I'm giving you two lumps each, he said. But, I say, Mulligan, you do

make strong tea, don't you?

Buck Mulligan, hewing thick slices from the loaf, said in an old woman's

wheedling voice:

--When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I

makes water I makes water.

--By Jove, it is tea, Haines said.

Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling:

--\_So I do, Mrs Cahill,\_ says she. \_Begob, ma'am,\_ says Mrs Cahill, \_God

send you don't make them in the one pot.\_

He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick slice of bread, impaled

on his knife.

--That's folk, he said very earnestly, for your book, Haines. Five

lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of

Dundrum. Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind.

He turned to Stephen and asked in a fine puzzled voice, lifting his

brows:

--Can you recall, brother, is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken

of in the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads?

--I doubt it, said Stephen gravely.

--Do you now? Buck Mulligan said in the same tone. Your reasons, pray?

--I fancy, Stephen said as he ate, it did not exist in or out of the

Mabinogion. Mother Grogan was, one imagines, a kinswoman of Mary Ann.

Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight.

--Charming! he said in a finical sweet voice, showing his white teeth

and blinking his eyes pleasantly. Do you think she was? Quite charming!

Then, suddenly overclouding all his features, he growled in a hoarsened

rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf:

\_--For old Mary Ann

She doesn't care a damn.

But, hising up her petticoats...\_

He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned.

The doorway was darkened by an entering form.

--The milk, sir!

--Come in, ma'am, Mulligan said. Kinch, get the jug.

An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow.

--That's a lovely morning, sir, she said. Glory be to God.

--To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be sure!

Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker.

--The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of

the collector of prepuces.

--How much, sir? asked the old woman.

--A quart, Stephen said.

He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white

milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and

a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe

a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out.

Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her

toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed

about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old

woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of

an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common

cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid,

whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour.

--It is indeed, ma'am, Buck Mulligan said, pouring milk into their cups.

--Taste it, sir, she said.

He drank at her bidding.

--If we could live on good food like that, he said to her somewhat

loudly, we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten

guts. Living in a bogswamp, eating cheap food and the streets paved with

dust, horsedung and consumptives' spits.

--Are you a medical student, sir? the old woman asked.

--I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered.

--Look at that now, she said.

Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voice

that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman: me she

slights. To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there

is of her but her woman's unclean loins, of man's flesh made not in

God's likeness, the serpent's prey. And to the loud voice that now bids

her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes.

--Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her.

--Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines.

Haines spoke to her again a longer speech, confidently.

--Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you?

--I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from the

west, sir?

--I am an Englishman, Haines answered.

--He's English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak

Irish in Ireland.

--Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I'm ashamed I don't speak

the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows.

--Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill

us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am?

--No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the

milkcan on her forearm and about to go.

Haines said to her:

--Have you your bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn't we?

Stephen filled again the three cups.

--Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at

twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three

mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling. That's a

shilling and one and two is two and two, sir.

Buck Mulligan sighed and, having filled his mouth with a crust thickly

buttered on both sides, stretched forth his legs and began to search his

trouser pockets.

--Pay up and look pleasant, Haines said to him, smiling.

Stephen filled a third cup, a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the

thick rich milk. Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in

his fingers and cried:

--A miracle!

He passed it along the table towards the old woman, saying:

--Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give.

Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand.

--We'll owe twopence, he said.

--Time enough, sir, she said, taking the coin. Time enough. Good

morning, sir.

She curtseyed and went out, followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant:

\_--Heart of my heart, were it more,

More would be laid at your feet.\_

He turned to Stephen and said:

--Seriously, Dedalus. I'm stony. Hurry out to your school kip and bring

us back some money. Today the bards must drink and junket. Ireland

expects that every man this day will do his duty.

--That reminds me, Haines said, rising, that I have to visit your

national library today.

--Our swim first, Buck Mulligan said.

He turned to Stephen and asked blandly:

--Is this the day for your monthly wash, Kinch?

Then he said to Haines:

--The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month.

--All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream, Stephen said as he let honey

trickle over a slice of the loaf.

Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a scarf about the

loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke:

--I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you will let me.

Speaking to me. They wash and tub and scrub. Agenbite of inwit.

Conscience. Yet here's a spot.

--That one about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol

of Irish art is deuced good.

Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and said with warmth

of tone:

--Wait till you hear him on Hamlet, Haines.

--Well, I mean it, Haines said, still speaking to Stephen. I was just

thinking of it when that poor old creature came in.

--Would I make any money by it? Stephen asked.

Haines laughed and, as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast of

the hammock, said:

--I don't know, I'm sure.

He strolled out to the doorway. Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and

said with coarse vigour:

--You put your hoof in it now. What did you say that for?

--Well? Stephen said. The problem is to get money. From whom? From the

milkwoman or from him. It's a toss up, I think.

--I blow him out about you, Buck Mulligan said, and then you come along

with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes.

--I see little hope, Stephen said, from her or from him.

Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid his hand on Stephen's arm.

--From me, Kinch, he said.

In a suddenly changed tone he added:

--To tell you the God's truth I think you're right. Damn all else they

are good for. Why don't you play them as I do? To hell with them all.

Let us get out of the kip.

He stood up, gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his gown, saying

resignedly:

--Mulligan is stripped of his garments.

He emptied his pockets on to the table.

--There's your snotrag, he said.

And putting on his stiff collar and rebellious tie he spoke to them,

chiding them, and to his dangling watchchain. His hands plunged and

rummaged in his trunk while he called for a clean handkerchief. God,

we'll simply have to dress the character. I want puce gloves and

green boots. Contradiction. Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I

contradict myself. Mercurial Malachi. A limp black missile flew out of

his talking hands.

--And there's your Latin quarter hat, he said.

Stephen picked it up and put it on. Haines called to them from the

doorway:

--Are you coming, you fellows?

--I'm ready, Buck Mulligan answered, going towards the door. Come out,

Kinch. You have eaten all we left, I suppose. Resigned he passed out

with grave words and gait, saying, wellnigh with sorrow:

--And going forth he met Butterly.

Stephen, taking his ashplant from its leaningplace, followed them out

and, as they went down the ladder, pulled to the slow iron door and

locked it. He put the huge key in his inner pocket.

At the foot of the ladder Buck Mulligan asked:

--Did you bring the key?

--I have it, Stephen said, preceding them.

He walked on. Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club with his heavy

bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses.

--Down, sir! How dare you, sir!

Haines asked:

--Do you pay rent for this tower?

--Twelve quid, Buck Mulligan said.

--To the secretary of state for war, Stephen added over his shoulder.

They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last:

--Rather bleak in wintertime, I should say. Martello you call it?

--Billy Pitt had them built, Buck Mulligan said, when the French were on

the sea. But ours is the \_omphalos\_.

--What is your idea of Hamlet? Haines asked Stephen.

--No, no, Buck Mulligan shouted in pain. I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas

and the fiftyfive reasons he has made out to prop it up. Wait till I

have a few pints in me first.

He turned to Stephen, saying, as he pulled down neatly the peaks of his

primrose waistcoat:

--You couldn't manage it under three pints, Kinch, could you?

--It has waited so long, Stephen said listlessly, it can wait longer.

--You pique my curiosity, Haines said amiably. Is it some paradox?

--Pooh! Buck Mulligan said. We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes.

It's quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is

Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own

father.

--What? Haines said, beginning to point at Stephen. He himself?

Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise round his neck and, bending in

loose laughter, said to Stephen's ear:

--O, shade of Kinch the elder! Japhet in search of a father!

--We're always tired in the morning, Stephen said to Haines. And it is

rather long to tell.

Buck Mulligan, walking forward again, raised his hands.

--The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus, he said.

--I mean to say, Haines explained to Stephen as they followed, this

tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore. \_That beetles

o'er his base into the sea,\_ isn't it?

Buck Mulligan turned suddenly for an instant towards Stephen but did

not speak. In the bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in

cheap dusty mourning between their gay attires.

--It's a wonderful tale, Haines said, bringing them to halt again.

Eyes, pale as the sea the wind had freshened, paler, firm and prudent.

The seas' ruler, he gazed southward over the bay, empty save for the

smokeplume of the mailboat vague on the bright skyline and a sail

tacking by the Muglins.

--I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere, he said bemused.

The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the

Father.

Buck Mulligan at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face. He looked

at them, his wellshaped mouth open happily, his eyes, from which he had

suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense, blinking with mad gaiety. He moved

a doll's head to and fro, the brims of his Panama hat quivering, and

began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice:

\_--I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard.

My mother's a jew, my father's a bird.

With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree.

So here's to disciples and Calvary.\_

He held up a forefinger of warning.

\_--If anyone thinks that I amn't divine

He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine

But have to drink water and wish it were plain

That i make when the wine becomes water again.\_

He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and, running forward

to a brow of the cliff, fluttered his hands at his sides like fins or

wings of one about to rise in the air, and chanted:

\_--Goodbye, now, goodbye! Write down all I said

And tell Tom, Dick and Harry I rose from the dead.

What's bred in the bone cannot fail me to fly

And Olivet's breezy... Goodbye, now, goodbye!\_

He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole, fluttering his

winglike hands, leaping nimbly, Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh

wind that bore back to them his brief birdsweet cries.

Haines, who had been laughing guardedly, walked on beside Stephen and

said:

--We oughtn't to laugh, I suppose. He's rather blasphemous. I'm not a

believer myself, that is to say. Still his gaiety takes the harm out of

it somehow, doesn't it? What did he call it? Joseph the Joiner?

--The ballad of joking Jesus, Stephen answered.

--O, Haines said, you have heard it before?

--Three times a day, after meals, Stephen said drily.

--You're not a believer, are you? Haines asked. I mean, a believer in

the narrow sense of the word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a

personal God.

--There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me, Stephen said.

Haines stopped to take out a smooth silver case in which twinkled a

green stone. He sprang it open with his thumb and offered it.

--Thank you, Stephen said, taking a cigarette.

Haines helped himself and snapped the case to. He put it back in his

sidepocket and took from his waistcoatpocket a nickel tinderbox, sprang

it open too, and, having lit his cigarette, held the flaming spunk

towards Stephen in the shell of his hands.

--Yes, of course, he said, as they went on again. Either you believe

or you don't, isn't it? Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a

personal God. You don't stand for that, I suppose?

--You behold in me, Stephen said with grim displeasure, a horrible

example of free thought.

He walked on, waiting to be spoken to, trailing his ashplant by his

side. Its ferrule followed lightly on the path, squealing at his heels.

My familiar, after me, calling, Steeeeeeeeeeeephen! A wavering line

along the path. They will walk on it tonight, coming here in the dark.

He wants that key. It is mine. I paid the rent. Now I eat his salt

bread. Give him the key too. All. He will ask for it. That was in his

eyes.

--After all, Haines began...

Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not

all unkind.

--After all, I should think you are able to free yourself. You are your

own master, it seems to me.

--I am a servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an

Italian.

--Italian? Haines said.

A crazy queen, old and jealous. Kneel down before me.

--And a third, Stephen said, there is who wants me for odd jobs.

--Italian? Haines said again. What do you mean?

--The imperial British state, Stephen answered, his colour rising, and

the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.

Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he

spoke.

--I can quite understand that, he said calmly. An Irishman must think

like that, I daresay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather

unfairly. It seems history is to blame.

The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph

of their brazen bells: \_et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam

ecclesiam:\_ the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own

rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars. Symbol of the apostles in the

mass for pope Marcellus, the voices blended, singing alone loud in

affirmation: and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church

militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs. A horde of heresies

fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of

whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the

consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning

Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who

held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken

a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. The void

awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a

worsting from those embattled angels of the church, Michael's host,

who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their

shields.

Hear, hear! Prolonged applause. \_Zut! Nom de Dieu!\_

--Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines's voice said, and I feel as one. I

don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either.

That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now.

Two men stood at the verge of the cliff, watching: businessman, boatman.

--She's making for Bullock harbour.

The boatman nodded towards the north of the bay with some disdain.

--There's five fathoms out there, he said. It'll be swept up that way

when the tide comes in about one. It's nine days today.

The man that was drowned. A sail veering about the blank bay waiting

for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face,

saltwhite. Here I am.

They followed the winding path down to the creek. Buck Mulligan stood on

a stone, in shirtsleeves, his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder.

A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him, moved slowly frogwise

his green legs in the deep jelly of the water.

--Is the brother with you, Malachi?

--Down in Westmeath. With the Bannons.

--Still there? I got a card from Bannon. Says he found a sweet young

thing down there. Photo girl he calls her.

--Snapshot, eh? Brief exposure.

Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots. An elderly man shot up near

the spur of rock a blowing red face. He scrambled up by the stones,

water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair, water

rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black

sagging loincloth.

Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and, glancing at Haines

and Stephen, crossed himself piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips

and breastbone.

--Seymour's back in town, the young man said, grasping again his spur of

rock. Chucked medicine and going in for the army.

--Ah, go to God! Buck Mulligan said.

--Going over next week to stew. You know that red Carlisle girl, Lily?

--Yes.

--Spooning with him last night on the pier. The father is rotto with

money.

--Is she up the pole?

--Better ask Seymour that.

--Seymour a bleeding officer! Buck Mulligan said.

He nodded to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up, saying

tritely:

--Redheaded women buck like goats.

He broke off in alarm, feeling his side under his flapping shirt.

--My twelfth rib is gone, he cried. I'm the \_Uebermensch.\_ Toothless

Kinch and I, the supermen.

He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where his

clothes lay.

--Are you going in here, Malachi?

--Yes. Make room in the bed.

The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached

the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes. Haines sat down on a

stone, smoking.

--Are you not coming in? Buck Mulligan asked.

--Later on, Haines said. Not on my breakfast.

Stephen turned away.

--I'm going, Mulligan, he said.

--Give us that key, Kinch, Buck Mulligan said, to keep my chemise flat.

Stephen handed him the key. Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped

clothes.

--And twopence, he said, for a pint. Throw it there.

Stephen threw two pennies on the soft heap. Dressing, undressing. Buck

Mulligan erect, with joined hands before him, said solemnly:

--He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord. Thus spake

Zarathustra.

His plump body plunged.

--We'll see you again, Haines said, turning as Stephen walked up the

path and smiling at wild Irish.

Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon.

--The Ship, Buck Mulligan cried. Half twelve.

--Good, Stephen said.

He walked along the upwardcurving path.

\_Liliata rutilantium.

Turma circumdet.

Iubilantium te virginum.\_

The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly. I will

not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go.

A voice, sweettoned and sustained, called to him from the sea. Turning

the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a

seal's, far out on the water, round.

Usurper.

--You, Cochrane, what city sent for him?

--Tarentum, sir.

--Very good. Well?

--There was a battle, sir.

--Very good. Where?

The boy's blank face asked the blank window.

Fabled by the daughters of memory. And yet it was in some way if not as

memory fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake's wings

of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling

masonry, and time one livid final flame. What's left us then?

--I forget the place, sir. 279 B. C.

--Asculum, Stephen said, glancing at the name and date in the

gorescarred book.

--Yes, sir. And he said: \_Another victory like that and we are done

for.\_

That phrase the world had remembered. A dull ease of the mind. From

a hill above a corpsestrewn plain a general speaking to his officers,

leaned upon his spear. Any general to any officers. They lend ear.

--You, Armstrong, Stephen said. What was the end of Pyrrhus?

--End of Pyrrhus, sir?

--I know, sir. Ask me, sir, Comyn said.

--Wait. You, Armstrong. Do you know anything about Pyrrhus?

A bag of figrolls lay snugly in Armstrong's satchel. He curled them

between his palms at whiles and swallowed them softly. Crumbs adhered to

the tissue of his lips. A sweetened boy's breath. Welloff people, proud

that their eldest son was in the navy. Vico road, Dalkey.

--Pyrrhus, sir? Pyrrhus, a pier.

All laughed. Mirthless high malicious laughter. Armstrong looked round

at his classmates, silly glee in profile. In a moment they will laugh

more loudly, aware of my lack of rule and of the fees their papas pay.

--Tell me now, Stephen said, poking the boy's shoulder with the book,

what is a pier.

--A pier, sir, Armstrong said. A thing out in the water. A kind of a

bridge. Kingstown pier, sir.

Some laughed again: mirthless but with meaning. Two in the back bench

whispered. Yes. They knew: had never learned nor ever been innocent.

All. With envy he watched their faces: Edith, Ethel, Gerty, Lily. Their

likes: their breaths, too, sweetened with tea and jam, their bracelets

tittering in the struggle.

--Kingstown pier, Stephen said. Yes, a disappointed bridge.

The words troubled their gaze.

--How, sir? Comyn asked. A bridge is across a river.

For Haines's chapbook. No-one here to hear. Tonight deftly amid wild

drink and talk, to pierce the polished mail of his mind. What then? A

jester at the court of his master, indulged and disesteemed, winning a

clement master's praise. Why had they chosen all that part? Not wholly

for the smooth caress. For them too history was a tale like any other

too often heard, their land a pawnshop.

Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not

been knifed to death. They are not to be thought away. Time has

branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the infinite

possibilities they have ousted. But can those have been possible seeing

that they never were? Or was that only possible which came to pass?

Weave, weaver of the wind.

--Tell us a story, sir.

--O, do, sir. A ghoststory.

--Where do you begin in this? Stephen asked, opening another book.

-\_-Weep no more,\_ Comyn said.

--Go on then, Talbot.

--And the story, sir?

--After, Stephen said. Go on, Talbot.

A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork

of his satchel. He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text:

\_--Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor...\_

It must be a movement then, an actuality of the possible as possible.

Aristotle's phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated

out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he

had read, sheltered from the sin of Paris, night by night. By his elbow

a delicate Siamese conned a handbook of strategy. Fed and feeding brains

about me: under glowlamps, impaled, with faintly beating feelers: and

in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld, reluctant, shy of

brightness, shifting her dragon scaly folds. Thought is the thought of

thought. Tranquil brightness. The soul is in a manner all that is: the

soul is the form of forms. Tranquility sudden, vast, candescent: form of

forms.

Talbot repeated:

\_--Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,

Through the dear might...\_

--Turn over, Stephen said quietly. I don't see anything.

--What, sir? Talbot asked simply, bending forward.

His hand turned the page over. He leaned back and went on again, having

just remembered. Of him that walked the waves. Here also over these

craven hearts his shadow lies and on the scoffer's heart and lips and

on mine. It lies upon their eager faces who offered him a coin of the

tribute. To Caesar what is Caesar's, to God what is God's. A long

look from dark eyes, a riddling sentence to be woven and woven on the

church's looms. Ay.

\_Riddle me, riddle me, randy ro.

My father gave me seeds to sow.\_

Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel.

--Have I heard all? Stephen asked.

--Yes, sir. Hockey at ten, sir.

--Half day, sir. Thursday.

--Who can answer a riddle? Stephen asked.

They bundled their books away, pencils clacking, pages rustling.

Crowding together they strapped and buckled their satchels, all gabbling

gaily:

--A riddle, sir? Ask me, sir.

--O, ask me, sir.

--A hard one, sir.

--This is the riddle, Stephen said:

\_The cock crew,

The sky was blue:

The bells in heaven

Were striking eleven.

'Tis time for this poor soul

To go to heaven.\_

What is that?

--What, sir?

--Again, sir. We didn't hear.

Their eyes grew bigger as the lines were repeated. After a silence

Cochrane said:

--What is it, sir? We give it up.

Stephen, his throat itching, answered:

--The fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush.

He stood up and gave a shout of nervous laughter to which their cries

echoed dismay.

A stick struck the door and a voice in the corridor called:

--Hockey!

They broke asunder, sidling out of their benches, leaping them. Quickly

they were gone and from the lumberroom came the rattle of sticks and

clamour of their boots and tongues.

Sargent who alone had lingered came forward slowly, showing an open

copybook. His thick hair and scraggy neck gave witness of unreadiness

and through his misty glasses weak eyes looked up pleading. On his

cheek, dull and bloodless, a soft stain of ink lay, dateshaped, recent

and damp as a snail's bed.

He held out his copybook. The word \_Sums\_ was written on the headline.

Beneath were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with

blind loops and a blot. Cyril Sargent: his name and seal.

--Mr Deasy told me to write them out all again, he said, and show them

to you, sir.

Stephen touched the edges of the book. Futility.

--Do you understand how to do them now? he asked.

--Numbers eleven to fifteen, Sargent answered. Mr Deasy said I was to

copy them off the board, sir.

--Can you do them yourself? Stephen asked.

--No, sir.

Ugly and futile: lean neck and thick hair and a stain of ink, a snail's

bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart.

But for her the race of the world would have trampled him underfoot,

a squashed boneless snail. She had loved his weak watery blood drained

from her own. Was that then real? The only true thing in life? His

mother's prostrate body the fiery Columbanus in holy zeal bestrode.

She was no more: the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire,

an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes. She had saved him from being

trampled underfoot and had gone, scarcely having been. A poor soul

gone to heaven: and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox, red reek

of rapine in his fur, with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth,

listened, scraped up the earth, listened, scraped and scraped.

Sitting at his side Stephen solved out the problem. He proves by algebra

that Shakespeare's ghost is Hamlet's grandfather. Sargent peered askance

through his slanted glasses. Hockeysticks rattled in the lumberroom: the

hollow knock of a ball and calls from the field.

Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice, in the mummery of

their letters, wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes. Give hands,

traverse, bow to partner: so: imps of fancy of the Moors. Gone too from

the world, Averroes and Moses Maimonides, dark men in mien and movement,

flashing in their mocking mirrors the obscure soul of the world, a

darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend.

--Do you understand now? Can you work the second for yourself?

--Yes, sir.

In long shaky strokes Sargent copied the data. Waiting always for a word

of help his hand moved faithfully the unsteady symbols, a faint hue of

shame flickering behind his dull skin. \_Amor matris:\_ subjective and

objective genitive. With her weak blood and wheysour milk she had fed

him and hid from sight of others his swaddling bands.

Like him was I, these sloping shoulders, this gracelessness. My

childhood bends beside me. Too far for me to lay a hand there once or

lightly. Mine is far and his secret as our eyes. Secrets, silent, stony

sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts: secrets weary of their

tyranny: tyrants, willing to be dethroned.

The sum was done.

--It is very simple, Stephen said as he stood up.

--Yes, sir. Thanks, Sargent answered.

He dried the page with a sheet of thin blottingpaper and carried his

copybook back to his bench.

--You had better get your stick and go out to the others, Stephen said

as he followed towards the door the boy's graceless form.

--Yes, sir.

In the corridor his name was heard, called from the playfield.

--Sargent!

--Run on, Stephen said. Mr Deasy is calling you.

He stood in the porch and watched the laggard hurry towards the scrappy

field where sharp voices were in strife. They were sorted in teams and

Mr Deasy came away stepping over wisps of grass with gaitered feet. When

he had reached the schoolhouse voices again contending called to him. He

turned his angry white moustache.

--What is it now? he cried continually without listening.

--Cochrane and Halliday are on the same side, sir, Stephen said.

--Will you wait in my study for a moment, Mr Deasy said, till I restore

order here.

And as he stepped fussily back across the field his old man's voice

cried sternly:

--What is the matter? What is it now?

Their sharp voices cried about him on all sides: their many forms closed

round him, the garish sunshine bleaching the honey of his illdyed head.

Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded leather

of its chairs. As on the first day he bargained with me here. As it was

in the beginning, is now. On the sideboard the tray of Stuart coins,

base treasure of a bog: and ever shall be. And snug in their spooncase

of purple plush, faded, the twelve apostles having preached to all the

gentiles: world without end.

A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor. Blowing out his

rare moustache Mr Deasy halted at the table.

--First, our little financial settlement, he said.

He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound by a leather thong. It

slapped open and he took from it two notes, one of joined halves, and

laid them carefully on the table.

--Two, he said, strapping and stowing his pocketbook away.

And now his strongroom for the gold. Stephen's embarrassed hand moved

over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar: whelks and money

cowries and leopard shells: and this, whorled as an emir's turban, and

this, the scallop of saint James. An old pilgrim's hoard, dead treasure,

hollow shells.

A sovereign fell, bright and new, on the soft pile of the tablecloth.

--Three, Mr Deasy said, turning his little savingsbox about in his hand.

These are handy things to have. See. This is for sovereigns. This is for

shillings. Sixpences, halfcrowns. And here crowns. See.

He shot from it two crowns and two shillings.

--Three twelve, he said. I think you'll find that's right.

--Thank you, sir, Stephen said, gathering the money together with shy

haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers.

--No thanks at all, Mr Deasy said. You have earned it.

Stephen's hand, free again, went back to the hollow shells. Symbols too

of beauty and of power. A lump in my pocket: symbols soiled by greed and

misery.

--Don't carry it like that, Mr Deasy said. You'll pull it out somewhere

and lose it. You just buy one of these machines. You'll find them very

handy.

Answer something.

--Mine would be often empty, Stephen said.

The same room and hour, the same wisdom: and I the same. Three times

now. Three nooses round me here. Well? I can break them in this instant

if I will.

--Because you don't save, Mr Deasy said, pointing his finger. You don't

know yet what money is. Money is power. When you have lived as long as I

have. I know, I know. If youth but knew. But what does Shakespeare say?

\_Put but money in thy purse.\_

--Iago, Stephen murmured.

He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare.

--He knew what money was, Mr Deasy said. He made money. A poet, yes, but

an Englishman too. Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you

know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's

mouth?

The seas' ruler. His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay: it seems

history is to blame: on me and on my words, unhating.

--That on his empire, Stephen said, the sun never sets.

--Ba! Mr Deasy cried. That's not English. A French Celt said that. He

tapped his savingsbox against his thumbnail.

--I will tell you, he said solemnly, what is his proudest boast. \_I paid

my way.\_

Good man, good man.

\_--I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life.\_ Can you feel

that? \_I owe nothing.\_ Can you?

Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, one pair brogues, ties.

Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings.

Temple, two lunches. Russell, one guinea, Cousins, ten shillings, Bob

Reynolds, half a guinea, Koehler, three guineas, Mrs MacKernan, five

weeks' board. The lump I have is useless.

--For the moment, no, Stephen answered.

Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight, putting back his savingsbox.

--I knew you couldn't, he said joyously. But one day you must feel it.

We are a generous people but we must also be just.

--I fear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.

Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the mantelpiece at the

shapely bulk of a man in tartan filibegs: Albert Edward, prince of

Wales.

--You think me an old fogey and an old tory, his thoughtful voice said.

I saw three generations since O'Connell's time. I remember the famine in

'46. Do you know that the orange lodges agitated for repeal of the

union twenty years before O'Connell did or before the prelates of your

communion denounced him as a demagogue? You fenians forget some things.

Glorious, pious and immortal memory. The lodge of Diamond in Armagh the

splendid behung with corpses of papishes. Hoarse, masked and armed, the

planters' covenant. The black north and true blue bible. Croppies lie

down.

Stephen sketched a brief gesture.

--I have rebel blood in me too, Mr Deasy said. On the spindle side. But

I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted for the union. We are

all Irish, all kings' sons.

--Alas, Stephen said.

--\_Per vias rectas\_, Mr Deasy said firmly, was his motto. He voted for

it and put on his topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do

so.

\_Lal the ral the ra

The rocky road to Dublin.\_

A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots. Soft day, sir John!

Soft day, your honour!... Day!... Day!... Two topboots jog dangling

on to Dublin. Lal the ral the ra. Lal the ral the raddy.

--That reminds me, Mr Deasy said. You can do me a favour, Mr Dedalus,

with some of your literary friends. I have a letter here for the press.

Sit down a moment. I have just to copy the end.

He went to the desk near the window, pulled in his chair twice and read

off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter.

--Sit down. Excuse me, he said over his shoulder, \_the dictates of

common sense.\_ Just a moment.

He peered from under his shaggy brows at the manuscript by his elbow

and, muttering, began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard slowly,

sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error.

Stephen seated himself noiselessly before the princely presence. Framed

around the walls images of vanished horses stood in homage, their meek

heads poised in air: lord Hastings' Repulse, the duke of Westminster's

Shotover, the duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, \_prix de Paris\_, 1866. Elfin

riders sat them, watchful of a sign. He saw their speeds, backing king's

colours, and shouted with the shouts of vanished crowds.

--Full stop, Mr Deasy bade his keys. But prompt ventilation of this

allimportant question...

Where Cranly led me to get rich quick, hunting his winners among the

mudsplashed brakes, amid the bawls of bookies on their pitches and reek

of the canteen, over the motley slush. Fair Rebel! Fair Rebel! Even

money the favourite: ten to one the field. Dicers and thimbleriggers

we hurried by after the hoofs, the vying caps and jackets and past

the meatfaced woman, a butcher's dame, nuzzling thirstily her clove of

orange.

Shouts rang shrill from the boys' playfield and a whirring whistle.

Again: a goal. I am among them, among their battling bodies in a medley,

the joust of life. You mean that knockkneed mother's darling who seems

to be slightly crawsick? Jousts. Time shocked rebounds, shock by shock.

Jousts, slush and uproar of battles, the frozen deathspew of the slain,

a shout of spearspikes baited with men's bloodied guts.

--Now then, Mr Deasy said, rising.

He came to the table, pinning together his sheets. Stephen stood up.

--I have put the matter into a nutshell, Mr Deasy said. It's about

the foot and mouth disease. Just look through it. There can be no two

opinions on the matter.

May I trespass on your valuable space. That doctrine of \_laissez faire\_

which so often in our history. Our cattle trade. The way of all our old

industries. Liverpool ring which jockeyed the Galway harbour scheme.

European conflagration. Grain supplies through the narrow waters of

the channel. The pluterperfect imperturbability of the department of

agriculture. Pardoned a classical allusion. Cassandra. By a woman who

was no better than she should be. To come to the point at issue.

--I don't mince words, do I? Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on.

Foot and mouth disease. Known as Koch's preparation. Serum and virus.

Percentage of salted horses. Rinderpest. Emperor's horses at Murzsteg,

lower Austria. Veterinary surgeons. Mr Henry Blackwood Price. Courteous

offer a fair trial. Dictates of common sense. Allimportant question. In

every sense of the word take the bull by the horns. Thanking you for the

hospitality of your columns.

--I want that to be printed and read, Mr Deasy said. You will see at the

next outbreak they will put an embargo on Irish cattle. And it can

be cured. It is cured. My cousin, Blackwood Price, writes to me it is

regularly treated and cured in Austria by cattledoctors there. They

offer to come over here. I am trying to work up influence with

the department. Now I'm going to try publicity. I am surrounded by

difficulties, by... intrigues by... backstairs influence by...

He raised his forefinger and beat the air oldly before his voice spoke.

--Mark my words, Mr Dedalus, he said. England is in the hands of the

jews. In all the highest places: her finance, her press. And they are

the signs of a nation's decay. Wherever they gather they eat up the

nation's vital strength. I have seen it coming these years. As sure

as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of

destruction. Old England is dying.

He stepped swiftly off, his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a

broad sunbeam. He faced about and back again.

--Dying, he said again, if not dead by now.

\_The harlot's cry from street to street

Shall weave old England's windingsheet.\_

His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which

he halted.

--A merchant, Stephen said, is one who buys cheap and sells dear, jew or

gentile, is he not?

--They sinned against the light, Mr Deasy said gravely. And you can see

the darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the

earth to this day.

On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the goldskinned men quoting

prices on their gemmed fingers. Gabble of geese. They swarmed loud,

uncouth about the temple, their heads thickplotting under maladroit silk

hats. Not theirs: these clothes, this speech, these gestures. Their full

slow eyes belied the words, the gestures eager and unoffending, but

knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain. Vain

patience to heap and hoard. Time surely would scatter all. A hoard

heaped by the roadside: plundered and passing on. Their eyes knew their

years of wandering and, patient, knew the dishonours of their flesh.

--Who has not? Stephen said.

--What do you mean? Mr Deasy asked.

He came forward a pace and stood by the table. His underjaw fell

sideways open uncertainly. Is this old wisdom? He waits to hear from me.

--History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

From the playfield the boys raised a shout. A whirring whistle: goal.

What if that nightmare gave you a back kick?

--The ways of the Creator are not our ways, Mr Deasy said. All human

history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God.

Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:

--That is God.

Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!

--What? Mr Deasy asked.

--A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Mr Deasy looked down and held for awhile the wings of his nose tweaked

between his fingers. Looking up again he set them free.

--I am happier than you are, he said. We have committed many errors and

many sins. A woman brought sin into the world. For a woman who was no

better than she should be, Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten

years the Greeks made war on Troy. A faithless wife first brought the

strangers to our shore here, MacMurrough's wife and her leman, O'Rourke,

prince of Breffni. A woman too brought Parnell low. Many errors, many

failures but not the one sin. I am a struggler now at the end of my

days. But I will fight for the right till the end.

\_For Ulster will fight

And Ulster will be right.\_

Stephen raised the sheets in his hand.

--Well, sir, he began...

--I foresee, Mr Deasy said, that you will not remain here very long

at this work. You were not born to be a teacher, I think. Perhaps I am

wrong.

--A learner rather, Stephen said.

And here what will you learn more?

Mr Deasy shook his head.

--Who knows? he said. To learn one must be humble. But life is the great

teacher.

Stephen rustled the sheets again.

--As regards these, he began.

--Yes, Mr Deasy said. You have two copies there. If you can have them

published at once.

\_ Telegraph. Irish Homestead.\_

--I will try, Stephen said, and let you know tomorrow. I know two

editors slightly.

--That will do, Mr Deasy said briskly. I wrote last night to Mr Field,

M.P. There is a meeting of the cattletraders' association today at the

City Arms hotel. I asked him to lay my letter before the meeting. You

see if you can get it into your two papers. What are they?

\_--The Evening Telegraph...\_

--That will do, Mr Deasy said. There is no time to lose. Now I have to

answer that letter from my cousin.

--Good morning, sir, Stephen said, putting the sheets in his pocket.

Thank you.

--Not at all, Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk. I

like to break a lance with you, old as I am.

--Good morning, sir, Stephen said again, bowing to his bent back.

He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path under the trees,

hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the playfield.

The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the gate:

toothless terrors. Still I will help him in his fight. Mulligan will dub

me a new name: the bullockbefriending bard.

--Mr Dedalus!

Running after me. No more letters, I hope.

--Just one moment.

--Yes, sir, Stephen said, turning back at the gate.

Mr Deasy halted, breathing hard and swallowing his breath.

--I just wanted to say, he said. Ireland, they say, has the honour of

being the only country which never persecuted the jews. Do you know

that? No. And do you know why?

He frowned sternly on the bright air.

--Why, sir? Stephen asked, beginning to smile.

--Because she never let them in, Mr Deasy said solemnly.

A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a

rattling chain of phlegm. He turned back quickly, coughing, laughing,

his lifted arms waving to the air.

--She never let them in, he cried again through his laughter as he

stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path. That's why.

On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung

spangles, dancing coins.

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought

through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn

and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver,

rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies.

Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By

knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a

millionaire, \_maestro di color che sanno\_. Limit of the diaphane in. Why

in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it it

is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and

shells. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time.

A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six:

the \_nacheinander\_. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the

audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles

o'er his base, fell through the \_nebeneinander\_ ineluctably! I am

getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with

it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the ends of his legs,

\_nebeneinander\_. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of \_Los Demiurgos\_.

Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crick,

crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'. Won't you come to

Sandymount, Madeline the mare?

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. Acatalectic tetrameter of iambs

marching. No, agallop: \_deline the mare\_.

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I

open and am for ever in the black adiaphane. \_Basta\_! I will see if I

can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world

without end.

They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently, \_Frauenzimmer\_:

and down the shelving shore flabbily, their splayed feet sinking in

the silted sand. Like me, like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother.

Number one swung lourdily her midwife's bag, the other's gamp poked in

the beach. From the liberties, out for the day. Mrs Florence MacCabe,

relict of the late Patk MacCabe, deeply lamented, of Bride Street. One

of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life. Creation from nothing.

What has she in the bag? A misbirth with a trailing navelcord, hushed

in ruddy wool. The cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of

all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as gods? Gaze in your

omphalos. Hello! Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha:

nought, nought, one.

Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon: Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel.

Gaze. Belly without blemish, bulging big, a buckler of taut vellum,

no, whiteheaped corn, orient and immortal, standing from everlasting to

everlasting. Womb of sin.

Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man

with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath.

They clasped and sundered, did the coupler's will. From before the ages

He willed me and now may not will me away or ever. A \_lex eterna\_ stays

about Him. Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son are

consubstantial? Where is poor dear Arius to try conclusions? Warring

his life long upon the contransmagnificandjewbangtantiality. Illstarred

heresiarch' In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last: euthanasia.

With beaded mitre and with crozier, stalled upon his throne, widower of

a widowed see, with upstiffed omophorion, with clotted hinderparts.

Airs romped round him, nipping and eager airs. They are coming, waves.

The whitemaned seahorses, champing, brightwindbridled, the steeds of

Mananaan.

I mustn't forget his letter for the press. And after? The Ship, half

twelve. By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile.

Yes, I must.

His pace slackened. Here. Am I going to aunt Sara's or not? My

consubstantial father's voice. Did you see anything of your artist

brother Stephen lately? No? Sure he's not down in Strasburg terrace with

his aunt Sally? Couldn't he fly a bit higher than that, eh? And and and

and tell us, Stephen, how is uncle Si? O, weeping God, the things I

married into! De boys up in de hayloft. The drunken little costdrawer

and his brother, the cornet player. Highly respectable gondoliers! And

skeweyed Walter sirring his father, no less! Sir. Yes, sir. No, sir.

Jesus wept: and no wonder, by Christ!

I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage: and wait. They take

me for a dun, peer out from a coign of vantage.

--It's Stephen, sir.

--Let him in. Let Stephen in.

A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me.

--We thought you were someone else.

In his broad bed nuncle Richie, pillowed and blanketed, extends over the

hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm. Cleanchested. He has washed the

upper moiety.

--Morrow, nephew.

He lays aside the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for

the eyes of master Goff and master Shapland Tandy, filing consents and

common searches and a writ of \_Duces Tecum\_. A bogoak frame over his

bald head: Wilde's \_Requiescat\_. The drone of his misleading whistle

brings Walter back.

--Yes, sir?

--Malt for Richie and Stephen, tell mother. Where is she?

--Bathing Crissie, sir.

Papa's little bedpal. Lump of love.

--No, uncle Richie...

--Call me Richie. Damn your lithia water. It lowers. Whusky!

--Uncle Richie, really...

--Sit down or by the law Harry I'll knock you down.

Walter squints vainly for a chair.

--He has nothing to sit down on, sir.

--He has nowhere to put it, you mug. Bring in our chippendale chair.

Would you like a bite of something? None of your damned lawdeedaw airs

here. The rich of a rasher fried with a herring? Sure? So much the

better. We have nothing in the house but backache pills.

\_All'erta\_!

He drones bars of Ferrando's \_aria di sortita\_. The grandest number,

Stephen, in the whole opera. Listen.

His tuneful whistle sounds again, finely shaded, with rushes of the air,

his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees.

This wind is sweeter.

Houses of decay, mine, his and all. You told the Clongowes gentry you

had an uncle a judge and an uncle a general in the army. Come out of

them, Stephen. Beauty is not there. Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's

library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas. For whom?

The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close. A hater of his kind

ran from them to the wood of madness, his mane foaming in the moon,

his eyeballs stars. Houyhnhnm, horsenostrilled. The oval equine

faces, Temple, Buck Mulligan, Foxy Campbell, Lanternjaws. Abbas

father,--furious dean, what offence laid fire to their brains? Paff!

\_Descende, calve, ut ne amplius decalveris\_. A garland of grey hair

on his comminated head see him me clambering down to the footpace

(\_descende\_!), clutching a monstrance, basiliskeyed. Get down, baldpoll!

A choir gives back menace and echo, assisting about the altar's horns,

the snorted Latin of jackpriests moving burly in their albs, tonsured

and oiled and gelded, fat with the fat of kidneys of wheat.

And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the corner is elevating

it. Dringdring! And two streets off another locking it into a pyx.

Dringadring! And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his own

cheek. Dringdring! Down, up, forward, back. Dan Occam thought of that,

invincible doctor. A misty English morning the imp hypostasis tickled

his brain. Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his

second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and,

rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang

in diphthong.

Cousin Stephen, you will never be a saint. Isle of saints. You were

awfully holy, weren't you? You prayed to the Blessed Virgin that you

might not have a red nose. You prayed to the devil in Serpentine avenue

that the fubsy widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the

wet street. \_O si, certo\_! Sell your soul for that, do, dyed rags pinned

round a squaw. More tell me, more still!! On the top of the Howth tram

alone crying to the rain: Naked women! \_naked women\_! What about that,

eh?

What about what? What else were they invented for?

Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young.

You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause

earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one

saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles.

Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O

yes, W. Remember your epiphanies written on green oval leaves, deeply

deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the

world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few

thousand years, a mahamanvantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very

like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one

feels that one is at one with one who once...

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again

a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the

unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada.

Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing

upward sewage breath, a pocket of seaweed smouldered in seafire under a

midden of man's ashes. He coasted them, walking warily. A porterbottle

stood up, stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel:

isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze

of dark cunning nets; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the

higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Ringsend: wigwams

of brown steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.

He halted. I have passed the way to aunt Sara's. Am I not going there?

Seems not. No-one about. He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand

towards the Pigeonhouse.

\_--Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?\_

\_--c'est le pigeon, Joseph.\_

Patrice, home on furlough, lapped warm milk with me in the bar MacMahon.

Son of the wild goose, Kevin Egan of Paris. My father's a bird, he

lapped the sweet \_lait chaud\_ with pink young tongue, plump bunny's

face. Lap, \_lapin.\_ He hopes to win in the \_gros lots\_. About the nature

of women he read in Michelet. But he must send me \_La Vie de Jesus\_ by

M. Leo Taxil. Lent it to his friend.

\_--C'est tordant, vous savez. Moi, je suis socialiste. Je ne crois pas

en l'existence de Dieu. Faut pas le dire a mon p-re.\_

\_--Il croit?\_

\_--Mon pere, oui.\_

\_Schluss\_. He laps.

My Latin quarter hat. God, we simply must dress the character. I want

puce gloves. You were a student, weren't you? Of what in the other

devil's name? Paysayenn. P. C. N., you know: \_physiques, chimiques et

naturelles\_. Aha. Eating your groatsworth of \_mou en civet\_, fleshpots

of Egypt, elbowed by belching cabmen. Just say in the most natural

tone: when I was in Paris; \_boul' Mich'\_, I used to. Yes, used to

carry punched tickets to prove an alibi if they arrested you for murder

somewhere. Justice. On the night of the seventeenth of February 1904 the

prisoner was seen by two witnesses. Other fellow did it: other me.

Hat, tie, overcoat, nose. \_Lui, c'est moi\_. You seem to have enjoyed

yourself.

Proudly walking. Whom were you trying to walk like? Forget: a

dispossessed. With mother's money order, eight shillings, the banging

door of the post office slammed in your face by the usher. Hunger

toothache. \_Encore deux minutes\_. Look clock. Must get. \_Ferme\_. Hired

dog! Shoot him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun, bits man spattered

walls all brass buttons. Bits all khrrrrklak in place clack back. Not

hurt? O, that's all right. Shake hands. See what I meant, see? O, that's

all right. Shake a shake. O, that's all only all right.

You were going to do wonders, what? Missionary to Europe after fiery

Columbanus. Fiacre and Scotus on their creepystools in heaven spilt from

their pintpots, loudlatinlaughing: \_Euge! Euge\_! Pretending to speak

broken English as you dragged your valise, porter threepence, across

the slimy pier at Newhaven. \_Comment?\_ Rich booty you brought back; \_Le

Tutu\_, five tattered numbers of \_Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge\_; a

blue French telegram, curiosity to show:

--Mother dying come home father.

The aunt thinks you killed your mother. That's why she won't.

\_Then here's a health to Mulligan's aunt

And I'll tell you the reason why.

She always kept things decent in

The Hannigan famileye.\_

His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm over the sand furrows, along by

the boulders of the south wall. He stared at them proudly, piled stone

mammoth skulls. Gold light on sea, on sand, on boulders. The sun is

there, the slender trees, the lemon houses.

Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets. Moist pith of

farls of bread, the froggreen wormwood, her matin incense, court

the air. Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife's lover's wife, the

kerchiefed housewife is astir, a saucer of acetic acid in her hand. In

Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake their tumbled beauties, shattering

with gold teeth \_chaussons\_ of pastry, their mouths yellowed with the

\_pus\_ of \_flan breton\_. Faces of Paris men go by, their wellpleased

pleasers, curled conquistadores.

Noon slumbers. Kevin Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers

smeared with printer's ink, sipping his green fairy as Patrice his

white. About us gobblers fork spiced beans down their gullets. \_Un demi

setier!\_ A jet of coffee steam from the burnished caldron. She serves me

at his beck. \_Il est irlandais. Hollandais? Non fromage. Deux irlandais,

nous, Irlande, vous savez ah, oui!\_ She thought you wanted a cheese

\_hollandais\_. Your postprandial, do you know that word? Postprandial.

There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona, queer fellow, used to call

it his postprandial. Well: \_slainte\_! Around the slabbed tables the

tangle of wined breaths and grumbling gorges. His breath hangs over our

saucestained plates, the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips.

Of Ireland, the Dalcassians, of hopes, conspiracies, of Arthur Griffith

now, A E, pimander, good shepherd of men. To yoke me as his yokefellow,

our crimes our common cause. You're your father's son. I know the voice.

His fustian shirt, sanguineflowered, trembles its Spanish tassels at

his secrets. M. Drumont, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he called

queen Victoria? Old hag with the yellow teeth. \_Vieille ogresse\_

with the \_dents jaunes\_. Maud Gonne, beautiful woman, \_La Patrie\_, M.

Millevoye, Felix Faure, know how he died? Licentious men. The froeken,

\_bonne a tout faire\_, who rubs male nakedness in the bath at Upsala.

\_Moi faire\_, she said, \_Tous les messieurs\_. Not this \_Monsieur\_, I

said. Most licentious custom. Bath a most private thing. I wouldn't let

my brother, not even my own brother, most lascivious thing. Green eyes,

I see you. Fang, I feel. Lascivious people.

The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns clear. Loose

tobaccoshreds catch fire: a flame and acrid smoke light our corner. Raw

facebones under his peep of day boy's hat. How the head centre got away,

authentic version. Got up as a young bride, man, veil, orangeblossoms,

drove out the road to Malahide. Did, faith. Of lost leaders, the

betrayed, wild escapes. Disguises, clutched at, gone, not here.

Spurned lover. I was a strapping young gossoon at that time, I tell you.

I'll show you my likeness one day. I was, faith. Lover, for her love he

prowled with colonel Richard Burke, tanist of his sept, under the walls

of Clerkenwell and, crouching, saw a flame of vengeance hurl them upward

in the fog. Shattered glass and toppling masonry. In gay Paree he hides,

Egan of Paris, unsought by any save by me. Making his day's stations,

the dingy printingcase, his three taverns, the Montmartre lair he sleeps

short night in, rue de la Goutte-d'Or, damascened with flyblown faces of

the gone. Loveless, landless, wifeless. She is quite nicey comfy

without her outcast man, madame in rue Git-le-Coeur, canary and two

buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing's.

Spurned and undespairing. Tell Pat you saw me, won't you? I wanted to

get poor Pat a job one time. \_Mon fils\_, soldier of France. I taught him

to sing \_The boys of Kilkenny are stout roaring blades\_. Know that old

lay? I taught Patrice that. Old Kilkenny: saint Canice, Strongbow's

castle on the Nore. Goes like this. O, O. He takes me, Napper Tandy, by

the hand.

\_O, O THE BOYS OF

KILKENNY...\_

Weak wasting hand on mine. They have forgotten Kevin Egan, not he them.

Remembering thee, O Sion.

He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped his boots.

The new air greeted him, harping in wild nerves, wind of wild air of

seeds of brightness. Here, I am not walking out to the Kish lightship,

am I? He stood suddenly, his feet beginning to sink slowly in the

quaking soil. Turn back.

Turning, he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking again slowly

in new sockets. The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the

barbacans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my

feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial floor. Blue dusk,

nightfall, deep blue night. In the darkness of the dome they wait,

their pushedback chairs, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned

platters. Who to clear it? He has the key. I will not sleep there when

this night comes. A shut door of a silent tower, entombing their--blind

bodies, the panthersahib and his pointer. Call: no answer. He lifted his

feet up from the suck and turned back by the mole of boulders. Take

all, keep all. My soul walks with me, form of forms. So in the moon's

midwatches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing

Elsinore's tempting flood.

The flood is following me. I can watch it flow past from here. Get back

then by the Poolbeg road to the strand there. He climbed over the sedge

and eely oarweeds and sat on a stool of rock, resting his ashplant in a

grike.

A bloated carcass of a dog lay lolled on bladderwrack. Before him the

gunwale of a boat, sunk in sand. \_Un coche ensablÃ©\_ Louis Veuillot

called Gautier's prose. These heavy sands are language tide and wind

have silted here. And these, the stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren

of weasel rats. Hide gold there. Try it. You have some. Sands and

stones. Heavy of the past. Sir Lout's toys. Mind you don't get one

bang on the ear. I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody well

boulders, bones for my steppingstones. Feefawfum. I zmellz de bloodz odz

an Iridzman.

A point, live dog, grew into sight running across the sweep of sand.

Lord, is he going to attack me? Respect his liberty. You will not

be master of others or their slave. I have my stick. Sit tight. From

farther away, walking shoreward across from the crested tide, figures,

two. The two maries. They have tucked it safe mong the bulrushes.

Peekaboo. I see you. No, the dog. He is running back to them. Who?

Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their

bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Dane vikings,

torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the

collar of gold. A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon,

spouting, hobbling in the shallows. Then from the starving cagework city

a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers' knives, running,

scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and

slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among

them on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering

resin fires. I spoke to no-one: none to me.

The dog's bark ran towards him, stopped, ran back. Dog of my enemy. I

just simply stood pale, silent, bayed about. \_Terribilia meditans\_. A

primrose doublet, fortune's knave, smiled on my fear. For that are you

pining, the bark of their applause? Pretenders: live their lives. The

Bruce's brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, silken knight, Perkin Warbeck,

York's false scion, in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory, wonder of

a day, and Lambert Simnel, with a tail of nans and sutlers, a scullion

crowned. All kings' sons. Paradise of pretenders then and now. He saved

men from drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping. But the courtiers

who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in their own house. House of...

We don't want any of your medieval abstrusiosities. Would you do what he

did? A boat would be near, a lifebuoy. \_NatÃ¼rlich\_, put there for you.

Would you or would you not? The man that was drowned nine days ago off

Maiden's rock. They are waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I

would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft.

When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Can't see! Who's

behind me? Out quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in

on all sides, sheeting the lows of sand quickly, shellcocoacoloured? If

I had land under my feet. I want his life still to be his, mine to be

mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his

death. I... With him together down... I could not save her. Waters:

bitter death: lost.

A woman and a man. I see her skirties. Pinned up, I bet.

Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on

all sides. Looking for something lost in a past life. Suddenly he made

off like a bounding hare, ears flung back, chasing the shadow of a

lowskimming gull. The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp ears. He

turned, bounded back, came nearer, trotted on twinkling shanks. On a

field tenney a buck, trippant, proper, unattired. At the lacefringe of

the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs, seawardpointed ears. His

snout lifted barked at the wavenoise, herds of seamorse. They serpented

towards his feet, curling, unfurling many crests, every ninth, breaking,

plashing, from far, from farther out, waves and waves.

Cocklepickers. They waded a little way in the water and, stooping,

soused their bags and, lifting them again, waded out. The dog yelped

running to them, reared up and pawed them, dropping on all fours, again

reared up at them with mute bearish fawning. Unheeded he kept by them as

they came towards the drier sand, a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from

his jaws. His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then loped off at a

calf's gallop. The carcass lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked

round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it, sniffling rapidly like

a dog all over the dead dog's bedraggled fell. Dogskull, dogsniff, eyes

on the ground, moves to one great goal. Ah, poor dogsbody! Here lies

poor dogsbody's body.

--Tatters! Out of that, you mongrel!

The cry brought him skulking back to his master and a blunt bootless

kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand, crouched in flight. He

slunk back in a curve. Doesn't see me. Along by the edge of the mole he

lolloped, dawdled, smelt a rock and from under a cocked hindleg pissed

against it. He trotted forward and, lifting again his hindleg, pissed

quick short at an unsmelt rock. The simple pleasures of the poor. His

hindpaws then scattered the sand: then his forepaws dabbled and delved.

Something he buried there, his grandmother. He rooted in the sand,

dabbling, delving and stopped to listen to the air, scraped up the sand

again with a fury of his claws, soon ceasing, a pard, a panther, got in

spousebreach, vulturing the dead.

After he woke me last night same dream or was it? Wait. Open hallway.

Street of harlots. Remember. Haroun al Raschid. I am almosting it. That

man led me, spoke. I was not afraid. The melon he had he held against my

face. Smiled: creamfruit smell. That was the rule, said. In. Come. Red

carpet spread. You will see who.

Shouldering their bags they trudged, the red Egyptians. His blued feet

out of turnedup trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull brick muffler

strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed: the

ruffian and his strolling mort. Spoils slung at her back. Loose sand and

shellgrit crusted her bare feet. About her windraw face hair trailed.

Behind her lord, his helpmate, bing awast to Romeville. When night hides

her body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway

where dogs have mired. Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in

O'Loughlin's of Blackpitts. Buss her, wap in rogues' rum lingo, for, O,

my dimber wapping dell! A shefiend's whiteness under her rancid rags.

Fumbally's lane that night: the tanyard smells.

\_White thy fambles, red thy gan

And thy quarrons dainty is.

Couch a hogshead with me then.

In the darkmans clip and kiss.\_

Morose delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this, \_frate porcospino\_.

Unfallen Adam rode and not rutted. Call away let him: \_thy quarrons

dainty is\_. Language no whit worse than his. Monkwords, marybeads jabber

on their girdles: roguewords, tough nuggets patter in their pockets.

Passing now.

A side eye at my Hamlet hat. If I were suddenly naked here as I sit? I

am not. Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming

sword, to the west, trekking to evening lands. She trudges, schlepps,

trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moondrawn, in

her wake. Tides, myriadislanded, within her, blood not mine, \_oinopa

ponton\_, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep

the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of

death, ghostcandled. \_Omnis caro ad te veniet\_. He comes, pale vampire,

through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her

mouth's kiss.

Here. Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablets. Mouth to her kiss.

No. Must be two of em. Glue em well. Mouth to her mouth's kiss.

His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her moomb.

Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeeched:

ooeeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring

wayawayawayawayaway. Paper. The banknotes, blast them. Old Deasy's

letter. Here. Thanking you for the hospitality tear the blank end off.

Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table of rock and

scribbled words. That's twice I forgot to take slips from the library

counter.

His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent, ending. Why not endless till

the farthest star? Darkly they are there behind this light, darkness

shining in the brightness, delta of Cassiopeia, worlds. Me sits there

with his augur's rod of ash, in borrowed sandals, by day beside a livid

sea, unbeheld, in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars.

I throw this ended shadow from me, manshape ineluctable, call it back.

Endless, would it be mine, form of my form? Who watches me here? Who

ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field.

Somewhere to someone in your flutiest voice. The good bishop of Cloyne

took the veil of the temple out of his shovel hat: veil of space with

coloured emblems hatched on its field. Hold hard. Coloured on a flat:

yes, that's right. Flat I see, then think distance, near, far, flat

I see, east, back. Ah, see now! Falls back suddenly, frozen in

stereoscope. Click does the trick. You find my words dark. Darkness is

in our souls do you not think? Flutier. Our souls, shamewounded by our

sins, cling to us yet more, a woman to her lover clinging, the more the

more.

She trusts me, her hand gentle, the longlashed eyes. Now where the blue

hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of

the ineluctable visuality. She, she, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges

Figgis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you

were going to write. Keen glance you gave her. Wrist through the

braided jesse of her sunshade. She lives in Leeson park with a grief

and kickshaws, a lady of letters. Talk that to someone else, Stevie: a

pickmeup. Bet she wears those curse of God stays suspenders and

yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wool. Talk about apple dumplings,

\_piuttosto\_. Where are your wits?

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me

soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone.

Sad too. Touch, touch me.

He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, cramming the scribbled

note and pencil into a pock his hat. His hat down on his eyes. That is

Kevin Egan's movement I made, nodding for his nap, sabbath sleep. \_Et

vidit Deus. Et erant valde bona\_. Alo! \_Bonjour\_. Welcome as the flowers

in May. Under its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the

southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan's hour, the faunal

noon. Among gumheavy serpentplants, milkoozing fruits, where on the

tawny waters leaves lie wide. Pain is far.

\_And no more turn aside and brood.\_

His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoffs,

\_nebeneinander\_. He counted the creases of rucked leather wherein

another's foot had nested warm. The foot that beat the ground in

tripudium, foot I dislove. But you were delighted when Esther Osvalt's

shoe went on you: girl I knew in Paris. \_Tiens, quel petit pied!\_

Staunch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak its

name. His arm: Cranly's arm. He now will leave me. And the blame? As I

am. As I am. All or not at all.

In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering

greengoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float

away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing, chafing against the

low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a

fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, ooos. Vehement breath of

waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops:

flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It

flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling.

Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and

sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water

swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night:

lifted, flooded and let fall. Lord, they are weary; and, whispered to,

they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting,

awaiting the fullness of their times, \_diebus ac noctibus iniurias

patiens ingemiscit\_. To no end gathered; vainly then released,

forthflowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of

lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her courts, she draws a

toil of waters.

Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies. At one, he

said. Found drowned. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose

drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising

saltwhite from the undertow, bobbing a pace a pace a porpoise landward.

There he is. Hook it quick. Pull. Sunk though he be beneath the watery

floor. We have him. Easy now.

Bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a

spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly.

God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed

mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a

urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes

upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to

the sun.

A seachange this, brown eyes saltblue. Seadeath, mildest of all deaths

known to man. Old Father Ocean. \_Prix de paris\_: beware of imitations.

Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Come. I thirst. Clouding over. No black clouds anywhere, are there?

Thunderstorm. Allbright he falls, proud lightning of the intellect,

\_Lucifer, dico, qui nescit occasum\_. No. My cockle hat and staff and

hismy sandal shoon. Where? To evening lands. Evening will find itself.

He took the hilt of his ashplant, lunging with it softly, dallying

still. Yes, evening will find itself in me, without me. All days make

their end. By the way next when is it Tuesday will be the longest

day. Of all the glad new year, mother, the rum tum tiddledy tum. Lawn

Tennyson, gentleman poet. \_GiÃ \_. For the old hag with the yellow teeth.

And Monsieur Drumont, gentleman journalist. \_GiÃ \_. My teeth are very

bad. Why, I wonder. Feel. That one is going too. Shells. Ought I go to a

dentist, I wonder, with that money? That one. This. Toothless Kinch, the

superman. Why is that, I wonder, or does it mean something perhaps?

My handkerchief. He threw it. I remember. Did I not take it up?

His hand groped vainly in his pockets. No, I didn't. Better buy one.

He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock,

carefully. For the rest let look who will.

Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Moving through the

air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees,

homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent ship. +

-- II --

Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls.

He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart,

liverslices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencods' roes. Most of all

he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of

faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting

her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the

kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel

a bit peckish.

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like

her plate full. Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off

the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat,

its spout stuck out. Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry. The cat walked

stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high.

--Mkgnao!

--O, there you are, Mr Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked again stiffly round a leg of the

table, mewing. Just how she stalks over my writingtable. Prr. Scratch my

head. Prr.

Mr Bloom watched curiously, kindly the lithe black form. Clean to see:

the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her

tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his

knees.

--Milk for the pussens, he said.

--Mrkgnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we

understand them. She understands all she wants to. Vindictive too.

Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it. Wonder

what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me.

--Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the

chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it.

--Mrkrgnao! the cat said loudly.

She blinked up out of her avid shameclosing eyes, mewing plaintively

and long, showing him her milkwhite teeth. He watched the dark eyeslits

narrowing with greed till her eyes were green stones. Then he went to

the dresser, took the jug Hanlon's milkman had just filled for him,

poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer and set it slowly on the floor.

--Gurrhr! she cried, running to lap.

He watched the bristles shining wirily in the weak light as she tipped

three times and licked lightly. Wonder is it true if you clip them they

can't mouse after. Why? They shine in the dark, perhaps, the tips. Or

kind of feelers in the dark, perhaps.

He listened to her licking lap. Ham and eggs, no. No good eggs with this

drouth. Want pure fresh water. Thursday: not a good day either for a

mutton kidney at Buckley's. Fried with butter, a shake of pepper. Better

a pork kidney at Dlugacz's. While the kettle is boiling. She lapped

slower, then licking the saucer clean. Why are their tongues so rough?

To lap better, all porous holes. Nothing she can eat? He glanced round

him. No.

On quietly creaky boots he went up the staircase to the hall, paused by

the bedroom door. She might like something tasty. Thin bread and butter

she likes in the morning. Still perhaps: once in a way.

He said softly in the bare hall:

--I'm going round the corner. Be back in a minute.

And when he had heard his voice say it he added:

--You don't want anything for breakfast?

A sleepy soft grunt answered:

--Mn.

No. She didn't want anything. He heard then a warm heavy sigh, softer,

as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead jingled.

Must get those settled really. Pity. All the way from Gibraltar.

Forgotten any little Spanish she knew. Wonder what her father gave for

it. Old style. Ah yes! of course. Bought it at the governor's auction.

Got a short knock. Hard as nails at a bargain, old Tweedy. Yes, sir. At

Plevna that was. I rose from the ranks, sir, and I'm proud of it.

Still he had brains enough to make that corner in stamps. Now that was

farseeing.

His hand took his hat from the peg over his initialled heavy overcoat

and his lost property office secondhand waterproof. Stamps: stickyback

pictures. Daresay lots of officers are in the swim too. Course they do.

The sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely: Plasto's

high grade ha. He peeped quickly inside the leather headband. White slip

of paper. Quite safe.

On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey. Not there.

In the trousers I left off. Must get it. Potato I have. Creaky wardrobe.

No use disturbing her. She turned over sleepily that time. He pulled

the halldoor to after him very quietly, more, till the footleaf dropped

gently over the threshold, a limp lid. Looked shut. All right till I

come back anyhow.

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. Walk along a strand,

strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old

Tweedy's big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of a spear. Wander

through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet

shops, big man, Turko the terrible, seated crosslegged, smoking a coiled

pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel,

sherbet. Dander along all day. Might meet a robber or two. Well,

meet him. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the

pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal,

the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from

her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High

wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly's

new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments

what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass.

Probably not a bit like it really. Kind of stuff you read: in the track

of the sun. Sunburst on the titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself. What

Arthur Griffith said about the headpiece over the \_Freeman\_ leader: a

homerule sun rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank

of Ireland. He prolonged his pleased smile. Ikey touch that: homerule

sun rising up in the north-west.

He approached Larry O'Rourke's. From the cellar grating floated up the

flabby gush of porter. Through the open doorway the bar squirted out

whiffs of ginger, teadust, biscuitmush. Good house, however: just the

end of the city traffic. For instance M'Auley's down there: n. g. as

position. Of course if they ran a tramline along the North Circular from

the cattlemarket to the quays value would go up like a shot.

Baldhead over the blind. Cute old codger. No use canvassing him for an

ad. Still he knows his own business best. There he is, sure enough, my

bold Larry, leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching

the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket. Simon Dedalus takes him

off to a tee with his eyes screwed up. Do you know what I'm going to

tell you? What's that, Mr O'Rourke? Do you know what? The Russians,

they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese.

Stop and say a word: about the funeral perhaps. Sad thing about poor

Dignam, Mr O'Rourke.

Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through the

doorway:

--Good day, Mr O'Rourke.

--Good day to you.

--Lovely weather, sir.

--'Tis all that.

Where do they get the money? Coming up redheaded curates from the county

Leitrim, rinsing empties and old man in the cellar. Then, lo and behold,

they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons. Then thin of the

competition. General thirst. Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without

passing a pub. Save it they can't. Off the drunks perhaps. Put down

three and carry five. What is that, a bob here and there, dribs and

drabs. On the wholesale orders perhaps. Doing a double shuffle with the

town travellers. Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job,

see?

How much would that tot to off the porter in the month? Say ten barrels

of stuff. Say he got ten per cent off. O more. Fifteen. He passed Saint

Joseph's National school. Brats' clamour. Windows open. Fresh air

helps memory. Or a lilt. Ahbeesee defeegee kelomen opeecue rustyouvee

doubleyou. Boys are they? Yes. Inishturk. Inishark. Inishboffin. At

their joggerfry. Mine. Slieve Bloom.

He halted before Dlugacz's window, staring at the hanks of sausages,

polonies, black and white. Fifteen multiplied by. The figures whitened

in his mind, unsolved: displeased, he let them fade. The shiny links,

packed with forcemeat, fed his gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the

lukewarm breath of cooked spicy pigs' blood.

A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willowpatterned dish: the last. He

stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter. Would she buy it too, calling

the items from a slip in her hand? Chapped: washingsoda. And a pound and

a half of Denny's sausages. His eyes rested on her vigorous hips.

Woods his name is. Wonder what he does. Wife is oldish. New blood.

No followers allowed. Strong pair of arms. Whacking a carpet on the

clothesline. She does whack it, by George. The way her crooked skirt

swings at each whack.

The ferreteyed porkbutcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with

blotchy fingers, sausagepink. Sound meat there: like a stallfed heifer.

He took a page up from the pile of cut sheets: the model farm at

Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias. Can become ideal winter

sanatorium. Moses Montefiore. I thought he was. Farmhouse, wall round

it, blurred cattle cropping. He held the page from him: interesting:

read it nearer, the title, the blurred cropping cattle, the page

rustling. A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattlemarket, the

beasts lowing in their pens, branded sheep, flop and fall of dung, the

breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm

on a ripemeated hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in

their hands. He held the page aslant patiently, bending his senses and

his will, his soft subject gaze at rest. The crooked skirt swinging,

whack by whack by whack.

The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile, wrapped up her prime

sausages and made a red grimace.

--Now, my miss, he said.

She tendered a coin, smiling boldly, holding her thick wrist out.

--Thank you, my miss. And one shilling threepence change. For you,

please?

Mr Bloom pointed quickly. To catch up and walk behind her if she went

slowly, behind her moving hams. Pleasant to see first thing in the

morning. Hurry up, damn it. Make hay while the sun shines. She stood

outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily to the right. He

sighed down his nose: they never understand. Sodachapped hands. Crusted

toenails too. Brown scapulars in tatters, defending her both ways.

The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast. For

another: a constable off duty cuddling her in Eccles lane. They like

them sizeable. Prime sausage. O please, Mr Policeman, I'm lost in the

wood.

--Threepence, please.

His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a sidepocket.

Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and laid them

on the rubber prickles. They lay, were read quickly and quickly slid,

disc by disc, into the till.

--Thank you, sir. Another time.

A speck of eager fire from foxeyes thanked him. He withdrew his gaze

after an instant. No: better not: another time.

--Good morning, he said, moving away.

--Good morning, sir.

No sign. Gone. What matter?

He walked back along Dorset street, reading gravely. Agendath Netaim:

planters' company. To purchase waste sandy tracts from Turkish

government and plant with eucalyptus trees. Excellent for shade, fuel

and construction. Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa.

You pay eighty marks and they plant a dunam of land for you with olives,

oranges, almonds or citrons. Olives cheaper: oranges need artificial

irrigation. Every year you get a sending of the crop. Your name entered

for life as owner in the book of the union. Can pay ten down and the

balance in yearly instalments. Bleibtreustrasse 34, Berlin, W. 15.

Nothing doing. Still an idea behind it.

He looked at the cattle, blurred in silver heat. Silverpowdered

olivetrees. Quiet long days: pruning, ripening. Olives are packed in

jars, eh? I have a few left from Andrews. Molly spitting them out. Knows

the taste of them now. Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons

too. Wonder is poor Citron still in Saint Kevin's parade. And Mastiansky

with the old cither. Pleasant evenings we had then. Molly in Citron's

basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it

to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that, heavy, sweet, wild

perfume. Always the same, year after year. They fetched high prices too,

Moisel told me. Arbutus place: Pleasants street: pleasant old times.

Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain, Gibraltar,

Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa,

chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them barefoot in

soiled dungarees. There's whatdoyoucallhim out of. How do you? Doesn't

see. Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore. His back is like that

Norwegian captain's. Wonder if I'll meet him today. Watering cart. To

provoke the rain. On earth as it is in heaven.

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly. Grey. Far.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead

sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind could lift those

waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it

raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead

names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the

oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's, clutching a

naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over

all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born

everywhere. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old

woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.

Desolation.

Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned

into Eccles street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils slid along his veins,

chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here

now. Yes, I am here now. Morning mouth bad images. Got up wrong side of

the bed. Must begin again those Sandow's exercises. On the hands down.

Blotchy brown brick houses. Number eighty still unlet. Why is that?

Valuation is only twenty-eight. Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur:

parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell

the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her

ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes.

Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley road, swiftly, in slim

sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a

girl with gold hair on the wind.

Two letters and a card lay on the hallfloor. He stooped and gathered

them. Mrs Marion Bloom. His quickened heart slowed at once. Bold hand.

Mrs Marion.

--Poldy!

Entering the bedroom he halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm

yellow twilight towards her tousled head.

--Who are the letters for?

He looked at them. Mullingar. Milly.

--A letter for me from Milly, he said carefully, and a card to you. And

a letter for you.

He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve of her

knees.

--Do you want the blind up?

Letting the blind up by gentle tugs halfway his backward eye saw her

glance at the letter and tuck it under her pillow.

--That do? he asked, turning.

She was reading the card, propped on her elbow.

--She got the things, she said.

He waited till she had laid the card aside and curled herself back

slowly with a snug sigh.

--Hurry up with that tea, she said. I'm parched.

--The kettle is boiling, he said.

But he delayed to clear the chair: her striped petticoat, tossed soiled

linen: and lifted all in an armful on to the foot of the bed.

As he went down the kitchen stairs she called:

--Poldy!

--What?

--Scald the teapot.

On the boil sure enough: a plume of steam from the spout. He scalded and

rinsed out the teapot and put in four full spoons of tea, tilting the

kettle then to let the water flow in. Having set it to draw he took off

the kettle, crushed the pan flat on the live coals and watched the lump

of butter slide and melt. While he unwrapped the kidney the cat mewed

hungrily against him. Give her too much meat she won't mouse. Say they

won't eat pork. Kosher. Here. He let the bloodsmeared paper fall to

her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce. Pepper. He

sprinkled it through his fingers ringwise from the chipped eggcup.

Then he slit open his letter, glancing down the page and over. Thanks:

new tam: Mr Coghlan: lough Owel picnic: young student: Blazes Boylan's

seaside girls.

The tea was drawn. He filled his own moustachecup, sham crown

Derby, smiling. Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only five she was then. No,

wait: four. I gave her the amberoid necklace she broke. Putting pieces

of folded brown paper in the letterbox for her. He smiled, pouring.

\_O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling.

You are my lookingglass from night to morning.

I'd rather have you without a farthing

Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden.\_

Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous

old chap. Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform. And

the little mirror in his silk hat. The night Milly brought it into

the parlour. O, look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we

laughed. Sex breaking out even then. Pert little piece she was.

He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped it over: then fitted the

teapot on the tray. Its hump bumped as he took it up. Everything on

it? Bread and butter, four, sugar, spoon, her cream. Yes. He carried it

upstairs, his thumb hooked in the teapot handle.

Nudging the door open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on

the chair by the bedhead.

--What a time you were! she said.

She set the brasses jingling as she raised herself briskly, an elbow on

the pillow. He looked calmly down on her bulk and between her large soft

bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder. The warmth

of her couched body rose on the air, mingling with the fragrance of the

tea she poured.

A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow. In the

act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread.

--Who was the letter from? he asked.

Bold hand. Marion.

--O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.

--What are you singing?

--\_La ci darem\_ with J. C. Doyle, she said, and \_Love's Old Sweet Song\_.

Her full lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves

next day. Like foul flowerwater.

--Would you like the window open a little?

She doubled a slice of bread into her mouth, asking:

--What time is the funeral?

--Eleven, I think, he answered. I didn't see the paper.

Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her soiled

drawers from the bed. No? Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a

stocking: rumpled, shiny sole.

--No: that book.

Other stocking. Her petticoat.

--It must have fell down, she said.

He felt here and there. \_Voglio e non vorrei\_. Wonder if she pronounces

that right: \_voglio\_. Not in the bed. Must have slid down. He stooped

and lifted the valance. The book, fallen, sprawled against the bulge of

the orangekeyed chamberpot.

--Show here, she said. I put a mark in it. There's a word I wanted to

ask you.

She swallowed a draught of tea from her cup held by nothandle and,

having wiped her fingertips smartly on the blanket, began to search the

text with the hairpin till she reached the word.

--Met him what? he asked.

--Here, she said. What does that mean?

He leaned downward and read near her polished thumbnail.

--Metempsychosis?

--Yes. Who's he when he's at home?

--Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That

means the transmigration of souls.

--O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

He smiled, glancing askance at her mocking eyes. The same young eyes.

The first night after the charades. Dolphin's Barn. He turned over

the smudged pages. \_Ruby: the Pride of the Ring\_. Hello. Illustration.

Fierce Italian with carriagewhip. Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor

naked. Sheet kindly lent. \_The monster Maffei desisted and flung his

victim from him with an oath\_. Cruelty behind it all. Doped animals.

Trapeze at Hengler's. Had to look the other way. Mob gaping. Break your

neck and we'll break our sides. Families of them. Bone them young so

they metamspychosis. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's

soul after he dies. Dignam's soul...

--Did you finish it? he asked.

--Yes, she said. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love with the

first fellow all the time?

--Never read it. Do you want another?

--Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has.

She poured more tea into her cup, watching it flow sideways.

Must get that Capel street library book renewed or they'll write to

Kearney, my guarantor. Reincarnation: that's the word.

--Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body

after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That

we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other

planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past

lives.

The sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea. Bette remind

her of the word: metempsychosis. An example would be better. An example?

The \_Bath of the Nymph\_ over the bed. Given away with the Easter number

of \_Photo Bits\_: Splendid masterpiece in art colours. Tea before you

put milk in. Not unlike her with her hair down: slimmer. Three and six

I gave for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked

nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.

He turned the pages back.

--Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They

used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for

instance. What they called nymphs, for example.

Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar. She gazed straight before her,

inhaling through her arched nostrils.

--There's a smell of burn, she said. Did you leave anything on the fire?

--The kidney! he cried suddenly.

He fitted the book roughly into his inner pocket and, stubbing his toes

against the broken commode, hurried out towards the smell, stepping

hastily down the stairs with a flurried stork's legs. Pungent smoke shot

up in an angry jet from a side of the pan. By prodding a prong of the

fork under the kidney he detached it and turned it turtle on its back.

Only a little burnt. He tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the

scanty brown gravy trickle over it.

Cup of tea now. He sat down, cut and buttered a slice of the loaf.

He shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat. Then he put a

forkful into his mouth, chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant

meat. Done to a turn. A mouthful of tea. Then he cut away dies of bread,

sopped one in the gravy and put it in his mouth. What was that about

some young student and a picnic? He creased out the letter at his side,

reading it slowly as he chewed, sopping another die of bread in the

gravy and raising it to his mouth.

Dearest Papli

Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present. It suits me

splendid. Everyone says I am quite the belle in my new tam. I got

mummy's Iovely box of creams and am writing. They are lovely. I am

getting on swimming in the photo business now. Mr Coghlan took one of me

and Mrs. Will send when developed. We did great biz yesterday. Fair day

and all the beef to the heels were in. We are going to lough Owel on

Monday with a few friends to make a scrap picnic. Give my love to

mummy and to yourself a big kiss and thanks. I hear them at the piano

downstairs. There is to be a concert in the Greville Arms on Saturday.

There is a young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his

cousins or something are big swells and he sings Boylan's (I was on the

pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls. Tell him

silly Milly sends my best respects. I must now close with fondest love

Your fond daughter, MILLY.

P. S. Excuse bad writing am in hurry. Byby. M.

Fifteen yesterday. Curious, fifteenth of the month too. Her first

birthday away from home. Separation. Remember the summer morning she

was born, running to knock up Mrs Thornton in Denzille street. Jolly old

woman. Lot of babies she must have helped into the world. She knew from

the first poor little Rudy wouldn't live. Well, God is good, sir. She

knew at once. He would be eleven now if he had lived.

His vacant face stared pityingly at the postscript. Excuse bad writing.

Hurry. Piano downstairs. Coming out of her shell. Row with her in the

XL Cafe about the bracelet. Wouldn't eat her cakes or speak or look.

Saucebox. He sopped other dies of bread in the gravy and ate piece after

piece of kidney. Twelve and six a week. Not much. Still, she might do

worse. Music hall stage. Young student. He drank a draught of cooler tea

to wash down his meal. Then he read the letter again: twice.

O, well: she knows how to mind herself. But if not? No, nothing has

happened. Of course it might. Wait in any case till it does. A wild

piece of goods. Her slim legs running up the staircase. Destiny.

Ripening now.

Vain: very.

He smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window. Day I caught

her in the street pinching her cheeks to make them red. Anemic a little.

Was given milk too long. On the ERIN'S KING that day round the Kish.

Damned old tub pitching about. Not a bit funky. Her pale blue scarf

loose in the wind with her hair. \_All dimpled cheeks and curls, Your

head it simply swirls.\_

Seaside girls. Torn envelope. Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets,

jarvey off for the day, singing. Friend of the family. Swurls, he says.

Pier with lamps, summer evening, band,

\_Those girls, those girls,

Those lovely seaside girls.\_

Milly too. Young kisses: the first. Far away now past. Mrs Marion.

Reading, lying back now, counting the strands of her hair, smiling,

braiding.

A soft qualm, regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen,

yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen

too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now.

Lips kissed, kissing, kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Better where she is down there: away. Occupy her. Wanted a dog to pass

the time. Might take a trip down there. August bank holiday, only two

and six return. Six weeks off, however. Might work a press pass. Or

through M'Coy.

The cat, having cleaned all her fur, returned to the meatstained paper,

nosed at it and stalked to the door. She looked back at him, mewing.

Wants to go out. Wait before a door sometime it will open. Let her wait.

Has the fidgets. Electric. Thunder in the air. Was washing at her ear

with her back to the fire too.

He felt heavy, full: then a gentle loosening of his bowels. He stood up,

undoing the waistband of his trousers. The cat mewed to him.

--Miaow! he said in answer. Wait till I'm ready.

Heaviness: hot day coming. Too much trouble to fag up the stairs to the

landing.

A paper. He liked to read at stool. Hope no ape comes knocking just as

I'm.

In the tabledrawer he found an old number of \_Titbits\_. He folded it

under his armpit, went to the door and opened it. The cat went up in

soft bounds. Ah, wanted to go upstairs, curl up in a ball on the bed.

Listening, he heard her voice:

--Come, come, pussy. Come.

He went out through the backdoor into the garden: stood to listen

towards the next garden. No sound. Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry.

The maid was in the garden. Fine morning.

He bent down to regard a lean file of spearmint growing by the wall.

Make a summerhouse here. Scarlet runners. Virginia creepers. Want to

manure the whole place over, scabby soil. A coat of liver of sulphur.

All soil like that without dung. Household slops. Loam, what is this

that is? The hens in the next garden: their droppings are very good top

dressing. Best of all though are the cattle, especially when they are

fed on those oilcakes. Mulch of dung. Best thing to clean ladies' kid

gloves. Dirty cleans. Ashes too. Reclaim the whole place. Grow peas in

that corner there. Lettuce. Always have fresh greens then. Still gardens

have their drawbacks. That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday.

He walked on. Where is my hat, by the way? Must have put it back on the

peg. Or hanging up on the floor. Funny I don't remember that. Hallstand

too full. Four umbrellas, her raincloak. Picking up the letters.

Drago's shopbell ringing. Queer I was just thinking that moment. Brown

brillantined hair over his collar. Just had a wash and brushup. Wonder

have I time for a bath this morning. Tara street. Chap in the paybox

there got away James Stephens, they say. O'Brien.

Deep voice that fellow Dlugacz has. Agendath what is it? Now, my miss.

Enthusiast.

He kicked open the crazy door of the jakes. Better be careful not to get

these trousers dirty for the funeral. He went in, bowing his head

under the low lintel. Leaving the door ajar, amid the stench of mouldy

limewash and stale cobwebs he undid his braces. Before sitting down he

peered through a chink up at the nextdoor windows. The king was in his

countinghouse. Nobody.

Asquat on the cuckstool he folded out his paper, turning its pages over

on his bared knees. Something new and easy. No great hurry. Keep it a

bit. Our prize titbit: \_Matcham's Masterstroke\_. Written by Mr Philip

Beaufoy, Playgoers' Club, London. Payment at the rate of one guinea

a column has been made to the writer. Three and a half. Three pounds

three. Three pounds, thirteen and six.

Quietly he read, restraining himself, the first column and, yielding but

resisting, began the second. Midway, his last resistance yielding, he

allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read, reading still

patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone. Hope it's

not too big bring on piles again. No, just right. So. Ah! Costive. One

tabloid of cascara sagrada. Life might be so. It did not move or touch

him but it was something quick and neat. Print anything now. Silly

season. He read on, seated calm above his own rising smell. Neat

certainly. \_Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke by which he won the

laughing witch who now\_. Begins and ends morally. \_Hand in hand\_. Smart.

He glanced back through what he had read and, while feeling his water

flow quietly, he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had written it and

received payment of three pounds, thirteen and six.

Might manage a sketch. By Mr and Mrs L. M. Bloom. Invent a story for

some proverb. Which? Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she

said dressing. Dislike dressing together. Nicked myself shaving. Biting

her nether lip, hooking the placket of her skirt. Timing her. 9.l5.

Did Roberts pay you yet? 9.20. What had Gretta Conroy on? 9.23. What

possessed me to buy this comb? 9.24. I'm swelled after that cabbage. A

speck of dust on the patent leather of her boot.

Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf. Morning

after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance of the

hours. Explain that: morning hours, noon, then evening coming on, then

night hours. Washing her teeth. That was the first night. Her head

dancing. Her fansticks clicking. Is that Boylan well off? He has money.

Why? I noticed he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing. No use

humming then. Allude to it. Strange kind of music that last night. The

mirror was in shadow. She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen

vest against her full wagging bub. Peering into it. Lines in her eyes.

It wouldn't pan out somehow.

Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then: black with daggers

and eyemasks. Poetical idea: pink, then golden, then grey, then black.

Still, true to life also. Day: then the night.

He tore away half the prize story sharply and wiped himself with it.

Then he girded up his trousers, braced and buttoned himself. He pulled

back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and came forth from the gloom

into the air.

In the bright light, lightened and cooled in limb, he eyed carefully his

black trousers: the ends, the knees, the houghs of the knees. What time

is the funeral? Better find out in the paper.

A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up. The bells of George's

church. They tolled the hour: loud dark iron.

\_Heigho! Heigho!

Heigho! Heigho!

Heigho! Heigho!\_

Quarter to. There again: the overtone following through the air, third.

Poor Dignam!

By lorries along sir John Rogerson's quay Mr Bloom walked soberly, past

Windmill lane, Leask's the linseed crusher, the postal telegraph office.

Could have given that address too. And past the sailors' home. He turned

from the morning noises of the quayside and walked through Lime street.

By Brady's cottages a boy for the skins lolled, his bucket of offal

linked, smoking a chewed fagbutt. A smaller girl with scars of eczema

on her forehead eyed him, listlessly holding her battered caskhoop. Tell

him if he smokes he won't grow. O let him! His life isn't such a bed of

roses. Waiting outside pubs to bring da home. Come home to ma, da.

Slack hour: won't be many there. He crossed Townsend street, passed

the frowning face of Bethel. El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth. And past

Nichols' the undertaker. At eleven it is. Time enough. Daresay Corny

Kelleher bagged the job for O'Neill's. Singing with his eyes shut.

Corny. Met her once in the park. In the dark. What a lark. Police tout.

Her name and address she then told with my tooraloom tooraloom tay.

O, surely he bagged it. Bury him cheap in a whatyoumaycall. With my

tooraloom, tooraloom, tooraloom, tooraloom.

In Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental

Tea Company and read the legends of leadpapered packets: choice blend,

finest quality, family tea. Rather warm. Tea. Must get some from Tom

Kernan. Couldn't ask him at a funeral, though. While his eyes still read

blandly he took off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and sent his

right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair. Very warm morning.

Under their dropped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather

headband inside his high grade ha. Just there. His right hand came down

into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the

headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket.

So warm. His right hand once more more slowly went over his brow and

hair. Then he put on his hat again, relieved: and read again: choice

blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands. The far east. Lovely spot it

must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves to float about on,

cactuses, flowery meads, snaky lianas they call them. Wonder is it like

that. Those Cinghalese lobbing about in the sun in \_dolce far niente\_,

not doing a hand's turn all day. Sleep six months out of twelve. Too hot

to quarrel. Influence of the climate. Lethargy. Flowers of idleness. The

air feeds most. Azotes. Hothouse in Botanic gardens. Sensitive plants.

Waterlilies. Petals too tired to. Sleeping sickness in the air. Walk on

roseleaves. Imagine trying to eat tripe and cowheel. Where was the chap

I saw in that picture somewhere? Ah yes, in the dead sea floating on his

back, reading a book with a parasol open. Couldn't sink if you tried: so

thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of

the body in the water is equal to the weight of the what? Or is it the

volume is equal to the weight? It's a law something like that. Vance in

High school cracking his fingerjoints, teaching. The college curriculum.

Cracking curriculum. What is weight really when you say the weight?

Thirtytwo feet per second per second. Law of falling bodies: per second

per second. They all fall to the ground. The earth. It's the force of

gravity of the earth is the weight.

He turned away and sauntered across the road. How did she walk with her

sausages? Like that something. As he walked he took the folded \_Freeman\_

from his sidepocket, unfolded it, rolled it lengthwise in a baton and

tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg. Careless air:

just drop in to see. Per second per second. Per second for every second

it means. From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of

the postoffice. Too late box. Post here. No-one. In.

He handed the card through the brass grill.

--Are there any letters for me? he asked.

While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the recruiting

poster with soldiers of all arms on parade: and held the tip of his

baton against his nostrils, smelling freshprinted rag paper. No answer

probably. Went too far last time.

The postmistress handed him back through the grill his card with a

letter. He thanked her and glanced rapidly at the typed envelope.

Henry Flower Esq, c/o P. O. Westland Row, City.

Answered anyhow. He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket,

reviewing again the soldiers on parade. Where's old Tweedy's regiment?

Castoff soldier. There: bearskin cap and hackle plume. No, he's a

grenadier. Pointed cuffs. There he is: royal Dublin fusiliers. Redcoats.

Too showy. That must be why the women go after them. Uniform. Easier to

enlist and drill. Maud Gonne's letter about taking them off O'Connell

street at night: disgrace to our Irish capital. Griffith's paper is on

the same tack now: an army rotten with venereal disease: overseas or

halfseasover empire. Half baked they look: hypnotised like. Eyes front.

Mark time. Table: able. Bed: ed. The King's own. Never see him dressed

up as a fireman or a bobby. A mason, yes.

He strolled out of the postoffice and turned to the right. Talk: as if

that would mend matters. His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger

felt its way under the flap of the envelope, ripping it open in jerks.

Women will pay a lot of heed, I don't think. His fingers drew forth the

letter the letter and crumpled the envelope in his pocket. Something

pinned on: photo perhaps. Hair? No.

M'Coy. Get rid of him quickly. Take me out of my way. Hate company when

you.

--Hello, Bloom. Where are you off to?

--Hello, M'Coy. Nowhere in particular.

--How's the body?

--Fine. How are you?

--Just keeping alive, M'Coy said.

His eyes on the black tie and clothes he asked with low respect:

--Is there any... no trouble I hope? I see you're...

--O, no, Mr Bloom said. Poor Dignam, you know. The funeral is today.

--To be sure, poor fellow. So it is. What time?

A photo it isn't. A badge maybe.

--E... eleven, Mr Bloom answered.

--I must try to get out there, M'Coy said. Eleven, is it? I only heard

it last night. Who was telling me? Holohan. You know Hoppy?

--I know.

Mr Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn up before the door

of the Grosvenor. The porter hoisted the valise up on the well. She

stood still, waiting, while the man, husband, brother, like her,

searched his pockets for change. Stylish kind of coat with that roll

collar, warm for a day like this, looks like blanketcloth. Careless

stand of her with her hands in those patch pockets. Like that haughty

creature at the polo match. Women all for caste till you touch the spot.

Handsome is and handsome does. Reserved about to yield. The honourable

Mrs and Brutus is an honourable man. Possess her once take the starch

out of her.

--I was with Bob Doran, he's on one of his periodical bends, and what do

you call him Bantam Lyons. Just down there in Conway's we were.

Doran Lyons in Conway's. She raised a gloved hand to her hair. In came

Hoppy. Having a wet. Drawing back his head and gazing far from beneath

his vailed eyelids he saw the bright fawn skin shine in the glare, the

braided drums. Clearly I can see today. Moisture about gives long sight

perhaps. Talking of one thing or another. Lady's hand. Which side will

she get up?

--And he said: \_Sad thing about our poor friend Paddy! What Paddy?\_ I

said. \_Poor little Paddy Dignam\_, he said.

Off to the country: Broadstone probably. High brown boots with laces

dangling. Wellturned foot. What is he foostering over that change for?

Sees me looking. Eye out for other fellow always. Good fallback. Two

strings to her bow.

--\_Why?\_ I said. \_What's wrong with him?\_ I said.

Proud: rich: silk stockings.

--Yes, Mr Bloom said.

He moved a little to the side of M'Coy's talking head. Getting up in a

minute.

--\_What's wrong with him\_? He said. \_He's dead\_, he said. And, faith,

he filled up. \_Is it Paddy Dignam\_? I said. I couldn't believe it when I

heard it. I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was it in

the Arch. \_Yes,\_ he said. \_He's gone. He died on Monday, poor fellow\_.

Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!

A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between.

Lost it. Curse your noisy pugnose. Feels locked out of it. Paradise and

the peri. Always happening like that. The very moment. Girl in Eustace

street hallway Monday was it settling her garter. Her friend covering

the display of \_esprit de corps\_. Well, what are you gaping at?

--Yes, yes, Mr Bloom said after a dull sigh. Another gone.

--One of the best, M'Coy said.

The tram passed. They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge, her rich

gloved hand on the steel grip. Flicker, flicker: the laceflare of her

hat in the sun: flicker, flick.

--Wife well, I suppose? M'Coy's changed voice said.

--O, yes, Mr Bloom said. Tiptop, thanks.

He unrolled the newspaper baton idly and read idly:

\_What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat? Incomplete With it an

abode of bliss.\_

--My missus has just got an engagement. At least it's not settled yet.

Valise tack again. By the way no harm. I'm off that, thanks.

Mr Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness.

--My wife too, he said. She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the

Ulster Hall, Belfast, on the twenty-fifth.

--That so? M'Coy said. Glad to hear that, old man. Who's getting it up?

Mrs Marion Bloom. Not up yet. Queen was in her bedroom eating bread and.

No book. Blackened court cards laid along her thigh by sevens. Dark lady

and fair man. Letter. Cat furry black ball. Torn strip of envelope.

\_Love's

Old

Sweet

Song

Comes lo-ove's old...\_

--It's a kind of a tour, don't you see, Mr Bloom said thoughtfully.

\_Sweeeet song\_. There's a committee formed. Part shares and part

profits.

M'Coy nodded, picking at his moustache stubble.

--O, well, he said. That's good news.

He moved to go.

--Well, glad to see you looking fit, he said. Meet you knocking around.

--Yes, Mr Bloom said.

--Tell you what, M'Coy said. You might put down my name at the funeral,

will you? I'd like to go but I mightn't be able, you see. There's a

drowning case at Sandycove may turn up and then the coroner and myself

would have to go down if the body is found. You just shove in my name if

I'm not there, will you?

--I'll do that, Mr Bloom said, moving to get off. That'll be all right.

--Right, M'Coy said brightly. Thanks, old man. I'd go if I possibly

could. Well, tolloll. Just C. P. M'Coy will do.

--That will be done, Mr Bloom answered firmly.

Didn't catch me napping that wheeze. The quick touch. Soft mark. I'd

like my job. Valise I have a particular fancy for. Leather. Capped

corners, rivetted edges, double action lever lock. Bob Cowley lent him

his for the Wicklow regatta concert last year and never heard tidings of

it from that good day to this.

Mr Bloom, strolling towards Brunswick street, smiled. My missus has just

got an. Reedy freckled soprano. Cheeseparing nose. Nice enough in its

way: for a little ballad. No guts in it. You and me, don't you know:

in the same boat. Softsoaping. Give you the needle that would. Can't

he hear the difference? Think he's that way inclined a bit. Against

my grain somehow. Thought that Belfast would fetch him. I hope that

smallpox up there doesn't get worse. Suppose she wouldn't let herself be

vaccinated again. Your wife and my wife.

Wonder is he pimping after me?

Mr Bloom stood at the corner, his eyes wandering over the multicoloured

hoardings. Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale (Aromatic). Clery's Summer

Sale. No, he's going on straight. Hello. \_Leah\_ tonight. Mrs Bandmann

Palmer. Like to see her again in that. \_Hamlet\_ she played last night.

Male impersonator. Perhaps he was a woman. Why Ophelia committed

suicide. Poor papa! How he used to talk of Kate Bateman in that. Outside

the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to get in. Year before

I was born that was: sixtyfive. And Ristori in Vienna. What is this the

right name is? By Mosenthal it is. Rachel, is it? No. The scene he was

always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises the voice

and puts his fingers on his face.

Nathan's voice! His son's voice! I hear the voice of Nathan who left his

father to die of grief and misery in my arms, who left the house of his

father and left the God of his father.

Every word is so deep, Leopold.

Poor papa! Poor man! I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at his

face. That day! O, dear! O, dear! Ffoo! Well, perhaps it was best for

him.

Mr Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping nags of the

hazard. No use thinking of it any more. Nosebag time. Wish I hadn't met

that M'Coy fellow.

He came nearer and heard a crunching of gilded oats, the gently champing

teeth. Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went by, amid the sweet

oaten reek of horsepiss. Their Eldorado. Poor jugginses! Damn all they

know or care about anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags.

Too full for words. Still they get their feed all right and their doss.

Gelded too: a stump of black guttapercha wagging limp between their

haunches. Might be happy all the same that way. Good poor brutes they

look. Still their neigh can be very irritating.

He drew the letter from his pocket and folded it into the newspaper he

carried. Might just walk into her here. The lane is safer.

He passed the cabman's shelter. Curious the life of drifting cabbies.

All weathers, all places, time or setdown, no will of their own. \_Voglio

e non\_. Like to give them an odd cigarette. Sociable. Shout a few flying

syllables as they pass. He hummed:

\_La ci darem la mano

La la lala la la.\_

He turned into Cumberland street and, going on some paces, halted in the

lee of the station wall. No-one. Meade's timberyard. Piled balks. Ruins

and tenements. With careful tread he passed over a hopscotch court with

its forgotten pickeystone. Not a sinner. Near the timberyard a squatted

child at marbles, alone, shooting the taw with a cunnythumb. A wise

tabby, a blinking sphinx, watched from her warm sill. Pity to disturb

them. Mohammed cut a piece out of his mantle not to wake her. Open it.

And once I played marbles when I went to that old dame's school. She

liked mignonette. Mrs Ellis's. And Mr? He opened the letter within the

newspaper.

A flower. I think it's a. A yellow flower with flattened petals. Not

annoyed then? What does she say?

Dear Henry

I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it. I am sorry

you did not like my last letter. Why did you enclose the stamps? I am

awfully angry with you. I do wish I could punish you for that. I called

you naughty boy because I do not like that other world. Please tell me

what is the real meaning of that word? Are you not happy in your home

you poor little naughty boy? I do wish I could do something for you.

Please tell me what you think of poor me. I often think of the beautiful

name you have. Dear Henry, when will we meet? I think of you so often

you have no idea. I have never felt myself so much drawn to a man as

you. I feel so bad about. Please write me a long letter and tell me

more. Remember if you do not I will punish you. So now you know what I

will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not wrote. O how I long to

meet you. Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience are

exhausted. Then I will tell you all. Goodbye now, naughty darling, I

have such a bad headache. today. and write \_by return\_ to your longing

Martha

P. S. Do tell me what kind of perfume does your wife use. I want to

know.

He tore the flower gravely from its pinhold smelt its almost no smell

and placed it in his heart pocket. Language of flowers. They like it

because no-one can hear. Or a poison bouquet to strike him down. Then

walking slowly forward he read the letter again, murmuring here and

there a word. Angry tulips with you darling manflower punish your cactus

if you don't please poor forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses

when we soon anemone meet all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume.

Having read it all he took it from the newspaper and put it back in his

sidepocket.

Weak joy opened his lips. Changed since the first letter. Wonder did she

wrote it herself. Doing the indignant: a girl of good family like me,

respectable character. Could meet one Sunday after the rosary. Thank

you: not having any. Usual love scrimmage. Then running round corners.

Bad as a row with Molly. Cigar has a cooling effect. Narcotic. Go

further next time. Naughty boy: punish: afraid of words, of course.

Brutal, why not? Try it anyhow. A bit at a time.

Fingering still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it.

Common pin, eh? He threw it on the road. Out of her clothes somewhere:

pinned together. Queer the number of pins they always have. No roses

without thorns.

Flat Dublin voices bawled in his head. Those two sluts that night in the

Coombe, linked together in the rain.

\_O, Mary lost the pin of her drawers.

She didn't know what to do

To keep it up

To keep it up.\_

It? Them. Such a bad headache. Has her roses probably. Or sitting all

day typing. Eyefocus bad for stomach nerves. What perfume does your wife

use. Now could you make out a thing like that?

\_To keep it up.\_

Martha, Mary. I saw that picture somewhere I forget now old master or

faked for money. He is sitting in their house, talking. Mysterious. Also

the two sluts in the Coombe would listen.

\_To keep it up.\_

Nice kind of evening feeling. No more wandering about. Just loll there:

quiet dusk: let everything rip. Forget. Tell about places you have been,

strange customs. The other one, jar on her head, was getting the supper:

fruit, olives, lovely cool water out of a well, stonecold like the hole

in the wall at Ashtown. Must carry a paper goblet next time I go to the

trottingmatches. She listens with big dark soft eyes. Tell her: more and

more: all. Then a sigh: silence. Long long long rest.

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly

in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered

away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank.

Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the

same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure

cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be

made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change

his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A

million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart,

eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter.

One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions

of barrels of porter.

What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same.

An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach.

Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside.

The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing

together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy

pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth.

He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch

he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again

behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy

for a pass to Mullingar.

Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S.J.

on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the

conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The

protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true

religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the

heathen Chinee. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for

them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy

with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown

of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks?

Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguishedlooking. Sorry I

didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that

Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's

not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise

blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see

them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still

life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose.

The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps,

pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere.

Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place

to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow

music. That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the

benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch

knelt at the altarrails. The priest went along by them, murmuring,

holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a

communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it

neatly into her mouth. Her hat and head sank. Then the next one. Her hat

sank at once. Then the next one: a small old woman. The priest bent down

to put it into her mouth, murmuring all the time. Latin. The next one.

Shut your eyes and open your mouth. What? \_Corpus:\_ body. Corpse. Good

idea the Latin. Stupefies them first. Hospice for the dying. They

don't seem to chew it: only swallow it down. Rum idea: eating bits of a

corpse. Why the cannibals cotton to it.

He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle, one by

one, and seek their places. He approached a bench and seated himself in

its corner, nursing his hat and newspaper. These pots we have to wear.

We ought to have hats modelled on our heads. They were about him here

and there, with heads still bowed in their crimson halters, waiting for

it to melt in their stomachs. Something like those mazzoth: it's that

sort of bread: unleavened shewbread. Look at them. Now I bet it makes

them feel happy. Lollipop. It does. Yes, bread of angels it's called.

There's a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of God is within you feel.

First communicants. Hokypoky penny a lump. Then feel all like one family

party, same in the theatre, all in the same swim. They do. I'm sure of

that. Not so lonely. In our confraternity. Then come out a bit spreeish.

Let off steam. Thing is if you really believe in it. Lourdes cure,

waters of oblivion, and the Knock apparition, statues bleeding. Old

fellow asleep near that confessionbox. Hence those snores. Blind faith.

Safe in the arms of kingdom come. Lulls all pain. Wake this time next

year.

He saw the priest stow the communion cup away, well in, and kneel an

instant before it, showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace

affair he had on. Suppose he lost the pin of his. He wouldn't know what

to do to. Bald spot behind. Letters on his back: I.N.R.I? No: I.H.S.

Molly told me one time I asked her. I have sinned: or no: I have

suffered, it is. And the other one? Iron nails ran in.

Meet one Sunday after the rosary. Do not deny my request. Turn up with

a veil and black bag. Dusk and the light behind her. She might be here

with a ribbon round her neck and do the other thing all the same on the

sly. Their character. That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the

invincibles he used to receive the, Carey was his name, the communion

every morning. This very church. Peter Carey, yes. No, Peter Claver I am

thinking of. Denis Carey. And just imagine that. Wife and six children

at home. And plotting that murder all the time. Those crawthumpers,

now that's a good name for them, there's always something shiftylooking

about them. They're not straight men of business either. O, no, she's

not here: the flower: no, no. By the way, did I tear up that envelope?

Yes: under the bridge.

The priest was rinsing out the chalice: then he tossed off the dregs

smartly. Wine. Makes it more aristocratic than for example if he drank

what they are used to Guinness's porter or some temperance beverage

Wheatley's Dublin hop bitters or Cantrell and Cochrane's ginger ale

(aromatic). Doesn't give them any of it: shew wine: only the other.

Cold comfort. Pious fraud but quite right: otherwise they'd have one old

booser worse than another coming along, cadging for a drink. Queer the

whole atmosphere of the. Quite right. Perfectly right that is.

Mr Bloom looked back towards the choir. Not going to be any music. Pity.

Who has the organ here I wonder? Old Glynn he knew how to make that

instrument talk, the \_vibrato\_: fifty pounds a year they say he had in

Gardiner street. Molly was in fine voice that day, the \_Stabat Mater\_

of Rossini. Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon first. Christ or Pilate?

Christ, but don't keep us all night over it. Music they wanted.

Footdrill stopped. Could hear a pin drop. I told her to pitch her voice

against that corner. I could feel the thrill in the air, the full, the

people looking up:

\_Quis est homo.\_

Some of that old sacred music splendid. Mercadante: seven last words.

Mozart's twelfth mass: \_Gloria\_ in that. Those old popes keen on music,

on art and statues and pictures of all kinds. Palestrina for example

too. They had a gay old time while it lasted. Healthy too, chanting,

regular hours, then brew liqueurs. Benedictine. Green Chartreuse. Still,

having eunuchs in their choir that was coming it a bit thick. What kind

of voice is it? Must be curious to hear after their own strong basses.

Connoisseurs. Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after. Kind of a

placid. No worry. Fall into flesh, don't they? Gluttons, tall, long

legs. Who knows? Eunuch. One way out of it.

He saw the priest bend down and kiss the altar and then face about and

bless all the people. All crossed themselves and stood up. Mr Bloom

glanced about him and then stood up, looking over the risen hats. Stand

up at the gospel of course. Then all settled down on their knees again

and he sat back quietly in his bench. The priest came down from the

altar, holding the thing out from him, and he and the massboy answered

each other in Latin. Then the priest knelt down and began to read off a

card:

--O God, our refuge and our strength...

Mr Bloom put his face forward to catch the words. English. Throw them

the bone. I remember slightly. How long since your last mass? Glorious

and immaculate virgin. Joseph, her spouse. Peter and Paul. More

interesting if you understood what it was all about. Wonderful

organisation certainly, goes like clockwork. Confession. Everyone wants

to. Then I will tell you all. Penance. Punish me, please. Great weapon

in their hands. More than doctor or solicitor. Woman dying to. And I

schschschschschsch. And did you chachachachacha? And why did you? Look

down at her ring to find an excuse. Whispering gallery walls have ears.

Husband learn to his surprise. God's little joke. Then out she comes.

Repentance skindeep. Lovely shame. Pray at an altar. Hail Mary and Holy

Mary. Flowers, incense, candles melting. Hide her blushes. Salvation

army blatant imitation. Reformed prostitute will address the meeting.

How I found the Lord. Squareheaded chaps those must be in Rome: they

work the whole show. And don't they rake in the money too? Bequests

also: to the P.P. for the time being in his absolute discretion.

Masses for the repose of my soul to be said publicly with open doors.

Monasteries and convents. The priest in that Fermanagh will case in the

witnessbox. No browbeating him. He had his answer pat for everything.

Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother the church. The doctors of the

church: they mapped out the whole theology of it.

The priest prayed:

--Blessed Michael, archangel, defend us in the hour of conflict. Be

our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil (may God

restrain him, we humbly pray!): and do thou, O prince of the heavenly

host, by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him those

other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls.

The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off. All over. The women

remained behind: thanksgiving.

Better be shoving along. Brother Buzz. Come around with the plate

perhaps. Pay your Easter duty.

He stood up. Hello. Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the

time? Women enjoy it. Never tell you. But we. Excuse, miss, there's a

(whh!) just a (whh!) fluff. Or their skirt behind, placket unhooked.

Glimpses of the moon. Annoyed if you don't. Why didn't you tell me

before. Still like you better untidy. Good job it wasn't farther south.

He passed, discreetly buttoning, down the aisle and out through the main

door into the light. He stood a moment unseeing by the cold black marble

bowl while before him and behind two worshippers dipped furtive hands in

the low tide of holy water. Trams: a car of Prescott's dyeworks: a widow

in her weeds. Notice because I'm in mourning myself. He covered himself.

How goes the time? Quarter past. Time enough yet. Better get that lotion

made up. Where is this? Ah yes, the last time. Sweny's in Lincoln place.

Chemists rarely move. Their green and gold beaconjars too heavy to stir.

Hamilton Long's, founded in the year of the flood. Huguenot churchyard

near there. Visit some day.

He walked southward along Westland row. But the recipe is in the other

trousers. O, and I forgot that latchkey too. Bore this funeral affair.

O well, poor fellow, it's not his fault. When was it I got it made up

last? Wait. I changed a sovereign I remember. First of the month it must

have been or the second. O, he can look it up in the prescriptions book.

The chemist turned back page after page. Sandy shrivelled smell he seems

to have. Shrunken skull. And old. Quest for the philosopher's stone. The

alchemists. Drugs age you after mental excitement. Lethargy then. Why?

Reaction. A lifetime in a night. Gradually changes your character.

Living all the day among herbs, ointments, disinfectants. All his

alabaster lilypots. Mortar and pestle. Aq. Dist. Fol. Laur. Te Virid.

Smell almost cure you like the dentist's doorbell. Doctor Whack. He

ought to physic himself a bit. Electuary or emulsion. The first fellow

that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck. Simples. Want to

be careful. Enough stuff here to chloroform you. Test: turns blue

litmus paper red. Chloroform. Overdose of laudanum. Sleeping draughts.

Lovephiltres. Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough. Clogs the pores or the

phlegm. Poisons the only cures. Remedy where you least expect it. Clever

of nature.

--About a fortnight ago, sir?

--Yes, Mr Bloom said.

He waited by the counter, inhaling slowly the keen reek of drugs, the

dusty dry smell of sponges and loofahs. Lot of time taken up telling

your aches and pains.

--Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin, Mr Bloom said, and then

orangeflower water...

It certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax.

--And white wax also, he said.

Brings out the darkness of her eyes. Looking at me, the sheet up to

her eyes, Spanish, smelling herself, when I was fixing the links in my

cuffs. Those homely recipes are often the best: strawberries for the

teeth: nettles and rainwater: oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk.

Skinfood. One of the old queen's sons, duke of Albany was it? had only

one skin. Leopold, yes. Three we have. Warts, bunions and pimples to

make it worse. But you want a perfume too. What perfume does your? \_Peau

d'Espagne\_. That orangeflower water is so fresh. Nice smell these soaps

have. Pure curd soap. Time to get a bath round the corner. Hammam.

Turkish. Massage. Dirt gets rolled up in your navel. Nicer if a nice

girl did it. Also I think I. Yes I. Do it in the bath. Curious longing

I. Water to water. Combine business with pleasure. Pity no time for

massage. Feel fresh then all the day. Funeral be rather glum.

--Yes, sir, the chemist said. That was two and nine. Have you brought a

bottle?

--No, Mr Bloom said. Make it up, please. I'll call later in the day and

I'll take one of these soaps. How much are they?

--Fourpence, sir.

Mr Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils. Sweet lemony wax.

--I'll take this one, he said. That makes three and a penny.

--Yes, sir, the chemist said. You can pay all together, sir, when you

come back.

--Good, Mr Bloom said.

He strolled out of the shop, the newspaper baton under his armpit, the

coolwrappered soap in his left hand.

At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said:

--Hello, Bloom. What's the best news? Is that today's? Show us a minute.

Shaved off his moustache again, by Jove! Long cold upper lip. To look

younger. He does look balmy. Younger than I am.

Bantam Lyons's yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the baton. Wants a

wash too. Take off the rough dirt. Good morning, have you used Pears'

soap? Dandruff on his shoulders. Scalp wants oiling.

--I want to see about that French horse that's running today, Bantam

Lyons said. Where the bugger is it?

He rustled the pleated pages, jerking his chin on his high collar.

Barber's itch. Tight collar he'll lose his hair. Better leave him the

paper and get shut of him.

--You can keep it, Mr Bloom said.

--Ascot. Gold cup. Wait, Bantam Lyons muttered. Half a mo. Maximum the

second.

--I was just going to throw it away, Mr Bloom said.

Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly and leered weakly.

--What's that? his sharp voice said.

--I say you can keep it, Mr Bloom answered. I was going to throw it away

that moment.

Bantam Lyons doubted an instant, leering: then thrust the outspread

sheets back on Mr Bloom's arms.

--I'll risk it, he said. Here, thanks.

He sped off towards Conway's corner. God speed scut.

Mr Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square and lodged the soap

in it, smiling. Silly lips of that chap. Betting. Regular hotbed of it

lately. Messenger boys stealing to put on sixpence. Raffle for large

tender turkey. Your Christmas dinner for threepence. Jack Fleming

embezzling to gamble then smuggled off to America. Keeps a hotel now.

They never come back. Fleshpots of Egypt.

He walked cheerfully towards the mosque of the baths. Remind you of a

mosque, redbaked bricks, the minarets. College sports today I see. He

eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of college park: cyclist doubled

up like a cod in a pot. Damn bad ad. Now if they had made it round

like a wheel. Then the spokes: sports, sports, sports: and the hub big:

college. Something to catch the eye.

There's Hornblower standing at the porter's lodge. Keep him on hands:

might take a turn in there on the nod. How do you do, Mr Hornblower? How

do you do, sir?

Heavenly weather really. If life was always like that. Cricket weather.

Sit around under sunshades. Over after over. Out. They can't play it

here. Duck for six wickets. Still Captain Culler broke a window in the

Kildare street club with a slog to square leg. Donnybrook fair more

in their line. And the skulls we were acracking when M'Carthy took the

floor. Heatwave. Won't last. Always passing, the stream of life, which

in the stream of life we trace is dearer than them all.

Enjoy a bath now: clean trough of water, cool enamel, the gentle tepid

stream. This is my body.

He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of

warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. He saw his

trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward,

lemonyellow: his navel, bud of flesh: and saw the dark tangled curls of

his bush floating, floating hair of the stream around the limp father of

thousands, a languid floating flower.

Martin Cunningham, first, poked his silkhatted head into the creaking

carriage and, entering deftly, seated himself. Mr Power stepped in after

him, curving his height with care.

--Come on, Simon.

--After you, Mr Bloom said.

Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in, saying:

Yes, yes.

--Are we all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. Come along, Bloom.

Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to

after him and slammed it twice till it shut tight. He passed an arm

through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriagewindow

at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman

peeping. Nose whiteflattened against the pane. Thanking her stars she

was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Glad

to see us go we give them such trouble coming. Job seems to suit them.

Huggermugger in corners. Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd

wake. Then getting it ready. Laying it out. Molly and Mrs Fleming making

the bed. Pull it more to your side. Our windingsheet. Never know who

will touch you dead. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and

the hair. Keep a bit in an envelope. Grows all the same after. Unclean

job.

All waited. Nothing was said. Stowing in the wreaths probably. I am

sitting on something hard. Ah, that soap: in my hip pocket. Better shift

it out of that. Wait for an opportunity.

All waited. Then wheels were heard from in front, turning: then nearer:

then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and

swaying. Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind. The blinds of

the avenue passed and number nine with its craped knocker, door ajar. At

walking pace.

They waited still, their knees jogging, till they had turned and were

passing along the tramtracks. Tritonville road. Quicker. The wheels

rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook

rattling in the doorframes.

--What way is he taking us? Mr Power asked through both windows.

--Irishtown, Martin Cunningham said. Ringsend. Brunswick street.

Mr Dedalus nodded, looking out.

--That's a fine old custom, he said. I am glad to see it has not died

out.

All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by

passers. Respect. The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the

smoother road past Watery lane. Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man,

clad in mourning, a wide hat.

--There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus, he said.

--Who is that?

--Your son and heir.

--Where is he? Mr Dedalus said, stretching over across.

The carriage, passing the open drains and mounds of rippedup roadway

before the tenement houses, lurched round the corner and, swerving back

to the tramtrack, rolled on noisily with chattering wheels. Mr Dedalus

fell back, saying:

--Was that Mulligan cad with him? His \_fidus Achates\_!

--No, Mr Bloom said. He was alone.

--Down with his aunt Sally, I suppose, Mr Dedalus said, the Goulding

faction, the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie, papa's little lump

of dung, the wise child that knows her own father.

Mr Bloom smiled joylessly on Ringsend road. Wallace Bros: the

bottleworks: Dodder bridge.

Richie Goulding and the legal bag. Goulding, Collis and Ward he calls

the firm. His jokes are getting a bit damp. Great card he was. Waltzing

in Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning, the

landlady's two hats pinned on his head. Out on the rampage all night.

Beginning to tell on him now: that backache of his, I fear. Wife ironing

his back. Thinks he'll cure it with pills. All breadcrumbs they are.

About six hundred per cent profit.

--He's in with a lowdown crowd, Mr Dedalus snarled. That Mulligan is a

contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts. His name stinks

all over Dublin. But with the help of God and His blessed mother I'll

make it my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother

or his aunt or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate.

I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me.

He cried above the clatter of the wheels:

--I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son. A counterjumper's

son. Selling tapes in my cousin, Peter Paul M'Swiney's. Not likely.

He ceased. Mr Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild

face and Martin Cunningham's eyes and beard, gravely shaking. Noisy

selfwilled man. Full of his son. He is right. Something to hand on. If

little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house.

Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange

feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning

in Raymond terrace she was at the window watching the two dogs at it by

the wall of the cease to do evil. And the sergeant grinning up. She had

that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched. Give us a touch,

Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.

Got big then. Had to refuse the Greystones concert. My son inside her.

I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent. Learn

German too.

--Are we late? Mr Power asked.

--Ten minutes, Martin Cunningham said, looking at his watch.

Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down. Her tomboy oaths. O jumping

Jupiter! Ye gods and little fishes! Still, she's a dear girl. Soon be a

woman. Mullingar. Dearest Papli. Young student. Yes, yes: a woman too.

Life, life.

The carriage heeled over and back, their four trunks swaying.

--Corny might have given us a more commodious yoke, Mr Power said.

--He might, Mr Dedalus said, if he hadn't that squint troubling him. Do

you follow me?

He closed his left eye. Martin Cunningham began to brush away

crustcrumbs from under his thighs.

--What is this, he said, in the name of God? Crumbs?

--Someone seems to have been making a picnic party here lately, Mr Power

said.

All raised their thighs and eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless

leather of the seats. Mr Dedalus, twisting his nose, frowned downward

and said:

--Unless I'm greatly mistaken. What do you think, Martin?

--It struck me too, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Bloom set his thigh down. Glad I took that bath. Feel my feet quite

clean. But I wish Mrs Fleming had darned these socks better.

Mr Dedalus sighed resignedly.

--After all, he said, it's the most natural thing in the world.

--Did Tom Kernan turn up? Martin Cunningham asked, twirling the peak of

his beard gently.

--Yes, Mr Bloom answered. He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes.

--And Corny Kelleher himself? Mr Power asked.

--At the cemetery, Martin Cunningham said.

--I met M'Coy this morning, Mr Bloom said. He said he'd try to come.

The carriage halted short.

--What's wrong?

--We're stopped.

--Where are we?

Mr Bloom put his head out of the window.

--The grand canal, he said.

Gasworks. Whooping cough they say it cures. Good job Milly never got

it. Poor children! Doubles them up black and blue in convulsions. Shame

really. Got off lightly with illnesses compared. Only measles. Flaxseed

tea. Scarlatina, influenza epidemics. Canvassing for death. Don't miss

this chance. Dogs' home over there. Poor old Athos! Be good to Athos,

Leopold, is my last wish. Thy will be done. We obey them in the grave.

A dying scrawl. He took it to heart, pined away. Quiet brute. Old men's

dogs usually are.

A raindrop spat on his hat. He drew back and saw an instant of shower

spray dots over the grey flags. Apart. Curious. Like through a colander.

I thought it would. My boots were creaking I remember now.

--The weather is changing, he said quietly.

--A pity it did not keep up fine, Martin Cunningham said.

--Wanted for the country, Mr Power said. There's the sun again coming

out.

Mr Dedalus, peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun, hurled a

mute curse at the sky.

--It's as uncertain as a child's bottom, he said.

--We're off again.

The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks swayed

gently. Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak of his beard.

--Tom Kernan was immense last night, he said. And Paddy Leonard taking

him off to his face.

--O, draw him out, Martin, Mr Power said eagerly. Wait till you hear

him, Simon, on Ben Dollard's singing of \_The Croppy Boy\_.

--Immense, Martin Cunningham said pompously. \_His singing of that simple

ballad, Martin, is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the

whole course of my experience.\_

--Trenchant, Mr Power said laughing. He's dead nuts on that. And the

retrospective arrangement.

--Did you read Dan Dawson's speech? Martin Cunningham asked.

--I did not then, Mr Dedalus said. Where is it?

--In the paper this morning.

Mr Bloom took the paper from his inside pocket. That book I must change

for her.

--No, no, Mr Dedalus said quickly. Later on please.

Mr Bloom's glance travelled down the edge of the paper, scanning the

deaths: Callan, Coleman, Dignam, Fawcett, Lowry, Naumann, Peake, what

Peake is that? is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's? no, Sexton,

Urbright. Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper.

Thanks to the Little Flower. Sadly missed. To the inexpressible grief of

his. Aged 88 after a long and tedious illness. Month's mind: Quinlan. On

whose soul Sweet Jesus have mercy.

\_It is now a month since dear Henry fled To his home up above in the sky

While his family weeps and mourns his loss Hoping some day to meet him

on high.\_

I tore up the envelope? Yes. Where did I put her letter after I read it

in the bath? He patted his waistcoatpocket. There all right. Dear Henry

fled. Before my patience are exhausted.

National school. Meade's yard. The hazard. Only two there now. Nodding.

Full as a tick. Too much bone in their skulls. The other trotting round

with a fare. An hour ago I was passing there. The jarvies raised their

hats.

A pointsman's back straightened itself upright suddenly against a

tramway standard by Mr Bloom's window. Couldn't they invent something

automatic so that the wheel itself much handier? Well but that fellow

would lose his job then? Well but then another fellow would get a job

making the new invention?

Antient concert rooms. Nothing on there. A man in a buff suit with a

crape armlet. Not much grief there. Quarter mourning. People in law

perhaps.

They went past the bleak pulpit of saint Mark's, under the railway

bridge, past the Queen's theatre: in silence. Hoardings: Eugene

Stratton, Mrs Bandmann Palmer. Could I go to see LEAH tonight, I wonder.

I said I. Or the \_Lily of Killarney\_? Elster Grimes Opera Company. Big

powerful change. Wet bright bills for next week. \_Fun on the Bristol\_.

Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety. Have to stand a

drink or two. As broad as it's long.

He's coming in the afternoon. Her songs.

Plasto's. Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust. Who was he?

--How do you do? Martin Cunningham said, raising his palm to his brow in

salute.

--He doesn't see us, Mr Power said. Yes, he does. How do you do?

--Who? Mr Dedalus asked.

--Blazes Boylan, Mr Power said. There he is airing his quiff.

Just that moment I was thinking.

Mr Dedalus bent across to salute. From the door of the Red Bank the

white disc of a straw hat flashed reply: spruce figure: passed.

Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right

hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him that they she sees?

Fascination. Worst man in Dublin. That keeps him alive. They sometimes

feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I

am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone. Body

getting a bit softy. I would notice that: from remembering. What causes

that? I suppose the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh

falls off. But the shape is there. The shape is there still. Shoulders.

Hips. Plump. Night of the dance dressing. Shift stuck between the cheeks

behind.

He clasped his hands between his knees and, satisfied, sent his vacant

glance over their faces.

Mr Power asked:

--How is the concert tour getting on, Bloom?

--O, very well, Mr Bloom said. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good

idea, you see...

--Are you going yourself?

--Well no, Mr Bloom said. In point of fact I have to go down to the

county Clare on some private business. You see the idea is to tour the

chief towns. What you lose on one you can make up on the other.

--Quite so, Martin Cunningham said. Mary Anderson is up there now.

Have you good artists?

--Louis Werner is touring her, Mr Bloom said. O yes, we'll have all

topnobbers. J. C. Doyle and John MacCormack I hope and. The best, in

fact.

--And \_Madame\_, Mr Power said smiling. Last but not least.

Mr Bloom unclasped his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped

them. Smith O'Brien. Someone has laid a bunch of flowers there. Woman.

Must be his deathday. For many happy returns. The carriage wheeling by

Farrell's statue united noiselessly their unresisting knees.

Oot: a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone tendered his wares, his

mouth opening: oot.

--Four bootlaces for a penny.

Wonder why he was struck off the rolls. Had his office in Hume street.

Same house as Molly's namesake, Tweedy, crown solicitor for Waterford.

Has that silk hat ever since. Relics of old decency. Mourning too.

Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Kicked about like snuff at a wake.

O'Callaghan on his last legs.

And \_Madame\_. Twenty past eleven. Up. Mrs Fleming is in to clean. Doing

her hair, humming. \_voglio e non vorrei\_. No. \_vorrei e non\_. Looking at

the tips of her hairs to see if they are split. \_Mi trema un poco

il\_. Beautiful on that \_tre\_ her voice is: weeping tone. A thrush. A

throstle. There is a word throstle that expresses that.

His eyes passed lightly over Mr Power's goodlooking face. Greyish over

the ears. \_Madame\_: smiling. I smiled back. A smile goes a long way.

Only politeness perhaps. Nice fellow. Who knows is that true about the

woman he keeps? Not pleasant for the wife. Yet they say, who was it

told me, there is no carnal. You would imagine that would get played

out pretty quick. Yes, it was Crofton met him one evening bringing her

a pound of rumpsteak. What is this she was? Barmaid in Jury's. Or the

Moira, was it?

They passed under the hugecloaked Liberator's form.

Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power.

--Of the tribe of Reuben, he said.

A tall blackbearded figure, bent on a stick, stumping round the corner

of Elvery's Elephant house, showed them a curved hand open on his spine.

--In all his pristine beauty, Mr Power said.

Mr Dedalus looked after the stumping figure and said mildly:

--The devil break the hasp of your back!

Mr Power, collapsing in laughter, shaded his face from the window as the

carriage passed Gray's statue.

--We have all been there, Martin Cunningham said broadly.

His eyes met Mr Bloom's eyes. He caressed his beard, adding:

--Well, nearly all of us.

Mr Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces.

--That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and

the son.

--About the boatman? Mr Power asked.

--Yes. Isn't it awfully good?

--What is that? Mr Dedalus asked. I didn't hear it.

--There was a girl in the case, Mr Bloom began, and he determined to

send him to the Isle of Man out of harm's way but when they were both

...

--What? Mr Dedalus asked. That confirmed bloody hobbledehoy is it?

--Yes, Mr Bloom said. They were both on the way to the boat and he tried

to drown...

--Drown Barabbas! Mr Dedalus cried. I wish to Christ he did!

Mr Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils.

--No, Mr Bloom said, the son himself...

Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely:

--Reuben and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on

their way to the Isle of Man boat and the young chiseller suddenly got

loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey.

--For God's sake! Mr Dedalus exclaimed in fright. Is he dead?

--Dead! Martin Cunningham cried. Not he! A boatman got a pole and fished

him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up to the father

on the quay more dead than alive. Half the town was there.

--Yes, Mr Bloom said. But the funny part is...

--And Reuben J, Martin Cunningham said, gave the boatman a florin for

saving his son's life.

A stifled sigh came from under Mr Power's hand.

--O, he did, Martin Cunningham affirmed. Like a hero. A silver florin.

--Isn't it awfully good? Mr Bloom said eagerly.

--One and eightpence too much, Mr Dedalus said drily.

Mr Power's choked laugh burst quietly in the carriage.

Nelson's pillar.

--Eight plums a penny! Eight for a penny!

--We had better look a little serious, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Dedalus sighed.

--Ah then indeed, he said, poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us a laugh.

Many a good one he told himself.

--The Lord forgive me! Mr Power said, wiping his wet eyes with his

fingers. Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last and

he was in his usual health that I'd be driving after him like this. He's

gone from us.

--As decent a little man as ever wore a hat, Mr Dedalus said. He went

very suddenly.

--Breakdown, Martin Cunningham said. Heart.

He tapped his chest sadly.

Blazing face: redhot. Too much John Barleycorn. Cure for a red nose.

Drink like the devil till it turns adelite. A lot of money he spent

colouring it.

Mr Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension.

--He had a sudden death, poor fellow, he said.

--The best death, Mr Bloom said.

Their wide open eyes looked at him.

--No suffering, he said. A moment and all is over. Like dying in sleep.

No-one spoke.

Dead side of the street this. Dull business by day, land agents,

temperance hotel, Falconer's railway guide, civil service college,

Gill's, catholic club, the industrious blind. Why? Some reason. Sun or

wind. At night too. Chummies and slaveys. Under the patronage of the

late Father Mathew. Foundation stone for Parnell. Breakdown. Heart.

White horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner,

galloping. A tiny coffin flashed by. In a hurry to bury. A mourning

coach. Unmarried. Black for the married. Piebald for bachelors. Dun for

a nun.

--Sad, Martin Cunningham said. A child.

A dwarf's face, mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was. Dwarf's body,

weak as putty, in a whitelined deal box. Burial friendly society

pays. Penny a week for a sod of turf. Our. Little. Beggar. Baby. Meant

nothing. Mistake of nature. If it's healthy it's from the mother. If not

from the man. Better luck next time.

--Poor little thing, Mr Dedalus said. It's well out of it.

The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square. Rattle his

bones. Over the stones. Only a pauper. Nobody owns.

--In the midst of life, Martin Cunningham said.

--But the worst of all, Mr Power said, is the man who takes his own

life.

Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly, coughed and put it back.

--The greatest disgrace to have in the family, Mr Power added.

--Temporary insanity, of course, Martin Cunningham said decisively. We

must take a charitable view of it.

--They say a man who does it is a coward, Mr Dedalus said.

--It is not for us to judge, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Bloom, about to speak, closed his lips again. Martin Cunningham's

large eyes. Looking away now. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent.

Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say. They have no mercy

on that here or infanticide. Refuse christian burial. They used to drive

a stake of wood through his heart in the grave. As if it wasn't broken

already. Yet sometimes they repent too late. Found in the riverbed

clutching rushes. He looked at me. And that awful drunkard of a wife

of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the

furniture on him every Saturday almost. Leading him the life of the

damned. Wear the heart out of a stone, that. Monday morning. Start

afresh. Shoulder to the wheel. Lord, she must have looked a sight

that night Dedalus told me he was in there. Drunk about the place and

capering with Martin's umbrella.

\_And they call me the jewel of Asia,

Of Asia,

The Geisha.\_

He looked away from me. He knows. Rattle his bones.

That afternoon of the inquest. The redlabelled bottle on the table. The

room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through

the slats of the Venetian blind. The coroner's sunlit ears, big and

hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like

yellow streaks on his face. Had slipped down to the foot of the bed.

Verdict: overdose. Death by misadventure. The letter. For my son

Leopold.

No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns.

The carriage rattled swiftly along Blessington street. Over the stones.

--We are going the pace, I think, Martin Cunningham said.

--God grant he doesn't upset us on the road, Mr Power said.

--I hope not, Martin Cunningham said. That will be a great race tomorrow

in Germany. The Gordon Bennett.

--Yes, by Jove, Mr Dedalus said. That will be worth seeing, faith.

As they turned into Berkeley street a streetorgan near the Basin sent

over and after them a rollicking rattling song of the halls. Has anybody

here seen Kelly? Kay ee double ell wy. Dead March from \_Saul.\_ He's

as bad as old Antonio. He left me on my ownio. Pirouette! The \_Mater

Misericordiae\_. Eccles street. My house down there. Big place. Ward for

incurables there. Very encouraging. Our Lady's Hospice for the dying.

Deadhouse handy underneath. Where old Mrs Riordan died. They look

terrible the women. Her feeding cup and rubbing her mouth with the

spoon. Then the screen round her bed for her to die. Nice young student

that was dressed that bite the bee gave me. He's gone over to the

lying-in hospital they told me. From one extreme to the other. The

carriage galloped round a corner: stopped.

--What's wrong now?

A divided drove of branded cattle passed the windows, lowing, slouching

by on padded hoofs, whisking their tails slowly on their clotted bony

croups. Outside them and through them ran raddled sheep bleating their

fear.

--Emigrants, Mr Power said.

--Huuuh! the drover's voice cried, his switch sounding on their flanks.

Huuuh! out of that!

Thursday, of course. Tomorrow is killing day. Springers. Cuffe sold them

about twentyseven quid each. For Liverpool probably. Roastbeef for old

England. They buy up all the juicy ones. And then the fifth quarter

lost: all that raw stuff, hide, hair, horns. Comes to a big thing in a

year. Dead meat trade. Byproducts of the slaughterhouses for tanneries,

soap, margarine. Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat off

the train at Clonsilla.

The carriage moved on through the drove.

--I can't make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the

parkgate to the quays, Mr Bloom said. All those animals could be taken

in trucks down to the boats.

--Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare, Martin Cunningham said. Quite

right. They ought to.

--Yes, Mr Bloom said, and another thing I often thought, is to have

municipal funeral trams like they have in Milan, you know. Run the line

out to the cemetery gates and have special trams, hearse and carriage

and all. Don't you see what I mean?

--O, that be damned for a story, Mr Dedalus said. Pullman car and saloon

diningroom.

--A poor lookout for Corny, Mr Power added.

--Why? Mr Bloom asked, turning to Mr Dedalus. Wouldn't it be more decent

than galloping two abreast?

--Well, there's something in that, Mr Dedalus granted.

--And, Martin Cunningham said, we wouldn't have scenes like that when

the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to the road.

--That was terrible, Mr Power's shocked face said, and the corpse fell

about the road. Terrible!

--First round Dunphy's, Mr Dedalus said, nodding. Gordon Bennett cup.

--Praises be to God! Martin Cunningham said piously.

Bom! Upset. A coffin bumped out on to the road. Burst open. Paddy Dignam

shot out and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large

for him. Red face: grey now. Mouth fallen open. Asking what's up now.

Quite right to close it. Looks horrid open. Then the insides decompose

quickly. Much better to close up all the orifices. Yes, also. With wax.

The sphincter loose. Seal up all.

--Dunphy's, Mr Power announced as the carriage turned right.

Dunphy's corner. Mourning coaches drawn up, drowning their grief. A

pause by the wayside. Tiptop position for a pub. Expect we'll pull up

here on the way back to drink his health. Pass round the consolation.

Elixir of life.

But suppose now it did happen. Would he bleed if a nail say cut him

in the knocking about? He would and he wouldn't, I suppose. Depends on

where. The circulation stops. Still some might ooze out of an artery. It

would be better to bury them in red: a dark red.

In silence they drove along Phibsborough road. An empty hearse trotted

by, coming from the cemetery: looks relieved.

Crossguns bridge: the royal canal.

Water rushed roaring through the sluices. A man stood on his

dropping barge, between clamps of turf. On the towpath by the lock a

slacktethered horse. Aboard of the \_Bugabu.\_

Their eyes watched him. On the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his

raft coastward over Ireland drawn by a haulage rope past beds of

reeds, over slime, mudchoked bottles, carrion dogs. Athlone, Mullingar,

Moyvalley, I could make a walking tour to see Milly by the canal. Or

cycle down. Hire some old crock, safety. Wren had one the other day at

the auction but a lady's. Developing waterways. James M'Cann's hobby

to row me o'er the ferry. Cheaper transit. By easy stages. Houseboats.

Camping out. Also hearses. To heaven by water. Perhaps I will without

writing. Come as a surprise, Leixlip, Clonsilla. Dropping down lock by

lock to Dublin. With turf from the midland bogs. Salute. He lifted his

brown straw hat, saluting Paddy Dignam.

They drove on past Brian Boroimhe house. Near it now.

--I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on, Mr Power said.

--Better ask Tom Kernan, Mr Dedalus said.

--How is that? Martin Cunningham said. Left him weeping, I suppose?

--Though lost to sight, Mr Dedalus said, to memory dear.

The carriage steered left for Finglas road.

The stonecutter's yard on the right. Last lap. Crowded on the spit of

land silent shapes appeared, white, sorrowful, holding out calm hands,

knelt in grief, pointing. Fragments of shapes, hewn. In white silence:

appealing. The best obtainable. Thos. H. Dennany, monumental builder and

sculptor.

Passed.

On the curbstone before Jimmy Geary, the sexton's, an old tramp sat,

grumbling, emptying the dirt and stones out of his huge dustbrown

yawning boot. After life's journey.

Gloomy gardens then went by: one by one: gloomy houses.

Mr Power pointed.

--That is where Childs was murdered, he said. The last house.

--So it is, Mr Dedalus said. A gruesome case. Seymour Bushe got him off.

Murdered his brother. Or so they said.

--The crown had no evidence, Mr Power said.

--Only circumstantial, Martin Cunningham added. That's the maxim of the

law. Better for ninetynine guilty to escape than for one innocent person

to be wrongfully condemned.

They looked. Murderer's ground. It passed darkly. Shuttered, tenantless,

unweeded garden. Whole place gone to hell. Wrongfully condemned. Murder.

The murderer's image in the eye of the murdered. They love reading about

it. Man's head found in a garden. Her clothing consisted of. How she met

her death. Recent outrage. The weapon used. Murderer is still at large.

Clues. A shoelace. The body to be exhumed. Murder will out.

Cramped in this carriage. She mightn't like me to come that way without

letting her know. Must be careful about women. Catch them once with

their pants down. Never forgive you after. Fifteen.

The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze. Dark poplars,

rare white forms. Forms more frequent, white shapes thronged amid the

trees, white forms and fragments streaming by mutely, sustaining vain

gestures on the air.

The felly harshed against the curbstone: stopped. Martin Cunningham put

out his arm and, wrenching back the handle, shoved the door open with

his knee. He stepped out. Mr Power and Mr Dedalus followed.

Change that soap now. Mr Bloom's hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly

and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket.

He stepped out of the carriage, replacing the newspaper his other hand

still held.

Paltry funeral: coach and three carriages. It's all the same.

Pallbearers, gold reins, requiem mass, firing a volley. Pomp of death.

Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and

fruit. Simnel cakes those are, stuck together: cakes for the dead.

Dogbiscuits. Who ate them? Mourners coming out.

He followed his companions. Mr Kernan and Ned Lambert followed, Hynes

walking after them. Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took

out the two wreaths. He handed one to the boy.

Where is that child's funeral disappeared to?

A team of horses passed from Finglas with toiling plodding tread,

dragging through the funereal silence a creaking waggon on which lay a

granite block. The waggoner marching at their head saluted.

Coffin now. Got here before us, dead as he is. Horse looking round at it

with his plume skeowways. Dull eye: collar tight on his neck, pressing

on a bloodvessel or something. Do they know what they cart out here

every day? Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day. Then Mount

Jerome for the protestants. Funerals all over the world everywhere every

minute. Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick. Thousands

every hour. Too many in the world.

Mourners came out through the gates: woman and a girl. Leanjawed harpy,

hard woman at a bargain, her bonnet awry. Girl's face stained with dirt

and tears, holding the woman's arm, looking up at her for a sign to cry.

Fish's face, bloodless and livid.

The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates. So

much dead weight. Felt heavier myself stepping out of that bath. First

the stiff: then the friends of the stiff. Corny Kelleher and the

boy followed with their wreaths. Who is that beside them? Ah, the

brother-in-law.

All walked after.

Martin Cunningham whispered:

--I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom.

--What? Mr Power whispered. How so?

--His father poisoned himself, Martin Cunningham whispered. Had the

Queen's hotel in Ennis. You heard him say he was going to Clare.

Anniversary.

--O God! Mr Power whispered. First I heard of it. Poisoned himself?

He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed

towards the cardinal's mausoleum. Speaking.

--Was he insured? Mr Bloom asked.

--I believe so, Mr Kernan answered. But the policy was heavily

mortgaged. Martin is trying to get the youngster into Artane.

--How many children did he leave?

--Five. Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into Todd's.

--A sad case, Mr Bloom said gently. Five young children.

--A great blow to the poor wife, Mr Kernan added.

--Indeed yes, Mr Bloom agreed.

Has the laugh at him now.

He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished. She had

outlived him. Lost her husband. More dead for her than for me. One must

outlive the other. Wise men say. There are more women than men in the

world. Condole with her. Your terrible loss. I hope you'll soon follow

him. For Hindu widows only. She would marry another. Him? No. Yet who

knows after. Widowhood not the thing since the old queen died. Drawn on

a guncarriage. Victoria and Albert. Frogmore memorial mourning. But

in the end she put a few violets in her bonnet. Vain in her heart of

hearts. All for a shadow. Consort not even a king. Her son was the

substance. Something new to hope for not like the past she wanted back,

waiting. It never comes. One must go first: alone, under the ground: and

lie no more in her warm bed.

--How are you, Simon? Ned Lambert said softly, clasping hands. Haven't

seen you for a month of Sundays.

--Never better. How are all in Cork's own town?

--I was down there for the Cork park races on Easter Monday, Ned Lambert

said. Same old six and eightpence. Stopped with Dick Tivy.

--And how is Dick, the solid man?

--Nothing between himself and heaven, Ned Lambert answered.

--By the holy Paul! Mr Dedalus said in subdued wonder. Dick Tivy bald?

--Martin is going to get up a whip for the youngsters, Ned Lambert said,

pointing ahead. A few bob a skull. Just to keep them going till the

insurance is cleared up.

--Yes, yes, Mr Dedalus said dubiously. Is that the eldest boy in front?

--Yes, Ned Lambert said, with the wife's brother. John Henry Menton is

behind. He put down his name for a quid.

--I'll engage he did, Mr Dedalus said. I often told poor Paddy he ought

to mind that job. John Henry is not the worst in the world.

--How did he lose it? Ned Lambert asked. Liquor, what?

--Many a good man's fault, Mr Dedalus said with a sigh.

They halted about the door of the mortuary chapel. Mr Bloom stood behind

the boy with the wreath looking down at his sleekcombed hair and at the

slender furrowed neck inside his brandnew collar. Poor boy! Was he there

when the father? Both unconscious. Lighten up at the last moment

and recognise for the last time. All he might have done. I owe three

shillings to O'Grady. Would he understand? The mutes bore the coffin

into the chapel. Which end is his head?

After a moment he followed the others in, blinking in the screened

light. The coffin lay on its bier before the chancel, four tall yellow

candles at its corners. Always in front of us. Corny Kelleher, laying a

wreath at each fore corner, beckoned to the boy to kneel. The mourners

knelt here and there in prayingdesks. Mr Bloom stood behind near the

font and, when all had knelt, dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper

from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it. He fitted his black

hat gently on his left knee and, holding its brim, bent over piously.

A server bearing a brass bucket with something in it came out through a

door. The whitesmocked priest came after him, tidying his stole with one

hand, balancing with the other a little book against his toad's belly.

Who'll read the book? I, said the rook.

They halted by the bier and the priest began to read out of his book

with a fluent croak.

Father Coffey. I knew his name was like a coffin. \_Domine-namine.\_ Bully

about the muzzle he looks. Bosses the show. Muscular christian. Woe

betide anyone that looks crooked at him: priest. Thou art Peter. Burst

sideways like a sheep in clover Dedalus says he will. With a belly on

him like a poisoned pup. Most amusing expressions that man finds. Hhhn:

burst sideways.

\_--Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo, Domine.\_

Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin. Requiem mass.

Crape weepers. Blackedged notepaper. Your name on the altarlist. Chilly

place this. Want to feed well, sitting in there all the morning in the

gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next please. Eyes of a toad too.

What swells him up that way? Molly gets swelled after cabbage. Air of

the place maybe. Looks full up of bad gas. Must be an infernal lot

of bad gas round the place. Butchers, for instance: they get like raw

beefsteaks. Who was telling me? Mervyn Browne. Down in the vaults of

saint Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a

hole in the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it. Out it

rushes: blue. One whiff of that and you're a goner.

My kneecap is hurting me. Ow. That's better.

The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's

bucket and shook it over the coffin. Then he walked to the other end and

shook it again. Then he came back and put it back in the bucket. As you

were before you rested. It's all written down: he has to do it.

\_--Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.\_

The server piped the answers in the treble. I often thought it would be

better to have boy servants. Up to fifteen or so. After that, of course

...

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed

up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up.

What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over. Every mortal

day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children, women dead in

childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded businessmen, consumptive girls

with little sparrows' breasts. All the year round he prayed the same

thing over them all and shook water on top of them: sleep. On Dignam

now.

\_--In paradisum.\_

Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise. Says that over

everybody. Tiresome kind of a job. But he has to say something.

The priest closed his book and went off, followed by the server. Corny

Kelleher opened the sidedoors and the gravediggers came in, hoisted the

coffin again, carried it out and shoved it on their cart. Corny Kelleher

gave one wreath to the boy and one to the brother-in-law. All followed

them out of the sidedoors into the mild grey air. Mr Bloom came last

folding his paper again into his pocket. He gazed gravely at the ground

till the coffincart wheeled off to the left. The metal wheels ground the

gravel with a sharp grating cry and the pack of blunt boots followed the

trundled barrow along a lane of sepulchres.

The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo. Lord, I mustn't lilt here.

--The O'Connell circle, Mr Dedalus said about him.

Mr Power's soft eyes went up to the apex of the lofty cone.

--He's at rest, he said, in the middle of his people, old Dan O'. But

his heart is buried in Rome. How many broken hearts are buried here,

Simon!

--Her grave is over there, Jack, Mr Dedalus said. I'll soon be stretched

beside her. Let Him take me whenever He likes.

Breaking down, he began to weep to himself quietly, stumbling a little

in his walk. Mr Power took his arm.

--She's better where she is, he said kindly.

--I suppose so, Mr Dedalus said with a weak gasp. I suppose she is in

heaven if there is a heaven.

Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed the mourners to

plod by.

--Sad occasions, Mr Kernan began politely.

Mr Bloom closed his eyes and sadly twice bowed his head.

--The others are putting on their hats, Mr Kernan said. I suppose we can

do so too. We are the last. This cemetery is a treacherous place.

They covered their heads.

--The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly, don't you think?

Mr Kernan said with reproof.

Mr Bloom nodded gravely looking in the quick bloodshot eyes. Secret

eyes, secretsearching. Mason, I think: not sure. Beside him again. We

are the last. In the same boat. Hope he'll say something else.

Mr Kernan added:

--The service of the Irish church used in Mount Jerome is simpler, more

impressive I must say.

Mr Bloom gave prudent assent. The language of course was another thing.

Mr Kernan said with solemnity:

--\_I am the resurrection and the life\_. That touches a man's inmost

heart.

--It does, Mr Bloom said.

Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two

with his toes to the daisies? No touching that. Seat of the affections.

Broken heart. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood

every day. One fine day it gets bunged up: and there you are. Lots of

them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn

the thing else. The resurrection and the life. Once you are dead you are

dead. That last day idea. Knocking them all up out of their graves. Come

forth, Lazarus! And he came fifth and lost the job. Get up! Last day!

Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the

rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning. Pennyweight of

powder in a skull. Twelve grammes one pennyweight. Troy measure.

Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side.

--Everything went off A1, he said. What?

He looked on them from his drawling eye. Policeman's shoulders. With

your tooraloom tooraloom.

--As it should be, Mr Kernan said.

--What? Eh? Corny Kelleher said.

Mr Kernan assured him.

--Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan? John Henry Menton asked. I

know his face.

Ned Lambert glanced back.

--Bloom, he said, Madame Marion Tweedy that was, is, I mean, the

soprano. She's his wife.

--O, to be sure, John Henry Menton said. I haven't seen her for some

time. He was a finelooking woman. I danced with her, wait, fifteen

seventeen golden years ago, at Mat Dillon's in Roundtown. And a good

armful she was.

He looked behind through the others.

--What is he? he asked. What does he do? Wasn't he in the stationery

line? I fell foul of him one evening, I remember, at bowls.

Ned Lambert smiled.

--Yes, he was, he said, in Wisdom Hely's. A traveller for blottingpaper.

--In God's name, John Henry Menton said, what did she marry a coon like

that for? She had plenty of game in her then.

--Has still, Ned Lambert said. He does some canvassing for ads.

John Henry Menton's large eyes stared ahead.

The barrow turned into a side lane. A portly man, ambushed among the

grasses, raised his hat in homage. The gravediggers touched their caps.

--John O'Connell, Mr Power said pleased. He never forgets a friend.

Mr O'Connell shook all their hands in silence. Mr Dedalus said:

--I am come to pay you another visit.

--My dear Simon, the caretaker answered in a low voice. I don't want

your custom at all.

Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin

Cunningham's side puzzling two long keys at his back.

--Did you hear that one, he asked them, about Mulcahy from the Coombe?

--I did not, Martin Cunningham said.

They bent their silk hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear. The

caretaker hung his thumbs in the loops of his gold watchchain and spoke

in a discreet tone to their vacant smiles.

--They tell the story, he said, that two drunks came out here one foggy

evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs. They asked for

Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried. After

traipsing about in the fog they found the grave sure enough. One of the

drunks spelt out the name: Terence Mulcahy. The other drunk was blinking

up at a statue of Our Saviour the widow had got put up.

The caretaker blinked up at one of the sepulchres they passed. He

resumed:

--And, after blinking up at the sacred figure, \_Not a bloody bit like

the man\_, says he. \_That's not Mulcahy\_, says he, \_whoever done it\_.

Rewarded by smiles he fell back and spoke with Corny Kelleher, accepting

the dockets given him, turning them over and scanning them as he walked.

--That's all done with a purpose, Martin Cunningham explained to Hynes.

--I know, Hynes said. I know that.

--To cheer a fellow up, Martin Cunningham said. It's pure

goodheartedness: damn the thing else.

Mr Bloom admired the caretaker's prosperous bulk. All want to be on good

terms with him. Decent fellow, John O'Connell, real good sort. Keys:

like Keyes's ad: no fear of anyone getting out. No passout checks.

\_Habeas corpus\_. I must see about that ad after the funeral. Did I

write Ballsbridge on the envelope I took to cover when she disturbed me

writing to Martha? Hope it's not chucked in the dead letter office. Be

the better of a shave. Grey sprouting beard. That's the first sign when

the hairs come out grey. And temper getting cross. Silver threads among

the grey. Fancy being his wife. Wonder he had the gumption to propose to

any girl. Come out and live in the graveyard. Dangle that before her. It

might thrill her first. Courting death... Shades of night hovering

here with all the dead stretched about. The shadows of the tombs when

churchyards yawn and Daniel O'Connell must be a descendant I suppose

who is this used to say he was a queer breedy man great catholic all the

same like a big giant in the dark. Will o' the wisp. Gas of graves.

Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all. Women especially are so

touchy. Tell her a ghost story in bed to make her sleep. Have you ever

seen a ghost? Well, I have. It was a pitchdark night. The clock was on

the stroke of twelve. Still they'd kiss all right if properly keyed up.

Whores in Turkish graveyards. Learn anything if taken young. You might

pick up a young widow here. Men like that. Love among the tombstones.

Romeo. Spice of pleasure. In the midst of death we are in life. Both

ends meet. Tantalising for the poor dead. Smell of grilled beefsteaks to

the starving. Gnawing their vitals. Desire to grig people. Molly wanting

to do it at the window. Eight children he has anyway.

He has seen a fair share go under in his time, lying around him field

after field. Holy fields. More room if they buried them standing.

Sitting or kneeling you couldn't. Standing? His head might come up some

day above ground in a landslip with his hand pointing. All honeycombed

the ground must be: oblong cells. And very neat he keeps it too: trim

grass and edgings. His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome. Well,

so it is. Ought to be flowers of sleep. Chinese cemeteries with giant

poppies growing produce the best opium Mastiansky told me. The Botanic

Gardens are just over there. It's the blood sinking in the earth gives

new life. Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy. Every

man his price. Well preserved fat corpse, gentleman, epicure, invaluable

for fruit garden. A bargain. By carcass of William Wilkinson, auditor

and accountant, lately deceased, three pounds thirteen and six. With

thanks.

I daresay the soil would be quite fat with corpsemanure, bones, flesh,

nails. Charnelhouses. Dreadful. Turning green and pink decomposing. Rot

quick in damp earth. The lean old ones tougher. Then a kind of a tallowy

kind of a cheesy. Then begin to get black, black treacle oozing out of

them. Then dried up. Deathmoths. Of course the cells or whatever they

are go on living. Changing about. Live for ever practically. Nothing to

feed on feed on themselves.

But they must breed a devil of a lot of maggots. Soil must be simply

swirling with them. Your head it simply swurls. Those pretty little

seaside gurls. He looks cheerful enough over it. Gives him a sense of

power seeing all the others go under first. Wonder how he looks at life.

Cracking his jokes too: warms the cockles of his heart. The one about

the bulletin. Spurgeon went to heaven 4 a.m. this morning. 11 p.m.

(closing time). Not arrived yet. Peter. The dead themselves the men

anyhow would like to hear an odd joke or the women to know what's in

fashion. A juicy pear or ladies' punch, hot, strong and sweet. Keep

out the damp. You must laugh sometimes so better do it that way.

Gravediggers in \_Hamlet\_. Shows the profound knowledge of the human

heart. Daren't joke about the dead for two years at least. \_De mortuis

nil nisi prius\_. Go out of mourning first. Hard to imagine his funeral.

Seems a sort of a joke. Read your own obituary notice they say you live

longer. Gives you second wind. New lease of life.

--How many have-you for tomorrow? the caretaker asked.

--Two, Corny Kelleher said. Half ten and eleven.

The caretaker put the papers in his pocket. The barrow had ceased to

trundle. The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole, stepping

with care round the graves. The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its

nose on the brink, looping the bands round it.

Burying him. We come to bury Caesar. His ides of March or June. He

doesn't know who is here nor care. Now who is that lankylooking galoot

over there in the macintosh? Now who is he I'd like to know? Now I'd

give a trifle to know who he is. Always someone turns up you never

dreamt of. A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life. Yes, he

could. Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died though he

could dig his own grave. We all do. Only man buries. No, ants too. First

thing strikes anybody. Bury the dead. Say Robinson Crusoe was true to

life. Well then Friday buried him. Every Friday buries a Thursday if you

come to look at it.

\_O, poor Robinson Crusoe!

How could you possibly do so?\_

Poor Dignam! His last lie on the earth in his box. When you think of

them all it does seem a waste of wood. All gnawed through. They could

invent a handsome bier with a kind of panel sliding, let it down that

way. Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow's.

They're so particular. Lay me in my native earth. Bit of clay from

the holy land. Only a mother and deadborn child ever buried in the one

coffin. I see what it means. I see. To protect him as long as possible

even in the earth. The Irishman's house is his coffin. Embalming in

catacombs, mummies the same idea.

Mr Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hand, counting the bared heads.

Twelve. I'm thirteen. No. The chap in the macintosh is thirteen. Death's

number. Where the deuce did he pop out of? He wasn't in the chapel, that

I'll swear. Silly superstition that about thirteen.

Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit. Tinge of purple. I had

one like that when we lived in Lombard street west. Dressy fellow he was

once. Used to change three suits in the day. Must get that grey suit

of mine turned by Mesias. Hello. It's dyed. His wife I forgot he's not

married or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for him.

The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by the men straddled on the

gravetrestles. They struggled up and out: and all uncovered. Twenty.

Pause.

If we were all suddenly somebody else.

Far away a donkey brayed. Rain. No such ass. Never see a dead one, they

say. Shame of death. They hide. Also poor papa went away.

Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper. Whisper. The

boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring quietly in

the black open space. Mr Bloom moved behind the portly kindly caretaker.

Wellcut frockcoat. Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go next.

Well, it is a long rest. Feel no more. It's the moment you feel. Must be

damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone

else. Try the house opposite. Wait, I wanted to. I haven't yet. Then

darkened deathchamber. Light they want. Whispering around you. Would you

like to see a priest? Then rambling and wandering. Delirium all you hid

all your life. The death struggle. His sleep is not natural. Press his

lower eyelid. Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the

soles of his feet yellow. Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the

floor since he's doomed. Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing

him a woman. Dying to embrace her in his shirt. Last act of \_Lucia.

Shall i nevermore behold thee\_? Bam! He expires. Gone at last. People

talk about you a bit: forget you. Don't forget to pray for him. Remember

him in your prayers. Even Parnell. Ivy day dying out. Then they follow:

dropping into a hole, one after the other.

We are praying now for the repose of his soul. Hoping you're well and

not in hell. Nice change of air. Out of the fryingpan of life into the

fire of purgatory.

Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself? They say you do when

you shiver in the sun. Someone walking over it. Callboy's warning. Near

you. Mine over there towards Finglas, the plot I bought. Mamma, poor

mamma, and little Rudy.

The gravediggers took up their spades and flung heavy clods of clay in

on the coffin. Mr Bloom turned away his face. And if he was alive all

the time? Whew! By jingo, that would be awful! No, no: he is dead, of

course. Of course he is dead. Monday he died. They ought to have

some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock or

a telephone in the coffin and some kind of a canvas airhole. Flag of

distress. Three days. Rather long to keep them in summer. Just as well

to get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no.

The clay fell softer. Begin to be forgotten. Out of sight, out of mind.

The caretaker moved away a few paces and put on his hat. Had enough of

it. The mourners took heart of grace, one by one, covering themselves

without show. Mr Bloom put on his hat and saw the portly figure make its

way deftly through the maze of graves. Quietly, sure of his ground, he

traversed the dismal fields.

Hynes jotting down something in his notebook. Ah, the names. But he

knows them all. No: coming to me.

--I am just taking the names, Hynes said below his breath. What is your

christian name? I'm not sure.

--L, Mr Bloom said. Leopold. And you might put down M'Coy's name too. He

asked me to.

--Charley, Hynes said writing. I know. He was on the \_Freeman\_ once.

So he was before he got the job in the morgue under Louis Byrne. Good

idea a postmortem for doctors. Find out what they imagine they know.

He died of a Tuesday. Got the run. Levanted with the cash of a few ads.

Charley, you're my darling. That was why he asked me to. O well, does

no harm. I saw to that, M'Coy. Thanks, old chap: much obliged. Leave him

under an obligation: costs nothing.

--And tell us, Hynes said, do you know that fellow in the, fellow was

over there in the...

He looked around.

--Macintosh. Yes, I saw him, Mr Bloom said. Where is he now?

--M'Intosh, Hynes said scribbling. I don't know who he is. Is that his

name?

He moved away, looking about him.

--No, Mr Bloom began, turning and stopping. I say, Hynes!

Didn't hear. What? Where has he disappeared to? Not a sign. Well of all

the. Has anybody here seen? Kay ee double ell. Become invisible. Good

Lord, what became of him?

A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr Bloom to take up an idle spade.

--O, excuse me!

He stepped aside nimbly.

Clay, brown, damp, began to be seen in the hole. It rose. Nearly over.

A mound of damp clods rose more, rose, and the gravediggers rested their

spades. All uncovered again for a few instants. The boy propped

his wreath against a corner: the brother-in-law his on a lump. The

gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades towards

the barrow. Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf: clean. One bent

to pluck from the haft a long tuft of grass. One, leaving his mates,

walked slowly on with shouldered weapon, its blade blueglancing.

Silently at the gravehead another coiled the coffinband. His navelcord.

The brother-in-law, turning away, placed something in his free hand.

Thanks in silence. Sorry, sir: trouble. Headshake. I know that. For

yourselves just.

The mourners moved away slowly without aim, by devious paths, staying at

whiles to read a name on a tomb.

--Let us go round by the chief's grave, Hynes said. We have time.

--Let us, Mr Power said.

They turned to the right, following their slow thoughts. With awe Mr

Power's blank voice spoke:

--Some say he is not in that grave at all. That the coffin was filled

with stones. That one day he will come again.

Hynes shook his head.

--Parnell will never come again, he said. He's there, all that was

mortal of him. Peace to his ashes.

Mr Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels, crosses,

broken pillars, family vaults, stone hopes praying with upcast eyes,

old Ireland's hearts and hands. More sensible to spend the money on some

charity for the living. Pray for the repose of the soul of. Does anybody

really? Plant him and have done with him. Like down a coalshoot. Then

lump them together to save time. All souls' day. Twentyseventh I'll be

at his grave. Ten shillings for the gardener. He keeps it free of weeds.

Old man himself. Bent down double with his shears clipping. Near death's

door. Who passed away. Who departed this life. As if they did it of

their own accord. Got the shove, all of them. Who kicked the

bucket. More interesting if they told you what they were. So and So,

wheelwright. I travelled for cork lino. I paid five shillings in the

pound. Or a woman's with her saucepan. I cooked good Irish stew.

Eulogy in a country churchyard it ought to be that poem of whose is it

Wordsworth or Thomas Campbell. Entered into rest the protestants put it.

Old Dr Murren's. The great physician called him home. Well it's God's

acre for them. Nice country residence. Newly plastered and painted.

Ideal spot to have a quiet smoke and read the \_Church Times.\_ Marriage

ads they never try to beautify. Rusty wreaths hung on knobs, garlands of

bronzefoil. Better value that for the money. Still, the flowers are more

poetical. The other gets rather tiresome, never withering. Expresses

nothing. Immortelles.

A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch. Like stuffed. Like the

wedding present alderman Hooper gave us. Hoo! Not a budge out of him.

Knows there are no catapults to let fly at him. Dead animal even sadder.

Silly-Milly burying the little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox, a

daisychain and bits of broken chainies on the grave.

The Sacred Heart that is: showing it. Heart on his sleeve. Ought to be

sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart. Ireland was

dedicated to it or whatever that. Seems anything but pleased. Why this

infliction? Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket

of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the

boy. Apollo that was.

How many! All these here once walked round Dublin. Faithful departed. As

you are now so once were we.

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the

voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in

the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather.

Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeagain

hellohello amawf krpthsth. Remind you of the voice like the photograph

reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after

fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died

when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Rtststr! A rattle of pebbles. Wait. Stop!

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he

goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the

pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey

alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it.

Good hidingplace for treasure.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert Emery. Robert Emmet was

buried here by torchlight, wasn't he? Making his rounds.

Tail gone now.

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones

clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat

gone bad. Well and what's cheese? Corpse of milk. I read in that

\_Voyages in China\_ that the Chinese say a white man smells like a

corpse. Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the

other firm. Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the

plague. Quicklime feverpits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes.

Or bury at sea. Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds.

Earth, fire, water. Drowning they say is the pleasantest. See your whole

life in a flash. But being brought back to life no. Can't bury in the

air however. Out of a flying machine. Wonder does the news go about

whenever a fresh one is let down. Underground communication. We learned

that from them. Wouldn't be surprised. Regular square feed for them.

Flies come before he's well dead. Got wind of Dignam. They wouldn't care

about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste

like raw white turnips.

The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the world again.

Enough of this place. Brings you a bit nearer every time. Last time I

was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral. Poor papa too. The love that kills.

And even scraping up the earth at night with a lantern like that case

I read of to get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running

gravesores. Give you the creeps after a bit. I will appear to you after

death. You will see my ghost after death. My ghost will haunt you after

death. There is another world after death named hell. I do not like that

other world she wrote. No more do I. Plenty to see and hear and feel

yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty

beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm

fullblooded life.

Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath, talking gravely.

Solicitor, I think. I know his face. Menton, John Henry, solicitor,

commissioner for oaths and affidavits. Dignam used to be in his office.

Mat Dillon's long ago. Jolly Mat. Convivial evenings. Cold fowl, cigars,

the Tantalus glasses. Heart of gold really. Yes, Menton. Got his rag out

that evening on the bowlinggreen because I sailed inside him. Pure fluke

of mine: the bias. Why he took such a rooted dislike to me. Hate

at first sight. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the lilactree,

laughing. Fellow always like that, mortified if women are by.

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.

--Excuse me, sir, Mr Bloom said beside them.

They stopped.

--Your hat is a little crushed, Mr Bloom said pointing.

John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving.

--There, Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also. John Henry Menton took

off his hat, bulged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with care on his

coatsleeve. He clapped the hat on his head again.

--It's all right now, Martin Cunningham said.

John Henry Menton jerked his head down in acknowledgment.

--Thank you, he said shortly.

They walked on towards the gates. Mr Bloom, chapfallen, drew behind

a few paces so as not to overhear. Martin laying down the law. Martin

could wind a sappyhead like that round his little finger, without his

seeing it.

Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him.

Get the pull over him that way.

Thank you. How grand we are this morning!

IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN METROPOLIS

Before Nelson's pillar trams slowed, shunted, changed trolley, started

for Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey, Clonskea, Rathgar and Terenure,

Palmerston Park and upper Rathmines, Sandymount Green, Rathmines,

Ringsend and Sandymount Tower, Harold's Cross. The hoarse Dublin United

Tramway Company's timekeeper bawled them off:

--Rathgar and Terenure!

--Come on, Sandymount Green!

Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck

moved from their railheads, swerved to the down line, glided parallel.

--Start, Palmerston Park!

THE WEARER OF THE CROWN

Under the porch of the general post office shoeblacks called and

polished. Parked in North Prince's street His Majesty's vermilion

mailcars, bearing on their sides the royal initials, E. R., received

loudly flung sacks of letters, postcards, lettercards, parcels, insured

and paid, for local, provincial, British and overseas delivery.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding out of Prince's stores

and bumped them up on the brewery float. On the brewery float bumped

dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen out of Prince's

stores.

--There it is, Red Murray said. Alexander Keyes.

--Just cut it out, will you? Mr Bloom said, and I'll take it round to

the \_Telegraph\_ office.

The door of Ruttledge's office creaked again. Davy Stephens, minute in a

large capecoat, a small felt hat crowning his ringlets, passed out with

a roll of papers under his cape, a king's courier.

Red Murray's long shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper

in four clean strokes. Scissors and paste.

--I'll go through the printingworks, Mr Bloom said, taking the cut

square.

--Of course, if he wants a par, Red Murray said earnestly, a pen behind

his ear, we can do him one.

--Right, Mr Bloom said with a nod. I'll rub that in.

We.

WILLIAM BRAYDEN, ESQUIRE, OF OAKLANDS, SANDYMOUNT

Red Murray touched Mr Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered:

--Brayden.

Mr Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a

stately figure entered between the newsboards of the \_Weekly Freeman

and National Press\_ and the \_Freeman's Journal and National Press\_.

Dullthudding Guinness's barrels. It passed statelily up the staircase,

steered by an umbrella, a solemn beardframed face. The broadcloth back

ascended each step: back. All his brains are in the nape of his neck,

Simon Dedalus says. Welts of flesh behind on him. Fat folds of neck,

fat, neck, fat, neck.

--Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour? Red Murray whispered.

The door of Ruttledge's office whispered: ee: cree. They always build

one door opposite another for the wind to. Way in. Way out.

Our Saviour: beardframed oval face: talking in the dusk. Mary, Martha.

Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights: Mario the tenor.

--Or like Mario, Mr Bloom said.

--Yes, Red Murray agreed. But Mario was said to be the picture of Our

Saviour.

Jesusmario with rougy cheeks, doublet and spindle legs. Hand on his

heart. In \_Martha.\_

\_Co-ome thou lost one,

Co-ome thou dear one!\_

THE CROZIER AND THE PEN

--His grace phoned down twice this morning, Red Murray said gravely.

They watched the knees, legs, boots vanish. Neck.

A telegram boy stepped in nimbly, threw an envelope on the counter and

stepped off posthaste with a word:

\_--Freeman!\_

Mr Bloom said slowly:

--Well, he is one of our saviours also.

A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counterflap, as he passed

in through a sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage,

along the now reverberating boards. But will he save the circulation?

Thumping. Thumping.

He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered, stepping over strewn

packing paper. Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards

Nannetti's reading closet.

WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST

RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS

Hynes here too: account of the funeral probably. Thumping. Thump. This

morning the remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam. Machines. Smash a man

to atoms if they got him caught. Rule the world today. His machineries

are pegging away too. Like these, got out of hand: fermenting. Working

away, tearing away. And that old grey rat tearing to get in.

HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT

Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body, admiring a glossy

crown.

Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for

College green. He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth.

It's the ads and side features sell a weekly, not the stale news in the

official gazette. Queen Anne is dead. Published by authority in the year

one thousand and. Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis, barony

of Tinnahinch. To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute

showing return of number of mules and jennets exported from Ballina.

Nature notes. Cartoons. Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story. Uncle

Toby's page for tiny tots. Country bumpkin's queries. Dear Mr Editor,

what is a good cure for flatulence? I'd like that part. Learn a lot

teaching others. The personal note. M. A. P. Mainly all pictures.

Shapely bathers on golden strand. World's biggest balloon. Double

marriage of sisters celebrated. Two bridegrooms laughing heartily at

each other. Cuprani too, printer. More Irish than the Irish.

The machines clanked in threefour time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he

got paralysed there and no-one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and

on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the

whole thing. Want a cool head.

--Well, get it into the evening edition, councillor, Hynes said.

Soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is backing him, they say.

The foreman, without answering, scribbled press on a corner of the sheet

and made a sign to a typesetter. He handed the sheet silently over the

dirty glass screen.

--Right: thanks, Hynes said moving off.

Mr Bloom stood in his way.

--If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch, he said,

pointing backward with his thumb.

--Did you? Hynes asked.

--Mm, Mr Bloom said. Look sharp and you'll catch him.

--Thanks, old man, Hynes said. I'll tap him too.

He hurried on eagerly towards the \_Freeman's Journal\_.

Three bob I lent him in Meagher's. Three weeks. Third hint.

WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK

Mr Bloom laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk.

--Excuse me, councillor, he said. This ad, you see. Keyes, you remember?

Mr Nannetti considered the cutting awhile and nodded.

--He wants it in for July, Mr Bloom said.

The foreman moved his pencil towards it.

--But wait, Mr Bloom said. He wants it changed. Keyes, you see. He wants

two keys at the top.

Hell of a racket they make. He doesn't hear it. Nannan. Iron nerves.

Maybe he understands what I.

The foreman turned round to hear patiently and, lifting an elbow, began

to scratch slowly in the armpit of his alpaca jacket.

--Like that, Mr Bloom said, crossing his forefingers at the top.

Let him take that in first.

Mr Bloom, glancing sideways up from the cross he had made, saw the

foreman's sallow face, think he has a touch of jaundice, and beyond the

obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper. Clank it. Clank it. Miles

of it unreeled. What becomes of it after? O, wrap up meat, parcels:

various uses, thousand and one things.

Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew

swiftly on the scarred woodwork.

HOUSE OF KEY(E)S

--Like that, see. Two crossed keys here. A circle. Then here the name.

Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on.

Better not teach him his own business.

--You know yourself, councillor, just what he wants. Then round the top

in leaded: the house of keys. You see? Do you think that's a good idea?

The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched

there quietly.

--The idea, Mr Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor,

the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Tourists, you know, from the

isle of Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that?

I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that \_voglio.\_ But then

if he didn't know only make it awkward for him. Better not.

--We can do that, the foreman said. Have you the design?

--I can get it, Mr Bloom said. It was in a Kilkenny paper. He has a

house there too. I'll just run out and ask him. Well, you can do that

and just a little par calling attention. You know the usual. Highclass

licensed premises. Longfelt want. So on.

The foreman thought for an instant.

--We can do that, he said. Let him give us a three months' renewal.

A typesetter brought him a limp galleypage. He began to check it

silently. Mr Bloom stood by, hearing the loud throbs of cranks, watching

the silent typesetters at their cases.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL

Want to be sure of his spelling. Proof fever. Martin Cunningham forgot

to give us his spellingbee conundrum this morning. It is amusing to view

the unpar one ar alleled embarra two ars is it? double ess ment of a

harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry with a y of a peeled pear

under a cemetery wall. Silly, isn't it? Cemetery put in of course on

account of the symmetry.

I should have said when he clapped on his topper. Thank you. I ought

to have said something about an old hat or something. No. I could have

said. Looks as good as new now. See his phiz then.

Sllt. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its

flyboard with sllt the first batch of quirefolded papers. Sllt. Almost

human the way it sllt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak.

That door too sllt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its

own way. Sllt.

NOTED CHURCHMAN AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

The foreman handed back the galleypage suddenly, saying:

--Wait. Where's the archbishop's letter? It's to be repeated in the

\_Telegraph.\_ Where's what's his name?

He looked about him round his loud unanswering machines.

--Monks, sir? a voice asked from the castingbox.

--Ay. Where's Monks?

--Monks!

Mr Bloom took up his cutting. Time to get out.

--Then I'll get the design, Mr Nannetti, he said, and you'll give it a

good place I know.

--Monks!

--Yes, sir.

Three months' renewal. Want to get some wind off my chest first. Try it

anyhow. Rub in August: good idea: horseshow month. Ballsbridge. Tourists

over for the show.

A DAYFATHER

He walked on through the caseroom passing an old man, bowed, spectacled,

aproned. Old Monks, the dayfather. Queer lot of stuff he must have put

through his hands in his time: obituary notices, pubs' ads, speeches,

divorce suits, found drowned. Nearing the end of his tether now. Sober

serious man with a bit in the savingsbank I'd say. Wife a good cook and

washer. Daughter working the machine in the parlour. Plain Jane, no damn

nonsense. AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER

He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type.

Reads it backwards first. Quickly he does it. Must require some practice

that. mangiD kcirtaP. Poor papa with his hagadah book, reading backwards

with his finger to me. Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear!

All that long business about that brought us out of the land of Egypt

and into the house of bondage \_Alleluia. Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu\_.

No, that's the other. Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons. And then

the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the

butcher. And then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the

ox and the dog kills the cat. Sounds a bit silly till you come to look

into it well. Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else.

That's what life is after all. How quickly he does that job. Practice

makes perfect. Seems to see with his fingers.

Mr Bloom passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery on to

the landing. Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch

him out perhaps. Better phone him up first. Number? Yes. Same as

Citron's house. Twentyeight. Twentyeight double four.

ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP

He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over those

walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy

smell there always is in those works. Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door

when I was there.

He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? Ah, the soap

I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief

he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned, into the hip pocket

of his trousers.

What perfume does your wife use? I could go home still: tram: something

I forgot. Just to see: before: dressing. No. Here. No.

A sudden screech of laughter came from the \_Evening Telegraph\_ office.

Know who that is. What's up? Pop in a minute to phone. Ned Lambert it

is.

He entered softly.

ERIN, GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER SEA

--The ghost walks, professor MacHugh murmured softly, biscuitfully to

the dusty windowpane.

Mr Dedalus, staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing

face, asked of it sourly:

--Agonising Christ, wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse?

Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

--\_Or again, note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles

on its way, tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles, to the tumbling

waters of Neptune's blue domain, 'mid mossy banks, fanned by gentlest

zephyrs, played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast

o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of

the forest\_. What about that, Simon? he asked over the fringe of his

newspaper. How's that for high?

--Changing his drink, Mr Dedalus said.

Ned Lambert, laughing, struck the newspaper on his knees, repeating:

--\_The pensive bosom and the overarsing leafage\_. O boys! O boys!

--And Xenophon looked upon Marathon, Mr Dedalus said, looking again on

the fireplace and to the window, and Marathon looked on the sea.

--That will do, professor MacHugh cried from the window. I don't want to

hear any more of the stuff.

He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and,

hungered, made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand.

High falutin stuff. Bladderbags. Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see.

Rather upsets a man's day, a funeral does. He has influence they

say. Old Chatterton, the vicechancellor, is his granduncle or his

greatgranduncle. Close on ninety they say. Subleader for his death

written this long time perhaps. Living to spite them. Might go first

himself. Johnny, make room for your uncle. The right honourable Hedges

Eyre Chatterton. Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two on

gale days. Windfall when he kicks out. Alleluia.

--Just another spasm, Ned Lambert said.

--What is it? Mr Bloom asked.

--A recently discovered fragment of Cicero, professor MacHugh answered

with pomp of tone. \_Our lovely land\_. SHORT BUT TO THE POINT

--Whose land? Mr Bloom said simply.

--Most pertinent question, the professor said between his chews. With an

accent on the whose.

--Dan Dawson's land Mr Dedalus said.

--Is it his speech last night? Mr Bloom asked.

Ned Lambert nodded.

--But listen to this, he said.

The doorknob hit Mr Bloom in the small of the back as the door was

pushed in.

--Excuse me, J. J. O'Molloy said, entering.

Mr Bloom moved nimbly aside.

--I beg yours, he said.

--Good day, Jack.

--Come in. Come in.

--Good day.

--How are you, Dedalus?

--Well. And yourself?

J. J. O'Molloy shook his head.

SAD

Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be. Decline, poor chap.

That hectic flush spells finis for a man. Touch and go with him. What's

in the wind, I wonder. Money worry.

--\_Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks.\_

--You're looking extra.

--Is the editor to be seen? J. J. O'Molloy asked, looking towards the

inner door.

--Very much so, professor MacHugh said. To be seen and heard. He's in

his sanctum with Lenehan.

J. J. O'Molloy strolled to the sloping desk and began to turn back the

pink pages of the file.

Practice dwindling. A mighthavebeen. Losing heart. Gambling. Debts of

honour. Reaping the whirlwind. Used to get good retainers from D. and T.

Fitzgerald. Their wigs to show the grey matter. Brains on their sleeve

like the statue in Glasnevin. Believe he does some literary work for the

\_Express\_ with Gabriel Conroy. Wellread fellow. Myles Crawford began

on the \_Independent.\_ Funny the way those newspaper men veer about when

they get wind of a new opening. Weathercocks. Hot and cold in the same

breath. Wouldn't know which to believe. One story good till you hear

the next. Go for one another baldheaded in the papers and then all blows

over. Hail fellow well met the next moment.

--Ah, listen to this for God' sake, Ned Lambert pleaded. \_Or again if we

but climb the serried mountain peaks...\_

--Bombast! the professor broke in testily. Enough of the inflated

windbag!

--\_Peaks\_, Ned Lambert went on, \_towering high on high, to bathe our

souls, as it were...\_

--Bathe his lips, Mr Dedalus said. Blessed and eternal God! Yes? Is he

taking anything for it?

\_--As 'twere, in the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio,

unmatched, despite their wellpraised prototypes in other vaunted prize

regions, for very beauty, of bosky grove and undulating plain and

luscious pastureland of vernal green, steeped in the transcendent

translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight...\_

HIS NATIVE DORIC

--The moon, professor MacHugh said. He forgot Hamlet.

\_--That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of

the moon shine forth to irradiate her silver effulgence...\_

--O! Mr Dedalus cried, giving vent to a hopeless groan. Shite and

onions! That'll do, Ned. Life is too short.

He took off his silk hat and, blowing out impatiently his bushy

moustache, welshcombed his hair with raking fingers.

Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside, chuckling with delight. An

instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's

unshaven blackspectacled face.

--Doughy Daw! he cried.

WHAT WETHERUP SAID

All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot

cake that stuff. He was in the bakery line too, wasn't he? Why they call

him Doughy Daw. Feathered his nest well anyhow. Daughter engaged to that

chap in the inland revenue office with the motor. Hooked that nicely.

Entertainments. Open house. Big blowout. Wetherup always said that. Get

a grip of them by the stomach.

The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face, crested

by a comb of feathery hair, thrust itself in. The bold blue eyes stared

about them and the harsh voice asked:

--What is it?

--And here comes the sham squire himself! professor MacHugh said

grandly.

--Getonouthat, you bloody old pedagogue! the editor said in recognition.

--Come, Ned, Mr Dedalus said, putting on his hat. I must get a drink

after that.

--Drink! the editor cried. No drinks served before mass.

--Quite right too, Mr Dedalus said, going out. Come on, Ned.

Ned Lambert sidled down from the table. The editor's blue eyes roved

towards Mr Bloom's face, shadowed by a smile.

--Will you join us, Myles? Ned Lambert asked.

MEMORABLE BATTLES RECALLED

--North Cork militia! the editor cried, striding to the mantelpiece. We

won every time! North Cork and Spanish officers!

--Where was that, Myles? Ned Lambert asked with a reflective glance at

his toecaps.

--In Ohio! the editor shouted.

--So it was, begad, Ned Lambert agreed.

Passing out he whispered to J. J. O'Molloy:

--Incipient jigs. Sad case.

--Ohio! the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face.

My Ohio!

--A perfect cretic! the professor said. Long, short and long.

O, HARP EOLIAN!

He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and, breaking

off a piece, twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant

unwashed teeth.

--Bingbang, bangbang.

Mr Bloom, seeing the coast clear, made for the inner door.

--Just a moment, Mr Crawford, he said. I just want to phone about an ad.

He went in.

--What about that leader this evening? professor MacHugh asked, coming

to the editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder.

--That'll be all right, Myles Crawford said more calmly. Never you fret.

Hello, Jack. That's all right.

--Good day, Myles, J. J. O'Molloy said, letting the pages he held slip

limply back on the file. Is that Canada swindle case on today?

The telephone whirred inside.

--Twentyeight... No, twenty... Double four... Yes.

SPOT THE WINNER

Lenehan came out of the inner office with SPORT'S tissues.

--Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup? he asked. Sceptre with O.

Madden up.

He tossed the tissues on to the table.

Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was

flung open.

--Hush, Lenehan said. I hear feetstoops.

Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin

by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the

steps. The tissues rustled up in the draught, floated softly in the air

blue scrawls and under the table came to earth.

--It wasn't me, sir. It was the big fellow shoved me, sir.

--Throw him out and shut the door, the editor said. There's a hurricane

blowing.

Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor, grunting as he

stooped twice.

--Waiting for the racing special, sir, the newsboy said. It was Pat

Farrell shoved me, sir.

He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe.

--Him, sir.

--Out of this with you, professor MacHugh said gruffly.

He hustled the boy out and banged the door to.

J. J. O'Molloy turned the files crackingly over, murmuring, seeking:

--Continued on page six, column four.

--Yes, \_Evening Telegraph\_ here, Mr Bloom phoned from the inner office.

Is the boss...? Yes, \_Telegraph\_... To where? Aha! Which auction rooms

?... Aha! I see... Right. I'll catch him.

A COLLISION ENSUES

The bell whirred again as he rang off. He came in quickly and bumped

against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue.

--\_Pardon, monsieur\_, Lenehan said, clutching him for an instant and

making a grimace.

--My fault, Mr Bloom said, suffering his grip. Are you hurt? I'm in a

hurry.

--Knee, Lenehan said.

He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee:

--The accumulation of the \_anno Domini\_.

--Sorry, Mr Bloom said.

He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. J. J. O'Molloy slapped

the heavy pages over. The noise of two shrill voices, a mouthorgan,

echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps:

\_--We are the boys of Wexford

Who fought with heart and hand.\_

EXIT BLOOM

--I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk, Mr Bloom said, about this

ad of Keyes's. Want to fix it up. They tell me he's round there in

Dillon's.

He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces. The editor who,

leaning against the mantelshelf, had propped his head on his hand,

suddenly stretched forth an arm amply.

--Begone! he said. The world is before you.

--Back in no time, Mr Bloom said, hurrying out.

J. J. O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them,

blowing them apart gently, without comment.

--He'll get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his

blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind. Look at the young scamps

after him.

--Show. Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.

A STREET CORTEGE

Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr

Bloom's wake, the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite, a

tail of white bowknots.

--Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry, Lenehan said,

and you'll kick. O, my rib risible! Taking off his flat spaugs and the

walk. Small nines. Steal upon larks.

He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding

feet past the fireplace to J. J. O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his

receiving hands.

--What's that? Myles Crawford said with a start. Where are the other two

gone?

--Who? the professor said, turning. They're gone round to the Oval for a

drink. Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall. Came over last night.

--Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Where's my hat?

He walked jerkily into the office behind, parting the vent of his

jacket, jingling his keys in his back pocket. They jingled then in the

air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer.

--He's pretty well on, professor MacHugh said in a low voice.

--Seems to be, J. J. O'Molloy said, taking out a cigarettecase in

murmuring meditation, but it is not always as it seems. Who has the most

matches?

THE CALUMET OF PEACE

He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself. Lenehan

promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn. J. J.

O'Molloy opened his case again and offered it.

--\_Thanky vous\_, Lenehan said, helping himself.

The editor came from the inner office, a straw hat awry on his brow. He

declaimed in song, pointing sternly at professor MacHugh:

\_--'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee, 'Twas empire charmed thy

heart.\_

The professor grinned, locking his long lips.

--Eh? You bloody old Roman empire? Myles Crawford said.

He took a cigarette from the open case. Lenehan, lighting it for him

with quick grace, said:

--Silence for my brandnew riddle!

--\_Imperium romanum\_, J. J. O'Molloy said gently. It sounds nobler than

British or Brixton. The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire.

Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling.

--That's it, he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire.

We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

--Wait a moment, professor MacHugh said, raising two quiet claws. We

mustn't be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome,

imperial, imperious, imperative.

He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs, pausing:

--What was their civilisation? Vast, I allow: but vile. Cloacae: sewers.

The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said: \_It is meet

to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah\_. The Roman, like the

Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on

which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal

obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: \_It is meet to be

here. Let us construct a watercloset.\_

--Which they accordingly did do, Lenehan said. Our old ancient

ancestors, as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's, were partial

to the running stream.

--They were nature's gentlemen, J. J. O'Molloy murmured. But we have

also Roman law.

--And Pontius Pilate is its prophet, professor MacHugh responded.

--Do you know that story about chief baron Palles? J. J. O'Molloy asked.

It was at the royal university dinner. Everything was going swimmingly

...

--First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready?

Mr O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed, came in from

the hallway. Stephen Dedalus, behind him, uncovered as he entered.

--\_Entrez, mes enfants!\_ Lenehan cried.

--I escort a suppliant, Mr O'Madden Burke said melodiously. Youth led by

Experience visits Notoriety.

--How do you do? the editor said, holding out a hand. Come in. Your

governor is just gone.???

Lenehan said to all:

--Silence! What opera resembles a railwayline? Reflect, ponder,

excogitate, reply.

Stephen handed over the typed sheets, pointing to the title and

signature.

--Who? the editor asked.

Bit torn off.

--Mr Garrett Deasy, Stephen said.

--That old pelters, the editor said. Who tore it? Was he short taken?

\_On swift sail flaming

From storm and south

He comes, pale vampire,

Mouth to my mouth.\_

--Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their

shoulders. Foot and mouth? Are you turned...?

Bullockbefriending bard.

SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN RESTAURANT

--Good day, sir, Stephen answered blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr

Garrett Deasy asked me to...

--O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and I knew his wife too. The

bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth

disease and no mistake! The night she threw the soup in the waiter's

face in the Star and Garter. Oho!

A woman brought sin into the world. For Helen, the runaway wife of

Menelaus, ten years the Greeks. O'Rourke, prince of Breffni.

--Is he a widower? Stephen asked.

--Ay, a grass one, Myles Crawford said, his eye running down the

typescript. Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishman saved his life on

the ramparts of Vienna. Don't you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell,

graf von Tirconnell in Ireland. Sent his heir over to make the king

an Austrian fieldmarshal now. Going to be trouble there one day. Wild

geese. O yes, every time. Don't you forget that!

--The moot point is did he forget it, J. J. O'Molloy said quietly,

turning a horseshoe paperweight. Saving princes is a thank you job.

Professor MacHugh turned on him.

--And if not? he said.

--I'll tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A Hungarian it was one

day... LOST CAUSES

NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED

--We were always loyal to lost causes, the professor said. Success for

us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination. We were never

loyal to the successful. We serve them. I teach the blatant Latin

language. I speak the tongue of a race the acme of whose mentality is

the maxim: time is money. Material domination. \_Dominus!\_ Lord! Where is

the spirituality? Lord Jesus? Lord Salisbury? A sofa in a westend club.

But the Greek!

KYRIE ELEISON!

A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes, lengthened his long

lips.

--The Greek! he said again. \_Kyrios!\_ Shining word! The vowels the

Semite and the Saxon know not. \_Kyrie!\_ The radiance of the intellect.

I ought to profess Greek, the language of the mind. \_Kyrie eleison!\_ The

closetmaker and the cloacamaker will never be lords of our spirit. We

are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at

Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit, not an \_imperium,\_ that

went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami. Yes, yes. They went

under. Pyrrhus, misled by an oracle, made a last attempt to retrieve the

fortunes of Greece. Loyal to a lost cause.

He strode away from them towards the window.

--They went forth to battle, Mr O'Madden Burke said greyly, but they

always fell.

--Boohoo! Lenehan wept with a little noise. Owing to a brick received in

the latter half of the \_matinÃ©e\_. Poor, poor, poor Pyrrhus!

He whispered then near Stephen's ear:

LENEHAN'S LIMERICK

\_There's a ponderous pundit MacHugh

Who wears goggles of ebony hue.

As he mostly sees double

To wear them why trouble?

I can't see the Joe Miller. Can you?\_

In mourning for Sallust, Mulligan says. Whose mother is beastly dead.

Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket.

--That'll be all right, he said. I'll read the rest after. That'll be

all right.

Lenehan extended his hands in protest.

--But my riddle! he said. What opera is like a railwayline?

--Opera? Mr O'Madden Burke's sphinx face reriddled.

Lenehan announced gladly:

--\_The Rose of Castile\_. See the wheeze? Rows of cast steel. Gee!

He poked Mr O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen. Mr O'Madden Burke fell

back with grace on his umbrella, feigning a gasp.

--Help! he sighed. I feel a strong weakness.

Lenehan, rising to tiptoe, fanned his face rapidly with the rustling

tissues.

The professor, returning by way of the files, swept his hand across

Stephen's and Mr O'Madden Burke's loose ties.

--Paris, past and present, he said. You look like communards.

--Like fellows who had blown up the Bastile, J. J. O'Molloy said in

quiet mockery. Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between

you? You look as though you had done the deed. General Bobrikoff.

OMNIUM GATHERUM

--We were only thinking about it, Stephen said.

--All the talents, Myles Crawford said. Law, the classics...

--The turf, Lenehan put in.

--Literature, the press.

--If Bloom were here, the professor said. The gentle art of

advertisement.

--And Madam Bloom, Mr O'Madden Burke added. The vocal muse. Dublin's

prime favourite.

Lenehan gave a loud cough.

--Ahem! he said very softly. O, for a fresh of breath air! I caught a

cold in the park. The gate was open.

YOU CAN DO IT!

The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder.

--I want you to write something for me, he said. Something with a bite

in it. You can do it. I see it in your face. \_In the lexicon of youth\_

...

See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer.

--Foot and mouth disease! the editor cried in scornful invective. Great

nationalist meeting in Borris-in-Ossory. All balls! Bulldosing the

public! Give them something with a bite in it. Put us all into it, damn

its soul. Father, Son and Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy.

--We can all supply mental pabulum, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

Stephen raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare.

--He wants you for the pressgang, J. J. O'Molloy said.

THE GREAT GALLAHER

--You can do it, Myles Crawford repeated, clenching his hand in

emphasis. Wait a minute. We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher

used to say when he was on the shaughraun, doing billiardmarking in the

Clarence. Gallaher, that was a pressman for you. That was a pen. You

know how he made his mark? I'll tell you. That was the smartest piece of

journalism ever known. That was in eightyone, sixth of May, time of

the invincibles, murder in the Phoenix park, before you were born, I

suppose. I'll show you.

He pushed past them to the files.

--Look at here, he said turning. The \_New York World\_ cabled for a

special. Remember that time?

Professor MacHugh nodded.

--\_New York World\_, the editor said, excitedly pushing back his straw

hat. Where it took place. Tim Kelly, or Kavanagh I mean. Joe Brady and

the rest of them. Where Skin-the-Goat drove the car. Whole route, see?

--Skin-the-Goat, Mr O'Madden Burke said. Fitzharris. He has that

cabman's shelter, they say, down there at Butt bridge. Holohan told me.

You know Holohan?

--Hop and carry one, is it? Myles Crawford said.

--And poor Gumley is down there too, so he told me, minding stones for

the corporation. A night watchman.

Stephen turned in surprise.

--Gumley? he said. You don't say so? A friend of my father's, is it?

--Never mind Gumley, Myles Crawford cried angrily. Let Gumley mind

the stones, see they don't run away. Look at here. What did Ignatius

Gallaher do? I'll tell you. Inspiration of genius. Cabled right away.

Have you \_Weekly Freeman\_ of 17 March? Right. Have you got that?

He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point.

--Take page four, advertisement for Bransome's coffee, let us say. Have

you got that? Right.

The telephone whirred.

A DISTANT VOICE

--I'll answer it, the professor said, going.

--B is parkgate. Good.

His finger leaped and struck point after point, vibrating.

--T is viceregal lodge. C is where murder took place. K is Knockmaroon

gate.

The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles. An illstarched

dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his

waistcoat.

--Hello? \_Evening Telegraph\_ here... Hello?... Who's there?... Yes...

Yes... Yes.

--F to P is the route Skin-the-Goat drove the car for an alibi,

Inchicore, Roundtown, Windy Arbour, Palmerston Park, Ranelagh. F.A.B.P.

Got that? X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street.

The professor came to the inner door.

--Bloom is at the telephone, he said.

--Tell him go to hell, the editor said promptly. X is Davy's

publichouse, see? CLEVER, VERY

--Clever, Lenehan said. Very.

--Gave it to them on a hot plate, Myles Crawford said, the whole bloody

history.

Nightmare from which you will never awake.

--I saw it, the editor said proudly. I was present. Dick Adams, the

besthearted bloody Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in, and

myself.

Lenehan bowed to a shape of air, announcing:

--Madam, I'm Adam. And Able was I ere I saw Elba.

--History! Myles Crawford cried. The Old Woman of Prince's street was

there first. There was weeping and gnashing of teeth over that. Out of

an advertisement. Gregor Grey made the design for it. That gave him the

leg up. Then Paddy Hooper worked Tay Pay who took him on to the \_Star.\_

Now he's got in with Blumenfeld. That's press. That's talent. Pyatt! He

was all their daddies!

--The father of scare journalism, Lenehan confirmed, and the

brother-in-law of Chris Callinan.

--Hello?... Are you there?... Yes, he's here still. Come across

yourself.

--Where do you find a pressman like that now, eh? the editor cried. He

flung the pages down.

--Clamn dever, Lenehan said to Mr O'Madden Burke.

--Very smart, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

Professor MacHugh came from the inner office.

--Talking about the invincibles, he said, did you see that some hawkers

were up before the recorder?

--O yes, J. J. O'Molloy said eagerly. Lady Dudley was walking home

through the park to see all the trees that were blown down by that

cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin. And it

turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Number One or

Skin-the-Goat. Right outside the viceregal lodge, imagine!

--They're only in the hook and eye department, Myles Crawford said.

Psha! Press and the bar! Where have you a man now at the bar like those

fellows, like Whiteside, like Isaac Butt, like silvertongued O'Hagan.

Eh? Ah, bloody nonsense. Psha! Only in the halfpenny place.

His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in nervous curls of disdain.

Would anyone wish that mouth for her kiss? How do you know? Why did you

write it then?

RHYMES AND REASONS

Mouth, south. Is the mouth south someway? Or the south a mouth? Must be

some. South, pout, out, shout, drouth. Rhymes: two men dressed the same,

looking the same, two by two.

\_........................ la tua pace

.................. che parlar ti piace

.... mentrechÃ© il vento, come fa, si tace.\_

He saw them three by three, approaching girls, in green, in rose, in

russet, entwining, \_per l'aer perso\_, in mauve, in purple, \_quella

pacifica oriafiamma\_, gold of oriflamme, \_di rimirar fe piu ardenti.\_

But I old men, penitent, leadenfooted, underdarkneath the night: mouth

south: tomb womb.

--Speak up for yourself, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY...

J. J. O'Molloy, smiling palely, took up the gage.

--My dear Myles, he said, flinging his cigarette aside, you put a false

construction on my words. I hold no brief, as at present advised, for

the third profession qua profession but your Cork legs are running away

with you. Why not bring in Henry Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes and

Edmund Burke? Ignatius Gallaher we all know and his Chapelizod boss,

Harmsworth of the farthing press, and his American cousin of the Bowery

guttersheet not to mention \_Paddy Kelly's Budget, Pue's Occurrences\_

and our watchful friend \_The Skibbereen Eagle\_. Why bring in a master

of forensic eloquence like Whiteside? Sufficient for the day is the

newspaper thereof. LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE

--Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper, the editor cried in his

face. Irish volunteers. Where are you now? Established 1763. Dr Lucas.

Who have you now like John Philpot Curran? Psha!

--Well, J. J. O'Molloy said, Bushe K.C., for example.

--Bushe? the editor said. Well, yes: Bushe, yes. He has a strain of it

in his blood. Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe.

--He would have been on the bench long ago, the professor said, only for

... But no matter.

J. J. O'Molloy turned to Stephen and said quietly and slowly:

--One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to in my life

fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe. It was in that case of fratricide,

the Childs murder case. Bushe defended him. \_And in the porches of mine

ear did pour.\_

By the way how did he find that out? He died in his sleep. Or the other

story, beast with two backs?

--What was that? the professor asked.

ITALIA, MAGISTRA ARTIUM

--He spoke on the law of evidence, J. J. O'Molloy said, of Roman justice

as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code, the \_lex talionis\_. And he

cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican.

--Ha.

--A few wellchosen words, Lenehan prefaced. Silence!

Pause. J. J. O'Molloy took out his cigarettecase.

False lull. Something quite ordinary.

Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar.

I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that

it was that small act, trivial in itself, that striking of that match,

that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives. A POLISHED

PERIOD

J. J. O'Molloy resumed, moulding his words:

--He said of it: \_that stony effigy in frozen music, horned and

terrible, of the human form divine, that eternal symbol of wisdom and

of prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor

has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring

deserves to live, deserves to live.\_

His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall.

--Fine! Myles Crawford said at once.

--The divine afflatus, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

--You like it? J. J. O'Molloy asked Stephen.

Stephen, his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture, blushed. He

took a cigarette from the case. J. J. O'Molloy offered his case to Myles

Crawford. Lenehan lit their cigarettes as before and took his trophy,

saying:

--Muchibus thankibus.

A MAN OF HIGH MORALE

--Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you, J. J. O'Molloy said

to Stephen. What do you think really of that hermetic crowd, the opal

hush poets: A. E. the mastermystic? That Blavatsky woman started it.

She was a nice old bag of tricks. A. E. has been telling some yankee

interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the morning to

ask him about planes of consciousness. Magennis thinks you must have

been pulling A. E.'s leg. He is a man of the very highest morale,

Magennis.

Speaking about me. What did he say? What did he say? What did he say

about me? Don't ask.

--No, thanks, professor MacHugh said, waving the cigarettecase aside.

Wait a moment. Let me say one thing. The finest display of oratory I

ever heard was a speech made by John F Taylor at the college historical

society. Mr Justice Fitzgibbon, the present lord justice of appeal, had

spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days),

advocating the revival of the Irish tongue.

He turned towards Myles Crawford and said:

--You know Gerald Fitzgibbon. Then you can imagine the style of his

discourse.

--He is sitting with Tim Healy, J. J. O'Molloy said, rumour has it, on

the Trinity college estates commission.

--He is sitting with a sweet thing, Myles Crawford said, in a child's

frock. Go on. Well?

--It was the speech, mark you, the professor said, of a finished orator,

full of courteous haughtiness and pouring in chastened diction I will

not say the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumely

upon the new movement. It was then a new movement. We were weak,

therefore worthless.

He closed his long thin lips an instant but, eager to be on, raised

an outspanned hand to his spectacles and, with trembling thumb and

ringfinger touching lightly the black rims, steadied them to a new

focus.

IMPROMPTU

In ferial tone he addressed J. J. O'Molloy:

--Taylor had come there, you must know, from a sickbed. That he

had prepared his speech I do not believe for there was not even one

shorthandwriter in the hall. His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy

beard round it. He wore a loose white silk neckcloth and altogether he

looked (though he was not) a dying man.

His gaze turned at once but slowly from J. J. O'Molloy's towards

Stephen's face and then bent at once to the ground, seeking. His

unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head, soiled by his

withering hair. Still seeking, he said:

--When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F Taylor rose to reply.

Briefly, as well as I can bring them to mind, his words were these.

He raised his head firmly. His eyes bethought themselves once more.

Witless shellfish swam in the gross lenses to and fro, seeking outlet.

He began:

\_--Mr Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Great was my admiration in

listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment

since by my learned friend. It seemed to me that I had been transported

into a country far away from this country, into an age remote from

this age, that I stood in ancient Egypt and that I was listening to the

speech of some highpriest of that land addressed to the youthful Moses.\_

His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear, their smokes

ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech. \_And let our

crooked smokes.\_ Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand

at it yourself?

\_--And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian

highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride. I heard

his words and their meaning was revealed to me.\_

FROM THE FATHERS

It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted

which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good

could be corrupted. Ah, curse you! That's saint Augustine.

\_--Why will you jews not accept our culture, our religion and our

language? You are a tribe of nomad herdsmen: we are a mighty people. You

have no cities nor no wealth: our cities are hives of humanity and

our galleys, trireme and quadrireme, laden with all manner merchandise

furrow the waters of the known globe. You have but emerged from

primitive conditions: we have a literature, a priesthood, an agelong

history and a polity.\_

Nile.

Child, man, effigy.

By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel, cradle of bulrushes: a man supple

in combat: stonehorned, stonebearded, heart of stone.

\_--You pray to a local and obscure idol: our temples, majestic and

mysterious, are the abodes of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Ammon Ra.

Yours serfdom, awe and humbleness: ours thunder and the seas. Israel

is weak and few are her children: Egypt is an host and terrible are her

arms. Vagrants and daylabourers are you called: the world trembles at

our name.\_

A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech. He lifted his voice above it

boldly:

\_--But, ladies and gentlemen, had the youthful Moses listened to and

accepted that view of life, had he bowed his head and bowed his will

and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have

brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage, nor followed

the pillar of the cloud by day. He would never have spoken with the

Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down

with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in

his arms the tables of the law, graven in the language of the outlaw.\_

He ceased and looked at them, enjoying a silence.

OMINOUS--FOR HIM!

J. J. O'Molloy said not without regret:

--And yet he died without having entered the land of promise.

--A sudden--at--the--moment--though--from--lingering--illness--often--

previously--expectorated--demise, Lenehan added. And with a great future

behind him.

The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the hallway and pattering

up the staircase.

--That is oratory, the professor said uncontradicted. Gone with the

wind. Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings. Miles of ears of

porches. The tribune's words, howled and scattered to the four winds.

A people sheltered within his voice. Dead noise. Akasic records of all

that ever anywhere wherever was. Love and laud him: me no more.

I have money.

--Gentlemen, Stephen said. As the next motion on the agenda paper may I

suggest that the house do now adjourn?

--You take my breath away. It is not perchance a French compliment?

Mr O'Madden Burke asked. 'Tis the hour, methinks, when the winejug,

metaphorically speaking, is most grateful in Ye ancient hostelry.

--That it be and hereby is resolutely resolved. All that are in favour

say ay, Lenehan announced. The contrary no. I declare it carried. To

which particular boosing shed?... My casting vote is: Mooney's!

He led the way, admonishing:

--We will sternly refuse to partake of strong waters, will we not? Yes,

we will not. By no manner of means.

Mr O'Madden Burke, following close, said with an ally's lunge of his

umbrella:

--Lay on, Macduff!

--Chip of the old block! the editor cried, clapping Stephen on the

shoulder. Let us go. Where are those blasted keys?

He fumbled in his pocket pulling out the crushed typesheets.

--Foot and mouth. I know. That'll be all right. That'll go in. Where are

they? That's all right.

He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office. LET US HOPE

J. J. O'Molloy, about to follow him in, said quietly to Stephen:

--I hope you will live to see it published. Myles, one moment.

He went into the inner office, closing the door behind him.

--Come along, Stephen, the professor said. That is fine, isn't it? It

has the prophetic vision. \_Fuit Ilium!\_ The sack of windy Troy. Kingdoms

of this world. The masters of the Mediterranean are fellaheen today.

The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and

rushed out into the street, yelling:

--Racing special!

Dublin. I have much, much to learn.

They turned to the left along Abbey street.

--I have a vision too, Stephen said.

--Yes? the professor said, skipping to get into step. Crawford will

follow.

Another newsboy shot past them, yelling as he ran:

--Racing special!

DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN

Dubliners.

--Two Dublin vestals, Stephen said, elderly and pious, have lived fifty

and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane.

--Where is that? the professor asked.

--Off Blackpitts, Stephen said.

Damp night reeking of hungry dough. Against the wall. Face glistering

tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts. Akasic records. Quicker,

darlint!

On now. Dare it. Let there be life.

--They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar.

They save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox. They

shake out the threepenny bits and sixpences and coax out the pennies

with the blade of a knife. Two and three in silver and one and seven

in coppers. They put on their bonnets and best clothes and take their

umbrellas for fear it may come on to rain.

--Wise virgins, professor MacHugh said.

LIFE ON THE RAW

--They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at

the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins,

proprietress... They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl

at the foot of Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn. They

give two threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin

to waddle slowly up the winding staircase, grunting, encouraging each

other, afraid of the dark, panting, one asking the other have you the

brawn, praising God and the Blessed Virgin, threatening to come down,

peeping at the airslits. Glory be to God. They had no idea it was that

high.

Their names are Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe. Anne Kearns has the

lumbago for which she rubs on Lourdes water, given her by a lady who got

a bottleful from a passionist father. Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen

and a bottle of double X for supper every Saturday.

--Antithesis, the professor said nodding twice. Vestal virgins. I can

see them. What's keeping our friend?

He turned.

A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps, scattering in all

directions, yelling, their white papers fluttering. Hard after them

Myles Crawford appeared on the steps, his hat aureoling his scarlet

face, talking with J. J. O'Molloy.

--Come along, the professor cried, waving his arm.

He set off again to walk by Stephen's side. RETURN OF BLOOM

--Yes, he said. I see them.

Mr Bloom, breathless, caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the

offices of the \_Irish Catholic and Dublin Penny Journal\_, called:

--Mr Crawford! A moment!

--\_Telegraph\_! Racing special!

--What is it? Myles Crawford said, falling back a pace.

A newsboy cried in Mr Bloom's face:

--Terrible tragedy in Rathmines! A child bit by a bellows!

INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR

--Just this ad, Mr Bloom said, pushing through towards the steps,

puffing, and taking the cutting from his pocket. I spoke with Mr Keyes

just now. He'll give a renewal for two months, he says. After he'll

see. But he wants a par to call attention in the \_Telegraph\_ too,

the Saturday pink. And he wants it copied if it's not too late I told

councillor Nannetti from the \_Kilkenny People\_. I can have access to

it in the national library. House of keys, don't you see? His name is

Keyes. It's a play on the name. But he practically promised he'd give

the renewal. But he wants just a little puff. What will I tell him, Mr

Crawford? K.M.A.

--Will you tell him he can kiss my arse? Myles Crawford said throwing

out his arm for emphasis. Tell him that straight from the stable.

A bit nervy. Look out for squalls. All off for a drink. Arm in arm.

Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond. Usual blarney. Wonder is

that young Dedalus the moving spirit. Has a good pair of boots on him

today. Last time I saw him he had his heels on view. Been walking in

muck somewhere. Careless chap. What was he doing in Irishtown?

--Well, Mr Bloom said, his eyes returning, if I can get the design I

suppose it's worth a short par. He'd give the ad, I think. I'll tell him

... K.M.R.I.A.

--He can kiss my royal Irish arse, Myles Crawford cried loudly over his

shoulder. Any time he likes, tell him.

While Mr Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile he strode on

jerkily.

RAISING THE WIND

--\_Nulla bona\_, Jack, he said, raising his hand to his chin. I'm up to

here. I've been through the hoop myself. I was looking for a fellow to

back a bill for me no later than last week. Sorry, Jack. You must take

the will for the deed. With a heart and a half if I could raise the wind

anyhow.

J. J. O'Molloy pulled a long face and walked on silently. They caught up

on the others and walked abreast.

--When they have eaten the brawn and the bread and wiped their twenty

fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in they go nearer to the

railings.

--Something for you, the professor explained to Myles Crawford. Two old

Dublin women on the top of Nelson's pillar.

SOME COLUMN!--THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID

--That's new, Myles Crawford said. That's copy. Out for the waxies

Dargle. Two old trickies, what?

--But they are afraid the pillar will fall, Stephen went on. They see

the roofs and argue about where the different churches are: Rathmines'

blue dome, Adam and Eve's, saint Laurence O'Toole's. But it makes them

giddy to look so they pull up their skirts...

THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES

--Easy all, Myles Crawford said. No poetic licence. We're in the

archdiocese here.

--And settle down on their striped petticoats, peering up at the statue

of the onehandled adulterer.

--Onehandled adulterer! the professor cried. I like that. I see the

idea. I see what you mean.

DAMES DONATE DUBLIN'S CITS SPEEDPILLS VELOCITOUS AEROLITHS, BELIEF

--It gives them a crick in their necks, Stephen said, and they are too

tired to look up or down or to speak. They put the bag of plums between

them and eat the plums out of it, one after another, wiping off with

their handkerchiefs the plumjuice that dribbles out of their mouths and

spitting the plumstones slowly out between the railings.

He gave a sudden loud young laugh as a close. Lenehan and Mr O'Madden

Burke, hearing, turned, beckoned and led on across towards Mooney's.

--Finished? Myles Crawford said. So long as they do no worse.

SOPHIST WALLOPS HAUGHTY HELEN SQUARE ON PROBOSCIS. SPARTANS GNASH

MOLARS. ITHACANS VOW PEN IS CHAMP.

--You remind me of Antisthenes, the professor said, a disciple of

Gorgias, the sophist. It is said of him that none could tell if he were

bitterer against others or against himself. He was the son of a noble

and a bondwoman. And he wrote a book in which he took away the palm of

beauty from Argive Helen and handed it to poor Penelope.

Poor Penelope. Penelope Rich.

They made ready to cross O'Connell street.

HELLO THERE, CENTRAL!

At various points along the eight lines tramcars with motionless

trolleys stood in their tracks, bound for or from Rathmines,

Rathfarnham, Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey, Sandymount Green, Ringsend

and Sandymount Tower, Donnybrook, Palmerston Park and Upper Rathmines,

all still, becalmed in short circuit. Hackney cars, cabs, delivery

waggons, mailvans, private broughams, aerated mineral water floats with

rattling crates of bottles, rattled, rolled, horsedrawn, rapidly.

WHAT?--AND LIKEWISE--WHERE?

--But what do you call it? Myles Crawford asked. Where did they get the

plums?

VIRGILIAN, SAYS PEDAGOGUE. SOPHOMORE PLUMPS FOR OLD MAN MOSES.

--Call it, wait, the professor said, opening his long lips wide to

reflect. Call it, let me see. Call it: \_deus nobis haec otia fecit.\_

--No, Stephen said. I call it \_A Pisgah Sight of Palestine or the

Parable of The Plums.\_

--I see, the professor said.

He laughed richly.

--I see, he said again with new pleasure. Moses and the promised land.

We gave him that idea, he added to J. J. O'Molloy.

HORATIO IS CYNOSURE THIS FAIR JUNE DAY

J. J. O'Molloy sent a weary sidelong glance towards the statue and held

his peace.

--I see, the professor said.

He halted on sir John Gray's pavement island and peered aloft at Nelson

through the meshes of his wry smile.

DIMINISHED DIGITS PROVE TOO TITILLATING FOR FRISKY FRUMPS. ANNE WIMBLES,

FLO WANGLES--YET CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

--Onehandled adulterer, he said smiling grimly. That tickles me, I must

say.

--Tickled the old ones too, Myles Crawford said, if the God Almighty's

truth was known.

Pineapple rock, lemon platt, butter scotch. A sugarsticky girl

shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother. Some school

treat. Bad for their tummies. Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His

Majesty the King. God. Save. Our. Sitting on his throne sucking red

jujubes white.

A sombre Y.M.C.A. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of

Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr Bloom.

Heart to heart talks.

Bloo... Me? No.

Blood of the Lamb.

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. Are you saved? All are

washed in the blood of the lamb. God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen,

martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney burntoffering,

druids' altars. Elijah is coming. Dr John Alexander Dowie restorer of

the church in Zion is coming.

\_Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!! All heartily welcome.\_ Paying game.

Torry and Alexander last year. Polygamy. His wife will put the stopper

on that. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix.

Our Saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall,

hanging. Pepper's ghost idea. Iron nails ran in.

Phosphorus it must be done with. If you leave a bit of codfish for

instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. Night I went down to the

pantry in the kitchen. Don't like all the smells in it waiting to rush

out. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Thinking of Spain.

Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good

for the brain.

From Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk.

Dedalus' daughter there still outside Dillon's auctionrooms. Must be

selling off some old furniture. Knew her eyes at once from the father.

Lobbing about waiting for him. Home always breaks up when the mother

goes. Fifteen children he had. Birth every year almost. That's in their

theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the

absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? Eat

you out of house and home. No families themselves to feed. Living on the

fat of the land. Their butteries and larders. I'd like to see them do

the black fast Yom Kippur. Crossbuns. One meal and a collation for fear

he'd collapse on the altar. A housekeeper of one of those fellows if you

could pick it out of her. Never pick it out of her. Like getting l.s.d.

out of him. Does himself well. No guests. All for number one. Watching

his water. Bring your own bread and butter. His reverence: mum's the

word.

Good Lord, that poor child's dress is in flitters. Underfed she looks

too. Potatoes and marge, marge and potatoes. It's after they feel it.

Proof of the pudding. Undermines the constitution.

As he set foot on O'Connell bridge a puffball of smoke plumed up from

the parapet. Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it,

I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the

brewery. Regular world in itself. Vats of porter wonderful. Rats get in

too. Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on

the porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking

that! Rats: vats. Well, of course, if we knew all the things.

Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt

quaywalls, gulls. Rough weather outside. If I threw myself down? Reuben

J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage. One and

eightpence too much. Hhhhm. It's the droll way he comes out with the

things. Knows how to tell a story too.

They wheeled lower. Looking for grub. Wait.

He threw down among them a crumpled paper ball. Elijah thirtytwo feet

per sec is com. Not a bit. The ball bobbed unheeded on the wake of

swells, floated under by the bridgepiers. Not such damn fools. Also the

day I threw that stale cake out of the Erin's King picked it up in the

wake fifty yards astern. Live by their wits. They wheeled, flapping.

\_The hungry famished gull

Flaps o'er the waters dull.\_

That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has

no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts.

Solemn.

\_Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit

Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth.\_

--Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

His gaze passed over the glazed apples serried on her stand. Australians

they must be this time of year. Shiny peels: polishes them up with a rag

or a handkerchief.

Wait. Those poor birds.

He halted again and bought from the old applewoman two Banbury cakes for

a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down into

the Liffey. See that? The gulls swooped silently, two, then all from

their heights, pouncing on prey. Gone. Every morsel.

Aware of their greed and cunning he shook the powdery crumb from his

hands. They never expected that. Manna. Live on fish, fishy flesh they

have, all seabirds, gulls, seagoose. Swans from Anna Liffey swim down

here sometimes to preen themselves. No accounting for tastes. Wonder

what kind is swanmeat. Robinson Crusoe had to live on them.

They wheeled flapping weakly. I'm not going to throw any more. Penny

quite enough. Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw. They spread foot and

mouth disease too. If you cram a turkey say on chestnutmeal it tastes

like that. Eat pig like pig. But then why is it that saltwater fish are

not salty? How is that?

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor

on the treacly swells lazily its plastered board.

\_Kino's\_ 11/- \_Trousers\_

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can you

own water really? It's always flowing in a stream, never the same, which

in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kinds of

places are good for ads. That quack doctor for the clap used to be stuck

up in all the greenhouses. Never see it now. Strictly confidential. Dr

Hy Franks. Didn't cost him a red like Maginni the dancing master self

advertisement. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for

that matter on the q. t. running in to loosen a button. Flybynight.

Just the place too. POST NO BILLS. POST 110 PILLS. Some chap with a dose

burning him.

If he...?

O!

Eh?

No... No.

No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?

No, no.

Mr Bloom moved forward, raising his troubled eyes. Think no more about

that. After one. Timeball on the ballastoffice is down. Dunsink time.

Fascinating little book that is of sir Robert Ball's. Parallax. I never

exactly understood. There's a priest. Could ask him. Par it's Greek:

parallel, parallax. Met him pike hoses she called it till I told her

about the transmigration. O rocks!

Mr Bloom smiled O rocks at two windows of the ballastoffice. She's right

after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound.

She's not exactly witty. Can be rude too. Blurt out what I was thinking.

Still, I don't know. She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone

voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a

barrel. Now, isn't that wit. They used to call him big Ben. Not half as

witty as calling him base barreltone. Appetite like an albatross. Get

outside of a baron of beef. Powerful man he was at stowing away number

one Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.

A procession of whitesmocked sandwichmen marched slowly towards him

along the gutter, scarlet sashes across their boards. Bargains. Like

that priest they are this morning: we have sinned: we have suffered. He

read the scarlet letters on their five tall white hats: H. E. L. Y. S.

Wisdom Hely's. Y lagging behind drew a chunk of bread from under his

foreboard, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked. Our

staple food. Three bob a day, walking along the gutters, street after

street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly. They are

not Boyl: no, M Glade's men. Doesn't bring in any business either.

I suggested to him about a transparent showcart with two smart girls

sitting inside writing letters, copybooks, envelopes, blottingpaper. I

bet that would have caught on. Smart girls writing something catch the

eye at once. Everyone dying to know what she's writing. Get twenty of

them round you if you stare at nothing. Have a finger in the pie. Women

too. Curiosity. Pillar of salt. Wouldn't have it of course because he

didn't think of it himself first. Or the inkbottle I suggested with a

false stain of black celluloid. His ideas for ads like Plumtree's potted

under the obituaries, cold meat department. You can't lick 'em. What?

Our envelopes. Hello, Jones, where are you going? Can't stop, Robinson,

I am hastening to purchase the only reliable inkeraser \_Kansell,\_ sold

by Hely's Ltd, 85 Dame street. Well out of that ruck I am. Devil of a

job it was collecting accounts of those convents. Tranquilla convent.

That was a nice nun there, really sweet face. Wimple suited her small

head. Sister? Sister? I am sure she was crossed in love by her eyes.

Very hard to bargain with that sort of a woman. I disturbed her at her

devotions that morning. But glad to communicate with the outside world.

Our great day, she said. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Sweet name

too: caramel. She knew I, I think she knew by the way she. If she had

married she would have changed. I suppose they really were short of

money. Fried everything in the best butter all the same. No lard for

them. My heart's broke eating dripping. They like buttering themselves

in and out. Molly tasting it, her veil up. Sister? Pat Claffey, the

pawnbroker's daughter. It was a nun they say invented barbed wire.

He crossed Westmoreland street when apostrophe S had plodded by. Rover

cycleshop. Those races are on today. How long ago is that? Year Phil

Gilligan died. We were in Lombard street west. Wait: was in Thom's.

Got the job in Wisdom Hely's year we married. Six years. Ten years ago:

ninetyfour he died yes that's right the big fire at Arnott's. Val Dillon

was lord mayor. The Glencree dinner. Alderman Robert O'Reilly emptying

the port into his soup before the flag fell. Bobbob lapping it for the

inner alderman. Couldn't hear what the band played. For what we have

already received may the Lord make us. Milly was a kiddy then. Molly

had that elephantgrey dress with the braided frogs. Mantailored with

selfcovered buttons. She didn't like it because I sprained my ankle

first day she wore choir picnic at the Sugarloaf. As if that. Old

Goodwin's tall hat done up with some sticky stuff. Flies' picnic

too. Never put a dress on her back like it. Fitted her like a glove,

shoulders and hips. Just beginning to plump it out well. Rabbitpie we

had that day. People looking after her.

Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper.

Dockrell's, one and ninepence a dozen. Milly's tubbing night. American

soap I bought: elderflower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she

looked soaped all over. Shapely too. Now photography. Poor papa's

daguerreotype atelier he told me of. Hereditary taste.

He walked along the curbstone.

Stream of life. What was the name of that priestylooking chap was always

squinting in when he passed? Weak eyes, woman. Stopped in Citron's saint

Kevin's parade. Pen something. Pendennis? My memory is getting. Pen

...? Of course it's years ago. Noise of the trams probably. Well, if he

couldn't remember the dayfather's name that he sees every day.

Bartell d'Arcy was the tenor, just coming out then. Seeing her home

after practice. Conceited fellow with his waxedup moustache. Gave her

that song \_Winds that blow from the south\_.

Windy night that was I went to fetch her there was that lodge meeting on

about those lottery tickets after Goodwin's concert in the supperroom or

oakroom of the Mansion house. He and I behind. Sheet of her music blew

out of my hand against the High school railings. Lucky it didn't.

Thing like that spoils the effect of a night for her. Professor Goodwin

linking her in front. Shaky on his pins, poor old sot. His farewell

concerts. Positively last appearance on any stage. May be for months and

may be for never. Remember her laughing at the wind, her blizzard collar

up. Corner of Harcourt road remember that gust. Brrfoo! Blew up all her

skirts and her boa nearly smothered old Goodwin. She did get flushed

in the wind. Remember when we got home raking up the fire and frying up

those pieces of lap of mutton for her supper with the Chutney sauce she

liked. And the mulled rum. Could see her in the bedroom from the hearth

unclamping the busk of her stays: white.

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her.

Always liked to let her self out. Sitting there after till near two

taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy.

That was the night...

--O, Mr Bloom, how do you do?

--O, how do you do, Mrs Breen?

--No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for

ages.

--In the pink, Mr Bloom said gaily. Milly has a position down in

Mullingar, you know.

--Go away! Isn't that grand for her?

--Yes. In a photographer's there. Getting on like a house on fire. How

are all your charges?

--All on the baker's list, Mrs Breen said.

How many has she? No other in sight.

--You're in black, I see. You have no...

--No, Mr Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral.

Going to crop up all day, I foresee. Who's dead, when and what did he

die of? Turn up like a bad penny.

--O, dear me, Mrs Breen said. I hope it wasn't any near relation.

May as well get her sympathy.

--Dignam, Mr Bloom said. An old friend of mine. He died quite suddenly,

poor fellow. Heart trouble, I believe. Funeral was this morning.

\_Your funeral's tomorrow While you're coming through the rye.

Diddlediddle dumdum Diddlediddle...\_

--Sad to lose the old friends, Mrs Breen's womaneyes said melancholily.

Now that's quite enough about that. Just: quietly: husband.

--And your lord and master?

Mrs Breen turned up her two large eyes. Hasn't lost them anyhow.

--O, don't be talking! she said. He's a caution to rattlesnakes. He's

in there now with his lawbooks finding out the law of libel. He has me

heartscalded. Wait till I show you.

Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jampuffs rolypoly poured

out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr Bloom's

gullet. Want to make good pastry, butter, best flour, Demerara sugar,

or they'd taste it with the hot tea. Or is it from her? A barefoot

arab stood over the grating, breathing in the fumes. Deaden the gnaw of

hunger that way. Pleasure or pain is it? Penny dinner. Knife and fork

chained to the table.

Opening her handbag, chipped leather. Hatpin: ought to have a guard on

those things. Stick it in a chap's eye in the tram. Rummaging. Open.

Money. Please take one. Devils if they lose sixpence. Raise Cain.

Husband barging. Where's the ten shillings I gave you on Monday? Are

you feeding your little brother's family? Soiled handkerchief:

medicinebottle. Pastille that was fell. What is she?...

--There must be a new moon out, she said. He's always bad then. Do you

know what he did last night?

Her hand ceased to rummage. Her eyes fixed themselves on him, wide in

alarm, yet smiling.

--What? Mr Bloom asked.

Let her speak. Look straight in her eyes. I believe you. Trust me.

--Woke me up in the night, she said. Dream he had, a nightmare.

Indiges.

--Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs.

--The ace of spades! Mr Bloom said.

She took a folded postcard from her handbag.

--Read that, she said. He got it this morning.

--What is it? Mr Bloom asked, taking the card. U.P.?

--U.P.: up, she said. Someone taking a rise out of him. It's a great

shame for them whoever he is.

--Indeed it is, Mr Bloom said.

She took back the card, sighing.

--And now he's going round to Mr Menton's office. He's going to take an

action for ten thousand pounds, he says.

She folded the card into her untidy bag and snapped the catch.

Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its

best days. Wispish hair over her ears. And that dowdy toque: three old

grapes to take the harm out of it. Shabby genteel. She used to be a

tasty dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than

Molly.

See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel. The unfair sex.

He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent.

Pungent mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny. I'm hungry too. Flakes of pastry

on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek.

Rhubarb tart with liberal fillings, rich fruit interior. Josie Powell

that was. In Luke Doyle's long ago. Dolphin's Barn, the charades. U.P.:

up.

Change the subject.

--Do you ever see anything of Mrs Beaufoy? Mr Bloom asked.

--Mina Purefoy? she said.

Philip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers' Club. Matcham often thinks of

the masterstroke. Did I pull the chain? Yes. The last act.

--Yes.

--I just called to ask on the way in is she over it. She's in the

lying-in hospital in Holles street. Dr Horne got her in. She's three

days bad now.

--O, Mr Bloom said. I'm sorry to hear that.

--Yes, Mrs Breen said. And a houseful of kids at home. It's a very stiff

birth, the nurse told me.

---O, Mr Bloom said.

His heavy pitying gaze absorbed her news. His tongue clacked in

compassion. Dth! Dth!

--I'm sorry to hear that, he said. Poor thing! Three days! That's

terrible for her.

Mrs Breen nodded.

--She was taken bad on the Tuesday...

Mr Bloom touched her funnybone gently, warning her:

--Mind! Let this man pass.

A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river staring with a

rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavystringed glass. Tight as a

skullpiece a tiny hat gripped his head. From his arm a folded dustcoat,

a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride.

--Watch him, Mr Bloom said. He always walks outside the lampposts.

Watch!

--Who is he if it's a fair question? Mrs Breen asked. Is he dotty?

--His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, Mr

Bloom said smiling. Watch!

--He has enough of them, she said. Denis will be like that one of these

days.

She broke off suddenly.

--There he is, she said. I must go after him. Goodbye. Remember me to

Molly, won't you?

--I will, Mr Bloom said.

He watched her dodge through passers towards the shopfronts. Denis Breen

in skimpy frockcoat and blue canvas shoes shuffled out of Harrison's

hugging two heavy tomes to his ribs. Blown in from the bay. Like old

times. He suffered her to overtake him without surprise and thrust

his dull grey beard towards her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke

earnestly.

Meshuggah. Off his chump.

Mr Bloom walked on again easily, seeing ahead of him in sunlight the

tight skullpiece, the dangling stickumbrelladustcoat. Going the two

days. Watch him! Out he goes again. One way of getting on in the world.

And that other old mosey lunatic in those duds. Hard time she must have

with him.

U.P.: up. I'll take my oath that's Alf Bergan or Richie Goulding. Wrote

it for a lark in the Scotch house I bet anything. Round to Menton's

office. His oyster eyes staring at the postcard. Be a feast for the

gods.

He passed the \_Irish Times\_. There might be other answers Iying there.

Like to answer them all. Good system for criminals. Code. At their lunch

now. Clerk with the glasses there doesn't know me. O, leave them there

to simmer. Enough bother wading through fortyfour of them. Wanted, smart

lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work. I called you naughty

darling because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is

the meaning. Please tell me what perfume does your wife. Tell me who

made the world. The way they spring those questions on you. And the

other one Lizzie Twigg. My literary efforts have had the good fortune to

meet with the approval of the eminent poet A. E. (Mr Geo. Russell). No

time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry.

Best paper by long chalks for a small ad. Got the provinces now. Cook

and general, exc. cuisine, housemaid kept. Wanted live man for spirit

counter. Resp. girl (R.C.) wishes to hear of post in fruit or pork shop.

James Carlisle made that. Six and a half per cent dividend. Made a big

deal on Coates's shares. Ca' canny. Cunning old Scotch hunks. All the

toady news. Our gracious and popular vicereine. Bought the \_Irish Field\_

now. Lady Mountcashel has quite recovered after her confinement and

rode out with the Ward Union staghounds at the enlargement yesterday

at Rathoath. Uneatable fox. Pothunters too. Fear injects juices make

it tender enough for them. Riding astride. Sit her horse like a man.

Weightcarrying huntress. No sidesaddle or pillion for her, not for Joe.

First to the meet and in at the death. Strong as a brood mare some of

those horsey women. Swagger around livery stables. Toss off a glass

of brandy neat while you'd say knife. That one at the Grosvenor this

morning. Up with her on the car: wishswish. Stonewall or fivebarred gate

put her mount to it. Think that pugnosed driver did it out of spite. Who

is this she was like? O yes! Mrs Miriam Dandrade that sold me her old

wraps and black underclothes in the Shelbourne hotel. Divorced Spanish

American. Didn't take a feather out of her my handling them. As if I was

her clotheshorse. Saw her in the viceregal party when Stubbs the park

ranger got me in with Whelan of the \_Express.\_ Scavenging what the

quality left. High tea. Mayonnaise I poured on the plums thinking it was

custard. Her ears ought to have tingled for a few weeks after. Want to

be a bull for her. Born courtesan. No nursery work for her, thanks.

Poor Mrs Purefoy! Methodist husband. Method in his madness. Saffron bun

and milk and soda lunch in the educational dairy. Y. M. C. A. Eating

with a stopwatch, thirtytwo chews to the minute. And still his

muttonchop whiskers grew. Supposed to be well connected. Theodore's

cousin in Dublin Castle. One tony relative in every family. Hardy

annuals he presents her with. Saw him out at the Three Jolly Topers

marching along bareheaded and his eldest boy carrying one in a

marketnet. The squallers. Poor thing! Then having to give the breast

year after year all hours of the night. Selfish those t.t's are. Dog in

the manger. Only one lump of sugar in my tea, if you please.

He stood at Fleet street crossing. Luncheon interval. A sixpenny at

Rowe's? Must look up that ad in the national library. An eightpenny in

the Burton. Better. On my way.

He walked on past Bolton's Westmoreland house. Tea. Tea. Tea. I forgot

to tap Tom Kernan.

Sss. Dth, dth, dth! Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a

vinegared handkerchief round her forehead, her belly swollen out. Phew!

Dreadful simply! Child's head too big: forceps. Doubled up inside her

trying to butt its way out blindly, groping for the way out. Kill me

that would. Lucky Molly got over hers lightly. They ought to invent

something to stop that. Life with hard labour. Twilight sleep idea:

queen Victoria was given that. Nine she had. A good layer. Old

woman that lived in a shoe she had so many children. Suppose he was

consumptive. Time someone thought about it instead of gassing about the

what was it the pensive bosom of the silver effulgence. Flapdoodle to

feed fools on. They could easily have big establishments whole thing

quite painless out of all the taxes give every child born five quid at

compound interest up to twentyone five per cent is a hundred shillings

and five tiresome pounds multiply by twenty decimal system encourage

people to put by money save hundred and ten and a bit twentyone years

want to work it out on paper come to a tidy sum more than you think.

Not stillborn of course. They are not even registered. Trouble for

nothing.

Funny sight two of them together, their bellies out. Molly and Mrs

Moisel. Mothers' meeting. Phthisis retires for the time being, then

returns. How flat they look all of a sudden after. Peaceful eyes. Weight

off their mind. Old Mrs Thornton was a jolly old soul. All my babies,

she said. The spoon of pap in her mouth before she fed them. O, that's

nyumnyum. Got her hand crushed by old Tom Wall's son. His first bow to

the public. Head like a prize pumpkin. Snuffy Dr Murren. People knocking

them up at all hours. For God' sake, doctor. Wife in her throes. Then

keep them waiting months for their fee. To attendance on your wife. No

gratitude in people. Humane doctors, most of them.

Before the huge high door of the Irish house of parliament a flock of

pigeons flew. Their little frolic after meals. Who will we do it on? I

pick the fellow in black. Here goes. Here's good luck. Must be thrilling

from the air. Apjohn, myself and Owen Goldberg up in the trees near

Goose green playing the monkeys. Mackerel they called me.

A squad of constables debouched from College street, marching in Indian

file. Goosestep. Foodheated faces, sweating helmets, patting their

truncheons. After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their

belts. Policeman's lot is oft a happy one. They split up in groups and

scattered, saluting, towards their beats. Let out to graze. Best moment

to attack one in pudding time. A punch in his dinner. A squad of others,

marching irregularly, rounded Trinity railings making for the station.

Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive cavalry. Prepare to receive

soup.

He crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger. They did right to put him

up over a urinal: meeting of the waters. Ought to be places for women.

Running into cakeshops. Settle my hat straight. \_There is not in this

wide world a vallee\_. Great song of Julia Morkan's. Kept her voice up to

the very last. Pupil of Michael Balfe's, wasn't she?

He gazed after the last broad tunic. Nasty customers to tackle. Jack

Power could a tale unfold: father a G man. If a fellow gave them trouble

being lagged they let him have it hot and heavy in the bridewell.

Can't blame them after all with the job they have especially the young

hornies. That horsepoliceman the day Joe Chamberlain was given his

degree in Trinity he got a run for his money. My word he did! His

horse's hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street. Lucky I had the

presence of mind to dive into Manning's or I was souped. He did come a

wallop, by George. Must have cracked his skull on the cobblestones. I

oughtn't to have got myself swept along with those medicals. And the

Trinity jibs in their mortarboards. Looking for trouble. Still I got to

know that young Dixon who dressed that sting for me in the Mater and now

he's in Holles street where Mrs Purefoy. Wheels within wheels. Police

whistle in my ears still. All skedaddled. Why he fixed on me. Give me in

charge. Right here it began.

--Up the Boers!

--Three cheers for De Wet!

--We'll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree.

Silly billies: mob of young cubs yelling their guts out. Vinegar hill.

The Butter exchange band. Few years' time half of them magistrates and

civil servants. War comes on: into the army helterskelter: same fellows

used to. Whether on the scaffold high.

Never know who you're talking to. Corny Kelleher he has Harvey Duff in

his eye. Like that Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on

the invincibles. Member of the corporation too. Egging raw youths on to

get in the know all the time drawing secret service pay from the castle.

Drop him like a hot potato. Why those plainclothes men are always

courting slaveys. Easily twig a man used to uniform. Squarepushing up

against a backdoor. Maul her a bit. Then the next thing on the menu. And

who is the gentleman does be visiting there? Was the young master saying

anything? Peeping Tom through the keyhole. Decoy duck. Hotblooded young

student fooling round her fat arms ironing.

--Are those yours, Mary?

--I don't wear such things... Stop or I'll tell the missus on you. Out

half the night.

--There are great times coming, Mary. Wait till you see.

--Ah, gelong with your great times coming.

Barmaids too. Tobaccoshopgirls.

James Stephens' idea was the best. He knew them. Circles of ten so that

a fellow couldn't round on more than his own ring. Sinn Fein. Back out

you get the knife. Hidden hand. Stay in. The firing squad. Turnkey's

daughter got him out of Richmond, off from Lusk. Putting up in the

Buckingham Palace hotel under their very noses. Garibaldi.

You must have a certain fascination: Parnell. Arthur Griffith is a

squareheaded fellow but he has no go in him for the mob. Or gas about

our lovely land. Gammon and spinach. Dublin Bakery Company's tearoom.

Debating societies. That republicanism is the best form of government.

That the language question should take precedence of the economic

question. Have your daughters inveigling them to your house. Stuff them

up with meat and drink. Michaelmas goose. Here's a good lump of thyme

seasoning under the apron for you. Have another quart of goosegrease

before it gets too cold. Halffed enthusiasts. Penny roll and a walk with

the band. No grace for the carver. The thought that the other chap pays

best sauce in the world. Make themselves thoroughly at home. Show us

over those apricots, meaning peaches. The not far distant day. Homerule

sun rising up in the northwest.

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly,

shadowing Trinity's surly front. Trams passed one another, ingoing,

outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on same, day after day:

squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies

mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a

bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her. One born every second

somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes.

Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three hundred born, washing the

blood off, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaaa.

Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other

coming on, passing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of

pavements, piledup bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that.

Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets

his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have

all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up in cities, worn away age

after age. Pyramids in sand. Built on bread and onions. Slaves Chinese

wall. Babylon. Big stones left. Round towers. Rest rubble, sprawling

suburbs, jerrybuilt. Kerwan's mushroom houses built of breeze. Shelter,

for the night.

No-one is anything.

This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate

this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.

Provost's house. The reverend Dr Salmon: tinned salmon. Well tinned in

there. Like a mortuary chapel. Wouldn't live in it if they paid me. Hope

they have liver and bacon today. Nature abhors a vacuum.

The sun freed itself slowly and lit glints of light among the silverware

opposite in Walter Sexton's window by which John Howard Parnell passed,

unseeing.

There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face. Now that's a

coincidence. Course hundreds of times you think of a person and don't

meet him. Like a man walking in his sleep. No-one knows him. Must be a

corporation meeting today. They say he never put on the city marshal's

uniform since he got the job. Charley Kavanagh used to come out on

his high horse, cocked hat, puffed, powdered and shaved. Look at the

woebegone walk of him. Eaten a bad egg. Poached eyes on ghost. I have a

pain. Great man's brother: his brother's brother. He'd look nice on the

city charger. Drop into the D.B.C. probably for his coffee, play chess

there. His brother used men as pawns. Let them all go to pot. Afraid to

pass a remark on him. Freeze them up with that eye of his. That's the

fascination: the name. All a bit touched. Mad Fanny and his other sister

Mrs Dickinson driving about with scarlet harness. Bolt upright lik

surgeon M'Ardle. Still David Sheehy beat him for south Meath. Apply

for the Chiltern Hundreds and retire into public life. The patriot's

banquet. Eating orangepeels in the park. Simon Dedalus said when they

put him in parliament that Parnell would come back from the grave and

lead him out of the house of commons by the arm.

--Of the twoheaded octopus, one of whose heads is the head upon which

the ends of the world have forgotten to come while the other speaks with

a Scotch accent. The tentacles...

They passed from behind Mr Bloom along the curbstone. Beard and bicycle.

Young woman.

And there he is too. Now that's really a coincidence: second time.

Coming events cast their shadows before. With the approval of the

eminent poet, Mr Geo. Russell. That might be Lizzie Twigg with him. A.

E.: what does that mean? Initials perhaps. Albert Edward, Arthur Edmund,

Alphonsus Eb Ed El Esquire. What was he saying? The ends of the world

with a Scotch accent. Tentacles: octopus. Something occult: symbolism.

Holding forth. She's taking it all in. Not saying a word. To aid

gentleman in literary work.

His eyes followed the high figure in homespun, beard and bicycle,

a listening woman at his side. Coming from the vegetarian. Only

weggebobbles and fruit. Don't eat a beefsteak. If you do the eyes of

that cow will pursue you through all eternity. They say it's healthier.

Windandwatery though. Tried it. Keep you on the run all day. Bad as

a bloater. Dreams all night. Why do they call that thing they gave me

nutsteak? Nutarians. Fruitarians. To give you the idea you are eating

rumpsteak. Absurd. Salty too. They cook in soda. Keep you sitting by the

tap all night.

Her stockings are loose over her ankles. I detest that: so tasteless.

Those literary etherial people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy,

symbolistic. Esthetes they are. I wouldn't be surprised if it was that

kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical.

For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts

you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry

is even. Must be in a certain mood.

\_The dreamy cloudy gull

Waves o'er the waters dull.\_

He crossed at Nassau street corner and stood before the window of Yeates

and Son, pricing the fieldglasses. Or will I drop into old Harris's and

have a chat with young Sinclair? Wellmannered fellow. Probably at his

lunch. Must get those old glasses of mine set right. Goerz lenses six

guineas. Germans making their way everywhere. Sell on easy terms to

capture trade. Undercutting. Might chance on a pair in the railway lost

property office. Astonishing the things people leave behind them in

trains and cloakrooms. What do they be thinking about? Women too.

Incredible. Last year travelling to Ennis had to pick up that farmer's

daughter's ba and hand it to her at Limerick junction. Unclaimed money

too. There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test

those glasses by.

His lids came down on the lower rims of his irides. Can't see it. If you

imagine it's there you can almost see it. Can't see it.

He faced about and, standing between the awnings, held out his right

hand at arm's length towards the sun. Wanted to try that often. Yes:

completely. The tip of his little finger blotted out the sun's disk.

Must be the focus where the rays cross. If I had black glasses.

Interesting. There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we

were in Lombard street west. Looking up from the back garden. Terrific

explosions they are. There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn

some time.

Now that I come to think of it that ball falls at Greenwich time. It's

the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink. Must go out there

some first Saturday of the month. If I could get an introduction to

professor Joly or learn up something about his family. That would do to:

man always feels complimented. Flattery where least expected. Nobleman

proud to be descended from some king's mistress. His foremother. Lay it

on with a trowel. Cap in hand goes through the land. Not go in and blurt

out what you know you're not to: what's parallax? Show this gentleman

the door.

Ah.

His hand fell to his side again.

Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about,

crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdong always. Gas: then solid:

then world: then cold: then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock,

like that pineapple rock. The moon. Must be a new moon out, she said. I

believe there is.

He went on by la maison Claire.

Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there

is a new moon. Walking down by the Tolka. Not bad for a Fairview moon.

She was humming. The young May moon she's beaming, love. He other side

of her. Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm's la-amp is gleaming, love. Touch.

Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.

Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must.

Mr Bloom, quickbreathing, slowlier walking passed Adam court.

With a keep quiet relief his eyes took note this is the street here

middle of the day of Bob Doran's bottle shoulders. On his annual bend,

M Coy said. They drink in order to say or do something or \_cherchez la

femme\_. Up in the Coombe with chummies and streetwalkers and then the

rest of the year sober as a judge.

Yes. Thought so. Sloping into the Empire. Gone. Plain soda would do him

good. Where Pat Kinsella had his Harp theatre before Whitbred ran the

Queen's. Broth of a boy. Dion Boucicault business with his harvestmoon

face in a poky bonnet. Three Purty Maids from School. How time flies,

eh? Showing long red pantaloons under his skirts. Drinkers, drinking,

laughed spluttering, their drink against their breath. More power, Pat.

Coarse red: fun for drunkards: guffaw and smoke. Take off that white

hat. His parboiled eyes. Where is he now? Beggar somewhere. The harp

that once did starve us all.

I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? Twentyeight I was. She

twentythree. When we left Lombard street west something changed. Could

never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding

water in your hand. Would you go back to then? Just beginning then.

Would you? Are you not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy?

Wants to sew on buttons for me. I must answer. Write it in the library.

Grafton street gay with housed awnings lured his senses. Muslin prints,

silkdames and dowagers, jingle of harnesses, hoofthuds lowringing in the

baking causeway. Thick feet that woman has in the white stockings. Hope

the rain mucks them up on her. Countrybred chawbacon. All the beef to

the heels were in. Always gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of

plumb.

He passed, dallying, the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. Cascades

of ribbons. Flimsy China silks. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a

flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that

here. \_La causa Ã¨ santa\_! Tara tara. Great chorus that. Taree tara. Must

be washed in rainwater. Meyerbeer. Tara: bom bom bom.

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. Sticking them all

over the place. Needles in window curtains.

He bared slightly his left forearm. Scrape: nearly gone. Not today

anyhow. Must go back for that lotion. For her birthday perhaps.

Junejulyaugseptember eighth. Nearly three months off. Then she mightn't

like it. Women won't pick up pins. Say it cuts lo.

Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk

stockings.

Useless to go back. Had to be. Tell me all.

High voices. Sunwarm silk. Jingling harnesses. All for a woman, home and

houses, silkwebs, silver, rich fruits spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim.

Wealth of the world.

A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded.

Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he

mutely craved to adore.

Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then.

He turned Combridge's corner, still pursued. Jingling, hoofthuds.

Perfumed bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields,

tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas,

creaking beds.

--Jack, love!

--Darling!

--Kiss me, Reggy!

--My boy!

--Love!

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink

gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slush of greens. See

the animals feed.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables

calling for more bread no charge, swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy

food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. A pallid suetfaced

young man polished his tumbler knife fork and spoon with his napkin. New

set of microbes. A man with an infant's saucestained napkin tucked round

him shovelled gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his

plate: halfmasticated gristle: gums: no teeth to chewchewchew it. Chump

chop from the grill. Bolting to get it over. Sad booser's eyes. Bitten

off more than he can chew. Am I like that? See ourselves as others see

us. Hungry man is an angry man. Working tooth and jaw. Don't! O! A bone!

That last pagan king of Ireland Cormac in the schoolpoem choked himself

at Sletty southward of the Boyne. Wonder what he was eating. Something

galoptious. Saint Patrick converted him to Christianity. Couldn't

swallow it all however.

--Roast beef and cabbage.

--One stew.

Smells of men. His gorge rose. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish

cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men's beery piss, the stale

of ferment.

Couldn't eat a morsel here. Fellow sharpening knife and fork to eat all

before him, old chap picking his tootles. Slight spasm, full, chewing

the cud. Before and after. Grace after meals. Look on this picture then

on that. Scoffing up stewgravy with sopping sippets of bread. Lick it

off the plate, man! Get out of this.

He gazed round the stooled and tabled eaters, tightening the wings of

his nose.

--Two stouts here.

--One corned and cabbage.

That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down as if his life depended

on it. Good stroke. Give me the fidgets to look. Safer to eat from his

three hands. Tear it limb from limb. Second nature to him. Born with a

silver knife in his mouth. That's witty, I think. Or no. Silver means

born rich. Born with a knife. But then the allusion is lost.

An illgirt server gathered sticky clattering plates. Rock, the head

bailiff, standing at the bar blew the foamy crown from his tankard. Well

up: it splashed yellow near his boot. A diner, knife and fork upright,

elbows on table, ready for a second helping stared towards the foodlift

across his stained square of newspaper. Other chap telling him something

with his mouth full. Sympathetic listener. Table talk. I munched hum un

thu Unchster Bunk un Munchday. Ha? Did you, faith?

Mr Bloom raised two fingers doubtfully to his lips. His eyes said:

--Not here. Don't see him.

Out. I hate dirty eaters.

He backed towards the door. Get a light snack in Davy Byrne's. Stopgap.

Keep me going. Had a good breakfast.

--Roast and mashed here.

--Pint of stout.

Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gulp. Gobstuff.

He came out into clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat

or be eaten. Kill! Kill!

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down

with porringers and tommycans to be filled. Devour contents in the

street. John Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every

mother's son don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity women

and children cabmen priests parsons fieldmarshals archbishops. From

Ailesbury road, Clyde road, artisans' dwellings, north Dublin union,

lord mayor in his gingerbread coach, old queen in a bathchair. My

plate's empty. After you with our incorporated drinkingcup. Like sir

Philip Crampton's fountain. Rub off the microbes with your handkerchief.

Next chap rubs on a new batch with his. Father O'Flynn would make

hares of them all. Have rows all the same. All for number one. Children

fighting for the scrapings of the pot. Want a souppot as big as the

Phoenix park. Harpooning flitches and hindquarters out of it. Hate

people all round you. City Arms hotel \_table d'hÃ´te\_ she called it.

Soup, joint and sweet. Never know whose thoughts you're chewing. Then

who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids

that time. Teeth getting worse and worse.

After all there's a lot in that vegetarian fine flavour of things from

the earth garlic of course it stinks after Italian organgrinders crisp

of onions mushrooms truffles. Pain to the animal too. Pluck and draw

fowl. Wretched brutes there at the cattlemarket waiting for the poleaxe

to split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. Meh. Staggering

bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers' buckets wobbly lights. Give us that

brisket off the hook. Plup. Rawhead and bloody bones. Flayed glasseyed

sheep hung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling

nosejam on sawdust. Top and lashers going out. Don't maul them pieces,

young one.

Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Blood always needed.

Insidious. Lick it up smokinghot, thick sugary. Famished ghosts.

Ah, I'm hungry.

He entered Davy Byrne's. Moral pub. He doesn't chat. Stands a drink now

and then. But in leapyear once in four. Cashed a cheque for me once.

What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now. Shandygaff?

--Hello, Bloom, Nosey Flynn said from his nook.

--Hello, Flynn.

--How's things?

--Tiptop... Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and... let me

see.

Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? Ham

and his descendants musterred and bred there. Potted meats. What is home

without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the

obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat.

Cannibals would with lemon and rice. White missionary too salty. Like

pickled pork. Expect the chief consumes the parts of honour. Ought to be

tough from exercise. His wives in a row to watch the effect. \_There was

a right royal old nigger. Who ate or something the somethings of the

reverend Mr MacTrigger\_. With it an abode of bliss. Lord knows what

concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked and minced up. Puzzle

find the meat. Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what

they call now. Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. Peace and

war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and

geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat drink and be merry. Then casual wards

full after. Heads bandaged. Cheese digests all but itself. Mity cheese.

--Have you a cheese sandwich?

--Yes, sir.

Like a few olives too if they had them. Italian I prefer. Good glass of

burgundy take away that. Lubricate. A nice salad, cool as a cucumber,

Tom Kernan can dress. Puts gusto into it. Pure olive oil. Milly served

me that cutlet with a sprig of parsley. Take one Spanish onion. God made

food, the devil the cooks. Devilled crab.

--Wife well?

--Quite well, thanks... A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?

--Yes, sir.

Nosey Flynn sipped his grog.

--Doing any singing those times?

Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear. Flap ears to match.

Music. Knows as much about it as my coachman. Still better tell him.

Does no harm. Free ad.

--She's engaged for a big tour end of this month. You may have heard

perhaps.

--No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up?

The curate served.

--How much is that?

--Seven d., sir... Thank you, sir.

Mr Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips. \_Mr MacTrigger\_. Easier

than the dreamy creamy stuff. \_His five hundred wives. Had the time of

their lives.\_

--Mustard, sir?

--Thank you.

He studded under each lifted strip yellow blobs. \_Their lives\_. I have

it. \_It grew bigger and bigger and bigger\_.

--Getting it up? he said. Well, it's like a company idea, you see. Part

shares and part profits.

--Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket

to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me? Isn't Blazes Boylan

mixed up in it?

A warm shock of air heat of mustard hanched on Mr Bloom's heart. He

raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock

five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet.

His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly,

longingly.

Wine.

He smellsipped the cordial juice and, bidding his throat strongly to

speed it, set his wineglass delicately down.

--Yes, he said. He's the organiser in point of fact.

No fear: no brains.

Nosey Flynn snuffled and scratched. Flea having a good square meal.

--He had a good slice of luck, Jack Mooney was telling me, over that

boxingmatch Myler Keogh won again that soldier in the Portobello

barracks. By God, he had the little kipper down in the county Carlow he

was telling me...

Hope that dewdrop doesn't come down into his glass. No, snuffled it up.

--For near a month, man, before it came off. Sucking duck eggs by God

till further orders. Keep him off the boose, see? O, by God, Blazes is a

hairy chap.

Davy Byrne came forward from the hindbar in tuckstitched shirtsleeves,

cleaning his lips with two wipes of his napkin. Herring's blush. Whose

smile upon each feature plays with such and such replete. Too much fat

on the parsnips.

--And here's himself and pepper on him, Nosey Flynn said. Can you give

us a good one for the Gold cup?

--I'm off that, Mr Flynn, Davy Byrne answered. I never put anything on a

horse.

--You're right there, Nosey Flynn said.

Mr Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with relish of

disgust pungent mustard, the feety savour of green cheese. Sips of his

wine soothed his palate. Not logwood that. Tastes fuller this weather

with the chill off.

Nice quiet bar. Nice piece of wood in that counter. Nicely planed. Like

the way it curves there.

--I wouldn't do anything at all in that line, Davy Byrne said. It ruined

many a man, the same horses.

Vintners' sweepstake. Licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits

for consumption on the premises. Heads I win tails you lose.

--True for you, Nosey Flynn said. Unless you're in the know. There's

no straight sport going now. Lenehan gets some good ones. He's giving

Sceptre today. Zinfandel's the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won

at Epsom. Morny Cannon is riding him. I could have got seven to one

against Saint Amant a fortnight before.

--That so? Davy Byrne said...

He went towards the window and, taking up the pettycash book, scanned

its pages.

--I could, faith, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. That was a rare bit of

horseflesh. Saint Frusquin was her sire. She won in a thunderstorm,

Rothschild's filly, with wadding in her ears. Blue jacket and yellow

cap. Bad luck to big Ben Dollard and his John O'Gaunt. He put me off it.

Ay.

He drank resignedly from his tumbler, running his fingers down the

flutes.

--Ay, he said, sighing.

Mr Bloom, champing, standing, looked upon his sigh. Nosey numbskull.

Will I tell him that horse Lenehan? He knows already. Better let him

forget. Go and lose more. Fool and his money. Dewdrop coming down again.

Cold nose he'd have kissing a woman. Still they might like. Prickly

beards they like. Dogs' cold noses. Old Mrs Riordan with the rumbling

stomach's Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. Molly fondling him in her

lap. O, the big doggybowwowsywowsy!

Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish

cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath

of course does that. Just a bite or two. Then about six o'clock I can.

Six. Six. Time will be gone then. She...

Mild fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so

off colour. His eyes unhungrily saw shelves of tins: sardines, gaudy

lobsters' claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of

shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the

French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing

in a thousand years. If you didn't know risky putting anything into your

mouth. Poisonous berries. Johnny Magories. Roundness you think good.

Gaudy colour warns you off. One fellow told another and so on. Try it

on the dog first. Led on by the smell or the look. Tempting fruit.

Ice cones. Cream. Instinct. Orangegroves for instance. Need artificial

irrigation. Bleibtreustrasse. Yes but what about oysters. Unsightly like

a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. Devil to open them too. Who found them

out? Garbage, sewage they feed on. Fizz and Red bank oysters. Effect

on the sexual. Aphrodis. He was in the Red Bank this morning. Was he

oysters old fish at table perhaps he young flesh in bed no June has

no ar no oysters. But there are people like things high. Tainted game.

Jugged hare. First catch your hare. Chinese eating eggs fifty years old,

blue and green again. Dinner of thirty courses. Each dish harmless might

mix inside. Idea for a poison mystery. That archduke Leopold was it no

yes or was it Otto one of those Habsburgs? Or who was it used to eat the

scruff off his own head? Cheapest lunch in town. Of course aristocrats,

then the others copy to be in the fashion. Milly too rock oil and flour.

Raw pastry I like myself. Half the catch of oysters they throw back in

the sea to keep up the price. Cheap no-one would buy. Caviare. Do the

grand. Hock in green glasses. Swell blowout. Lady this. Powdered bosom

pearls. The \_Ã©lite. CrÃ¨me de la crÃ¨me\_. They want special dishes to

pretend they're. Hermit with a platter of pulse keep down the stings

of the flesh. Know me come eat with me. Royal sturgeon high sheriff,

Coffey, the butcher, right to venisons of the forest from his ex. Send

him back the half of a cow. Spread I saw down in the Master of the

Rolls' kitchen area. Whitehatted \_chef\_ like a rabbi. Combustible duck.

Curly cabbage \_Ã  la duchesse de Parme\_. Just as well to write it on the

bill of fare so you can know what you've eaten. Too many drugs spoil the

broth. I know it myself. Dosing it with Edwards' desiccated soup. Geese

stuffed silly for them. Lobsters boiled alive. Do ptake some ptarmigan.

Wouldn't mind being a waiter in a swell hotel. Tips, evening dress,

halfnaked ladies. May I tempt you to a little more filleted lemon sole,

miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And she did bedad. Huguenot name I expect

that. A miss Dubedat lived in Killiney, I remember. \_Du, de la\_ French.

Still it's the same fish perhaps old Micky Hanlon of Moore street ripped

the guts out of making money hand over fist finger in fishes' gills

can't write his name on a cheque think he was painting the landscape

with his mouth twisted. Moooikill A Aitcha Ha ignorant as a kish of

brogues, worth fifty thousand pounds.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress

grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me

memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns

on Howth below us bay sleeping: sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple

by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton.

Fields of undersea, the lines faint brown in grass, buried cities.

Pillowed on my coat she had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub

my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all. O wonder! Coolsoft with

ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn

away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth.

Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed.

Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweetsour of her spittle. Joy: I ate

it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft warm sticky

gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Pebbles

fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a

nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns

she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her: eyes, her lips,

her stretched neck beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's

veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was

kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.

Stuck, the flies buzzed.

His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty:

it curves: curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the

world admires. Can see them library museum standing in the round hall,

naked goddesses. Aids to digestion. They don't care what man looks. All

to see. Never speaking. I mean to say to fellows like Flynn. Suppose she

did Pygmalion and Galatea what would she say first? Mortal! Put you in

your proper place. Quaffing nectar at mess with gods golden dishes, all

ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton, carrots and

turnips, bottle of Allsop. Nectar imagine it drinking electricity: gods'

food. Lovely forms of women sculped Junonian. Immortal lovely. And we

stuffing food in one hole and out behind: food, chyle, blood, dung,

earth, food: have to feed it like stoking an engine. They have no. Never

looked. I'll look today. Keeper won't see. Bend down let something drop

see if she.

Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came to go to do not to

do there to do. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and

walked, to men too they gave themselves, manly conscious, lay with men

lovers, a youth enjoyed her, to the yard.

When the sound of his boots had ceased Davy Byrne said from his book:

--What is this he is? Isn't he in the insurance line?

--He's out of that long ago, Nosey Flynn said. He does canvassing for

the \_Freeman.\_

--I know him well to see, Davy Byrne said. Is he in trouble?

--Trouble? Nosey Flynn said. Not that I heard of. Why?

--I noticed he was in mourning.

--Was he? Nosey Flynn said. So he was, faith. I asked him how was all at

home. You're right, by God. So he was.

--I never broach the subject, Davy Byrne said humanely, if I see a

gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their

minds.

--It's not the wife anyhow, Nosey Flynn said. I met him the day before

yesterday and he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's

wife has in Henry street with a jar of cream in his hand taking it home

to his better half. She's well nourished, I tell you. Plovers on toast.

--And is he doing for the \_Freeman?\_ Davy Byrne said.

Nosey Flynn pursed his lips.

---He doesn't buy cream on the ads he picks up. You can make bacon of

that.

--How so? Davy Byrne asked, coming from his book.

Nosey Flynn made swift passes in the air with juggling fingers. He

winked.

--He's in the craft, he said.

---Do you tell me so? Davy Byrne said.

--Very much so, Nosey Flynn said. Ancient free and accepted order. He's

an excellent brother. Light, life and love, by God. They give him a leg

up. I was told that by a--well, I won't say who.

--Is that a fact?

--O, it's a fine order, Nosey Flynn said. They stick to you when you're

down. I know a fellow was trying to get into it. But they're as close as

damn it. By God they did right to keep the women out of it.

Davy Byrne smiledyawnednodded all in one:

--Iiiiiichaaaaaaach!

--There was one woman, Nosey Flynn said, hid herself in a clock to find

out what they do be doing. But be damned but they smelt her out and

swore her in on the spot a master mason. That was one of the saint

Legers of Doneraile.

Davy Byrne, sated after his yawn, said with tearwashed eyes:

--And is that a fact? Decent quiet man he is. I often saw him in here

and I never once saw him--you know, over the line.

--God Almighty couldn't make him drunk, Nosey Flynn said firmly. Slips

off when the fun gets too hot. Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah,

you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does

he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he

does.

--There are some like that, Davy Byrne said. He's a safe man, I'd say.

--He's not too bad, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling it up. He's been known

to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O,

Bloom has his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do.

His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.

--I know, Davy Byrne said.

--Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said.

Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed frowning,

a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat.

--Day, Mr Byrne.

--Day, gentlemen.

They paused at the counter.

--Who's standing? Paddy Leonard asked.

--I'm sitting anyhow, Nosey Flynn answered.

--Well, what'll it be? Paddy Leonard asked.

--I'll take a stone ginger, Bantam Lyons said.

--How much? Paddy Leonard cried. Since when, for God' sake? What's

yours, Tom?

--How is the main drainage? Nosey Flynn asked, sipping.

For answer Tom Rochford pressed his hand to his breastbone and

hiccupped.

--Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water, Mr Byrne? he said.

--Certainly, sir.

Paddy Leonard eyed his alemates.

--Lord love a duck, he said. Look at what I'm standing drinks to! Cold

water and gingerpop! Two fellows that would suck whisky off a sore leg.

He has some bloody horse up his sleeve for the Gold cup. A dead snip.

--Zinfandel is it? Nosey Flynn asked.

Tom Rochford spilt powder from a twisted paper into the water set before

him.

--That cursed dyspepsia, he said before drinking.

--Breadsoda is very good, Davy Byrne said.

Tom Rochford nodded and drank.

--Is it Zinfandel?

--Say nothing! Bantam Lyons winked. I'm going to plunge five bob on my

own.

--Tell us if you're worth your salt and be damned to you, Paddy Leonard

said. Who gave it to you?

Mr Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting.

--So long! Nosey Flynn said.

The others turned.

--That's the man now that gave it to me, Bantam Lyons whispered.

--Prrwht! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. Mr Byrne, sir, we'll take two

of your small Jamesons after that and a...

--Stone ginger, Davy Byrne added civilly.

--Ay, Paddy Leonard said. A suckingbottle for the baby.

Mr Bloom walked towards Dawson street, his tongue brushing his teeth

smooth. Something green it would have to be: spinach, say. Then with

those Rontgen rays searchlight you could.

At Duke lane a ravenous terrier choked up a sick knuckly cud on the

cobblestones and lapped it with new zest. Surfeit. Returned with thanks

having fully digested the contents. First sweet then savoury. Mr Bloom

coasted warily. Ruminants. His second course. Their upper jaw they move.

Wonder if Tom Rochford will do anything with that invention of his?

Wasting time explaining it to Flynn's mouth. Lean people long mouths.

Ought to be a hall or a place where inventors could go in and invent

free. Course then you'd have all the cranks pestering.

He hummed, prolonging in solemn echo the closes of the bars:

\_Don Giovanni, a cenar teco M'invitasti.\_

Feel better. Burgundy. Good pick me up. Who distilled first? Some chap

in the blues. Dutch courage. That \_Kilkenny People\_ in the national

library now I must.

Bare clean closestools waiting in the window of William Miller, plumber,

turned back his thoughts. They could: and watch it all the way down,

swallow a pin sometimes come out of the ribs years after, tour round the

body changing biliary duct spleen squirting liver gastric juice coils of

intestines like pipes. But the poor buffer would have to stand all the

time with his insides entrails on show. Science.

--\_A cenar teco.\_

What does that \_teco\_ mean? Tonight perhaps.

\_Don Giovanni, thou hast me invited

To come to supper tonight,

The rum the rumdum.\_

Doesn't go properly.

Keyes: two months if I get Nannetti to. That'll be two pounds ten about

two pounds eight. Three Hynes owes me. Two eleven. Prescott's dyeworks

van over there. If I get Billy Prescott's ad: two fifteen. Five guineas

about. On the pig's back.

Could buy one of those silk petticoats for Molly, colour of her new

garters.

Today. Today. Not think.

Tour the south then. What about English wateringplaces? Brighton,

Margate. Piers by moonlight. Her voice floating out. Those lovely

seaside girls. Against John Long's a drowsing loafer lounged in heavy

thought, gnawing a crusted knuckle. Handy man wants job. Small wages.

Will eat anything.

Mr Bloom turned at Gray's confectioner's window of unbought tarts and

passed the reverend Thomas Connellan's bookstore. \_Why I left the church

of Rome? Birds' Nest.\_ Women run him. They say they used to give pauper

children soup to change to protestants in the time of the potato blight.

Society over the way papa went to for the conversion of poor jews. Same

bait. Why we left the church of Rome.

A blind stripling stood tapping the curbstone with his slender cane. No

tram in sight. Wants to cross.

--Do you want to cross? Mr Bloom asked.

The blind stripling did not answer. His wallface frowned weakly. He

moved his head uncertainly.

--You're in Dawson street, Mr Bloom said. Molesworth street is opposite.

Do you want to cross? There's nothing in the way.

The cane moved out trembling to the left. Mr Bloom's eye followed its

line and saw again the dyeworks' van drawn up before Drago's. Where I

saw his brillantined hair just when I was. Horse drooping. Driver in

John Long's. Slaking his drouth.

--There's a van there, Mr Bloom said, but it's not moving. I'll see you

across. Do you want to go to Molesworth street?

--Yes, the stripling answered. South Frederick street.

--Come, Mr Bloom said.

He touched the thin elbow gently: then took the limp seeing hand to

guide it forward.

Say something to him. Better not do the condescending. They mistrust

what you tell them. Pass a common remark.

--The rain kept off.

No answer.

Stains on his coat. Slobbers his food, I suppose. Tastes all different

for him. Have to be spoonfed first. Like a child's hand, his hand. Like

Milly's was. Sensitive. Sizing me up I daresay from my hand. Wonder

if he has a name. Van. Keep his cane clear of the horse's legs: tired

drudge get his doze. That's right. Clear. Behind a bull: in front of a

horse.

--Thanks, sir.

Knows I'm a man. Voice.

--Right now? First turn to the left.

The blind stripling tapped the curbstone and went on his way, drawing

his cane back, feeling again.

Mr Bloom walked behind the eyeless feet, a flatcut suit of herringbone

tweed. Poor young fellow! How on earth did he know that van was there?

Must have felt it. See things in their forehead perhaps: kind of sense

of volume. Weight or size of it, something blacker than the dark. Wonder

would he feel it if something was removed. Feel a gap. Queer idea of

Dublin he must have, tapping his way round by the stones. Could he walk

in a beeline if he hadn't that cane? Bloodless pious face like a fellow

going in to be a priest.

Penrose! That was that chap's name.

Look at all the things they can learn to do. Read with their fingers.

Tune pianos. Or we are surprised they have any brains. Why we think a

deformed person or a hunchback clever if he says something we might say.

Of course the other senses are more. Embroider. Plait baskets. People

ought to help. Workbasket I could buy for Molly's birthday. Hates

sewing. Might take an objection. Dark men they call them.

Sense of smell must be stronger too. Smells on all sides, bunched

together. Each street different smell. Each person too. Then the spring,

the summer: smells. Tastes? They say you can't taste wines with your

eyes shut or a cold in the head. Also smoke in the dark they say get no

pleasure.

And with a woman, for instance. More shameless not seeing. That girl

passing the Stewart institution, head in the air. Look at me. I have

them all on. Must be strange not to see her. Kind of a form in his

mind's eye. The voice, temperatures: when he touches her with his

fingers must almost see the lines, the curves. His hands on her hair,

for instance. Say it was black, for instance. Good. We call it black.

Then passing over her white skin. Different feel perhaps. Feeling of

white.

Postoffice. Must answer. Fag today. Send her a postal order two

shillings, half a crown. Accept my little present. Stationer's just here

too. Wait. Think over it.

With a gentle finger he felt ever so slowly the hair combed back above

his ears. Again. Fibres of fine fine straw. Then gently his finger felt

the skin of his right cheek. Downy hair there too. Not smooth enough.

The belly is the smoothest. No-one about. There he goes into Frederick

street. Perhaps to Levenston's dancing academy piano. Might be settling

my braces.

Walking by Doran's publichouse he slid his hand between his waistcoat

and trousers and, pulling aside his shirt gently, felt a slack fold of

his belly. But I know it's whitey yellow. Want to try in the dark to

see.

He withdrew his hand and pulled his dress to.

Poor fellow! Quite a boy. Terrible. Really terrible. What dreams would

he have, not seeing? Life a dream for him. Where is the justice being

born that way? All those women and children excursion beanfeast burned

and drowned in New York. Holocaust. Karma they call that transmigration

for sins you did in a past life the reincarnation met him pike hoses.

Dear, dear, dear. Pity, of course: but somehow you can't cotton on to

them someway.

Sir Frederick Falkiner going into the freemasons' hall. Solemn as Troy.

After his good lunch in Earlsfort terrace. Old legal cronies cracking

a magnum. Tales of the bench and assizes and annals of the bluecoat

school. I sentenced him to ten years. I suppose he'd turn up his nose

at that stuff I drank. Vintage wine for them, the year marked on a

dusty bottle. Has his own ideas of justice in the recorder's court.

Wellmeaning old man. Police chargesheets crammed with cases get their

percentage manufacturing crime. Sends them to the rightabout. The devil

on moneylenders. Gave Reuben J. a great strawcalling. Now he's really

what they call a dirty jew. Power those judges have. Crusty old topers

in wigs. Bear with a sore paw. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Hello, placard. Mirus bazaar. His Excellency the lord lieutenant.

Sixteenth. Today it is. In aid of funds for Mercer's hospital. \_The

Messiah\_ was first given for that. Yes. Handel. What about going out

there: Ballsbridge. Drop in on Keyes. No use sticking to him like a

leech. Wear out my welcome. Sure to know someone on the gate.

Mr Bloom came to Kildare street. First I must. Library.

Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is.

His heart quopped softly. To the right. Museum. Goddesses. He swerved to

the right.

Is it? Almost certain. Won't look. Wine in my face. Why did I? Too

heady. Yes, it is. The walk. Not see. Get on.

Making for the museum gate with long windy steps he lifted his eyes.

Handsome building. Sir Thomas Deane designed. Not following me?

Didn't see me perhaps. Light in his eyes.

The flutter of his breath came forth in short sighs. Quick. Cold

statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.

No. Didn't see me. After two. Just at the gate.

My heart!

His eyes beating looked steadfastly at cream curves of stone. Sir Thomas

Deane was the Greek architecture.

Look for something I.

His hasty hand went quick into a pocket, took out, read unfolded

Agendath Netaim. Where did I?

Busy looking.

He thrust back quick Agendath.

Afternoon she said.

I am looking for that. Yes, that. Try all pockets. Handker. \_Freeman.\_

Where did I? Ah, yes. Trousers. Potato. Purse. Where?

Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.

His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap

lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah soap there I yes. Gate.

Safe!

Urbane, to comfort them, the quaker librarian purred:

--And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of \_Wilhelm Meister\_.

A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms

against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in

real life.

He came a step a sinkapace forward on neatsleather creaking and a step

backward a sinkapace on the solemn floor.

A noiseless attendant setting open the door but slightly made him a

noiseless beck.

--Directly, said he, creaking to go, albeit lingering. The beautiful

ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts. One always

feels that Goethe's judgments are so true. True in the larger analysis.

Twicreakingly analysis he corantoed off. Bald, most zealous by the door

he gave his large ear all to the attendant's words: heard them: and was

gone.

Two left.

--Monsieur de la Palice, Stephen sneered, was alive fifteen minutes

before his death.

--Have you found those six brave medicals, John Eglinton asked with

elder's gall, to write \_Paradise Lost\_ at your dictation? \_The Sorrows

of Satan\_ he calls it.

Smile. Smile Cranly's smile.

\_First he tickled her

Then he patted her

Then he passed the female catheter.

For he was a medical

Jolly old medi...\_

--I feel you would need one more for \_Hamlet.\_ Seven is dear to the

mystic mind. The shining seven W.B. calls them.

Glittereyed his rufous skull close to his greencapped desklamp sought

the face bearded amid darkgreener shadow, an ollav, holyeyed. He laughed

low: a sizar's laugh of Trinity: unanswered.

\_Orchestral Satan, weeping many a rood

Tears such as angels weep.

Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta.\_

He holds my follies hostage.

Cranly's eleven true Wicklowmen to free their sireland. Gaptoothed

Kathleen, her four beautiful green fields, the stranger in her house.

And one more to hail him: \_ave, rabbi\_: the Tinahely twelve. In the

shadow of the glen he cooees for them. My soul's youth I gave him, night

by night. God speed. Good hunting.

Mulligan has my telegram.

Folly. Persist.

--Our young Irish bards, John Eglinton censured, have yet to create a

figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet though

I admire him, as old Ben did, on this side idolatry.

--All these questions are purely academic, Russell oracled out of his

shadow. I mean, whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex.

Clergymen's discussions of the historicity of Jesus. Art has to reveal

to us ideas, formless spiritual essences. The supreme question about a

work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring. The painting of

Gustave Moreau is the painting of ideas. The deepest poetry of Shelley,

the words of Hamlet bring our minds into contact with the eternal

wisdom, Plato's world of ideas. All the rest is the speculation of

schoolboys for schoolboys.

A. E. has been telling some yankee interviewer. Wall, tarnation strike

me!

--The schoolmen were schoolboys first, Stephen said superpolitely.

Aristotle was once Plato's schoolboy.

--And has remained so, one should hope, John Eglinton sedately said. One

can see him, a model schoolboy with his diploma under his arm.

He laughed again at the now smiling bearded face.

Formless spiritual. Father, Word and Holy Breath. Allfather, the

heavenly man. Hiesos Kristos, magician of the beautiful, the Logos who

suffers in us at every moment. This verily is that. I am the fire upon

the altar. I am the sacrificial butter.

Dunlop, Judge, the noblest Roman of them all, A.E., Arval, the Name

Ineffable, in heaven hight: K.H., their master, whose identity is no

secret to adepts. Brothers of the great white lodge always watching

to see if they can help. The Christ with the bridesister, moisture of

light, born of an ensouled virgin, repentant sophia, departed to the

plane of buddhi. The life esoteric is not for ordinary person. O.P.

must work off bad karma first. Mrs Cooper Oakley once glimpsed our very

illustrious sister H.P.B.'s elemental.

O, fie! Out on't! \_Pfuiteufel!\_ You naughtn't to look, missus, so you

naughtn't when a lady's ashowing of her elemental.

Mr Best entered, tall, young, mild, light. He bore in his hand with

grace a notebook, new, large, clean, bright.

--That model schoolboy, Stephen said, would find Hamlet's musings about

the afterlife of his princely soul, the improbable, insignificant and

undramatic monologue, as shallow as Plato's.

John Eglinton, frowning, said, waxing wroth:

--Upon my word it makes my blood boil to hear anyone compare Aristotle

with Plato.

--Which of the two, Stephen asked, would have banished me from his

commonwealth?

Unsheathe your dagger definitions. Horseness is the whatness of

allhorse. Streams of tendency and eons they worship. God: noise in the

street: very peripatetic. Space: what you damn well have to see. Through

spaces smaller than red globules of man's blood they creepycrawl after

Blake's buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a

shadow. Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to

the past.

Mr Best came forward, amiable, towards his colleague.

--Haines is gone, he said.

--Is he?

--I was showing him Jubainville's book. He's quite enthusiastic, don't

you know, about Hyde's \_Lovesongs of Connacht.\_ I couldn't bring him in

to hear the discussion. He's gone to Gill's to buy it.

\_Bound thee forth, my booklet, quick

To greet the callous public.

Writ, I ween, 'twas not my wish

In lean unlovely English.\_

--The peatsmoke is going to his head, John Eglinton opined.

We feel in England. Penitent thief. Gone. I smoked his baccy. Green

twinkling stone. An emerald set in the ring of the sea.

--People do not know how dangerous lovesongs can be, the auric egg of

Russell warned occultly. The movements which work revolutions in the

world are born out of the dreams and visions in a peasant's heart on the

hillside. For them the earth is not an exploitable ground but the

living mother. The rarefied air of the academy and the arena produce the

sixshilling novel, the musichall song. France produces the finest flower

of corruption in Mallarme but the desirable life is revealed only to the

poor of heart, the life of Homer's Phaeacians.

From these words Mr Best turned an unoffending face to Stephen.

--Mallarme, don't you know, he said, has written those wonderful prose

poems Stephen MacKenna used to read to me in Paris. The one about

\_Hamlet.\_ He says: \_il se promÃ¨ne, lisant au livre de lui-mÃªme\_, don't

you know, \_reading the book of himself\_. He describes \_Hamlet\_ given in

a French town, don't you know, a provincial town. They advertised it.

His free hand graciously wrote tiny signs in air.

\_HAMLET

ou

LE DISTRAIT

PiÃ¨ce de Shakespeare\_

He repeated to John Eglinton's newgathered frown:

--\_PiÃ¨ce de Shakespeare\_, don't you know. It's so French. The French

point of view. \_Hamlet ou\_...

--The absentminded beggar, Stephen ended.

John Eglinton laughed.

--Yes, I suppose it would be, he said. Excellent people, no doubt, but

distressingly shortsighted in some matters.

Sumptuous and stagnant exaggeration of murder.

--A deathsman of the soul Robert Greene called him, Stephen said. Not

for nothing was he a butcher's son, wielding the sledded poleaxe and

spitting in his palms. Nine lives are taken off for his father's one.

Our Father who art in purgatory. Khaki Hamlets don't hesitate to

shoot. The bloodboltered shambles in act five is a forecast of the

concentration camp sung by Mr Swinburne.

Cranly, I his mute orderly, following battles from afar.

\_Whelps and dams of murderous foes whom none But we had spared...\_

Between the Saxon smile and yankee yawp. The devil and the deep sea.

--He will have it that \_Hamlet\_ is a ghoststory, John Eglinton said

for Mr Best's behoof. Like the fat boy in Pickwick he wants to make our

flesh creep.

\_List! List! O List!\_

My flesh hears him: creeping, hears.

\_If thou didst ever...\_

--What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded

into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of

manners. Elizabethan London lay as far from Stratford as corrupt Paris

lies from virgin Dublin. Who is the ghost from \_limbo patrum\_, returning

to the world that has forgotten him? Who is King Hamlet?

John Eglinton shifted his spare body, leaning back to judge.

Lifted.

--It is this hour of a day in mid June, Stephen said, begging with

a swift glance their hearing. The flag is up on the playhouse by the

bankside. The bear Sackerson growls in the pit near it, Paris garden.

Canvasclimbers who sailed with Drake chew their sausages among the

groundlings.

Local colour. Work in all you know. Make them accomplices.

--Shakespeare has left the huguenot's house in Silver street and walks

by the swanmews along the riverbank. But he does not stay to feed the

pen chivying her game of cygnets towards the rushes. The swan of Avon

has other thoughts.

Composition of place. Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!

--The play begins. A player comes on under the shadow, made up in the

castoff mail of a court buck, a wellset man with a bass voice. It is the

ghost, the king, a king and no king, and the player is Shakespeare who

has studied \_Hamlet\_ all the years of his life which were not vanity in

order to play the part of the spectre. He speaks the words to Burbage,

the young player who stands before him beyond the rack of cerecloth,

calling him by a name:

\_Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit,\_

bidding him list. To a son he speaks, the son of his soul, the prince,

young Hamlet and to the son of his body, Hamnet Shakespeare, who has

died in Stratford that his namesake may live for ever.

Is it possible that that player Shakespeare, a ghost by absence, and in

the vesture of buried Denmark, a ghost by death, speaking his own words

to his own son's name (had Hamnet Shakespeare lived he would have been

prince Hamlet's twin), is it possible, I want to know, or probable that

he did not draw or foresee the logical conclusion of those premises: you

are the dispossessed son: I am the murdered father: your mother is the

guilty queen, Ann Shakespeare, born Hathaway?

--But this prying into the family life of a great man, Russell began

impatiently.

Art thou there, truepenny?

--Interesting only to the parish clerk. I mean, we have the plays. I

mean when we read the poetry of \_King Lear\_ what is it to us how the

poet lived? As for living our servants can do that for us, Villiers de

l'Isle has said. Peeping and prying into greenroom gossip of the day,

the poet's drinking, the poet's debts. We have \_King Lear\_: and it is

immortal.

Mr Best's face, appealed to, agreed.

\_Flow over them with your waves and with your waters, Mananaan, Mananaan

MacLir...\_

How now, sirrah, that pound he lent you when you were hungry?

Marry, I wanted it.

Take thou this noble.

Go to! You spent most of it in Georgina Johnson's bed, clergyman's

daughter. Agenbite of inwit.

Do you intend to pay it back?

O, yes.

When? Now?

Well... No.

When, then?

I paid my way. I paid my way.

Steady on. He's from beyant Boyne water. The northeast corner. You owe

it.

Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other I now. Other I got

pound.

Buzz. Buzz.

But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under

everchanging forms.

I that sinned and prayed and fasted.

A child Conmee saved from pandies.

I, I and I. I.

A.E.I.O.U.

--Do you mean to fly in the face of the tradition of three centuries?

John Eglinton's carping voice asked. Her ghost at least has been laid

for ever. She died, for literature at least, before she was born.

--She died, Stephen retorted, sixtyseven years after she was born. She

saw him into and out of the world. She took his first embraces. She bore

his children and she laid pennies on his eyes to keep his eyelids closed

when he lay on his deathbed.

Mother's deathbed. Candle. The sheeted mirror. Who brought me into

this world lies there, bronzelidded, under few cheap flowers. \_Liliata

rutilantium.\_

I wept alone.

John Eglinton looked in the tangled glowworm of his lamp.

--The world believes that Shakespeare made a mistake, he said, and got

out of it as quickly and as best he could.

--Bosh! Stephen said rudely. A man of genius makes no mistakes. His

errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

Portals of discovery opened to let in the quaker librarian,

softcreakfooted, bald, eared and assiduous.

--A shrew, John Eglinton said shrewdly, is not a useful portal of

discovery, one should imagine. What useful discovery did Socrates learn

from Xanthippe?

--Dialectic, Stephen answered: and from his mother how to bring thoughts

into the world. What he learnt from his other wife Myrto (\_absit

nomen!\_), Socratididion's Epipsychidion, no man, not a woman, will ever

know. But neither the midwife's lore nor the caudlelectures saved him

from the archons of Sinn Fein and their naggin of hemlock.

--But Ann Hathaway? Mr Best's quiet voice said forgetfully. Yes, we seem

to be forgetting her as Shakespeare himself forgot her.

His look went from brooder's beard to carper's skull, to remind, to

chide them not unkindly, then to the baldpink lollard costard, guiltless

though maligned.

--He had a good groatsworth of wit, Stephen said, and no truant memory.

He carried a memory in his wallet as he trudged to Romeville whistling

\_The girl I left behind me.\_ If the earthquake did not time it we should

know where to place poor Wat, sitting in his form, the cry of hounds,

the studded bridle and her blue windows. That memory, \_Venus and

Adonis\_, lay in the bedchamber of every light-of-love in London.

Is Katharine the shrew illfavoured? Hortensio calls her young and

beautiful. Do you think the writer of \_Antony and Cleopatra\_, a

passionate pilgrim, had his eyes in the back of his head that he chose

the ugliest doxy in all Warwickshire to lie withal? Good: he left her

and gained the world of men. But his boywomen are the women of a boy.

Their life, thought, speech are lent them by males. He chose badly? He

was chosen, it seems to me. If others have their will Ann hath a way.

By cock, she was to blame. She put the comether on him, sweet and

twentysix. The greyeyed goddess who bends over the boy Adonis, stooping

to conquer, as prologue to the swelling act, is a boldfaced Stratford

wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than herself.

And my turn? When?

Come!

--Ryefield, Mr Best said brightly, gladly, raising his new book, gladly,

brightly.

He murmured then with blond delight for all:

\_Between the acres of the rye These pretty countryfolk would lie.\_

Paris: the wellpleased pleaser.

A tall figure in bearded homespun rose from shadow and unveiled its

cooperative watch.

--I am afraid I am due at the \_Homestead.\_

Whither away? Exploitable ground.

--Are you going? John Eglinton's active eyebrows asked. Shall we see you

at Moore's tonight? Piper is coming.

--Piper! Mr Best piped. Is Piper back?

Peter Piper pecked a peck of pick of peck of pickled pepper.

--I don't know if I can. Thursday. We have our meeting. If I can get

away in time.

Yogibogeybox in Dawson chambers. \_Isis Unveiled.\_ Their Pali book we

tried to pawn. Crosslegged under an umbrel umbershoot he thrones an

Aztec logos, functioning on astral levels, their oversoul, mahamahatma.

The faithful hermetists await the light, ripe for chelaship,

ringroundabout him. Louis H. Victory. T. Caulfield Irwin. Lotus ladies

tend them i'the eyes, their pineal glands aglow. Filled with his god,

he thrones, Buddh under plantain. Gulfer of souls, engulfer. Hesouls,

shesouls, shoals of souls. Engulfed with wailing creecries, whirled,

whirling, they bewail.

\_In quintessential triviality

For years in this fleshcase a shesoul dwelt.\_

--They say we are to have a literary surprise, the quaker librarian

said, friendly and earnest. Mr Russell, rumour has it, is gathering

together a sheaf of our younger poets' verses. We are all looking

forward anxiously.

Anxiously he glanced in the cone of lamplight where three faces,

lighted, shone.

See this. Remember.

Stephen looked down on a wide headless caubeen, hung on his

ashplanthandle over his knee. My casque and sword. Touch lightly with

two index fingers. Aristotle's experiment. One or two? Necessity is that

in virtue of which it is impossible that one can be otherwise. Argal,

one hat is one hat.

Listen.

Young Colum and Starkey. George Roberts is doing the commercial part.

Longworth will give it a good puff in the \_Express.\_ O, will he? I liked

Colum's \_Drover.\_ Yes, I think he has that queer thing genius. Do you

think he has genius really? Yeats admired his line: \_As in wild earth

a Grecian vase\_. Did he? I hope you'll be able to come tonight. Malachi

Mulligan is coming too. Moore asked him to bring Haines. Did you hear

Miss Mitchell's joke about Moore and Martyn? That Moore is Martyn's

wild oats? Awfully clever, isn't it? They remind one of Don Quixote and

Sancho Panza. Our national epic has yet to be written, Dr Sigerson says.

Moore is the man for it. A knight of the rueful countenance here in

Dublin. With a saffron kilt? O'Neill Russell? O, yes, he must speak the

grand old tongue. And his Dulcinea? James Stephens is doing some clever

sketches. We are becoming important, it seems.

Cordelia. \_Cordoglio.\_ Lir's loneliest daughter.

Nookshotten. Now your best French polish.

--Thank you very much, Mr Russell, Stephen said, rising. If you will be

so kind as to give the letter to Mr Norman...

--O, yes. If he considers it important it will go in. We have so much

correspondence.

--I understand, Stephen said. Thanks.

God ild you. The pigs' paper. Bullockbefriending.

Synge has promised me an article for \_Dana\_ too. Are we going to be

read? I feel we are. The Gaelic league wants something in Irish. I hope

you will come round tonight. Bring Starkey.

Stephen sat down.

The quaker librarian came from the leavetakers. Blushing, his mask said:

--Mr Dedalus, your views are most illuminating.

He creaked to and fro, tiptoing up nearer heaven by the altitude of a

chopine, and, covered by the noise of outgoing, said low:

--Is it your view, then, that she was not faithful to the poet?

Alarmed face asks me. Why did he come? Courtesy or an inward light?

--Where there is a reconciliation, Stephen said, there must have been

first a sundering.

--Yes.

Christfox in leather trews, hiding, a runaway in blighted treeforks,

from hue and cry. Knowing no vixen, walking lonely in the chase. Women

he won to him, tender people, a whore of Babylon, ladies of justices,

bully tapsters' wives. Fox and geese. And in New Place a slack

dishonoured body that once was comely, once as sweet, as fresh as

cinnamon, now her leaves falling, all, bare, frighted of the narrow

grave and unforgiven.

--Yes. So you think...

The door closed behind the outgoer.

Rest suddenly possessed the discreet vaulted cell, rest of warm and

brooding air.

A vestal's lamp.

Here he ponders things that were not: what Caesar would have lived to do

had he believed the soothsayer: what might have been: possibilities of

the possible as possible: things not known: what name Achilles bore when

he lived among women.

Coffined thoughts around me, in mummycases, embalmed in spice of words.

Thoth, god of libraries, a birdgod, moonycrowned. And I heard the

voice of that Egyptian highpriest. \_In painted chambers loaded with

tilebooks.\_

They are still. Once quick in the brains of men. Still: but an itch of

death is in them, to tell me in my ear a maudlin tale, urge me to wreak

their will.

--Certainly, John Eglinton mused, of all great men he is the most

enigmatic. We know nothing but that he lived and suffered. Not even so

much. Others abide our question. A shadow hangs over all the rest.

--But \_Hamlet\_ is so personal, isn't it? Mr Best pleaded. I mean, a kind

of private paper, don't you know, of his private life. I mean, I don't

care a button, don't you know, who is killed or who is guilty...

He rested an innocent book on the edge of the desk, smiling his

defiance. His private papers in the original. \_Ta an bad ar an tir. Taim

in mo shagart\_. Put beurla on it, littlejohn.

Quoth littlejohn Eglinton:

--I was prepared for paradoxes from what Malachi Mulligan told us but

I may as well warn you that if you want to shake my belief that

Shakespeare is Hamlet you have a stern task before you.

Bear with me.

Stephen withstood the bane of miscreant eyes glinting stern under

wrinkled brows. A basilisk. \_E quando vede l'uomo l'attosca\_. Messer

Brunetto, I thank thee for the word.

--As we, or mother Dana, weave and unweave our bodies, Stephen said,

from day to day, their molecules shuttled to and fro, so does the artist

weave and unweave his image. And as the mole on my right breast is where

it was when I was born, though all my body has been woven of new stuff

time after time, so through the ghost of the unquiet father the image

of the unliving son looks forth. In the intense instant of imagination,

when the mind, Shelley says, is a fading coal, that which I was is that

which I am and that which in possibility I may come to be. So in the

future, the sister of the past, I may see myself as I sit here now but

by reflection from that which then I shall be.

Drummond of Hawthornden helped you at that stile.

--Yes, Mr Best said youngly. I feel Hamlet quite young. The bitterness

might be from the father but the passages with Ophelia are surely from

the son.

Has the wrong sow by the lug. He is in my father. I am in his son.

--That mole is the last to go, Stephen said, laughing.

John Eglinton made a nothing pleasing mow.

--If that were the birthmark of genius, he said, genius would be a

drug in the market. The plays of Shakespeare's later years which Renan

admired so much breathe another spirit.

--The spirit of reconciliation, the quaker librarian breathed.

--There can be no reconciliation, Stephen said, if there has not been a

sundering.

Said that.

--If you want to know what are the events which cast their shadow over

the hell of time of \_King Lear, Othello, Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida,\_

look to see when and how the shadow lifts. What softens the heart of a

man, shipwrecked in storms dire, Tried, like another Ulysses, Pericles,

prince of Tyre?

Head, redconecapped, buffeted, brineblinded.

--A child, a girl, placed in his arms, Marina.

--The leaning of sophists towards the bypaths of apocrypha is a constant

quantity, John Eglinton detected. The highroads are dreary but they lead

to the town.

Good Bacon: gone musty. Shakespeare Bacon's wild oats. Cypherjugglers

going the highroads. Seekers on the great quest. What town, good

masters? Mummed in names: A. E., eon: Magee, John Eglinton. East of the

sun, west of the moon: \_Tir na n-og\_. Booted the twain and staved.

\_How many miles to Dublin? Three score and ten, sir. Will we be there by

candlelight?\_

--Mr Brandes accepts it, Stephen said, as the first play of the closing

period.

--Does he? What does Mr Sidney Lee, or Mr Simon Lazarus as some aver his

name is, say of it?

--Marina, Stephen said, a child of storm, Miranda, a wonder, Perdita,

that which was lost. What was lost is given back to him: his daughter's

child. \_My dearest wife\_, Pericles says, \_was like this maid.\_ Will any

man love the daughter if he has not loved the mother?

--The art of being a grandfather, Mr Best gan murmur. \_l'art d'Ãªtre

grand\_...

--Will he not see reborn in her, with the memory of his own youth added,

another image?

Do you know what you are talking about? Love, yes. Word known to all

men. Amor vero aliquid alicui bonum vult unde et ea quae concupiscimus

...

--His own image to a man with that queer thing genius is the standard of

all experience, material and moral. Such an appeal will touch him. The

images of other males of his blood will repel him. He will see in them

grotesque attempts of nature to foretell or to repeat himself.

The benign forehead of the quaker librarian enkindled rosily with hope.

--I hope Mr Dedalus will work out his theory for the enlightenment of

the public. And we ought to mention another Irish commentator, Mr George

Bernard Shaw. Nor should we forget Mr Frank Harris. His articles on

Shakespeare in the \_Saturday Review\_ were surely brilliant. Oddly

enough he too draws for us an unhappy relation with the dark lady of the

sonnets. The favoured rival is William Herbert, earl of Pembroke. I own

that if the poet must be rejected such a rejection would seem more in

harmony with--what shall I say?--our notions of what ought not to have

been.

Felicitously he ceased and held a meek head among them, auk's egg, prize

of their fray.

He thous and thees her with grave husbandwords. Dost love, Miriam? Dost

love thy man?

--That may be too, Stephen said. There's a saying of Goethe's which Mr

Magee likes to quote. Beware of what you wish for in youth because

you will get it in middle life. Why does he send to one who is

a \_buonaroba,\_ a bay where all men ride, a maid of honour with a

scandalous girlhood, a lordling to woo for him? He was himself a lord

of language and had made himself a coistrel gentleman and he had written

\_Romeo and Juliet\_. Why? Belief in himself has been untimely killed. He

was overborne in a cornfield first (ryefield, I should say) and he will

never be a victor in his own eyes after nor play victoriously the game

of laugh and lie down. Assumed dongiovannism will not save him. No later

undoing will undo the first undoing. The tusk of the boar has wounded

him there where love lies ableeding. If the shrew is worsted yet there

remains to her woman's invisible weapon. There is, I feel in the words,

some goad of the flesh driving him into a new passion, a darker shadow

of the first, darkening even his own understanding of himself. A like

fate awaits him and the two rages commingle in a whirlpool.

They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour.

--The soul has been before stricken mortally, a poison poured in the

porch of a sleeping ear. But those who are done to death in sleep cannot

know the manner of their quell unless their Creator endow their souls

with that knowledge in the life to come. The poisoning and the beast

with two backs that urged it King Hamlet's ghost could not know of were

he not endowed with knowledge by his creator. That is why the speech

(his lean unlovely English) is always turned elsewhere, backward.

Ravisher and ravished, what he would but would not, go with him from

Lucrece's bluecircled ivory globes to Imogen's breast, bare, with its

mole cinquespotted. He goes back, weary of the creation he has piled up

to hide him from himself, an old dog licking an old sore. But, because

loss is his gain, he passes on towards eternity in undiminished

personality, untaught by the wisdom he has written or by the laws he

has revealed. His beaver is up. He is a ghost, a shadow now, the wind by

Elsinore's rocks or what you will, the sea's voice, a voice heard

only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son

consubstantial with the father.

--Amen! was responded from the doorway.

Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?

\_Entr'acte\_.

A ribald face, sullen as a dean's, Buck Mulligan came forward, then

blithe in motley, towards the greeting of their smiles. My telegram.

--You were speaking of the gaseous vertebrate, if I mistake not? he

asked of Stephen.

Primrosevested he greeted gaily with his doffed Panama as with a bauble.

They make him welcome. \_Was Du verlachst wirst Du noch dienen.\_

Brood of mockers: Photius, pseudomalachi, Johann Most.

He Who Himself begot middler the Holy Ghost and Himself sent Himself,

Agenbuyer, between Himself and others, Who, put upon by His fiends,

stripped and whipped, was nailed like bat to barndoor, starved on

crosstree, Who let Him bury, stood up, harrowed hell, fared into heaven

and there these nineteen hundred years sitteth on the right hand of His

Own Self but yet shall come in the latter day to doom the quick and dead

when all the quick shall be dead already.

Glo--o--ri--a in ex--cel--sis De--o.

He lifts his hands. Veils fall. O, flowers! Bells with bells with bells

aquiring.

--Yes, indeed, the quaker librarian said. A most instructive discussion.

Mr Mulligan, I'll be bound, has his theory too of the play and of

Shakespeare. All sides of life should be represented.

He smiled on all sides equally.

Buck Mulligan thought, puzzled:

--Shakespeare? he said. I seem to know the name.

A flying sunny smile rayed in his loose features.

--To be sure, he said, remembering brightly. The chap that writes like

Synge.

Mr Best turned to him.

--Haines missed you, he said. Did you meet him? He'll see you after at

the D. B. C. He's gone to Gill's to buy Hyde's \_Lovesongs of Connacht\_.

--I came through the museum, Buck Mulligan said. Was he here?

--The bard's fellowcountrymen, John Eglinton answered, are rather tired

perhaps of our brilliancies of theorising. I hear that an actress played

Hamlet for the fourhundredandeighth time last night in Dublin. Vining

held that the prince was a woman. Has no-one made him out to be an

Irishman? Judge Barton, I believe, is searching for some clues. He

swears (His Highness not His Lordship) by saint Patrick.

--The most brilliant of all is that story of Wilde's, Mr Best said,

lifting his brilliant notebook. That \_Portrait of Mr W. H.\_ where he

proves that the sonnets were written by a Willie Hughes, a man all hues.

--For Willie Hughes, is it not? the quaker librarian asked.

Or Hughie Wills? Mr William Himself. W. H.: who am I?

--I mean, for Willie Hughes, Mr Best said, amending his gloss easily. Of

course it's all paradox, don't you know, Hughes and hews and hues,

the colour, but it's so typical the way he works it out. It's the very

essence of Wilde, don't you know. The light touch.

His glance touched their faces lightly as he smiled, a blond ephebe.

Tame essence of Wilde.

You're darned witty. Three drams of usquebaugh you drank with Dan

Deasy's ducats.

How much did I spend? O, a few shillings.

For a plump of pressmen. Humour wet and dry.

Wit. You would give your five wits for youth's proud livery he pranks

in. Lineaments of gratified desire.

There be many mo. Take her for me. In pairing time. Jove, a cool ruttime

send them. Yea, turtledove her.

Eve. Naked wheatbellied sin. A snake coils her, fang in's kiss.

--Do you think it is only a paradox? the quaker librarian was asking.

The mocker is never taken seriously when he is most serious.

They talked seriously of mocker's seriousness.

Buck Mulligan's again heavy face eyed Stephen awhile. Then, his head

wagging, he came near, drew a folded telegram from his pocket. His

mobile lips read, smiling with new delight.

--Telegram! he said. Wonderful inspiration! Telegram! A papal bull!

He sat on a corner of the unlit desk, reading aloud joyfully:

--\_The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the

immense debtorship for a thing done.\_ Signed: Dedalus. Where did you

launch it from? The kips? No. College Green. Have you drunk the four

quid? The aunt is going to call on your unsubstantial father. Telegram!

Malachi Mulligan, The Ship, lower Abbey street. O, you peerless mummer!

O, you priestified Kinchite!

Joyfully he thrust message and envelope into a pocket but keened in a

querulous brogue:

--It's what I'm telling you, mister honey, it's queer and sick we were,

Haines and myself, the time himself brought it in. 'Twas murmur we did

for a gallus potion would rouse a friar, I'm thinking, and he limp with

leching. And we one hour and two hours and three hours in Connery's

sitting civil waiting for pints apiece.

He wailed:

--And we to be there, mavrone, and you to be unbeknownst sending us your

conglomerations the way we to have our tongues out a yard long like the

drouthy clerics do be fainting for a pussful.

Stephen laughed.

Quickly, warningfully Buck Mulligan bent down.

--The tramper Synge is looking for you, he said, to murder you. He

heard you pissed on his halldoor in Glasthule. He's out in pampooties to

murder you.

--Me! Stephen exclaimed. That was your contribution to literature.

Buck Mulligan gleefully bent back, laughing to the dark eavesdropping

ceiling.

--Murder you! he laughed.

Harsh gargoyle face that warred against me over our mess of hash

of lights in rue Saint-AndrÃ©-des-Arts. In words of words for words,

palabras. Oisin with Patrick. Faunman he met in Clamart woods,

brandishing a winebottle. \_C'est vendredi saint!\_ Murthering Irish. His

image, wandering, he met. I mine. I met a fool i'the forest.

--Mr Lyster, an attendant said from the door ajar.

--... in which everyone can find his own. So Mr Justice Madden in his

\_Diary of Master William Silence\_ has found the hunting terms... Yes?

What is it?

--There's a gentleman here, sir, the attendant said, coming forward and

offering a card. From the \_Freeman.\_ He wants to see the files of the

\_Kilkenny People\_ for last year.

--Certainly, certainly, certainly. Is the gentleman?...

He took the eager card, glanced, not saw, laid down unglanced, looked,

asked, creaked, asked:

--Is he?... O, there!

Brisk in a galliard he was off, out. In the daylit corridor he talked

with voluble pains of zeal, in duty bound, most fair, most kind, most

honest broadbrim.

--This gentleman? \_Freeman's Journal? Kilkenny People?\_ To be sure. Good

day, sir. \_Kilkenny\_... We have certainly...

A patient silhouette waited, listening.

--All the leading provincial... \_Northern Whig, Cork Examiner,

Enniscorthy Guardian,\_ 1903... Will you please?... Evans, conduct this

gentleman... If you just follow the atten... Or, please allow me...

This way... Please, sir...

Voluble, dutiful, he led the way to all the provincial papers, a bowing

dark figure following his hasty heels.

The door closed.

--The sheeny! Buck Mulligan cried.

He jumped up and snatched the card.

--What's his name? Ikey Moses? Bloom.

He rattled on:

--Jehovah, collector of prepuces, is no more. I found him over in the

museum where I went to hail the foamborn Aphrodite. The Greek mouth that

has never been twisted in prayer. Every day we must do homage to her.

\_Life of life, thy lips enkindle.\_

Suddenly he turned to Stephen:

--He knows you. He knows your old fellow. O, I fear me, he is Greeker

than the Greeks. His pale Galilean eyes were upon her mesial groove.

Venus Kallipyge. O, the thunder of those loins! \_The god pursuing the

maiden hid\_.

--We want to hear more, John Eglinton decided with Mr Best's approval.

We begin to be interested in Mrs S. Till now we had thought of her, if

at all, as a patient Griselda, a Penelope stayathome.

--Antisthenes, pupil of Gorgias, Stephen said, took the palm of beauty

from Kyrios Menelaus' brooddam, Argive Helen, the wooden mare of Troy

in whom a score of heroes slept, and handed it to poor Penelope. Twenty

years he lived in London and, during part of that time, he drew a salary

equal to that of the lord chancellor of Ireland. His life was rich. His

art, more than the art of feudalism as Walt Whitman called it, is the

art of surfeit. Hot herringpies, green mugs of sack, honeysauces, sugar

of roses, marchpane, gooseberried pigeons, ringocandies. Sir Walter

Raleigh, when they arrested him, had half a million francs on his

back including a pair of fancy stays. The gombeenwoman Eliza Tudor had

underlinen enough to vie with her of Sheba. Twenty years he dallied

there between conjugial love and its chaste delights and scortatory love

and its foul pleasures. You know Manningham's story of the burgher's

wife who bade Dick Burbage to her bed after she had seen him in \_Richard

III\_ and how Shakespeare, overhearing, without more ado about nothing,

took the cow by the horns and, when Burbage came knocking at the gate,

answered from the capon's blankets: \_William the conqueror came before

Richard III\_. And the gay lakin, mistress Fitton, mount and cry O,

and his dainty birdsnies, lady Penelope Rich, a clean quality woman is

suited for a player, and the punks of the bankside, a penny a time.

Cours la Reine. \_Encore vingt sous. Nous ferons de petites cochonneries.

Minette? Tu veux?\_

--The height of fine society. And sir William Davenant of oxford's

mother with her cup of canary for any cockcanary.

Buck Mulligan, his pious eyes upturned, prayed:

--Blessed Margaret Mary Anycock!

--And Harry of six wives' daughter. And other lady friends from

neighbour seats as Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet, sings. But all those

twenty years what do you suppose poor Penelope in Stratford was doing

behind the diamond panes?

Do and do. Thing done. In a rosery of Fetter lane of Gerard, herbalist,

he walks, greyedauburn. An azured harebell like her veins. Lids of

Juno's eyes, violets. He walks. One life is all. One body. Do. But do.

Afar, in a reek of lust and squalor, hands are laid on whiteness.

Buck Mulligan rapped John Eglinton's desk sharply.

--Whom do you suspect? he challenged.

--Say that he is the spurned lover in the sonnets. Once spurned twice

spurned. But the court wanton spurned him for a lord, his dearmylove.

Love that dare not speak its name.

--As an Englishman, you mean, John sturdy Eglinton put in, he loved a

lord.

Old wall where sudden lizards flash. At Charenton I watched them.

--It seems so, Stephen said, when he wants to do for him, and for all

other and singular uneared wombs, the holy office an ostler does for the

stallion. Maybe, like Socrates, he had a midwife to mother as he had a

shrew to wife. But she, the giglot wanton, did not break a bedvow. Two

deeds are rank in that ghost's mind: a broken vow and the dullbrained

yokel on whom her favour has declined, deceased husband's brother. Sweet

Ann, I take it, was hot in the blood. Once a wooer, twice a wooer.

Stephen turned boldly in his chair.

--The burden of proof is with you not with me, he said frowning. If you

deny that in the fifth scene of \_Hamlet\_ he has branded her with infamy

tell me why there is no mention of her during the thirtyfour years

between the day she married him and the day she buried him. All those

women saw their men down and under: Mary, her goodman John, Ann, her

poor dear Willun, when he went and died on her, raging that he was the

first to go, Joan, her four brothers, Judith, her husband and all her

sons, Susan, her husband too, while Susan's daughter, Elizabeth, to use

granddaddy's words, wed her second, having killed her first.

O, yes, mention there is. In the years when he was living richly in

royal London to pay a debt she had to borrow forty shillings from her

father's shepherd. Explain you then. Explain the swansong too wherein he

has commended her to posterity.

He faced their silence.

To whom thus Eglinton:

You mean the will.

But that has been explained, I believe, by jurists.

She was entitled to her widow's dower

At common law. His legal knowledge was great

Our judges tell us.

Him Satan fleers,

Mocker:

And therefore he left out her name

From the first draft but he did not leave out

The presents for his granddaughter, for his daughters,

For his sister, for his old cronies in Stratford

And in London. And therefore when he was urged,

As I believe, to name her

He left her his

Secondbest

Bed.

\_Punkt.\_

Leftherhis

Secondbest

Leftherhis

Bestabed

Secabest

Leftabed.

Woa!

--Pretty countryfolk had few chattels then, John Eglinton observed, as

they have still if our peasant plays are true to type.

--He was a rich country gentleman, Stephen said, with a coat of arms

and landed estate at Stratford and a house in Ireland yard, a capitalist

shareholder, a bill promoter, a tithefarmer. Why did he not leave her

his best bed if he wished her to snore away the rest of her nights in

peace?

--It is clear that there were two beds, a best and a secondbest, Mr

Secondbest Best said finely.

--\_Separatio a mensa et a thalamo\_, bettered Buck Mulligan and was

smiled on.

--Antiquity mentions famous beds, Second Eglinton puckered, bedsmiling.

Let me think.

--Antiquity mentions that Stagyrite schoolurchin and bald heathen sage,

Stephen said, who when dying in exile frees and endows his slaves, pays

tribute to his elders, wills to be laid in earth near the bones of his

dead wife and bids his friends be kind to an old mistress (don't forget

Nell Gwynn Herpyllis) and let her live in his villa.

--Do you mean he died so? Mr Best asked with slight concern. I mean...

--He died dead drunk, Buck Mulligan capped. A quart of ale is a dish for

a king. O, I must tell you what Dowden said!

--What? asked Besteglinton.

William Shakespeare and company, limited. The people's William. For

terms apply: E. Dowden, Highfield house...

--Lovely! Buck Mulligan suspired amorously. I asked him what he thought

of the charge of pederasty brought against the bard. He lifted his hands

and said: \_All we can say is that life ran very high in those days.\_

Lovely!

Catamite.

--The sense of beauty leads us astray, said beautifulinsadness Best to

ugling Eglinton.

Steadfast John replied severe:

--The doctor can tell us what those words mean. You cannot eat your cake

and have it.

Sayest thou so? Will they wrest from us, from me, the palm of beauty?

--And the sense of property, Stephen said. He drew Shylock out of his

own long pocket. The son of a maltjobber and moneylender he was himself

a cornjobber and moneylender, with ten tods of corn hoarded in the

famine riots. His borrowers are no doubt those divers of worship

mentioned by Chettle Falstaff who reported his uprightness of dealing.

He sued a fellowplayer for the price of a few bags of malt and exacted

his pound of flesh in interest for every money lent. How else could

Aubrey's ostler and callboy get rich quick? All events brought grist to

his mill. Shylock chimes with the jewbaiting that followed the hanging

and quartering of the queen's leech Lopez, his jew's heart being plucked

forth while the sheeny was yet alive: \_Hamlet\_ and \_Macbeth\_ with

the coming to the throne of a Scotch philosophaster with a turn for

witchroasting. The lost armada is his jeer in \_Love's Labour Lost\_.

His pageants, the histories, sail fullbellied on a tide of Mafeking

enthusiasm. Warwickshire jesuits are tried and we have a porter's theory

of equivocation. The \_Sea Venture\_ comes home from Bermudas and the play

Renan admired is written with Patsy Caliban, our American cousin.

The sugared sonnets follow Sidney's. As for fay Elizabeth, otherwise

carrotty Bess, the gross virgin who inspired \_The Merry Wives of

Windsor\_, let some meinherr from Almany grope his life long for deephid

meanings in the depths of the buckbasket.

I think you're getting on very nicely. Just mix up a mixture of

theolologicophilolological. \_Mingo, minxi, mictum, mingere.\_

--Prove that he was a jew, John Eglinton dared,'expectantly. Your dean

of studies holds he was a holy Roman.

\_Sufflaminandus sum.\_

--He was made in Germany, Stephen replied, as the champion French

polisher of Italian scandals.

--A myriadminded man, Mr Best reminded. Coleridge called him

myriadminded.

\_Amplius. In societate humana hoc est maxime necessarium ut sit amicitia

inter multos.\_

--Saint Thomas, Stephen began...

--\_Ora pro nobis\_, Monk Mulligan groaned, sinking to a chair.

There he keened a wailing rune.

--\_Pogue mahone! Acushla machree!\_ It's destroyed we are from this day!

It's destroyed we are surely!

All smiled their smiles.

--Saint Thomas, Stephen smiling said, whose gorbellied works I enjoy

reading in the original, writing of incest from a standpoint different

from that of the new Viennese school Mr Magee spoke of, likens it in his

wise and curious way to an avarice of the emotions. He means that the

love so given to one near in blood is covetously withheld from some

stranger who, it may be, hungers for it. Jews, whom christians tax with

avarice, are of all races the most given to intermarriage. Accusations

are made in anger. The christian laws which built up the hoards of the

jews (for whom, as for the lollards, storm was shelter) bound their

affections too with hoops of steel. Whether these be sins or virtues old

Nobodaddy will tell us at doomsday leet. But a man who holds so tightly

to what he calls his rights over what he calls his debts will hold

tightly also to what he calls his rights over her whom he calls his

wife. No sir smile neighbour shall covet his ox or his wife or his

manservant or his maidservant or his jackass.

--Or his jennyass, Buck Mulligan antiphoned.

--Gentle Will is being roughly handled, gentle Mr Best said gently.

--Which will? gagged sweetly Buck Mulligan. We are getting mixed.

--The will to live, John Eglinton philosophised, for poor Ann, Will's

widow, is the will to die.

\_--Requiescat!\_ Stephen prayed.

\_What of all the will to do?

It has vanished long ago...\_

--She lies laid out in stark stiffness in that secondbest bed, the

mobled queen, even though you prove that a bed in those days was as

rare as a motorcar is now and that its carvings were the wonder of seven

parishes. In old age she takes up with gospellers (one stayed with her

at New Place and drank a quart of sack the town council paid for but in

which bed he slept it skills not to ask) and heard she had a soul. She

read or had read to her his chapbooks preferring them to the \_Merry

Wives\_ and, loosing her nightly waters on the jordan, she thought

over \_Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches\_ and \_The most Spiritual

Snuffbox to Make the Most Devout Souls Sneeze\_. Venus has twisted her

lips in prayer. Agenbite of inwit: remorse of conscience. It is an age

of exhausted whoredom groping for its god.

--History shows that to be true, \_inquit Eglintonus Chronolologos\_. The

ages succeed one another. But we have it on high authority that a man's

worst enemies shall be those of his own house and family. I feel that

Russell is right. What do we care for his wife or father? I should say

that only family poets have family lives. Falstaff was not a family man.

I feel that the fat knight is his supreme creation.

Lean, he lay back. Shy, deny thy kindred, the unco guid. Shy, supping

with the godless, he sneaks the cup. A sire in Ultonian Antrim bade it

him. Visits him here on quarter days. Mr Magee, sir, there's a gentleman

to see you. Me? Says he's your father, sir. Give me my Wordsworth. Enter

Magee Mor Matthew, a rugged rough rugheaded kern, in strossers with

a buttoned codpiece, his nether stocks bemired with clauber of ten

forests, a wand of wilding in his hand.

Your own? He knows your old fellow. The widower.

Hurrying to her squalid deathlair from gay Paris on the quayside I

touched his hand. The voice, new warmth, speaking. Dr Bob Kenny is

attending her. The eyes that wish me well. But do not know me.

--A father, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, is a necessary

evil. He wrote the play in the months that followed his father's death.

If you hold that he, a greying man with two marriageable daughters, with

thirtyfive years of life, \_nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita\_, with

fifty of experience, is the beardless undergraduate from Wittenberg then

you must hold that his seventyyear old mother is the lustful queen. No.

The corpse of John Shakespeare does not walk the night. From hour to

hour it rots and rots. He rests, disarmed of fatherhood, having devised

that mystical estate upon his son. Boccaccio's Calandrino was the first

and last man who felt himself with child. Fatherhood, in the sense of

conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an

apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that

mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect

flung to the mob of Europe the church is founded and founded irremovably

because founded, like the world, macro and microcosm, upon the void.

Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood. \_Amor matris\_, subjective and

objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life. Paternity may be

a legal fiction. Who is the father of any son that any son should love

him or he any son?

What the hell are you driving at?

I know. Shut up. Blast you. I have reasons.

\_Amplius. Adhuc. Iterum. Postea.\_

Are you condemned to do this?

--They are sundered by a bodily shame so steadfast that the criminal

annals of the world, stained with all other incests and bestialities,

hardly record its breach. Sons with mothers, sires with daughters,

lesbic sisters, loves that dare not speak their name, nephews with

grandmothers, jailbirds with keyholes, queens with prize bulls. The son

unborn mars beauty: born, he brings pain, divides affection, increases

care. He is a new male: his growth is his father's decline, his youth

his father's envy, his friend his father's enemy.

In rue Monsieur-le-Prince I thought it.

--What links them in nature? An instant of blind rut.

Am I a father? If I were?

Shrunken uncertain hand.

--Sabellius, the African, subtlest heresiarch of all the beasts of the

field, held that the Father was Himself His Own Son. The bulldog of

Aquin, with whom no word shall be impossible, refutes him. Well: if

the father who has not a son be not a father can the son who has not a

father be a son? When Rutlandbaconsouthamptonshakespeare or another poet

of the same name in the comedy of errors wrote \_Hamlet\_ he was not the

father of his own son merely but, being no more a son, he was and felt

himself the father of all his race, the father of his own grandfather,

the father of his unborn grandson who, by the same token, never was

born, for nature, as Mr Magee understands her, abhors perfection.

Eglintoneyes, quick with pleasure, looked up shybrightly. Gladly

glancing, a merry puritan, through the twisted eglantine.

Flatter. Rarely. But flatter.

--Himself his own father, Sonmulligan told himself. Wait. I am big with

child. I have an unborn child in my brain. Pallas Athena! A play! The

play's the thing! Let me parturiate!

He clasped his paunchbrow with both birthaiding hands.

--As for his family, Stephen said, his mother's name lives in the

forest of Arden. Her death brought from him the scene with Volumnia in

\_Coriolanus.\_ His boyson's death is the deathscene of young Arthur in

\_King John.\_ Hamlet, the black prince, is Hamnet Shakespeare. Who the

girls in \_The Tempest\_, in \_Pericles,\_ in \_Winter's Tale\_ are we know.

Who Cleopatra, fleshpot of Egypt, and Cressid and Venus are we may

guess. But there is another member of his family who is recorded.

--The plot thickens, John Eglinton said.

The quaker librarian, quaking, tiptoed in, quake, his mask, quake, with

haste, quake, quack.

Door closed. Cell. Day.

They list. Three. They.

I you he they.

Come, mess.

STEPHEN: He had three brothers, Gilbert, Edmund, Richard. Gilbert in his

old age told some cavaliers he got a pass for nowt from Maister Gatherer

one time mass he did and he seen his brud Maister Wull the playwriter up

in Lunnon in a wrastling play wud a man on's back. The playhouse sausage

filled Gilbert's soul. He is nowhere: but an Edmund and a Richard are

recorded in the works of sweet William.

MAGEEGLINJOHN: Names! What's in a name?

BEST: That is my name, Richard, don't you know. I hope you are going to

say a good word for Richard, don't you know, for my sake. \_(Laughter)\_

BUCKMULLIGAN: (\_Piano, diminuendo\_)

\_Then outspoke medical Dick

To his comrade medical Davy...\_

STEPHEN: In his trinity of black Wills, the villain shakebags, Iago,

Richard Crookback, Edmund in \_King Lear\_, two bear the wicked uncles'

names. Nay, that last play was written or being written while his

brother Edmund lay dying in Southwark.

BEST: I hope Edmund is going to catch it. I don't want Richard, my name

...

\_(Laughter)\_

QUAKERLYSTER: (\_A tempo\_) But he that filches from me my good name...

STEPHEN: \_(Stringendo)\_ He has hidden his own name, a fair name,

William, in the plays, a super here, a clown there, as a painter of old

Italy set his face in a dark corner of his canvas. He has revealed it in

the sonnets where there is Will in overplus. Like John o'Gaunt his name

is dear to him, as dear as the coat and crest he toadied for, on a bend

sable a spear or steeled argent, honorificabilitudinitatibus, dearer

than his glory of greatest shakescene in the country. What's in a name?

That is what we ask ourselves in childhood when we write the name that

we are told is ours. A star, a daystar, a firedrake, rose at his birth.

It shone by day in the heavens alone, brighter than Venus in the

night, and by night it shone over delta in Cassiopeia, the recumbent

constellation which is the signature of his initial among the stars. His

eyes watched it, lowlying on the horizon, eastward of the bear, as

he walked by the slumberous summer fields at midnight returning from

Shottery and from her arms.

Both satisfied. I too.

Don't tell them he was nine years old when it was quenched.

And from her arms.

Wait to be wooed and won. Ay, meacock. Who will woo you?

Read the skies. \_Autontimorumenos. Bous Stephanoumenos.\_ Where's your

configuration? Stephen, Stephen, cut the bread even. S. D: \_sua donna.

GiÃ : di lui. gelindo risolve di non amare\_ S. D.

--What is that, Mr Dedalus? the quaker librarian asked. Was it a

celestial phenomenon?

--A star by night, Stephen said. A pillar of the cloud by day.

What more's to speak?

Stephen looked on his hat, his stick, his boots.

\_Stephanos,\_ my crown. My sword. His boots are spoiling the shape of my

feet. Buy a pair. Holes in my socks. Handkerchief too.

--You make good use of the name, John Eglinton allowed. Your own name is

strange enough. I suppose it explains your fantastical humour.

Me, Magee and Mulligan.

Fabulous artificer. The hawklike man. You flew. Whereto?

Newhaven-Dieppe, steerage passenger. Paris and back. Lapwing. Icarus.

\_Pater, ait.\_ Seabedabbled, fallen, weltering. Lapwing you are. Lapwing

be.

Mr Best eagerquietly lifted his book to say:

--That's very interesting because that brother motive, don't you know,

we find also in the old Irish myths. Just what you say. The three

brothers Shakespeare. In Grimm too, don't you know, the fairytales. The

third brother that always marries the sleeping beauty and wins the best

prize.

Best of Best brothers. Good, better, best.

The quaker librarian springhalted near.

--I should like to know, he said, which brother you... I understand you

to suggest there was misconduct with one of the brothers... But perhaps

I am anticipating?

He caught himself in the act: looked at all: refrained.

An attendant from the doorway called:

--Mr Lyster! Father Dineen wants...

--O, Father Dineen! Directly.

Swiftly rectly creaking rectly rectly he was rectly gone.

John Eglinton touched the foil.

--Come, he said. Let us hear what you have to say of Richard and Edmund.

You kept them for the last, didn't you?

--In asking you to remember those two noble kinsmen nuncle Richie and

nuncle Edmund, Stephen answered, I feel I am asking too much perhaps. A

brother is as easily forgotten as an umbrella.

Lapwing.

Where is your brother? Apothecaries' hall. My whetstone. Him, then

Cranly, Mulligan: now these. Speech, speech. But act. Act speech. They

mock to try you. Act. Be acted on.

Lapwing.

I am tired of my voice, the voice of Esau. My kingdom for a drink.

On.

--You will say those names were already in the chronicles from which he

took the stuff of his plays. Why did he take them rather than others?

Richard, a whoreson crookback, misbegotten, makes love to a widowed Ann

(what's in a name?), woos and wins her, a whoreson merry widow. Richard

the conqueror, third brother, came after William the conquered. The

other four acts of that play hang limply from that first. Of all his

kings Richard is the only king unshielded by Shakespeare's reverence,

the angel of the world. Why is the underplot of \_King Lear\_ in which

Edmund figures lifted out of Sidney's \_Arcadia\_ and spatchcocked on to a

Celtic legend older than history?

--That was Will's way, John Eglinton defended. We should not now combine

a Norse saga with an excerpt from a novel by George Meredith. \_Que

voulez-vous?\_ Moore would say. He puts Bohemia on the seacoast and makes

Ulysses quote Aristotle.

--Why? Stephen answered himself. Because the theme of the false or

the usurping or the adulterous brother or all three in one is to

Shakespeare, what the poor are not, always with him. The note of

banishment, banishment from the heart, banishment from home, sounds

uninterruptedly from \_The Two Gentlemen of Verona\_ onward till Prospero

breaks his staff, buries it certain fathoms in the earth and drowns his

book. It doubles itself in the middle of his life, reflects itself in

another, repeats itself, protasis, epitasis, catastasis, catastrophe.

It repeats itself again when he is near the grave, when his married

daughter Susan, chip of the old block, is accused of adultery. But it

was the original sin that darkened his understanding, weakened his will

and left in him a strong inclination to evil. The words are those of

my lords bishops of Maynooth. An original sin and, like original sin,

committed by another in whose sin he too has sinned. It is between the

lines of his last written words, it is petrified on his tombstone under

which her four bones are not to be laid. Age has not withered it. Beauty

and peace have not done it away. It is in infinite variety everywhere in

the world he has created, in \_Much Ado about Nothing\_, twice in \_As you

like It\_, in \_The Tempest\_, in \_Hamlet,\_ in \_Measure for Measure\_--and

in all the other plays which I have not read.

He laughed to free his mind from his mind's bondage.

Judge Eglinton summed up.

--The truth is midway, he affirmed. He is the ghost and the prince. He

is all in all.

--He is, Stephen said. The boy of act one is the mature man of act five.

All in all. In \_Cymbeline,\_ in \_Othello\_ he is bawd and cuckold. He acts

and is acted on. Lover of an ideal or a perversion, like Jose he

kills the real Carmen. His unremitting intellect is the hornmad Iago

ceaselessly willing that the moor in him shall suffer.

--Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck Mulligan clucked lewdly. O word of fear!

Dark dome received, reverbed.

--And what a character is Iago! undaunted John Eglinton exclaimed. When

all is said Dumas \_fils\_ (or is it Dumas \_pÃ¨re?)\_ is right. After God

Shakespeare has created most.

--Man delights him not nor woman neither, Stephen said. He returns after

a life of absence to that spot of earth where he was born, where he has

always been, man and boy, a silent witness and there, his journey of

life ended, he plants his mulberrytree in the earth. Then dies. The

motion is ended. Gravediggers bury Hamlet \_(pÃ¨re?)\_ and Hamlet \_fils.\_

A king and a prince at last in death, with incidental music. And, what

though murdered and betrayed, bewept by all frail tender hearts for,

Dane or Dubliner, sorrow for the dead is the only husband from whom

they refuse to be divorced. If you like the epilogue look long on it:

prosperous Prospero, the good man rewarded, Lizzie, grandpa's lump of

love, and nuncle Richie, the bad man taken off by poetic justice to the

place where the bad niggers go. Strong curtain. He found in the world

without as actual what was in his world within as possible. Maeterlinck

says: \_If Socrates leave his house today he will find the sage seated

on his doorstep. If Judas go forth tonight it is to Judas his steps

will tend.\_ Every life is many days, day after day. We walk through

ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives,

widows, brothers-in-love, but always meeting ourselves. The playwright

who wrote the folio of this world and wrote it badly (He gave us light

first and the sun two days later), the lord of things as they are whom

the most Roman of catholics call \_dio boia\_, hangman god, is doubtless

all in all in all of us, ostler and butcher, and would be bawd and

cuckold too but that in the economy of heaven, foretold by Hamlet, there

are no more marriages, glorified man, an androgynous angel, being a wife

unto himself.

\_--Eureka!\_ Buck Mulligan cried. \_Eureka!\_

Suddenly happied he jumped up and reached in a stride John Eglinton's

desk.

--May I? he said. The Lord has spoken to Malachi.

He began to scribble on a slip of paper.

Take some slips from the counter going out.

--Those who are married, Mr Best, douce herald, said, all save one,

shall live. The rest shall keep as they are.

He laughed, unmarried, at Eglinton Johannes, of arts a bachelor.

Unwed, unfancied, ware of wiles, they fingerponder nightly each his

variorum edition of \_The Taming of the Shrew.\_

--You are a delusion, said roundly John Eglinton to Stephen. You have

brought us all this way to show us a French triangle. Do you believe

your own theory?

--No, Stephen said promptly.

--Are you going to write it? Mr Best asked. You ought to make it a

dialogue, don't you know, like the Platonic dialogues Wilde wrote.

John Eclecticon doubly smiled.

--Well, in that case, he said, I don't see why you should expect payment

for it since you don't believe it yourself. Dowden believes there is

some mystery in \_Hamlet\_ but will say no more. Herr Bleibtreu, the man

Piper met in Berlin, who is working up that Rutland theory, believes

that the secret is hidden in the Stratford monument. He is going to

visit the present duke, Piper says, and prove to him that his ancestor

wrote the plays. It will come as a surprise to his grace. But he

believes his theory.

I believe, O Lord, help my unbelief. That is, help me to believe or help

me to unbelieve? Who helps to believe? \_Egomen.\_ Who to unbelieve? Other

chap.

--You are the only contributor to \_Dana\_ who asks for pieces of silver.

Then I don't know about the next number. Fred Ryan wants space for an

article on economics.

Fraidrine. Two pieces of silver he lent me. Tide you over. Economics.

--For a guinea, Stephen said, you can publish this interview.

Buck Mulligan stood up from his laughing scribbling, laughing: and then

gravely said, honeying malice:

--I called upon the bard Kinch at his summer residence in upper

Mecklenburgh street and found him deep in the study of the \_Summa contra

Gentiles\_ in the company of two gonorrheal ladies, Fresh Nelly and

Rosalie, the coalquay whore.

He broke away.

--Come, Kinch. Come, wandering Aengus of the birds.

Come, Kinch. You have eaten all we left. Ay. I will serve you your orts

and offals.

Stephen rose.

Life is many days. This will end.

--We shall see you tonight, John Eglinton said. \_Notre ami\_ Moore says

Malachi Mulligan must be there.

Buck Mulligan flaunted his slip and panama.

--Monsieur Moore, he said, lecturer on French letters to the youth of

Ireland. I'll be there. Come, Kinch, the bards must drink. Can you walk

straight?

Laughing, he...

Swill till eleven. Irish nights entertainment.

Lubber...

Stephen followed a lubber...

One day in the national library we had a discussion. Shakes. After. His

lub back: I followed. I gall his kibe.

Stephen, greeting, then all amort, followed a lubber jester, a wellkempt

head, newbarbered, out of the vaulted cell into a shattering daylight of

no thought.

What have I learned? Of them? Of me?

Walk like Haines now.

The constant readers' room. In the readers' book Cashel Boyle O'Connor

Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell parafes his polysyllables. Item: was Hamlet

mad? The quaker's pate godlily with a priesteen in booktalk.

--O please do, sir... I shall be most pleased...

Amused Buck Mulligan mused in pleasant murmur with himself, selfnodding:

--A pleased bottom.

The turnstile.

Is that?... Blueribboned hat... Idly writing... What? Looked?...

The curving balustrade: smoothsliding Mincius.

Puck Mulligan, panamahelmeted, went step by step, iambing, trolling:

\_John Eglinton, my jo, John, Why won't you wed a wife?\_

He spluttered to the air:

--O, the chinless Chinaman! Chin Chon Eg Lin Ton. We went over to their

playbox, Haines and I, the plumbers' hall. Our players are creating a

new art for Europe like the Greeks or M. Maeterlinck. Abbey Theatre! I

smell the pubic sweat of monks.

He spat blank.

Forgot: any more than he forgot the whipping lousy Lucy gave him. And

left the \_femme de trente ans.\_ And why no other children born? And his

first child a girl?

Afterwit. Go back.

The dour recluse still there (he has his cake) and the douce youngling,

minion of pleasure, Phedo's toyable fair hair.

Eh... I just eh... wanted... I forgot... he...

--Longworth and M'Curdy Atkinson were there...

Puck Mulligan footed featly, trilling:

\_I hardly hear the purlieu cry

Or a tommy talk as I pass one by

Before my thoughts begin to run

On F. M'Curdy Atkinson,

The same that had the wooden leg

And that filibustering filibeg

That never dared to slake his drouth,

Magee that had the chinless mouth.

Being afraid to marry on earth

They masturbated for all they were worth.\_

Jest on. Know thyself.

Halted, below me, a quizzer looks at me. I halt.

--Mournful mummer, Buck Mulligan moaned. Synge has left off wearing

black to be like nature. Only crows, priests and English coal are black.

A laugh tripped over his lips.

--Longworth is awfully sick, he said, after what you wrote about that

old hake Gregory. O you inquisitional drunken jewjesuit! She gets you

a job on the paper and then you go and slate her drivel to Jaysus.

Couldn't you do the Yeats touch?

He went on and down, mopping, chanting with waving graceful arms:

--The most beautiful book that has come out of our country in my time.

One thinks of Homer.

He stopped at the stairfoot.

--I have conceived a play for the mummers, he said solemnly.

The pillared Moorish hall, shadows entwined. Gone the nine men's morrice

with caps of indices.

In sweetly varying voices Buck Mulligan read his tablet: \_Everyman His

own Wife or A Honeymoon in the Hand (a national immorality in three

orgasms) by Ballocky Mulligan.\_

He turned a happy patch's smirk to Stephen, saying:

--The disguise, I fear, is thin. But listen.

He read, \_marcato:\_

--Characters:

TODY TOSTOFF (a ruined Pole)

CRAB (a bushranger)

MEDICAL DICK )

and ) (two birds with one stone)

MEDICAL DAVY )

MOTHER GROGAN (a watercarrier)

FRESH NELLY

and

ROSALIE (the coalquay whore).

He laughed, lolling a to and fro head, walking on, followed by Stephen:

and mirthfully he told the shadows, souls of men:

--O, the night in the Camden hall when the daughters of Erin had to

lift their skirts to step over you as you lay in your mulberrycoloured,

multicoloured, multitudinous vomit!

--The most innocent son of Erin, Stephen said, for whom they ever lifted

them.

About to pass through the doorway, feeling one behind, he stood aside.

Part. The moment is now. Where then? If Socrates leave his house today,

if Judas go forth tonight. Why? That lies in space which I in time must

come to, ineluctably.

My will: his will that fronts me. Seas between.

A man passed out between them, bowing, greeting.

--Good day again, Buck Mulligan said.

The portico.

Here I watched the birds for augury. Aengus of the birds. They go, they

come. Last night I flew. Easily flew. Men wondered. Street of harlots

after. A creamfruit melon he held to me. In. You will see.

--The wandering jew, Buck Mulligan whispered with clown's awe. Did you

see his eye? He looked upon you to lust after you. I fear thee, ancient

mariner. O, Kinch, thou art in peril. Get thee a breechpad.

Manner of Oxenford.

Day. Wheelbarrow sun over arch of bridge.

A dark back went before them, step of a pard, down, out by the gateway,

under portcullis barbs.

They followed.

Offend me still. Speak on.

Kind air defined the coigns of houses in Kildare street. No birds. Frail

from the housetops two plumes of smoke ascended, pluming, and in a flaw

of softness softly were blown.

Cease to strive. Peace of the druid priests of Cymbeline: hierophantic:

from wide earth an altar.

\_Laud we the gods

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils

From our bless'd altars.\_

The superior, the very reverend John Conmee S.J. reset his smooth watch

in his interior pocket as he came down the presbytery steps. Five to

three. Just nice time to walk to Artane. What was that boy's name again?

Dignam. Yes. \_Vere dignum et iustum est.\_ Brother Swan was the person

to see. Mr Cunningham's letter. Yes. Oblige him, if possible. Good

practical catholic: useful at mission time.

A onelegged sailor, swinging himself onward by lazy jerks of his

crutches, growled some notes. He jerked short before the convent of the

sisters of charity and held out a peaked cap for alms towards the very

reverend John Conmee S. J. Father Conmee blessed him in the sun for his

purse held, he knew, one silver crown.

Father Conmee crossed to Mountjoy square. He thought, but not for long,

of soldiers and sailors, whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs,

ending their days in some pauper ward, and of cardinal Wolsey's words:

\_If I had served my God as I have served my king He would not have

abandoned me in my old days.\_ He walked by the treeshade of sunnywinking

leaves: and towards him came the wife of Mr David Sheehy M.P.

--Very well, indeed, father. And you, father?

Father Conmee was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton

probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at

Belvedere? Was that so? Father Conmee was very glad indeed to hear that.

And Mr Sheehy himself? Still in London. The house was still sitting, to

be sure it was. Beautiful weather it was, delightful indeed. Yes, it was

very probable that Father Bernard Vaughan would come again to preach. O,

yes: a very great success. A wonderful man really.

Father Conmee was very glad to see the wife of Mr David Sheehy M.P.

Iooking so well and he begged to be remembered to Mr David Sheehy M.P.

Yes, he would certainly call.

--Good afternoon, Mrs Sheehy.

Father Conmee doffed his silk hat and smiled, as he took leave, at the

jet beads of her mantilla inkshining in the sun. And smiled yet again,

in going. He had cleaned his teeth, he knew, with arecanut paste.

Father Conmee walked and, walking, smiled for he thought on Father

Bernard Vaughan's droll eyes and cockney voice.

--Pilate! Wy don't you old back that owlin mob?

A zealous man, however. Really he was. And really did great good in his

way. Beyond a doubt. He loved Ireland, he said, and he loved the Irish.

Of good family too would one think it? Welsh, were they not?

O, lest he forget. That letter to father provincial.

Father Conmee stopped three little schoolboys at the corner of Mountjoy

square. Yes: they were from Belvedere. The little house. Aha. And were

they good boys at school? O. That was very good now. And what was his

name? Jack Sohan. And his name? Ger. Gallaher. And the other little man?

His name was Brunny Lynam. O, that was a very nice name to have.

Father Conmee gave a letter from his breast to Master Brunny Lynam and

pointed to the red pillarbox at the corner of Fitzgibbon street.

--But mind you don't post yourself into the box, little man, he said.

The boys sixeyed Father Conmee and laughed:

--O, sir.

--Well, let me see if you can post a letter, Father Conmee said.

Master Brunny Lynam ran across the road and put Father Conmee's letter

to father provincial into the mouth of the bright red letterbox. Father

Conmee smiled and nodded and smiled and walked along Mountjoy square

east.

Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c, in silk hat, slate

frockcoat with silk facings, white kerchief tie, tight lavender

trousers, canary gloves and pointed patent boots, walking with grave

deportment most respectfully took the curbstone as he passed lady

Maxwell at the corner of Dignam's court.

Was that not Mrs M'Guinness?

Mrs M'Guinness, stately, silverhaired, bowed to Father Conmee from the

farther footpath along which she sailed. And Father Conmee smiled and

saluted. How did she do?

A fine carriage she had. Like Mary, queen of Scots, something. And to

think that she was a pawnbroker! Well, now! Such a... what should he

say?... such a queenly mien.

Father Conmee walked down Great Charles street and glanced at the shutup

free church on his left. The reverend T. R. Greene B.A. will (D.V.)

speak. The incumbent they called him. He felt it incumbent on him to say

a few words. But one should be charitable. Invincible ignorance. They

acted according to their lights.

Father Conmee turned the corner and walked along the North Circular

road. It was a wonder that there was not a tramline in such an important

thoroughfare. Surely, there ought to be.

A band of satchelled schoolboys crossed from Richmond street. All

raised untidy caps. Father Conmee greeted them more than once benignly.

Christian brother boys.

Father Conmee smelt incense on his right hand as he walked. Saint

Joseph's church, Portland row. For aged and virtuous females.

Father Conmee raised his hat to the Blessed Sacrament. Virtuous: but

occasionally they were also badtempered.

Near Aldborough house Father Conmee thought of that spendthrift

nobleman. And now it was an office or something.

Father Conmee began to walk along the North Strand road and was saluted

by Mr William Gallagher who stood in the doorway of his shop. Father

Conmee saluted Mr William Gallagher and perceived the odours that came

from baconflitches and ample cools of butter. He passed Grogan's the

Tobacconist against which newsboards leaned and told of a dreadful

catastrophe in New York. In America those things were continually

happening. Unfortunate people to die like that, unprepared. Still, an

act of perfect contrition.

Father Conmee went by Daniel Bergin's publichouse against the window of

which two unlabouring men lounged. They saluted him and were saluted.

Father Conmee passed H. J. O'Neill's funeral establishment where Corny

Kelleher totted figures in the daybook while he chewed a blade of hay.

A constable on his beat saluted Father Conmee and Father Conmee saluted

the constable. In Youkstetter's, the porkbutcher's, Father Conmee

observed pig's puddings, white and black and red, lie neatly curled in

tubes.

Moored under the trees of Charleville Mall Father Conmee saw a

turfbarge, a towhorse with pendent head, a bargeman with a hat of dirty

straw seated amidships, smoking and staring at a branch of poplar above

him. It was idyllic: and Father Conmee reflected on the providence of

the Creator who had made turf to be in bogs whence men might dig it

out and bring it to town and hamlet to make fires in the houses of poor

people.

On Newcomen bridge the very reverend John Conmee S.J. of saint Francis

Xavier's church, upper Gardiner street, stepped on to an outward bound

tram.

Off an inward bound tram stepped the reverend Nicholas Dudley C. C. of

saint Agatha's church, north William street, on to Newcomen bridge.

At Newcomen bridge Father Conmee stepped into an outward bound tram for

he disliked to traverse on foot the dingy way past Mud Island.

Father Conmee sat in a corner of the tramcar, a blue ticket tucked with

care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence

and five pennies chuted from his other plump glovepalm into his purse.

Passing the ivy church he reflected that the ticket inspector usually

made his visit when one had carelessly thrown away the ticket. The

solemnity of the occupants of the car seemed to Father Conmee excessive

for a journey so short and cheap. Father Conmee liked cheerful decorum.

It was a peaceful day. The gentleman with the glasses opposite Father

Conmee had finished explaining and looked down. His wife, Father Conmee

supposed. A tiny yawn opened the mouth of the wife of the gentleman with

the glasses. She raised her small gloved fist, yawned ever so gently,

tiptapping her small gloved fist on her opening mouth and smiled tinily,

sweetly.

Father Conmee perceived her perfume in the car. He perceived also that

the awkward man at the other side of her was sitting on the edge of the

seat.

Father Conmee at the altarrails placed the host with difficulty in the

mouth of the awkward old man who had the shaky head.

At Annesley bridge the tram halted and, when it was about to go, an old

woman rose suddenly from her place to alight. The conductor pulled the

bellstrap to stay the car for her. She passed out with her basket and

a marketnet: and Father Conmee saw the conductor help her and net and

basket down: and Father Conmee thought that, as she had nearly passed

the end of the penny fare, she was one of those good souls who had

always to be told twice \_bless you, my child,\_ that they have been

absolved, \_pray for me.\_ But they had so many worries in life, so many

cares, poor creatures.

From the hoardings Mr Eugene Stratton grimaced with thick niggerlips at

Father Conmee.

Father Conmee thought of the souls of black and brown and yellow men and

of his sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African mission and of

the propagation of the faith and of the millions of black and brown and

yellow souls that had not received the baptism of water when their last

hour came like a thief in the night. That book by the Belgian jesuit,

\_Le Nombre des Ãlus,\_ seemed to Father Conmee a reasonable plea. Those

were millions of human souls created by God in His Own likeness to

whom the faith had not (D.V.) been brought. But they were God's souls,

created by God. It seemed to Father Conmee a pity that they should all

be lost, a waste, if one might say.

At the Howth road stop Father Conmee alighted, was saluted by the

conductor and saluted in his turn.

The Malahide road was quiet. It pleased Father Conmee, road and name.

The joybells were ringing in gay Malahide. Lord Talbot de Malahide,

immediate hereditary lord admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining.

Then came the call to arms and she was maid, wife and widow in one day.

Those were old worldish days, loyal times in joyous townlands, old times

in the barony.

Father Conmee, walking, thought of his little book \_Old Times in the

Barony\_ and of the book that might be written about jesuit houses and of

Mary Rochfort, daughter of lord Molesworth, first countess of Belvedere.

A listless lady, no more young, walked alone the shore of lough Ennel,

Mary, first countess of Belvedere, listlessly walking in the evening,

not startled when an otter plunged. Who could know the truth? Not the

jealous lord Belvedere and not her confessor if she had not committed

adultery fully, \_eiaculatio seminis inter vas naturale mulieris,\_ with

her husband's brother? She would half confess if she had not all sinned

as women did. Only God knew and she and he, her husband's brother.

Father Conmee thought of that tyrannous incontinence, needed however for

man's race on earth, and of the ways of God which were not our ways.

Don John Conmee walked and moved in times of yore. He was humane and

honoured there. He bore in mind secrets confessed and he smiled at

smiling noble faces in a beeswaxed drawingroom, ceiled with full fruit

clusters. And the hands of a bride and of a bridegroom, noble to noble,

were impalmed by Don John Conmee.

It was a charming day.

The lychgate of a field showed Father Conmee breadths of cabbages,

curtseying to him with ample underleaves. The sky showed him a flock of

small white clouds going slowly down the wind. \_Moutonner,\_ the French

said. A just and homely word.

Father Conmee, reading his office, watched a flock of muttoning clouds

over Rathcoffey. His thinsocked ankles were tickled by the stubble of

Clongowes field. He walked there, reading in the evening, and heard

the cries of the boys' lines at their play, young cries in the quiet

evening. He was their rector: his reign was mild.

Father Conmee drew off his gloves and took his rededged breviary out. An

ivory bookmark told him the page.

Nones. He should have read that before lunch. But lady Maxwell had come.

Father Conmee read in secret \_Pater\_ and \_Ave\_ and crossed his breast.

\_Deus in adiutorium.\_

He walked calmly and read mutely the nones, walking and reading till he

came to \_Res\_ in \_Beati immaculati: Principium verborum tuorum veritas:

in eternum omnia indicia iustitiae tuae.\_

A flushed young man came from a gap of a hedge and after him came a

young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. The young man raised

his cap abruptly: the young woman abruptly bent and with slow care

detached from her light skirt a clinging twig.

Father Conmee blessed both gravely and turned a thin page of his

breviary. \_Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis

formidavit cor meum.\_

\* \* \* \* \*

Corny Kelleher closed his long daybook and glanced with his drooping eye

at a pine coffinlid sentried in a corner. He pulled himself erect,

went to it and, spinning it on its axle, viewed its shape and brass

furnishings. Chewing his blade of hay he laid the coffinlid by and came

to the doorway. There he tilted his hatbrim to give shade to his eyes

and leaned against the doorcase, looking idly out.

Father John Conmee stepped into the Dollymount tram on Newcomen bridge.

Corny Kelleher locked his largefooted boots and gazed, his hat

downtilted, chewing his blade of hay.

Constable 57C, on his beat, stood to pass the time of day.

--That's a fine day, Mr Kelleher.

--Ay, Corny Kelleher said.

--It's very close, the constable said.

Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hayjuice arching from his mouth

while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles street flung forth a

coin.

--What's the best news? he asked.

--I seen that particular party last evening, the constable said with

bated breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

A onelegged sailor crutched himself round MacConnell's corner, skirting

Rabaiotti's icecream car, and jerked himself up Eccles street. Towards

Larry O'Rourke, in shirtsleeves in his doorway, he growled unamiably:

--\_For England\_...

He swung himself violently forward past Katey and Boody Dedalus, halted

and growled:

--\_home and beauty.\_

J. J. O'Molloy's white careworn face was told that Mr Lambert was in the

warehouse with a visitor.

A stout lady stopped, took a copper coin from her purse and dropped it

into the cap held out to her. The sailor grumbled thanks, glanced sourly

at the unheeding windows, sank his head and swung himself forward four

strides.

He halted and growled angrily:

--\_For England\_...

Two barefoot urchins, sucking long liquorice laces, halted near him,

gaping at his stump with their yellowslobbered mouths.

He swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, halted, lifted his head

towards a window and bayed deeply:

--\_home and beauty.\_

The gay sweet chirping whistling within went on a bar or two, ceased.

The blind of the window was drawn aside. A card \_Unfurnished Apartments\_

slipped from the sash and fell. A plump bare generous arm shone, was

seen, held forth from a white petticoatbodice and taut shiftstraps. A

woman's hand flung forth a coin over the area railings. It fell on the

path.

One of the urchins ran to it, picked it up and dropped it into the

minstrel's cap, saying:

--There, sir.

\* \* \* \* \*

Katey and Boody Dedalus shoved in the door of the closesteaming kitchen.

--Did you put in the books? Boody asked.

Maggy at the range rammed down a greyish mass beneath bubbling suds

twice with her potstick and wiped her brow.

--They wouldn't give anything on them, she said.

Father Conmee walked through Clongowes fields, his thinsocked ankles

tickled by stubble.

--Where did you try? Boody asked.

--M'Guinness's.

Boody stamped her foot and threw her satchel on the table.

--Bad cess to her big face! she cried.

Katey went to the range and peered with squinting eyes.

--What's in the pot? she asked.

--Shirts, Maggy said.

Boody cried angrily:

--Crickey, is there nothing for us to eat?

Katey, lifting the kettlelid in a pad of her stained skirt, asked:

--And what's in this?

A heavy fume gushed in answer.

--Peasoup, Maggy said.

--Where did you get it? Katey asked.

--Sister Mary Patrick, Maggy said.

The lacquey rang his bell.

--Barang!

Boody sat down at the table and said hungrily:

--Give us it here.

Maggy poured yellow thick soup from the kettle into a bowl. Katey,

sitting opposite Boody, said quietly, as her fingertip lifted to her

mouth random crumbs:

--A good job we have that much. Where's Dilly?

--Gone to meet father, Maggy said.

Boody, breaking big chunks of bread into the yellow soup, added:

--Our father who art not in heaven.

Maggy, pouring yellow soup in Katey's bowl, exclaimed:

--Boody! For shame!

A skiff, a crumpled throwaway, Elijah is coming, rode lightly down the

Liffey, under Loopline bridge, shooting the rapids where water chafed

around the bridgepiers, sailing eastward past hulls and anchorchains,

between the Customhouse old dock and George's quay.

\* \* \* \* \*

The blond girl in Thornton's bedded the wicker basket with rustling

fibre. Blazes Boylan handed her the bottle swathed in pink tissue paper

and a small jar.

--Put these in first, will you? he said.

--Yes, sir, the blond girl said. And the fruit on top.

--That'll do, game ball, Blazes Boylan said.

She bestowed fat pears neatly, head by tail, and among them ripe

shamefaced peaches.

Blazes Boylan walked here and there in new tan shoes about the

fruitsmelling shop, lifting fruits, young juicy crinkled and plump red

tomatoes, sniffing smells.

H. E. L. Y.'S filed before him, tallwhitehatted, past Tangier lane,

plodding towards their goal.

He turned suddenly from a chip of strawberries, drew a gold watch from

his fob and held it at its chain's length.

--Can you send them by tram? Now?

A darkbacked figure under Merchants' arch scanned books on the hawker's

cart.

--Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?

--O, yes, Blazes Boylan said. Ten minutes.

The blond girl handed him a docket and pencil.

--Will you write the address, sir?

Blazes Boylan at the counter wrote and pushed the docket to her.

--Send it at once, will you? he said. It's for an invalid.

--Yes, sir. I will, sir.

Blazes Boylan rattled merry money in his trousers' pocket.

--What's the damage? he asked.

The blond girl's slim fingers reckoned the fruits.

Blazes Boylan looked into the cut of her blouse. A young pullet. He took

a red carnation from the tall stemglass.

--This for me? he asked gallantly.

The blond girl glanced sideways at him, got up regardless, with his tie

a bit crooked, blushing.

--Yes, sir, she said.

Bending archly she reckoned again fat pears and blushing peaches.

Blazes Boylan looked in her blouse with more favour, the stalk of the

red flower between his smiling teeth.

--May I say a word to your telephone, missy? he asked roguishly.

\* \* \* \* \*

\_--Ma!\_ Almidano Artifoni said.

He gazed over Stephen's shoulder at Goldsmith's knobby poll.

Two carfuls of tourists passed slowly, their women sitting fore,

gripping the handrests. Palefaces. Men's arms frankly round their

stunted forms. They looked from Trinity to the blind columned porch of

the bank of Ireland where pigeons roocoocooed.

--\_Anch'io ho avuto di queste idee, ALMIDANO ARTIFONI SAID, quand' ero

giovine come Lei. Eppoi mi sono convinto che il mondo Ã¨ una bestia.

Ã peccato. PerchÃ¨ la sua voce... sarebbe un cespite di rendita, via.

Invece, Lei si sacrifica.\_

--\_Sacrifizio incruento,\_ Stephen said smiling, swaying his ashplant in

slow swingswong from its midpoint, lightly.

\_--Speriamo,\_ the round mustachioed face said pleasantly. \_Ma, dia retta

a me. Ci rifletta\_.

By the stern stone hand of Grattan, bidding halt, an Inchicore tram

unloaded straggling Highland soldiers of a band.

--\_Ci rifletterÃ²,\_ Stephen said, glancing down the solid trouserleg.

--\_Ma, sul serio, eh?\_ Almidano Artifoni said.

His heavy hand took Stephen's firmly. Human eyes. They gazed curiously

an instant and turned quickly towards a Dalkey tram.

\_--Eccolo,\_ Almidano Artifoni said in friendly haste. \_Venga a trovarmi

e ci pensi. Addio, caro.\_

--\_Arrivederla, maestro,\_ Stephen said, raising his hat when his hand

was freed. \_E grazie.\_

--\_Di che?\_ Almidano Artifoni said. \_Scusi, eh? Tante belle cose!\_

Almidano Artifoni, holding up a baton of rolled music as a signal,

trotted on stout trousers after the Dalkey tram. In vain he trotted,

signalling in vain among the rout of barekneed gillies smuggling

implements of music through Trinity gates.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Dunne hid the Capel street library copy of \_The Woman in White\_

far back in her drawer and rolled a sheet of gaudy notepaper into her

typewriter.

Too much mystery business in it. Is he in love with that one, Marion?

Change it and get another by Mary Cecil Haye.

The disk shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased and ogled them:

six.

Miss Dunne clicked on the keyboard:

--16 June 1904.

Five tallwhitehatted sandwichmen between Monypeny's corner and the slab

where Wolfe Tone's statue was not, eeled themselves turning H. E. L.

Y.'S and plodded back as they had come.

Then she stared at the large poster of Marie Kendall, charming

soubrette, and, listlessly lolling, scribbled on the jotter sixteens and

capital esses. Mustard hair and dauby cheeks. She's not nicelooking,

is she? The way she's holding up her bit of a skirt. Wonder will that

fellow be at the band tonight. If I could get that dressmaker to make a

concertina skirt like Susy Nagle's. They kick out grand. Shannon and

all the boatclub swells never took his eyes off her. Hope to goodness he

won't keep me here till seven.

The telephone rang rudely by her ear.

--Hello. Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five. Only

those two, sir, for Belfast and Liverpool. All right, sir. Then I can go

after six if you're not back. A quarter after. Yes, sir. Twentyseven and

six. I'll tell him. Yes: one, seven, six.

She scribbled three figures on an envelope.

--Mr Boylan! Hello! That gentleman from SPORT was in looking for you. Mr

Lenehan, yes. He said he'll be in the Ormond at four. No, sir. Yes, sir.

I'll ring them up after five.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two pink faces turned in the flare of the tiny torch.

--Who's that? Ned Lambert asked. Is that Crotty?

--Ringabella and Crosshaven, a voice replied groping for foothold.

--Hello, Jack, is that yourself? Ned Lambert said, raising in salute his

pliant lath among the flickering arches. Come on. Mind your steps there.

The vesta in the clergyman's uplifted hand consumed itself in a long

soft flame and was let fall. At their feet its red speck died: and

mouldy air closed round them.

--How interesting! a refined accent said in the gloom.

--Yes, sir, Ned Lambert said heartily. We are standing in the historic

council chamber of saint Mary's abbey where silken Thomas proclaimed

himself a rebel in 1534. This is the most historic spot in all Dublin.

O'Madden Burke is going to write something about it one of these days.

The old bank of Ireland was over the way till the time of the union and

the original jews' temple was here too before they built their synagogue

over in Adelaide road. You were never here before, Jack, were you?

--No, Ned.

--He rode down through Dame walk, the refined accent said, if my memory

serves me. The mansion of the Kildares was in Thomas court.

--That's right, Ned Lambert said. That's quite right, sir.

--If you will be so kind then, the clergyman said, the next time to

allow me perhaps...

--Certainly, Ned Lambert said. Bring the camera whenever you like. I'll

get those bags cleared away from the windows. You can take it from here

or from here.

In the still faint light he moved about, tapping with his lath the piled

seedbags and points of vantage on the floor.

From a long face a beard and gaze hung on a chessboard.

--I'm deeply obliged, Mr Lambert, the clergyman said. I won't trespass

on your valuable time...

--You're welcome, sir, Ned Lambert said. Drop in whenever you like. Next

week, say. Can you see?

--Yes, yes. Good afternoon, Mr Lambert. Very pleased to have met you.

--Pleasure is mine, sir, Ned Lambert answered.

He followed his guest to the outlet and then whirled his lath away among

the pillars. With J. J. O'Molloy he came forth slowly into Mary's abbey

where draymen were loading floats with sacks of carob and palmnut meal,

O'Connor, Wexford.

He stood to read the card in his hand.

--The reverend Hugh C. Love, Rathcoffey. Present address: Saint

Michael's, Sallins. Nice young chap he is. He's writing a book about the

Fitzgeralds he told me. He's well up in history, faith.

The young woman with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging

twig.

--I thought you were at a new gunpowder plot, J. J. O'Molloy said.

Ned Lambert cracked his fingers in the air.

--God! he cried. I forgot to tell him that one about the earl of Kildare

after he set fire to Cashel cathedral. You know that one? \_I'm bloody

sorry I did it,\_ says he, \_but I declare to God I thought the archbishop

was inside.\_ He mightn't like it, though. What? God, I'll tell him

anyhow. That was the great earl, the Fitzgerald Mor. Hot members they

were all of them, the Geraldines.

The horses he passed started nervously under their slack harness. He

slapped a piebald haunch quivering near him and cried:

--Woa, sonny!

He turned to J. J. O'Molloy and asked:

--Well, Jack. What is it? What's the trouble? Wait awhile. Hold hard.

With gaping mouth and head far back he stood still and, after an

instant, sneezed loudly.

--Chow! he said. Blast you!

--The dust from those sacks, J. J. O'Molloy said politely.

--No, Ned Lambert gasped, I caught a... cold night before... blast

your soul... night before last... and there was a hell of a lot of

draught...

He held his handkerchief ready for the coming...

--I was... Glasnevin this morning... poor little... what do you call

him... Chow!... Mother of Moses!

\* \* \* \* \*

Tom Rochford took the top disk from the pile he clasped against his

claret waistcoat.

--See? he said. Say it's turn six. In here, see. Turn Now On.

He slid it into the left slot for them. It shot down the groove, wobbled

a while, ceased, ogling them: six.

Lawyers of the past, haughty, pleading, beheld pass from the

consolidated taxing office to Nisi Prius court Richie Goulding carrying

the costbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward and heard rustling from the

admiralty division of king's bench to the court of appeal an elderly

female with false teeth smiling incredulously and a black silk skirt of

great amplitude.

--See? he said. See now the last one I put in is over here: Turns Over.

The impact. Leverage, see?

He showed them the rising column of disks on the right.

--Smart idea, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. So a fellow coming in late

can see what turn is on and what turns are over.

--See? Tom Rochford said.

He slid in a disk for himself: and watched it shoot, wobble, ogle, stop:

four. Turn Now On.

--I'll see him now in the Ormond, Lenehan said, and sound him. One good

turn deserves another.

--Do, Tom Rochford said. Tell him I'm Boylan with impatience.

--Goodnight, M'Coy said abruptly. When you two begin

Nosey Flynn stooped towards the lever, snuffling at it.

--But how does it work here, Tommy? he asked.

--Tooraloo, Lenehan said. See you later.

He followed M'Coy out across the tiny square of Crampton court.

--He's a hero, he said simply.

--I know, M'Coy said. The drain, you mean.

--Drain? Lenehan said. It was down a manhole.

They passed Dan Lowry's musichall where Marie Kendall, charming

soubrette, smiled on them from a poster a dauby smile.

Going down the path of Sycamore street beside the Empire musichall

Lenehan showed M'Coy how the whole thing was. One of those manholes like

a bloody gaspipe and there was the poor devil stuck down in it, half

choked with sewer gas. Down went Tom Rochford anyhow, booky's vest and

all, with the rope round him. And be damned but he got the rope round

the poor devil and the two were hauled up.

--The act of a hero, he said.

At the Dolphin they halted to allow the ambulance car to gallop past

them for Jervis street.

--This way, he said, walking to the right. I want to pop into Lynam's

to see Sceptre's starting price. What's the time by your gold watch and

chain?

M'Coy peered into Marcus Tertius Moses' sombre office, then at O'Neill's

clock.

--After three, he said. Who's riding her?

--O. Madden, Lenehan said. And a game filly she is.

While he waited in Temple bar M'Coy dodged a banana peel with gentle

pushes of his toe from the path to the gutter. Fellow might damn easy

get a nasty fall there coming along tight in the dark.

The gates of the drive opened wide to give egress to the viceregal

cavalcade.

--Even money, Lenehan said returning. I knocked against Bantam Lyons

in there going to back a bloody horse someone gave him that hasn't an

earthly. Through here.

They went up the steps and under Merchants' arch. A darkbacked figure

scanned books on the hawker's cart.

--There he is, Lenehan said.

--Wonder what he's buying, M'Coy said, glancing behind.

--\_Leopoldo or the Bloom is on the Rye,\_ Lenehan said.

--He's dead nuts on sales, M'Coy said. I was with him one day and he

bought a book from an old one in Liffey street for two bob. There were

fine plates in it worth double the money, the stars and the moon and

comets with long tails. Astronomy it was about.

Lenehan laughed.

--I'll tell you a damn good one about comets' tails, he said. Come over

in the sun.

They crossed to the metal bridge and went along Wellington quay by the

riverwall.

Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam came out of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's,

carrying a pound and a half of porksteaks.

--There was a long spread out at Glencree reformatory, Lenehan said

eagerly. The annual dinner, you know. Boiled shirt affair. The lord

mayor was there, Val Dillon it was, and sir Charles Cameron and Dan

Dawson spoke and there was music. Bartell d'Arcy sang and Benjamin

Dollard...

--I know, M'Coy broke in. My missus sang there once.

--Did she? Lenehan said.

A card \_Unfurnished Apartments\_ reappeared on the windowsash of number 7

Eccles street.

He checked his tale a moment but broke out in a wheezy laugh.

--But wait till I tell you, he said. Delahunt of Camden street had the

catering and yours truly was chief bottlewasher. Bloom and the wife were

there. Lashings of stuff we put up: port wine and sherry and curacao to

which we did ample justice. Fast and furious it was. After liquids came

solids. Cold joints galore and mince pies...

--I know, M'Coy said. The year the missus was there...

Lenehan linked his arm warmly.

--But wait till I tell you, he said. We had a midnight lunch too after

all the jollification and when we sallied forth it was blue o'clock the

morning after the night before. Coming home it was a gorgeous winter's

night on the Featherbed Mountain. Bloom and Chris Callinan were on one

side of the car and I was with the wife on the other. We started singing

glees and duets: \_Lo, the early beam of morning\_. She was well primed

with a good load of Delahunt's port under her bellyband. Every jolt the

bloody car gave I had her bumping up against me. Hell's delights! She

has a fine pair, God bless her. Like that.

He held his caved hands a cubit from him, frowning:

--I was tucking the rug under her and settling her boa all the time.

Know what I mean?

His hands moulded ample curves of air. He shut his eyes tight in

delight, his body shrinking, and blew a sweet chirp from his lips.

--The lad stood to attention anyhow, he said with a sigh. She's a gamey

mare and no mistake. Bloom was pointing out all the stars and the comets

in the heavens to Chris Callinan and the jarvey: the great bear and

Hercules and the dragon, and the whole jingbang lot. But, by God, I was

lost, so to speak, in the milky way. He knows them all, faith. At last

she spotted a weeny weeshy one miles away. \_And what star is that,

Poldy?\_ says she. By God, she had Bloom cornered. \_That one, is it?\_

says Chris Callinan, \_sure that's only what you might call a pinprick.\_

By God, he wasn't far wide of the mark.

Lenehan stopped and leaned on the riverwall, panting with soft laughter.

--I'm weak, he gasped.

M'Coy's white face smiled about it at instants and grew grave. Lenehan

walked on again. He lifted his yachtingcap and scratched his hindhead

rapidly. He glanced sideways in the sunlight at M'Coy.

--He's a cultured allroundman, Bloom is, he said seriously. He's not one

of your common or garden... you know... There's a touch of the artist

about old Bloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr Bloom turned over idly pages of \_The Awful Disclosures of Maria

Monk,\_ then of Aristotle's \_Masterpiece.\_ Crooked botched print. Plates:

infants cuddled in a ball in bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered

cows. Lots of them like that at this moment all over the world. All

butting with their skulls to get out of it. Child born every minute

somewhere. Mrs Purefoy.

He laid both books aside and glanced at the third: \_Tales of the Ghetto\_

by Leopold von Sacher Masoch.

--That I had, he said, pushing it by.

The shopman let two volumes fall on the counter.

--Them are two good ones, he said.

Onions of his breath came across the counter out of his ruined mouth.

He bent to make a bundle of the other books, hugged them against his

unbuttoned waistcoat and bore them off behind the dingy curtain.

On O'Connell bridge many persons observed the grave deportment and gay

apparel of Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c.

Mr Bloom, alone, looked at the titles. \_Fair Tyrants\_ by James

Lovebirch. Know the kind that is. Had it? Yes.

He opened it. Thought so.

A woman's voice behind the dingy curtain. Listen: the man.

No: she wouldn't like that much. Got her it once.

He read the other title: \_Sweets of Sin\_. More in her line. Let us see.

He read where his finger opened.

\_--All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on

wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For raoul!\_

Yes. This. Here. Try.

--\_Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands

felt for the opulent curves inside her deshabillÃ©.\_

Yes. Take this. The end.

--\_You are late, he spoke hoarsely, eying her with a suspicious glare.

The beautiful woman threw off her sabletrimmed wrap, displaying her

queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint. An imperceptible smile played

round her perfect lips as she turned to him calmly.\_

Mr Bloom read again: \_The beautiful woman.\_

Warmth showered gently over him, cowing his flesh. Flesh yielded amply

amid rumpled clothes: whites of eyes swooning up. His nostrils arched

themselves for prey. Melting breast ointments (\_for Him! For Raoul!\_).

Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime (\_her heaving embonpoint!\_).

Feel! Press! Crushed! Sulphur dung of lions!

Young! Young!

An elderly female, no more young, left the building of the courts of

chancery, king's bench, exchequer and common pleas, having heard in

the lord chancellor's court the case in lunacy of Potterton, in the

admiralty division the summons, exparte motion, of the owners of the

Lady Cairns versus the owners of the barque Mona, in the court of appeal

reservation of judgment in the case of Harvey versus the Ocean Accident

and Guarantee Corporation.

Phlegmy coughs shook the air of the bookshop, bulging out the dingy

curtains. The shopman's uncombed grey head came out and his unshaven

reddened face, coughing. He raked his throat rudely, puked phlegm on the

floor. He put his boot on what he had spat, wiping his sole along it,

and bent, showing a rawskinned crown, scantily haired.

Mr Bloom beheld it.

Mastering his troubled breath, he said:

--I'll take this one.

The shopman lifted eyes bleared with old rheum.

--\_Sweets of Sin,\_ he said, tapping on it. That's a good one.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lacquey by the door of Dillon's auctionrooms shook his handbell

twice again and viewed himself in the chalked mirror of the cabinet.

Dilly Dedalus, loitering by the curbstone, heard the beats of the

bell, the cries of the auctioneer within. Four and nine. Those lovely

curtains. Five shillings. Cosy curtains. Selling new at two guineas. Any

advance on five shillings? Going for five shillings.

The lacquey lifted his handbell and shook it:

--Barang!

Bang of the lastlap bell spurred the halfmile wheelmen to their sprint.

J. A. Jackson, W. E. Wylie, A. Munro and H. T. Gahan, their stretched

necks wagging, negotiated the curve by the College library.

Mr Dedalus, tugging a long moustache, came round from Williams's row. He

halted near his daughter.

--It's time for you, she said.

--Stand up straight for the love of the lord Jesus, Mr Dedalus said.

Are you trying to imitate your uncle John, the cornetplayer, head upon

shoulder? Melancholy God!

Dilly shrugged her shoulders. Mr Dedalus placed his hands on them and

held them back.

--Stand up straight, girl, he said. You'll get curvature of the spine.

Do you know what you look like?

He let his head sink suddenly down and forward, hunching his shoulders

and dropping his underjaw.

--Give it up, father, Dilly said. All the people are looking at you.

Mr Dedalus drew himself upright and tugged again at his moustache.

--Did you get any money? Dilly asked.

--Where would I get money? Mr Dedalus said. There is no-one in Dublin

would lend me fourpence.

--You got some, Dilly said, looking in his eyes.

--How do you know that? Mr Dedalus asked, his tongue in his cheek.

Mr Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along

James's street.

--I know you did, Dilly answered. Were you in the Scotch house now?

--I was not, then, Mr Dedalus said, smiling. Was it the little nuns

taught you to be so saucy? Here.

He handed her a shilling.

--See if you can do anything with that, he said.

--I suppose you got five, Dilly said. Give me more than that.

--Wait awhile, Mr Dedalus said threateningly. You're like the rest of

them, are you? An insolent pack of little bitches since your poor mother

died. But wait awhile. You'll all get a short shrift and a long day from

me. Low blackguardism! I'm going to get rid of you. Wouldn't care if I

was stretched out stiff. He's dead. The man upstairs is dead.

He left her and walked on. Dilly followed quickly and pulled his coat.

--Well, what is it? he said, stopping.

The lacquey rang his bell behind their backs.

--Barang!

--Curse your bloody blatant soul, Mr Dedalus cried, turning on him.

The lacquey, aware of comment, shook the lolling clapper of his bell but

feebly:

--Bang!

Mr Dedalus stared at him.

--Watch him, he said. It's instructive. I wonder will he allow us to

talk.

--You got more than that, father, Dilly said.

--I'm going to show you a little trick, Mr Dedalus said. I'll leave

you all where Jesus left the jews. Look, there's all I have. I got

two shillings from Jack Power and I spent twopence for a shave for the

funeral.

He drew forth a handful of copper coins, nervously.

--Can't you look for some money somewhere? Dilly said.

Mr Dedalus thought and nodded.

--I will, he said gravely. I looked all along the gutter in O'Connell

street. I'll try this one now.

--You're very funny, Dilly said, grinning.

--Here, Mr Dedalus said, handing her two pennies. Get a glass of milk

for yourself and a bun or a something. I'll be home shortly.

He put the other coins in his pocket and started to walk on.

The viceregal cavalcade passed, greeted by obsequious policemen, out of

Parkgate.

--I'm sure you have another shilling, Dilly said.

The lacquey banged loudly.

Mr Dedalus amid the din walked off, murmuring to himself with a pursing

mincing mouth gently:

--The little nuns! Nice little things! O, sure they wouldn't do

anything! O, sure they wouldn't really! Is it little sister Monica!

\* \* \* \* \*

From the sundial towards James's gate walked Mr Kernan, pleased with the

order he had booked for Pulbrook Robertson, boldly along James's street,

past Shackleton's offices. Got round him all right. How do you do, Mr

Crimmins? First rate, sir. I was afraid you might be up in your other

establishment in Pimlico. How are things going? Just keeping alive.

Lovely weather we're having. Yes, indeed. Good for the country. Those

farmers are always grumbling. I'll just take a thimbleful of your best

gin, Mr Crimmins. A small gin, sir. Yes, sir. Terrible affair that

General Slocum explosion. Terrible, terrible! A thousand casualties. And

heartrending scenes. Men trampling down women and children. Most brutal

thing. What do they say was the cause? Spontaneous combustion. Most

scandalous revelation. Not a single lifeboat would float and the

firehose all burst. What I can't understand is how the inspectors ever

allowed a boat like that... Now, you're talking straight, Mr Crimmins.

You know why? Palm oil. Is that a fact? Without a doubt. Well now, look

at that. And America they say is the land of the free. I thought we were

bad here.

I smiled at him. \_America,\_ I said quietly, just like that. \_What is

it? The sweepings of every country including our own. Isn't that true?\_

That's a fact.

Graft, my dear sir. Well, of course, where there's money going there's

always someone to pick it up.

Saw him looking at my frockcoat. Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy

appearance. Bowls them over.

--Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said. How are things?

--Hello, Bob, old man, Mr Dedalus answered, stopping.

Mr Kernan halted and preened himself before the sloping mirror of Peter

Kennedy, hairdresser. Stylish coat, beyond a doubt. Scott of Dawson

street. Well worth the half sovereign I gave Neary for it. Never built

under three guineas. Fits me down to the ground. Some Kildare street

club toff had it probably. John Mulligan, the manager of the Hibernian

bank, gave me a very sharp eye yesterday on Carlisle bridge as if he

remembered me.

Aham! Must dress the character for those fellows. Knight of the road.

Gentleman. And now, Mr Crimmins, may we have the honour of your custom

again, sir. The cup that cheers but not inebriates, as the old saying

has it.

North wall and sir John Rogerson's quay, with hulls and anchorchains,

sailing westward, sailed by a skiff, a crumpled throwaway, rocked on the

ferrywash, Elijah is coming.

Mr Kernan glanced in farewell at his image. High colour, of course.

Grizzled moustache. Returned Indian officer. Bravely he bore his stumpy

body forward on spatted feet, squaring his shoulders. Is that Ned

Lambert's brother over the way, Sam? What? Yes. He's as like it as damn

it. No. The windscreen of that motorcar in the sun there. Just a flash

like that. Damn like him.

Aham! Hot spirit of juniper juice warmed his vitals and his breath. Good

drop of gin, that was. His frocktails winked in bright sunshine to his

fat strut.

Down there Emmet was hanged, drawn and quartered. Greasy black rope.

Dogs licking the blood off the street when the lord lieutenant's wife

drove by in her noddy.

Bad times those were. Well, well. Over and done with. Great topers too.

Fourbottle men.

Let me see. Is he buried in saint Michan's? Or no, there was a midnight

burial in Glasnevin. Corpse brought in through a secret door in the

wall. Dignam is there now. Went out in a puff. Well, well. Better turn

down here. Make a detour.

Mr Kernan turned and walked down the slope of Watling street by

the corner of Guinness's visitors' waitingroom. Outside the Dublin

Distillers Company's stores an outside car without fare or jarvey stood,

the reins knotted to the wheel. Damn dangerous thing. Some Tipperary

bosthoon endangering the lives of the citizens. Runaway horse.

Denis Breen with his tomes, weary of having waited an hour in John

Henry Menton's office, led his wife over O'Connell bridge, bound for the

office of Messrs Collis and Ward.

Mr Kernan approached Island street.

Times of the troubles. Must ask Ned Lambert to lend me those

reminiscences of sir Jonah Barrington. When you look back on it all

now in a kind of retrospective arrangement. Gaming at Daly's. No

cardsharping then. One of those fellows got his hand nailed to the table

by a dagger. Somewhere here lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped from major

Sirr. Stables behind Moira house.

Damn good gin that was.

Fine dashing young nobleman. Good stock, of course. That ruffian, that

sham squire, with his violet gloves gave him away. Course they were

on the wrong side. They rose in dark and evil days. Fine poem that

is: Ingram. They were gentlemen. Ben Dollard does sing that ballad

touchingly. Masterly rendition.

\_At the siege of Ross did my father fall.\_

A cavalcade in easy trot along Pembroke quay passed, outriders leaping,

leaping in their, in their saddles. Frockcoats. Cream sunshades.

Mr Kernan hurried forward, blowing pursily.

His Excellency! Too bad! Just missed that by a hair. Damn it! What a

pity!

\* \* \* \* \*

Stephen Dedalus watched through the webbed window the lapidary's fingers

prove a timedulled chain. Dust webbed the window and the showtrays. Dust

darkened the toiling fingers with their vulture nails. Dust slept

on dull coils of bronze and silver, lozenges of cinnabar, on rubies,

leprous and winedark stones.

Born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil, lights

shining in the darkness. Where fallen archangels flung the stars of

their brows. Muddy swinesnouts, hands, root and root, gripe and wrest

them.

She dances in a foul gloom where gum bums with garlic. A sailorman,

rustbearded, sips from a beaker rum and eyes her. A long and seafed

silent rut. She dances, capers, wagging her sowish haunches and her

hips, on her gross belly flapping a ruby egg.

Old Russell with a smeared shammy rag burnished again his gem, turned it

and held it at the point of his Moses' beard. Grandfather ape gloating

on a stolen hoard.

And you who wrest old images from the burial earth? The brainsick words

of sophists: Antisthenes. A lore of drugs. Orient and immortal wheat

standing from everlasting to everlasting.

Two old women fresh from their whiff of the briny trudged through

Irishtown along London bridge road, one with a sanded tired umbrella,

one with a midwife's bag in which eleven cockles rolled.

The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos from the

powerhouse urged Stephen to be on. Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always

without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I

between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I.

Shatter them, one and both. But stun myself too in the blow. Shatter me

you who can. Bawd and butcher were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A

look around.

Yes, quite true. Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time. You say

right, sir. A Monday morning, 'twas so, indeed.

Stephen went down Bedford row, the handle of the ash clacking against

his shoulderblade. In Clohissey's window a faded 1860 print of Heenan

boxing Sayers held his eye. Staring backers with square hats stood

round the roped prizering. The heavyweights in tight loincloths proposed

gently each to other his bulbous fists. And they are throbbing: heroes'

hearts.

He turned and halted by the slanted bookcart.

--Twopence each, the huckster said. Four for sixpence.

Tattered pages. \_The Irish Beekeeper. Life and Miracles of the CurÃ© of

Ars. Pocket Guide to Killarney.\_

I might find here one of my pawned schoolprizes. \_Stephano Dedalo,

alumno optimo, palmam ferenti.\_

Father Conmee, having read his little hours, walked through the hamlet

of Donnycarney, murmuring vespers.

Binding too good probably. What is this? Eighth and ninth book of Moses.

Secret of all secrets. Seal of King David. Thumbed pages: read and read.

Who has passed here before me? How to soften chapped hands. Recipe for

white wine vinegar. How to win a woman's love. For me this. Say the

following talisman three times with hands folded:

--\_Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen.\_

Who wrote this? Charms and invocations of the most blessed abbot Peter

Salanka to all true believers divulged. As good as any other abbot's

charms, as mumbling Joachim's. Down, baldynoddle, or we'll wool your

wool.

--What are you doing here, Stephen?

Dilly's high shoulders and shabby dress.

Shut the book quick. Don't let see.

--What are you doing? Stephen said.

A Stuart face of nonesuch Charles, lank locks falling at its sides. It

glowed as she crouched feeding the fire with broken boots. I told her

of Paris. Late lieabed under a quilt of old overcoats, fingering a

pinchbeck bracelet, Dan Kelly's token. \_Nebrakada femininum.\_

--What have you there? Stephen asked.

--I bought it from the other cart for a penny, Dilly said, laughing

nervously. Is it any good?

My eyes they say she has. Do others see me so? Quick, far and daring.

Shadow of my mind.

He took the coverless book from her hand. Chardenal's French primer.

--What did you buy that for? he asked. To learn French?

She nodded, reddening and closing tight her lips.

Show no surprise. Quite natural.

--Here, Stephen said. It's all right. Mind Maggy doesn't pawn it on you.

I suppose all my books are gone.

--Some, Dilly said. We had to.

She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will

drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me,

my heart, my soul. Salt green death.

We.

Agenbite of inwit. Inwit's agenbite.

Misery! Misery!

\* \* \* \* \*

--Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said. How are things?

--Hello, Bob, old man, Mr Dedalus answered, stopping.

They clasped hands loudly outside Reddy and Daughter's. Father Cowley

brushed his moustache often downward with a scooping hand.

--What's the best news? Mr Dedalus said.

--Why then not much, Father Cowley said. I'm barricaded up, Simon, with

two men prowling around the house trying to effect an entrance.

--Jolly, Mr Dedalus said. Who is it?

--O, Father Cowley said. A certain gombeen man of our acquaintance.

--With a broken back, is it? Mr Dedalus asked.

--The same, Simon, Father Cowley answered. Reuben of that ilk. I'm just

waiting for Ben Dollard. He's going to say a word to long John to get

him to take those two men off. All I want is a little time.

He looked with vague hope up and down the quay, a big apple bulging in

his neck.

--I know, Mr Dedalus said, nodding. Poor old bockedy Ben! He's always

doing a good turn for someone. Hold hard!

He put on his glasses and gazed towards the metal bridge an instant.

--There he is, by God, he said, arse and pockets.

Ben Dollard's loose blue cutaway and square hat above large slops

crossed the quay in full gait from the metal bridge. He came towards

them at an amble, scratching actively behind his coattails.

As he came near Mr Dedalus greeted:

--Hold that fellow with the bad trousers.

--Hold him now, Ben Dollard said.

Mr Dedalus eyed with cold wandering scorn various points of Ben

Dollard's figure. Then, turning to Father Cowley with a nod, he muttered

sneeringly:

--That's a pretty garment, isn't it, for a summer's day?

--Why, God eternally curse your soul, Ben Dollard growled furiously, I

threw out more clothes in my time than you ever saw.

He stood beside them beaming, on them first and on his roomy clothes

from points of which Mr Dedalus flicked fluff, saying:

--They were made for a man in his health, Ben, anyhow.

--Bad luck to the jewman that made them, Ben Dollard said. Thanks be to

God he's not paid yet.

--And how is that \_basso profondo\_, Benjamin? Father Cowley asked.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, murmuring,

glassyeyed, strode past the Kildare street club.

Ben Dollard frowned and, making suddenly a chanter's mouth, gave forth a

deep note.

--Aw! he said.

--That's the style, Mr Dedalus said, nodding to its drone.

--What about that? Ben Dollard said. Not too dusty? What?

He turned to both.

--That'll do, Father Cowley said, nodding also.

The reverend Hugh C. Love walked from the old chapterhouse of saint

Mary's abbey past James and Charles Kennedy's, rectifiers, attended by

Geraldines tall and personable, towards the Tholsel beyond the ford of

hurdles.

Ben Dollard with a heavy list towards the shopfronts led them forward,

his joyful fingers in the air.

--Come along with me to the subsheriff's office, he said. I want to

show you the new beauty Rock has for a bailiff. He's a cross between

Lobengula and Lynchehaun. He's well worth seeing, mind you. Come along.

I saw John Henry Menton casually in the Bodega just now and it will cost

me a fall if I don't... Wait awhile... We're on the right lay, Bob,

believe you me.

--For a few days tell him, Father Cowley said anxiously.

Ben Dollard halted and stared, his loud orifice open, a dangling button

of his coat wagging brightbacked from its thread as he wiped away the

heavy shraums that clogged his eyes to hear aright.

--What few days? he boomed. Hasn't your landlord distrained for rent?

--He has, Father Cowley said.

--Then our friend's writ is not worth the paper it's printed on, Ben

Dollard said. The landlord has the prior claim. I gave him all the

particulars. 29 Windsor avenue. Love is the name?

--That's right, Father Cowley said. The reverend Mr Love. He's a

minister in the country somewhere. But are you sure of that?

--You can tell Barabbas from me, Ben Dollard said, that he can put that

writ where Jacko put the nuts.

He led Father Cowley boldly forward, linked to his bulk.

--Filberts I believe they were, Mr Dedalus said, as he dropped his

glasses on his coatfront, following them.

\* \* \* \* \*

--The youngster will be all right, Martin Cunningham said, as they

passed out of the Castleyard gate.

The policeman touched his forehead.

--God bless you, Martin Cunningham said, cheerily.

He signed to the waiting jarvey who chucked at the reins and set on

towards Lord Edward street.

Bronze by gold, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head, appeared above

the crossblind of the Ormond hotel.

--Yes, Martin Cunningham said, fingering his beard. I wrote to Father

Conmee and laid the whole case before him.

--You could try our friend, Mr Power suggested backward.

--Boyd? Martin Cunningham said shortly. Touch me not.

John Wyse Nolan, lagging behind, reading the list, came after them

quickly down Cork hill.

On the steps of the City hall Councillor Nannetti, descending, hailed

Alderman Cowley and Councillor Abraham Lyon ascending.

The castle car wheeled empty into upper Exchange street.

--Look here, Martin, John Wyse Nolan said, overtaking them at the \_Mail\_

office. I see Bloom put his name down for five shillings.

--Quite right, Martin Cunningham said, taking the list. And put down the

five shillings too.

--Without a second word either, Mr Power said.

--Strange but true, Martin Cunningham added.

John Wyse Nolan opened wide eyes.

--I'll say there is much kindness in the jew, he quoted, elegantly.

They went down Parliament street.

--There's Jimmy Henry, Mr Power said, just heading for Kavanagh's.

--Righto, Martin Cunningham said. Here goes.

Outside \_la Maison Claire\_ Blazes Boylan waylaid Jack Mooney's

brother-in-law, humpy, tight, making for the liberties.

John Wyse Nolan fell back with Mr Power, while Martin Cunningham took

the elbow of a dapper little man in a shower of hail suit, who walked

uncertainly, with hasty steps past Micky Anderson's watches.

--The assistant town clerk's corns are giving him some trouble, John

Wyse Nolan told Mr Power.

They followed round the corner towards James Kavanagh's winerooms. The

empty castle car fronted them at rest in Essex gate. Martin Cunningham,

speaking always, showed often the list at which Jimmy Henry did not

glance.

--And long John Fanning is here too, John Wyse Nolan said, as large as

life.

The tall form of long John Fanning filled the doorway where he stood.

--Good day, Mr Subsheriff, Martin Cunningham said, as all halted and

greeted.

Long John Fanning made no way for them. He removed his large Henry Clay

decisively and his large fierce eyes scowled intelligently over all

their faces.

--Are the conscript fathers pursuing their peaceful deliberations? he

said with rich acrid utterance to the assistant town clerk.

Hell open to christians they were having, Jimmy Henry said pettishly,

about their damned Irish language. Where was the marshal, he wanted

to know, to keep order in the council chamber. And old Barlow the

macebearer laid up with asthma, no mace on the table, nothing in order,

no quorum even, and Hutchinson, the lord mayor, in Llandudno and little

Lorcan Sherlock doing \_locum tenens\_ for him. Damned Irish language,

language of our forefathers.

Long John Fanning blew a plume of smoke from his lips.

Martin Cunningham spoke by turns, twirling the peak of his beard, to the

assistant town clerk and the subsheriff, while John Wyse Nolan held his

peace.

--What Dignam was that? long John Fanning asked.

Jimmy Henry made a grimace and lifted his left foot.

--O, my corns! he said plaintively. Come upstairs for goodness' sake

till I sit down somewhere. Uff! Ooo! Mind!

Testily he made room for himself beside long John Fanning's flank and

passed in and up the stairs.

--Come on up, Martin Cunningham said to the subsheriff. I don't think

you knew him or perhaps you did, though.

With John Wyse Nolan Mr Power followed them in.

--Decent little soul he was, Mr Power said to the stalwart back of long

John Fanning ascending towards long John Fanning in the mirror.

--Rather lowsized. Dignam of Menton's office that was, Martin Cunningham

said.

Long John Fanning could not remember him.

Clatter of horsehoofs sounded from the air.

--What's that? Martin Cunningham said.

All turned where they stood. John Wyse Nolan came down again. From the

cool shadow of the doorway he saw the horses pass Parliament street,

harness and glossy pasterns in sunlight shimmering. Gaily they went past

before his cool unfriendly eyes, not quickly. In saddles of the leaders,

leaping leaders, rode outriders.

--What was it? Martin Cunningham asked, as they went on up the

staircase.

--The lord lieutenantgeneral and general governor of Ireland, John Wyse

Nolan answered from the stairfoot.

\* \* \* \* \*

As they trod across the thick carpet Buck Mulligan whispered behind his

Panama to Haines:

--Parnell's brother. There in the corner.

They chose a small table near the window, opposite a longfaced man whose

beard and gaze hung intently down on a chessboard.

--Is that he? Haines asked, twisting round in his seat.

--Yes, Mulligan said. That's John Howard, his brother, our city marshal.

John Howard Parnell translated a white bishop quietly and his grey claw

went up again to his forehead whereat it rested. An instant after, under

its screen, his eyes looked quickly, ghostbright, at his foe and fell

once more upon a working corner.

--I'll take a \_mÃ©lange,\_ Haines said to the waitress.

--Two \_mÃ©langes,\_ Buck Mulligan said. And bring us some scones and

butter and some cakes as well.

When she had gone he said, laughing:

--We call it D.B.C. because they have damn bad cakes. O, but you missed

Dedalus on \_Hamlet.\_

Haines opened his newbought book.

--I'm sorry, he said. Shakespeare is the happy huntingground of all

minds that have lost their balance.

The onelegged sailor growled at the area of 14 Nelson street:

--\_England expects\_...

Buck Mulligan's primrose waistcoat shook gaily to his laughter.

--You should see him, he said, when his body loses its balance.

Wandering Aengus I call him.

--I am sure he has an \_idÃ©e fixe,\_ Haines said, pinching his chin

thoughtfully with thumb and forefinger. Now I am speculating what it

would be likely to be. Such persons always have.

Buck Mulligan bent across the table gravely.

--They drove his wits astray, he said, by visions of hell. He will never

capture the Attic note. The note of Swinburne, of all poets, the white

death and the ruddy birth. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet.

The joy of creation...

--Eternal punishment, Haines said, nodding curtly. I see. I tackled him

this morning on belief. There was something on his mind, I saw.

It's rather interesting because professor Pokorny of Vienna makes an

interesting point out of that.

Buck Mulligan's watchful eyes saw the waitress come. He helped her to

unload her tray.

--He can find no trace of hell in ancient Irish myth, Haines said, amid

the cheerful cups. The moral idea seems lacking, the sense of destiny,

of retribution. Rather strange he should have just that fixed idea. Does

he write anything for your movement?

He sank two lumps of sugar deftly longwise through the whipped cream.

Buck Mulligan slit a steaming scone in two and plastered butter over its

smoking pith. He bit off a soft piece hungrily.

--Ten years, he said, chewing and laughing. He is going to write

something in ten years.

--Seems a long way off, Haines said, thoughtfully lifting his spoon.

Still, I shouldn't wonder if he did after all.

He tasted a spoonful from the creamy cone of his cup.

--This is real Irish cream I take it, he said with forbearance. I don't

want to be imposed on.

Elijah, skiff, light crumpled throwaway, sailed eastward by flanks of

ships and trawlers, amid an archipelago of corks, beyond new Wapping

street past Benson's ferry, and by the threemasted schooner \_Rosevean\_

from Bridgwater with bricks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Almidano Artifoni walked past Holles street, past Sewell's yard.

Behind him Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, with

stickumbrelladustcoat dangling, shunned the lamp before Mr Law Smith's

house and, crossing, walked along Merrion square. Distantly behind him a

blind stripling tapped his way by the wall of College park.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell walked as far as

Mr Lewis Werner's cheerful windows, then turned and strode back along

Merrion square, his stickumbrelladustcoat dangling.

At the corner of Wilde's house he halted, frowned at Elijah's name

announced on the Metropolitan hall, frowned at the distant pleasance of

duke's lawn. His eyeglass flashed frowning in the sun. With ratsteeth

bared he muttered:

--\_Coactus volui.\_

He strode on for Clare street, grinding his fierce word.

As he strode past Mr Bloom's dental windows the sway of his dustcoat

brushed rudely from its angle a slender tapping cane and swept onwards,

having buffeted a thewless body. The blind stripling turned his sickly

face after the striding form.

--God's curse on you, he said sourly, whoever you are! You're blinder

nor I am, you bitch's bastard!

\* \* \* \* \*

Opposite Ruggy O'Donohoe's Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, pawing the

pound and a half of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's, porksteaks he had been

sent for, went along warm Wicklow street dawdling. It was too blooming

dull sitting in the parlour with Mrs Stoer and Mrs Quigley and Mrs

MacDowell and the blind down and they all at their sniffles and sipping

sups of the superior tawny sherry uncle Barney brought from Tunney's.

And they eating crumbs of the cottage fruitcake, jawing the whole

blooming time and sighing.

After Wicklow lane the window of Madame Doyle, courtdress milliner,

stopped him. He stood looking in at the two puckers stripped to their

pelts and putting up their props. From the sidemirrors two mourning

Masters Dignam gaped silently. Myler Keogh, Dublin's pet lamb, will

meet sergeantmajor Bennett, the Portobello bruiser, for a purse of fifty

sovereigns. Gob, that'd be a good pucking match to see. Myler Keogh,

that's the chap sparring out to him with the green sash. Two bar

entrance, soldiers half price. I could easy do a bunk on ma. Master

Dignam on his left turned as he turned. That's me in mourning. When

is it? May the twentysecond. Sure, the blooming thing is all over. He

turned to the right and on his right Master Dignam turned, his cap awry,

his collar sticking up. Buttoning it down, his chin lifted, he saw the

image of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, beside the two puckers. One

of them mots that do be in the packets of fags Stoer smokes that his old

fellow welted hell out of him for one time he found out.

Master Dignam got his collar down and dawdled on. The best pucker going

for strength was Fitzsimons. One puck in the wind from that fellow would

knock you into the middle of next week, man. But the best pucker for

science was Jem Corbet before Fitzsimons knocked the stuffings out of

him, dodging and all.

In Grafton street Master Dignam saw a red flower in a toff's mouth and

a swell pair of kicks on him and he listening to what the drunk was

telling him and grinning all the time.

No Sandymount tram.

Master Dignam walked along Nassau street, shifted the porksteaks to

his other hand. His collar sprang up again and he tugged it down. The

blooming stud was too small for the buttonhole of the shirt, blooming

end to it. He met schoolboys with satchels. I'm not going tomorrow

either, stay away till Monday. He met other schoolboys. Do they notice

I'm in mourning? Uncle Barney said he'd get it into the paper tonight.

Then they'll all see it in the paper and read my name printed and pa's

name.

His face got all grey instead of being red like it was and there was a

fly walking over it up to his eye. The scrunch that was when they

were screwing the screws into the coffin: and the bumps when they were

bringing it downstairs.

Pa was inside it and ma crying in the parlour and uncle Barney telling

the men how to get it round the bend. A big coffin it was, and high and

heavylooking. How was that? The last night pa was boosed he was standing

on the landing there bawling out for his boots to go out to Tunney's for

to boose more and he looked butty and short in his shirt. Never see him

again. Death, that is. Pa is dead. My father is dead. He told me to be

a good son to ma. I couldn't hear the other things he said but I saw

his tongue and his teeth trying to say it better. Poor pa. That was

Mr Dignam, my father. I hope he's in purgatory now because he went to

confession to Father Conroy on Saturday night.

\* \* \* \* \*

William Humble, earl of Dudley, and lady Dudley, accompanied by

lieutenantcolonel Heseltine, drove out after luncheon from the viceregal

lodge. In the following carriage were the honourable Mrs Paget, Miss de

Courcy and the honourable Gerald Ward A.D.C. in attendance.

The cavalcade passed out by the lower gate of Phoenix park saluted by

obsequious policemen and proceeded past Kingsbridge along the northern

quays. The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the

metropolis. At Bloody bridge Mr Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted

him vainly from afar Between Queen's and Whitworth bridges lord Dudley's

viceregal carriages passed and were unsaluted by Mr Dudley White, B.

L., M. A., who stood on Arran quay outside Mrs M. E. White's, the

pawnbroker's, at the corner of Arran street west stroking his nose with

his forefinger, undecided whether he should arrive at Phibsborough

more quickly by a triple change of tram or by hailing a car or on foot

through Smithfield, Constitution hill and Broadstone terminus. In the

porch of Four Courts Richie Goulding with the costbag of Goulding,

Collis and Ward saw him with surprise. Past Richmond bridge at the

doorstep of the office of Reuben J Dodd, solicitor, agent for the

Patriotic Insurance Company, an elderly female about to enter changed

her plan and retracing her steps by King's windows smiled credulously

on the representative of His Majesty. From its sluice in Wood quay wall

under Tom Devan's office Poddle river hung out in fealty a tongue of

liquid sewage. Above the crossblind of the Ormond hotel, gold by bronze,

Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head watched and admired. On Ormond

quay Mr Simon Dedalus, steering his way from the greenhouse for the

subsheriff's office, stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low.

His Excellency graciously returned Mr Dedalus' greeting. From Cahill's

corner the reverend Hugh C. Love, M.A., made obeisance unperceived,

mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich

advowsons. On Grattan bridge Lenehan and M'Coy, taking leave of each

other, watched the carriages go by. Passing by Roger Greene's office and

Dollard's big red printinghouse Gerty MacDowell, carrying the Catesby's

cork lino letters for her father who was laid up, knew by the style

it was the lord and lady lieutenant but she couldn't see what Her

Excellency had on because the tram and Spring's big yellow furniture van

had to stop in front of her on account of its being the lord lieutenant.

Beyond Lundy Foot's from the shaded door of Kavanagh's winerooms

John Wyse Nolan smiled with unseen coldness towards the lord

lieutenantgeneral and general governor of Ireland. The Right Honourable

William Humble, earl of Dudley, G. C. V. O., passed Micky Anderson's all

times ticking watches and Henry and James's wax smartsuited freshcheeked

models, the gentleman Henry, \_dernier cri\_ James. Over against Dame gate

Tom Rochford and Nosey Flynn watched the approach of the cavalcade. Tom

Rochford, seeing the eyes of lady Dudley fixed on him, took his thumbs

quickly out of the pockets of his claret waistcoat and doffed his cap to

her. A charming \_soubrette,\_ great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and

lifted skirt smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl

of Dudley, and upon lieutenantcolonel H. G. Heseltine, and also upon

the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. From the window of the D. B. C. Buck

Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely, gazed down on the viceregal equipage

over the shoulders of eager guests, whose mass of forms darkened the

chessboard whereon John Howard Parnell looked intently. In Fownes's

street Dilly Dedalus, straining her sight upward from Chardenal's first

French primer, saw sunshades spanned and wheelspokes spinning in the

glare. John Henry Menton, filling the doorway of Commercial Buildings,

stared from winebig oyster eyes, holding a fat gold hunter watch not

looked at in his fat left hand not feeling it. Where the foreleg of King

Billy's horse pawed the air Mrs Breen plucked her hastening husband

back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the

tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast

and saluted the second carriage. The honourable Gerald Ward A.D.C.,

agreeably surprised, made haste to reply. At Ponsonby's corner a jaded

white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons halted behind

him, E.L.Y'S, while outriders pranced past and carriages. Opposite

Pigott's music warerooms Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c,

gaily apparelled, gravely walked, outpassed by a viceroy and unobserved.

By the provost's wall came jauntily Blazes Boylan, stepping in tan shoes

and socks with skyblue clocks to the refrain of \_My girl's a Yorkshire

girl.\_

Blazes Boylan presented to the leaders' skyblue frontlets and high

action a skyblue tie, a widebrimmed straw hat at a rakish angle and a

suit of indigo serge. His hands in his jacket pockets forgot to salute

but he offered to the three ladies the bold admiration of his eyes and

the red flower between his lips. As they drove along Nassau street His

Excellency drew the attention of his bowing consort to the programme of

music which was being discoursed in College park. Unseen brazen highland

laddies blared and drumthumped after the \_cortÃ¨ge\_:

\_But though she's a factory lass

And wears no fancy clothes.

Baraabum.

Yet I've a sort of a

Yorkshire relish for

My little Yorkshire rose.

Baraabum.\_

Thither of the wall the quartermile flat handicappers, M. C. Green, H.

Shrift, T. M. Patey, C. Scaife, J. B. Jeffs, G. N. Morphy, F. Stevenson,

C. Adderly and W. C. Huggard, started in pursuit. Striding past Finn's

hotel Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell stared through a

fierce eyeglass across the carriages at the head of Mr M. E. Solomons

in the window of the Austro-Hungarian viceconsulate. Deep in Leinster

street by Trinity's postern a loyal king's man, Hornblower, touched

his tallyho cap. As the glossy horses pranced by Merrion square Master

Patrick Aloysius Dignam, waiting, saw salutes being given to the gent

with the topper and raised also his new black cap with fingers greased

by porksteak paper. His collar too sprang up. The viceroy, on his way to

inaugurate the Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's hospital,

drove with his following towards Lower Mount street. He passed a blind

stripling opposite Broadbent's. In Lower Mount street a pedestrian in a

brown macintosh, eating dry bread, passed swiftly and unscathed across

the viceroy's path. At the Royal Canal bridge, from his hoarding,

Mr Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to

Pembroke township. At Haddington road corner two sanded women halted

themselves, an umbrella and a bag in which eleven cockles rolled to view

with wonder the lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain.

On Northumberland and Lansdowne roads His Excellency acknowledged

punctually salutes from rare male walkers, the salute of two small

schoolboys at the garden gate of the house said to have been admired

by the late queen when visiting the Irish capital with her husband, the

prince consort, in 1849 and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy

trousers swallowed by a closing door.

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyringing Imperthnthn thnthnthn.

Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips.

Horrid! And gold flushed more.

A husky fifenote blew.

Blew. Blue bloom is on the.

Goldpinnacled hair.

A jumping rose on satiny breast of satin, rose of Castile.

Trilling, trilling: Idolores.

Peep! Who's in the... peepofgold?

Tink cried to bronze in pity.

And a call, pure, long and throbbing. Longindying call.

Decoy. Soft word. But look: the bright stars fade. Notes chirruping

answer.

O rose! Castile. The morn is breaking.

Jingle jingle jaunted jingling.

Coin rang. Clock clacked.

Avowal. \_Sonnez.\_ I could. Rebound of garter. Not leave thee. Smack. \_La

cloche!\_ Thigh smack. Avowal. Warm. Sweetheart, goodbye!

Jingle. Bloo.

Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War! The tympanum.

A sail! A veil awave upon the waves.

Lost. Throstle fluted. All is lost now.

Horn. Hawhorn.

When first he saw. Alas!

Full tup. Full throb.

Warbling. Ah, lure! Alluring.

Martha! Come!

Clapclap. Clipclap. Clappyclap.

Goodgod henev erheard inall.

Deaf bald Pat brought pad knife took up.

A moonlit nightcall: far, far.

I feel so sad. P. S. So lonely blooming.

Listen!

The spiked and winding cold seahorn. Have you the? Each, and for other,

plash and silent roar.

Pearls: when she. Liszt's rhapsodies. Hissss.

You don't?

Did not: no, no: believe: Lidlyd. With a cock with a carra.

Black. Deepsounding. Do, Ben, do.

Wait while you wait. Hee hee. Wait while you hee.

But wait!

Low in dark middle earth. Embedded ore.

Naminedamine. Preacher is he:

All gone. All fallen.

Tiny, her tremulous fernfoils of maidenhair.

Amen! He gnashed in fury.

Fro. To, fro. A baton cool protruding.

Bronzelydia by Minagold.

By bronze, by gold, in oceangreen of shadow. Bloom. Old Bloom.

One rapped, one tapped, with a carra, with a cock.

Pray for him! Pray, good people!

His gouty fingers nakkering.

Big Benaben. Big Benben.

Last rose Castile of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone.

Pwee! Little wind piped wee.

True men. Lid Ker Cow De and Doll. Ay, ay. Like you men. Will lift your

tschink with tschunk.

Fff! Oo!

Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where hoofs?

Rrrpr. Kraa. Kraandl.

Then not till then. My eppripfftaph. Be pfrwritt.

Done.

Begin!

Bronze by gold, miss Douce's head by miss Kennedy's head, over the

crossblind of the Ormond bar heard the viceregal hoofs go by, ringing

steel.

--Is that her? asked miss Kennedy.

Miss Douce said yes, sitting with his ex, pearl grey and \_eau de Nil.\_

--Exquisite contrast, miss Kennedy said.

When all agog miss Douce said eagerly:

--Look at the fellow in the tall silk.

--Who? Where? gold asked more eagerly.

--In the second carriage, miss Douce's wet lips said, laughing in the

sun.

He's looking. Mind till I see.

She darted, bronze, to the backmost corner, flattening her face against

the pane in a halo of hurried breath.

Her wet lips tittered:

--He's killed looking back.

She laughed:

--O wept! Aren't men frightful idiots?

With sadness.

Miss Kennedy sauntered sadly from bright light, twining a loose hair

behind an ear. Sauntering sadly, gold no more, she twisted twined a

hair.

Sadly she twined in sauntering gold hair behind a curving ear.

--It's them has the fine times, sadly then she said.

A man.

Bloowho went by by Moulang's pipes bearing in his breast the sweets

of sin, by Wine's antiques, in memory bearing sweet sinful words, by

Carroll's dusky battered plate, for Raoul.

The boots to them, them in the bar, them barmaids came. For them

unheeding him he banged on the counter his tray of chattering china. And

--There's your teas, he said.

Miss Kennedy with manners transposed the teatray down to an upturned

lithia crate, safe from eyes, low.

--What is it? loud boots unmannerly asked.

--Find out, miss Douce retorted, leaving her spyingpoint.

--Your \_beau,\_ is it?

A haughty bronze replied:

--I'll complain to Mrs de Massey on you if I hear any more of your

impertinent insolence.

--Imperthnthn thnthnthn, bootssnout sniffed rudely, as he retreated as

she threatened as he had come.

Bloom.

On her flower frowning miss Douce said:

--Most aggravating that young brat is. If he doesn't conduct himself

I'll wring his ear for him a yard long.

Ladylike in exquisite contrast.

--Take no notice, miss Kennedy rejoined.

She poured in a teacup tea, then back in the teapot tea. They cowered

under their reef of counter, waiting on footstools, crates upturned,

waiting for their teas to draw. They pawed their blouses, both of black

satin, two and nine a yard, waiting for their teas to draw, and two and

seven.

Yes, bronze from anear, by gold from afar, heard steel from anear, hoofs

ring from afar, and heard steelhoofs ringhoof ringsteel.

--Am I awfully sunburnt?

Miss bronze unbloused her neck.

--No, said miss Kennedy. It gets brown after. Did you try the borax with

the cherry laurel water?

Miss Douce halfstood to see her skin askance in the barmirror

gildedlettered where hock and claret glasses shimmered and in their

midst a shell.

--And leave it to my hands, she said.

--Try it with the glycerine, miss Kennedy advised.

Bidding her neck and hands adieu miss Douce

--Those things only bring out a rash, replied, reseated. I asked that

old fogey in Boyd's for something for my skin.

Miss Kennedy, pouring now a fulldrawn tea, grimaced and prayed:

--O, don't remind me of him for mercy' sake!

--But wait till I tell you, miss Douce entreated.

Sweet tea miss Kennedy having poured with milk plugged both two ears

with little fingers.

--No, don't, she cried.

--I won't listen, she cried.

But Bloom?

Miss Douce grunted in snuffy fogey's tone:

--For your what? says he.

Miss Kennedy unplugged her ears to hear, to speak: but said, but prayed

again:

--Don't let me think of him or I'll expire. The hideous old wretch! That

night in the Antient Concert Rooms.

She sipped distastefully her brew, hot tea, a sip, sipped, sweet tea.

--Here he was, miss Douce said, cocking her bronze head three quarters,

ruffling her nosewings. Hufa! Hufa!

Shrill shriek of laughter sprang from miss Kennedy's throat. Miss Douce

huffed and snorted down her nostrils that quivered imperthnthn like a

snout in quest.

--O! shrieking, miss Kennedy cried. Will you ever forget his goggle eye?

Miss Douce chimed in in deep bronze laughter, shouting:

--And your other eye!

Bloowhose dark eye read Aaron Figatner's name. Why do I always think

Figather? Gathering figs, I think. And Prosper Lore's huguenot name.

By Bassi's blessed virgins Bloom's dark eyes went by. Bluerobed, white

under, come to me. God they believe she is: or goddess. Those today. I

could not see. That fellow spoke. A student. After with Dedalus' son.

He might be Mulligan. All comely virgins. That brings those rakes of

fellows in: her white.

By went his eyes. The sweets of sin. Sweet are the sweets.

Of sin.

In a giggling peal young goldbronze voices blended, Douce with Kennedy

your other eye. They threw young heads back, bronze gigglegold, to let

freefly their laughter, screaming, your other, signals to each other,

high piercing notes.

Ah, panting, sighing, sighing, ah, fordone, their mirth died down.

Miss Kennedy lipped her cup again, raised, drank a sip and

gigglegiggled. Miss Douce, bending over the teatray, ruffled again her

nose and rolled droll fattened eyes. Again Kennygiggles, stooping,

her fair pinnacles of hair, stooping, her tortoise napecomb showed,

spluttered out of her mouth her tea, choking in tea and laughter,

coughing with choking, crying:

--O greasy eyes! Imagine being married to a man like that! she cried.

With his bit of beard!

Douce gave full vent to a splendid yell, a full yell of full woman,

delight, joy, indignation.

--Married to the greasy nose! she yelled.

Shrill, with deep laughter, after, gold after bronze, they urged each

each to peal after peal, ringing in changes, bronzegold, goldbronze,

shrilldeep, to laughter after laughter. And then laughed more. Greasy I

knows. Exhausted, breathless, their shaken heads they laid, braided and

pinnacled by glossycombed, against the counterledge. All flushed (O!),

panting, sweating (O!), all breathless.

Married to Bloom, to greaseabloom.

--O saints above! miss Douce said, sighed above her jumping rose. I

wished

I hadn't laughed so much. I feel all wet.

--O, miss Douce! miss Kennedy protested. You horrid thing!

And flushed yet more (you horrid!), more goldenly.

By Cantwell's offices roved Greaseabloom, by Ceppi's virgins, bright of

their oils. Nannetti's father hawked those things about, wheedling at

doors as I. Religion pays. Must see him for that par. Eat first. I want.

Not yet. At four, she said. Time ever passing. Clockhands turning. On.

Where eat? The Clarence, Dolphin. On. For Raoul. Eat. If I net five

guineas with those ads. The violet silk petticoats. Not yet. The sweets

of sin.

Flushed less, still less, goldenly paled.

Into their bar strolled Mr Dedalus. Chips, picking chips off one of his

rocky thumbnails. Chips. He strolled.

--O, welcome back, miss Douce.

He held her hand. Enjoyed her holidays?

--Tiptop.

He hoped she had nice weather in Rostrevor.

--Gorgeous, she said. Look at the holy show I am. Lying out on the

strand all day.

Bronze whiteness.

--That was exceedingly naughty of you, Mr Dedalus told her and pressed

her hand indulgently. Tempting poor simple males.

Miss Douce of satin douced her arm away.

--O go away! she said. You're very simple, I don't think.

He was.

--Well now I am, he mused. I looked so simple in the cradle they

christened me simple Simon.

--You must have been a doaty, miss Douce made answer. And what did the

doctor order today?

--Well now, he mused, whatever you say yourself. I think I'll trouble

you for some fresh water and a half glass of whisky.

Jingle.

--With the greatest alacrity, miss Douce agreed.

With grace of alacrity towards the mirror gilt Cantrell and Cochrane's

she turned herself. With grace she tapped a measure of gold whisky from

her crystal keg. Forth from the skirt of his coat Mr Dedalus brought

pouch and pipe. Alacrity she served. He blew through the flue two husky

fifenotes.

--By Jove, he mused, I often wanted to see the Mourne mountains. Must

be a great tonic in the air down there. But a long threatening comes at

last, they say. Yes. Yes.

Yes. He fingered shreds of hair, her maidenhair, her mermaid's, into the

bowl. Chips. Shreds. Musing. Mute.

None nought said nothing. Yes.

Gaily miss Douce polished a tumbler, trilling:

--\_O, Idolores, queen of the eastern seas!\_

--Was Mr Lidwell in today?

In came Lenehan. Round him peered Lenehan. Mr Bloom reached Essex

bridge. Yes, Mr Bloom crossed bridge of Yessex. To Martha I must write.

Buy paper. Daly's. Girl there civil. Bloom. Old Bloom. Blue bloom is on

the rye.

--He was in at lunchtime, miss Douce said.

Lenehan came forward.

--Was Mr Boylan looking for me?

He asked. She answered:

--Miss Kennedy, was Mr Boylan in while I was upstairs?

She asked. Miss voice of Kennedy answered, a second teacup poised, her

gaze upon a page:

--No. He was not.

Miss gaze of Kennedy, heard, not seen, read on. Lenehan round the

sandwichbell wound his round body round.

--Peep! Who's in the corner?

No glance of Kennedy rewarding him he yet made overtures. To mind her

stops. To read only the black ones: round o and crooked ess.

Jingle jaunty jingle.

Girlgold she read and did not glance. Take no notice. She took no notice

while he read by rote a solfa fable for her, plappering flatly:

--Ah fox met ah stork. Said thee fox too thee stork: Will you put your

bill down inn my troath and pull upp ah bone?

He droned in vain. Miss Douce turned to her tea aside.

He sighed aside:

--Ah me! O my!

He greeted Mr Dedalus and got a nod.

--Greetings from the famous son of a famous father.

--Who may he be? Mr Dedalus asked.

Lenehan opened most genial arms. Who?

--Who may he be? he asked. Can you ask? Stephen, the youthful bard.

Dry.

Mr Dedalus, famous father, laid by his dry filled pipe.

--I see, he said. I didn't recognise him for the moment. I hear he is

keeping very select company. Have you seen him lately?

He had.

--I quaffed the nectarbowl with him this very day, said Lenehan. In

Mooney's \_en ville\_ and in Mooney's \_sur mer.\_ He had received the rhino

for the labour of his muse.

He smiled at bronze's teabathed lips, at listening lips and eyes:

--The \_Ã©lite\_ of Erin hung upon his lips. The ponderous pundit, Hugh

MacHugh, Dublin's most brilliant scribe and editor and that minstrel boy

of the wild wet west who is known by the euphonious appellation of the

O'Madden Burke.

After an interval Mr Dedalus raised his grog and

--That must have been highly diverting, said he. I see.

He see. He drank. With faraway mourning mountain eye. Set down his

glass.

He looked towards the saloon door.

--I see you have moved the piano.

--The tuner was in today, miss Douce replied, tuning it for the smoking

concert and I never heard such an exquisite player.

--Is that a fact?

--Didn't he, miss Kennedy? The real classical, you know. And blind too,

poor fellow. Not twenty I'm sure he was.

--Is that a fact? Mr Dedalus said.

He drank and strayed away.

--So sad to look at his face, miss Douce condoled.

God's curse on bitch's bastard.

Tink to her pity cried a diner's bell. To the door of the bar and

diningroom came bald Pat, came bothered Pat, came Pat, waiter of Ormond.

Lager for diner. Lager without alacrity she served.

With patience Lenehan waited for Boylan with impatience, for

jinglejaunty blazes boy.

Upholding the lid he (who?) gazed in the coffin (coffin?) at the oblique

triple (piano!) wires. He pressed (the same who pressed indulgently her

hand), soft pedalling, a triple of keys to see the thicknesses of felt

advancing, to hear the muffled hammerfall in action.

Two sheets cream vellum paper one reserve two envelopes when I was in

Wisdom Hely's wise Bloom in Daly's Henry Flower bought. Are you not

happy in your home? Flower to console me and a pin cuts lo. Means

something, language of flow. Was it a daisy? Innocence that is.

Respectable girl meet after mass. Thanks awfully muchly. Wise Bloom eyed

on the door a poster, a swaying mermaid smoking mid nice waves. Smoke

mermaids, coolest whiff of all. Hair streaming: lovelorn. For some man.

For Raoul. He eyed and saw afar on Essex bridge a gay hat riding on a

jaunting car. It is. Again. Third time. Coincidence.

Jingling on supple rubbers it jaunted from the bridge to Ormond quay.

Follow. Risk it. Go quick. At four. Near now. Out.

--Twopence, sir, the shopgirl dared to say.

--Aha... I was forgetting... Excuse...

--And four.

At four she. Winsomely she on Bloohimwhom smiled. Bloo smi qui go.

Ternoon. Think you're the only pebble on the beach? Does that to all.

For men.

In drowsy silence gold bent on her page.

From the saloon a call came, long in dying. That was a tuningfork the

tuner had that he forgot that he now struck. A call again. That he now

poised that it now throbbed. You hear? It throbbed, pure, purer, softly

and softlier, its buzzing prongs. Longer in dying call.

Pat paid for diner's popcorked bottle: and over tumbler, tray and

popcorked bottle ere he went he whispered, bald and bothered, with miss

Douce.

--\_The bright stars fade\_...

A voiceless song sang from within, singing:

--... \_the morn is breaking.\_

A duodene of birdnotes chirruped bright treble answer under sensitive

hands. Brightly the keys, all twinkling, linked, all harpsichording,

called to a voice to sing the strain of dewy morn, of youth, of love's

leavetaking, life's, love's morn.

--\_The dewdrops pearl\_...

Lenehan's lips over the counter lisped a low whistle of decoy.

--But look this way, he said, rose of Castile.

Jingle jaunted by the curb and stopped.

She rose and closed her reading, rose of Castile: fretted, forlorn,

dreamily rose.

--Did she fall or was she pushed? he asked her.

She answered, slighting:

--Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies.

Like lady, ladylike.

Blazes Boylan's smart tan shoes creaked on the barfloor where he strode.

Yes, gold from anear by bronze from afar. Lenehan heard and knew and

hailed him:

--See the conquering hero comes.

Between the car and window, warily walking, went Bloom, unconquered

hero. See me he might. The seat he sat on: warm. Black wary hecat walked

towards Richie Goulding's legal bag, lifted aloft, saluting.

--\_And I from thee\_...

--I heard you were round, said Blazes Boylan.

He touched to fair miss Kennedy a rim of his slanted straw. She smiled

on him. But sister bronze outsmiled her, preening for him her richer

hair, a bosom and a rose.

Smart Boylan bespoke potions.

--What's your cry? Glass of bitter? Glass of bitter, please, and a

sloegin for me. Wire in yet?

Not yet. At four she. Who said four?

Cowley's red lugs and bulging apple in the door of the sheriff's office.

Avoid. Goulding a chance. What is he doing in the Ormond? Car waiting.

Wait.

Hello. Where off to? Something to eat? I too was just. In here. What,

Ormond? Best value in Dublin. Is that so? Diningroom. Sit tight there.

See, not be seen. I think I'll join you. Come on. Richie led on. Bloom

followed bag. Dinner fit for a prince.

Miss Douce reached high to take a flagon, stretching her satin arm, her

bust, that all but burst, so high.

--O! O! jerked Lenehan, gasping at each stretch. O!

But easily she seized her prey and led it low in triumph.

--Why don't you grow? asked Blazes Boylan.

Shebronze, dealing from her oblique jar thick syrupy liquor for his

lips, looked as it flowed (flower in his coat: who gave him?), and

syrupped with her voice:

--Fine goods in small parcels.

That is to say she. Neatly she poured slowsyrupy sloe.

--Here's fortune, Blazes said.

He pitched a broad coin down. Coin rang.

--Hold on, said Lenehan, till I...

--Fortune, he wished, lifting his bubbled ale.

--Sceptre will win in a canter, he said.

--I plunged a bit, said Boylan winking and drinking. Not on my own, you

know. Fancy of a friend of mine.

Lenehan still drank and grinned at his tilted ale and at miss Douce's

lips that all but hummed, not shut, the oceansong her lips had trilled.

Idolores. The eastern seas.

Clock whirred. Miss Kennedy passed their way (flower, wonder who gave),

bearing away teatray. Clock clacked.

Miss Douce took Boylan's coin, struck boldly the cashregister. It

clanged. Clock clacked. Fair one of Egypt teased and sorted in the till

and hummed and handed coins in change. Look to the west. A clack. For

me.

--What time is that? asked Blazes Boylan. Four?

O'clock.

Lenehan, small eyes ahunger on her humming, bust ahumming, tugged Blazes

Boylan's elbowsleeve.

--Let's hear the time, he said.

The bag of Goulding, Collis, Ward led Bloom by ryebloom flowered tables.

Aimless he chose with agitated aim, bald Pat attending, a table near

the door. Be near. At four. Has he forgotten? Perhaps a trick. Not come:

whet appetite. I couldn't do. Wait, wait. Pat, waiter, waited.

Sparkling bronze azure eyed Blazure's skyblue bow and eyes.

--Go on, pressed Lenehan. There's no-one. He never heard.

--... \_to Flora's lips did hie.\_

High, a high note pealed in the treble clear.

Bronzedouce communing with her rose that sank and rose sought

Blazes Boylan's flower and eyes.

--Please, please.

He pleaded over returning phrases of avowal.

--\_I could not leave thee\_...

--Afterwits, miss Douce promised coyly.

--No, now, urged Lenehan. \_Sonnezlacloche!\_ O do! There's no-one.

She looked. Quick. Miss Kenn out of earshot. Sudden bent. Two kindling

faces watched her bend.

Quavering the chords strayed from the air, found it again, lost chord,

and lost and found it, faltering.

--Go on! Do! \_Sonnez!\_

Bending, she nipped a peak of skirt above her knee. Delayed. Taunted

them still, bending, suspending, with wilful eyes.

\_--Sonnez!\_

Smack. She set free sudden in rebound her nipped elastic garter

smackwarm against her smackable a woman's warmhosed thigh.

--\_La Cloche!\_ cried gleeful Lenehan. Trained by owner. No sawdust

there.

She smilesmirked supercilious (wept! aren't men?), but, lightward

gliding, mild she smiled on Boylan.

--You're the essence of vulgarity, she in gliding said.

Boylan, eyed, eyed. Tossed to fat lips his chalice, drank off his

chalice tiny, sucking the last fat violet syrupy drops. His spellbound

eyes went after, after her gliding head as it went down the bar by

mirrors, gilded arch for ginger ale, hock and claret glasses shimmering,

a spiky shell, where it concerted, mirrored, bronze with sunnier bronze.

Yes, bronze from anearby.

--... \_Sweetheart, goodbye!\_

--I'm off, said Boylan with impatience.

He slid his chalice brisk away, grasped his change.

--Wait a shake, begged Lenehan, drinking quickly. I wanted to tell you.

Tom Rochford...

--Come on to blazes, said Blazes Boylan, going.

Lenehan gulped to go.

--Got the horn or what? he said. Wait. I'm coming.

He followed the hasty creaking shoes but stood by nimbly by the

threshold, saluting forms, a bulky with a slender.

--How do you do, Mr Dollard?

--Eh? How do? How do? Ben Dollard's vague bass answered, turning an

instant from Father Cowley's woe. He won't give you any trouble, Bob.

Alf Bergan will speak to the long fellow. We'll put a barleystraw in

that Judas Iscariot's ear this time.

Sighing Mr Dedalus came through the saloon, a finger soothing an eyelid.

--Hoho, we will, Ben Dollard yodled jollily. Come on, Simon. Give us a

ditty. We heard the piano.

Bald Pat, bothered waiter, waited for drink orders. Power for Richie.

And Bloom? Let me see. Not make him walk twice. His corns. Four now. How

warm this black is. Course nerves a bit. Refracts (is it?) heat. Let me

see. Cider. Yes, bottle of cider.

--What's that? Mr Dedalus said. I was only vamping, man.

--Come on, come on, Ben Dollard called. Begone dull care. Come, Bob.

He ambled Dollard, bulky slops, before them (hold that fellow with the:

hold him now) into the saloon. He plumped him Dollard on the stool. His

gouty paws plumped chords. Plumped, stopped abrupt.

Bald Pat in the doorway met tealess gold returning. Bothered, he wanted

Power and cider. Bronze by the window, watched, bronze from afar.

Jingle a tinkle jaunted.

Bloom heard a jing, a little sound. He's off. Light sob of breath Bloom

sighed on the silent bluehued flowers. Jingling. He's gone. Jingle.

Hear.

--Love and War, Ben, Mr Dedalus said. God be with old times.

Miss Douce's brave eyes, unregarded, turned from the crossblind, smitten

by sunlight. Gone. Pensive (who knows?), smitten (the smiting light),

she lowered the dropblind with a sliding cord. She drew down pensive

(why did he go so quick when I?) about her bronze, over the bar where

bald stood by sister gold, inexquisite contrast, contrast inexquisite

nonexquisite, slow cool dim seagreen sliding depth of shadow, \_eau de

Nil.\_

--Poor old Goodwin was the pianist that night, Father Cowley reminded

them. There was a slight difference of opinion between himself and the

Collard grand.

There was.

--A symposium all his own, Mr Dedalus said. The devil wouldn't stop him.

He was a crotchety old fellow in the primary stage of drink.

--God, do you remember? Ben bulky Dollard said, turning from the

punished keyboard. And by Japers I had no wedding garment.

They laughed all three. He had no wed. All trio laughed. No wedding

garment.

--Our friend Bloom turned in handy that night, Mr Dedalus said. Where's

my pipe, by the way?

He wandered back to the bar to the lost chord pipe. Bald Pat carried two

diners' drinks, Richie and Poldy. And Father Cowley laughed again.

--I saved the situation, Ben, I think.

--You did, averred Ben Dollard. I remember those tight trousers too.

That was a brilliant idea, Bob.

Father Cowley blushed to his brilliant purply lobes. He saved the situa.

Tight trou. Brilliant ide.

--I knew he was on the rocks, he said. The wife was playing the piano in

the coffee palace on Saturdays for a very trifling consideration and

who was it gave me the wheeze she was doing the other business? Do you

remember? We had to search all Holles street to find them till the

chap in Keogh's gave us the number. Remember? Ben remembered, his broad

visage wondering.

--By God, she had some luxurious operacloaks and things there.

Mr Dedalus wandered back, pipe in hand.

--Merrion square style. Balldresses, by God, and court dresses. He

wouldn't take any money either. What? Any God's quantity of cocked hats

and boleros and trunkhose. What?

--Ay, ay, Mr Dedalus nodded. Mrs Marion Bloom has left off clothes of

all descriptions.

Jingle jaunted down the quays. Blazes sprawled on bounding tyres.

Liver and bacon. Steak and kidney pie. Right, sir. Right, Pat.

Mrs Marion. Met him pike hoses. Smell of burn. Of Paul de Kock. Nice

name he.

--What's this her name was? A buxom lassy. Marion...

--Tweedy.

--Yes. Is she alive?

--And kicking.

--She was a daughter of...

--Daughter of the regiment.

--Yes, begad. I remember the old drummajor.

Mr Dedalus struck, whizzed, lit, puffed savoury puff after

--Irish? I don't know, faith. Is she, Simon?

Puff after stiff, a puff, strong, savoury, crackling.

--Buccinator muscle is... What?... Bit rusty... O, she is... My

Irish Molly, O.

He puffed a pungent plumy blast.

--From the rock of Gibraltar... all the way.

They pined in depth of ocean shadow, gold by the beerpull, bronze

by maraschino, thoughtful all two. Mina Kennedy, 4 Lismore terrace,

Drumcondra with Idolores, a queen, Dolores, silent.

Pat served, uncovered dishes. Leopold cut liverslices. As said before he

ate with relish the inner organs, nutty gizzards, fried cods' roes while

Richie Goulding, Collis, Ward ate steak and kidney, steak then kidney,

bite by bite of pie he ate Bloom ate they ate.

Bloom with Goulding, married in silence, ate. Dinners fit for princes.

By Bachelor's walk jogjaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun in

heat, mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tyres:

sprawled, warmseated, Boylan impatience, ardentbold. Horn. Have you the?

Horn. Have you the? Haw haw horn.

Over their voices Dollard bassooned attack, booming over bombarding

chords:

--\_When love absorbs my ardent soul\_...

Roll of Bensoulbenjamin rolled to the quivery loveshivery roofpanes.

--War! War! cried Father Cowley. You're the warrior.

--So I am, Ben Warrior laughed. I was thinking of your landlord. Love or

money.

He stopped. He wagged huge beard, huge face over his blunder huge.

--Sure, you'd burst the tympanum of her ear, man, Mr Dedalus said

through smoke aroma, with an organ like yours.

In bearded abundant laughter Dollard shook upon the keyboard. He would.

--Not to mention another membrane, Father Cowley added. Half time, Ben.

\_Amoroso ma non troppo.\_ Let me there.

Miss Kennedy served two gentlemen with tankards of cool stout. She

passed a remark. It was indeed, first gentleman said, beautiful weather.

They drank cool stout. Did she know where the lord lieutenant was going?

And heard steelhoofs ringhoof ring. No, she couldn't say. But it would

be in the paper. O, she need not trouble. No trouble. She waved about

her outspread \_Independent,\_ searching, the lord lieutenant, her

pinnacles of hair slowmoving, lord lieuten. Too much trouble,

first gentleman said. O, not in the least. Way he looked that. Lord

lieutenant. Gold by bronze heard iron steel.

--............ \_my ardent soul\_

\_I care not foror the morrow.\_

In liver gravy Bloom mashed mashed potatoes. Love and War someone is.

Ben Dollard's famous. Night he ran round to us to borrow a dress suit

for that concert. Trousers tight as a drum on him. Musical porkers.

Molly did laugh when he went out. Threw herself back across the bed,

screaming, kicking. With all his belongings on show. O saints above,

I'm drenched! O, the women in the front row! O, I never laughed so many!

Well, of course that's what gives him the base barreltone. For instance

eunuchs. Wonder who's playing. Nice touch. Must be Cowley. Musical.

Knows whatever note you play. Bad breath he has, poor chap. Stopped.

Miss Douce, engaging, Lydia Douce, bowed to suave solicitor, George

Lidwell, gentleman, entering. Good afternoon. She gave her moist (a

lady's) hand to his firm clasp. Afternoon. Yes, she was back. To the old

dingdong again.

--Your friends are inside, Mr Lidwell.

George Lidwell, suave, solicited, held a lydiahand.

Bloom ate liv as said before. Clean here at least. That chap in the

Burton, gummy with gristle. No-one here: Goulding and I. Clean tables,

flowers, mitres of napkins. Pat to and fro. Bald Pat. Nothing to do.

Best value in Dub.

Piano again. Cowley it is. Way he sits in to it, like one together,

mutual understanding. Tiresome shapers scraping fiddles, eye on the

bowend, sawing the cello, remind you of toothache. Her high long snore.

Night we were in the box. Trombone under blowing like a grampus, between

the acts, other brass chap unscrewing, emptying spittle. Conductor's

legs too, bagstrousers, jiggedy jiggedy. Do right to hide them.

Jiggedy jingle jaunty jaunty.

Only the harp. Lovely. Gold glowering light. Girl touched it. Poop of a

lovely. Gravy's rather good fit for a. Golden ship. Erin. The harp that

once or twice. Cool hands. Ben Howth, the rhododendrons. We are their

harps. I. He. Old. Young.

--Ah, I couldn't, man, Mr Dedalus said, shy, listless.

Strongly.

--Go on, blast you! Ben Dollard growled. Get it out in bits.

--\_M'appari,\_ Simon, Father Cowley said.

Down stage he strode some paces, grave, tall in affliction, his long

arms outheld. Hoarsely the apple of his throat hoarsed softly. Softly he

sang to a dusty seascape there: \_A Last Farewell.\_ A headland, a ship, a

sail upon the billows. Farewell. A lovely girl, her veil awave upon the

wind upon the headland, wind around her.

Cowley sang:

\_--M'appari tutt'amor:

Il mio sguardo l'incontr...\_

She waved, unhearing Cowley, her veil, to one departing, dear one, to

wind, love, speeding sail, return.

--Go on, Simon.

--Ah, sure, my dancing days are done, Ben... Well...

Mr Dedalus laid his pipe to rest beside the tuningfork and, sitting,

touched the obedient keys.

--No, Simon, Father Cowley turned. Play it in the original. One flat.

The keys, obedient, rose higher, told, faltered, confessed, confused.

Up stage strode Father Cowley.

--Here, Simon, I'll accompany you, he said. Get up.

By Graham Lemon's pineapple rock, by Elvery's elephant jingly jogged.

Steak, kidney, liver, mashed, at meat fit for princes sat princes Bloom

and Goulding. Princes at meat they raised and drank, Power and cider.

Most beautiful tenor air ever written, Richie said: \_Sonnambula.\_ He

heard Joe Maas sing that one night. Ah, what M'Guckin! Yes. In his way.

Choirboy style. Maas was the boy. Massboy. A lyrical tenor if you like.

Never forget it. Never.

Tenderly Bloom over liverless bacon saw the tightened features strain.

Backache he. Bright's bright eye. Next item on the programme. Paying the

piper. Pills, pounded bread, worth a guinea a box. Stave it off awhile.

Sings too: \_Down among the dead men.\_ Appropriate. Kidney pie. Sweets to

the. Not making much hand of it. Best value in. Characteristic of him.

Power. Particular about his drink. Flaw in the glass, fresh Vartry

water. Fecking matches from counters to save. Then squander a sovereign

in dribs and drabs. And when he's wanted not a farthing. Screwed

refusing to pay his fare. Curious types.

Never would Richie forget that night. As long as he lived: never. In the

gods of the old Royal with little Peake. And when the first note.

Speech paused on Richie's lips.

Coming out with a whopper now. Rhapsodies about damn all.

Believes his own lies. Does really. Wonderful liar. But want a good

memory.

--Which air is that? asked Leopold Bloom.

--\_All is lost now\_.

Richie cocked his lips apout. A low incipient note sweet banshee

murmured: all. A thrush. A throstle. His breath, birdsweet, good teeth

he's proud of, fluted with plaintive woe. Is lost. Rich sound. Two

notes in one there. Blackbird I heard in the hawthorn valley. Taking my

motives he twined and turned them. All most too new call is lost in all.

Echo. How sweet the answer. How is that done? All lost now. Mournful he

whistled. Fall, surrender, lost.

Bloom bent leopold ear, turning a fringe of doyley down under the vase.

Order. Yes, I remember. Lovely air. In sleep she went to him. Innocence

in the moon. Brave. Don't know their danger. Still hold her back. Call

name. Touch water. Jingle jaunty. Too late. She longed to go. That's

why. Woman. As easy stop the sea. Yes: all is lost.

--A beautiful air, said Bloom lost Leopold. I know it well.

Never in all his life had Richie Goulding.

He knows it well too. Or he feels. Still harping on his daughter. Wise

child that knows her father, Dedalus said. Me?

Bloom askance over liverless saw. Face of the all is lost. Rollicking

Richie once. Jokes old stale now. Wagging his ear. Napkinring in his

eye. Now begging letters he sends his son with. Crosseyed Walter sir I

did sir. Wouldn't trouble only I was expecting some money. Apologise.

Piano again. Sounds better than last time I heard. Tuned probably.

Stopped again.

Dollard and Cowley still urged the lingering singer out with it.

--With it, Simon.

--It, Simon.

--Ladies and gentlemen, I am most deeply obliged by your kind

solicitations.

--It, Simon.

--I have no money but if you will lend me your attention I shall

endeavour to sing to you of a heart bowed down.

By the sandwichbell in screening shadow Lydia, her bronze and rose, a

lady's grace, gave and withheld: as in cool glaucous \_eau de Nil\_ Mina

to tankards two her pinnacles of gold.

The harping chords of prelude closed. A chord, longdrawn, expectant,

drew a voice away.

--\_When first I saw that form endearing\_...

Richie turned.

--Si Dedalus' voice, he said.

Braintipped, cheek touched with flame, they listened feeling that flow

endearing flow over skin limbs human heart soul spine. Bloom signed to

Pat, bald Pat is a waiter hard of hearing, to set ajar the door of the

bar. The door of the bar. So. That will do. Pat, waiter, waited, waiting

to hear, for he was hard of hear by the door.

--\_Sorrow from me seemed to depart.\_

Through the hush of air a voice sang to them, low, not rain, not leaves

in murmur, like no voice of strings or reeds or whatdoyoucallthem

dulcimers touching their still ears with words, still hearts of their

each his remembered lives. Good, good to hear: sorrow from them each

seemed to from both depart when first they heard. When first they saw,

lost Richie Poldy, mercy of beauty, heard from a person wouldn't expect

it in the least, her first merciful lovesoft oftloved word.

Love that is singing: love's old sweet song. Bloom unwound slowly the

elastic band of his packet. Love's old sweet \_sonnez la\_ gold. Bloom

wound a skein round four forkfingers, stretched it, relaxed, and wound

it round his troubled double, fourfold, in octave, gyved them fast.

--\_Full of hope and all delighted\_...

Tenors get women by the score. Increase their flow. Throw flower at his

feet. When will we meet? My head it simply. Jingle all delighted. He

can't sing for tall hats. Your head it simply swurls. Perfumed for him.

What perfume does your wife? I want to know. Jing. Stop. Knock. Last

look at mirror always before she answers the door. The hall. There? How

do you? I do well. There? What? Or? Phial of cachous, kissing comfits,

in her satchel. Yes? Hands felt for the opulent.

Alas the voice rose, sighing, changed: loud, full, shining, proud.

--\_But alas, 'twas idle dreaming\_...

Glorious tone he has still. Cork air softer also their brogue. Silly

man! Could have made oceans of money. Singing wrong words. Wore out

his wife: now sings. But hard to tell. Only the two themselves. If he

doesn't break down. Keep a trot for the avenue. His hands and feet sing

too. Drink. Nerves overstrung. Must be abstemious to sing. Jenny Lind

soup: stock, sage, raw eggs, half pint of cream. For creamy dreamy.

Tenderness it welled: slow, swelling, full it throbbed. That's the chat.

Ha, give! Take! Throb, a throb, a pulsing proud erect.

Words? Music? No: it's what's behind.

Bloom looped, unlooped, noded, disnoded.

Bloom. Flood of warm jamjam lickitup secretness flowed to flow in music

out, in desire, dark to lick flow invading. Tipping her tepping her

tapping her topping her. Tup. Pores to dilate dilating. Tup. The joy

the feel the warm the. Tup. To pour o'er sluices pouring gushes. Flood,

gush, flow, joygush, tupthrob. Now! Language of love.

--... \_ray of hope is\_...

Beaming. Lydia for Lidwell squeak scarcely hear so ladylike the muse

unsqueaked a ray of hopk.

\_Martha\_ it is. Coincidence. Just going to write. Lionel's song.

Lovely name you have. Can't write. Accept my little pres. Play on her

heartstrings pursestrings too. She's a. I called you naughty boy. Still

the name: Martha. How strange! Today.

The voice of Lionel returned, weaker but unwearied. It sang again to

Richie Poldy Lydia Lidwell also sang to Pat open mouth ear waiting to

wait. How first he saw that form endearing, how sorrow seemed to part,

how look, form, word charmed him Gould Lidwell, won Pat Bloom's heart.

Wish I could see his face, though. Explain better. Why the barber in

Drago's always looked my face when I spoke his face in the glass. Still

hear it better here than in the bar though farther.

--\_Each graceful look\_...

First night when first I saw her at Mat Dillon's in Terenure. Yellow,

black lace she wore. Musical chairs. We two the last. Fate. After her.

Fate.

Round and round slow. Quick round. We two. All looked. Halt. Down she

sat. All ousted looked. Lips laughing. Yellow knees.

--\_Charmed my eye\_...

Singing. \_Waiting\_ she sang. I turned her music. Full voice of perfume

of what perfume does your lilactrees. Bosom I saw, both full, throat

warbling. First I saw. She thanked me. Why did she me? Fate. Spanishy

eyes. Under a peartree alone patio this hour in old Madrid one side in

shadow Dolores shedolores. At me. Luring. Ah, alluring.

--\_Martha! Ah, Martha!\_

Quitting all languor Lionel cried in grief, in cry of passion dominant

to love to return with deepening yet with rising chords of harmony. In

cry of lionel loneliness that she should know, must martha feel. For

only her he waited. Where? Here there try there here all try where.

Somewhere.

--\_Co-ome, thou lost one!

Co-ome, thou dear one!\_

Alone. One love. One hope. One comfort me. Martha, chestnote, return!

\_--Come!\_

It soared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb

it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too

long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent,

aflame, crowned, high in the effulgence symbolistic, high, of the

etherial bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all

soaring all around about the all, the endlessnessnessness...

--\_To me!\_

Siopold!

Consumed.

Come. Well sung. All clapped. She ought to. Come. To me, to him, to her,

you too, me, us.

--Bravo! Clapclap. Good man, Simon. Clappyclapclap. Encore! Clapclipclap

clap. Sound as a bell. Bravo, Simon! Clapclopclap. Encore, enclap, said,

cried, clapped all, Ben Dollard, Lydia Douce, George Lidwell, Pat, Mina

Kennedy, two gentlemen with two tankards, Cowley, first gent with tank

and bronze miss Douce and gold MJiss Mina.

Blazes Boylan's smart tan shoes creaked on the barfloor, said before.

Jingle by monuments of sir John Gray, Horatio onehandled Nelson,

reverend father Theobald Mathew, jaunted, as said before just now.

Atrot, in heat, heatseated. \_Cloche. Sonnez la. Cloche. Sonnez la.\_

Slower the mare went up the hill by the Rotunda, Rutland square. Too

slow for Boylan, blazes Boylan, impatience Boylan, joggled the mare.

An afterclang of Cowley's chords closed, died on the air made richer.

And Richie Goulding drank his Power and Leopold Bloom his cider drank,

Lidwell his Guinness, second gentleman said they would partake of two

more tankards if she did not mind. Miss Kennedy smirked, disserving,

coral lips, at first, at second. She did not mind.

--Seven days in jail, Ben Dollard said, on bread and water. Then you'd

sing, Simon, like a garden thrush.

Lionel Simon, singer, laughed. Father Bob Cowley played. Mina Kennedy

served. Second gentleman paid. Tom Kernan strutted in. Lydia, admired,

admired. But Bloom sang dumb.

Admiring.

Richie, admiring, descanted on that man's glorious voice. He remembered

one night long ago. Never forget that night. Si sang \_'Twas rank and

fame\_: in Ned Lambert's 'twas. Good God he never heard in all his life a

note like that he never did \_then false one we had better part\_ so clear

so God he never heard \_since love lives not\_ a clinking voice lives not

ask Lambert he can tell you too.

Goulding, a flush struggling in his pale, told Mr Bloom, face of the

night, Si in Ned Lambert's, Dedalus house, sang \_'Twas rank and fame.\_

He, Mr Bloom, listened while he, Richie Goulding, told him, Mr Bloom, of

the night he, Richie, heard him, Si Dedalus, sing 'TWAS RANK AND FAME in

his, Ned Lambert's, house.

Brothers-in-law: relations. We never speak as we pass by. Rift in the

lute I think. Treats him with scorn. See. He admires him all the more.

The night Si sang. The human voice, two tiny silky chords, wonderful,

more than all others.

That voice was a lamentation. Calmer now. It's in the silence after you

feel you hear. Vibrations. Now silent air.

Bloom ungyved his crisscrossed hands and with slack fingers plucked the

slender catgut thong. He drew and plucked. It buzz, it twanged. While

Goulding talked of Barraclough's voice production, while Tom Kernan,

harking back in a retrospective sort of arrangement talked to listening

Father Cowley, who played a voluntary, who nodded as he played. While

big Ben Dollard talked with Simon Dedalus, lighting, who nodded as he

smoked, who smoked.

Thou lost one. All songs on that theme. Yet more Bloom stretched his

string. Cruel it seems. Let people get fond of each other: lure them on.

Then tear asunder. Death. Explos. Knock on the head. Outtohelloutofthat.

Human life. Dignam. Ugh, that rat's tail wriggling! Five bob I gave.

\_Corpus paradisum.\_ Corncrake croaker: belly like a poisoned pup. Gone.

They sing. Forgotten. I too; And one day she with. Leave her: get

tired. Suffer then. Snivel. Big spanishy eyes goggling at nothing. Her

wavyavyeavyheavyeavyevyevyhair un comb:'d.

Yet too much happy bores. He stretched more, more. Are you not happy in

your? Twang. It snapped.

Jingle into Dorset street.

Miss Douce withdrew her satiny arm, reproachful, pleased.

--Don't make half so free, said she, till we are better acquainted.

George Lidwell told her really and truly: but she did not believe.

First gentleman told Mina that was so. She asked him was that so. And

second tankard told her so. That that was so.

Miss Douce, miss Lydia, did not believe: miss Kennedy, Mina, did not

believe: George Lidwell, no: miss Dou did not: the first, the first:

gent with the tank: believe, no, no: did not, miss Kenn: Lidlydiawell:

the tank.

Better write it here. Quills in the postoffice chewed and twisted.

Bald Pat at a sign drew nigh. A pen and ink. He went. A pad. He went. A

pad to blot. He heard, deaf Pat.

--Yes, Mr Bloom said, teasing the curling catgut line. It certainly is.

Few lines will do. My present. All that Italian florid music is. Who

is this wrote? Know the name you know better. Take out sheet notepaper,

envelope: unconcerned. It's so characteristic.

--Grandest number in the whole opera, Goulding said.

--It is, Bloom said.

Numbers it is. All music when you come to think. Two multiplied by two

divided by half is twice one. Vibrations: chords those are. One plus two

plus six is seven. Do anything you like with figures juggling. Always

find out this equal to that. Symmetry under a cemetery wall. He doesn't

see my mourning. Callous: all for his own gut. Musemathematics. And you

think you're listening to the etherial. But suppose you said it like:

Martha, seven times nine minus x is thirtyfive thousand. Fall quite

flat. It's on account of the sounds it is.

Instance he's playing now. Improvising. Might be what you like, till you

hear the words. Want to listen sharp. Hard. Begin all right: then hear

chords a bit off: feel lost a bit. In and out of sacks, over barrels,

through wirefences, obstacle race. Time makes the tune. Question of mood

you're in. Still always nice to hear. Except scales up and down, girls

learning. Two together nextdoor neighbours. Ought to invent dummy pianos

for that. \_Blumenlied\_ I bought for her. The name. Playing it slow,

a girl, night I came home, the girl. Door of the stables near Cecilia

street. Milly no taste. Queer because we both, I mean.

Bald deaf Pat brought quite flat pad ink. Pat set with ink pen quite

flat pad. Pat took plate dish knife fork. Pat went.

It was the only language Mr Dedalus said to Ben. He heard them as a

boy in Ringabella, Crosshaven, Ringabella, singing their barcaroles.

Queenstown harbour full of Italian ships. Walking, you know, Ben, in the

moonlight with those earthquake hats. Blending their voices. God, such

music, Ben. Heard as a boy. Cross Ringabella haven mooncarole.

Sour pipe removed he held a shield of hand beside his lips that cooed a

moonlight nightcall, clear from anear, a call from afar, replying.

Down the edge of his \_Freeman\_ baton ranged Bloom's, your other eye,

scanning for where did I see that. Callan, Coleman, Dignam Patrick.

Heigho! Heigho! Fawcett. Aha! Just I was looking...

Hope he's not looking, cute as a rat. He held unfurled his \_Freeman.\_

Can't see now. Remember write Greek ees. Bloom dipped, Bloo mur: dear

sir. Dear Henry wrote: dear Mady. Got your lett and flow. Hell did I

put? Some pock or oth. It is utterl imposs. Underline \_imposs.\_ To write

today.

Bore this. Bored Bloom tambourined gently with I am just reflecting

fingers on flat pad Pat brought.

On. Know what I mean. No, change that ee. Accep my poor litt pres

enclos. Ask her no answ. Hold on. Five Dig. Two about here. Penny the

gulls. Elijah is com. Seven Davy Byrne's. Is eight about. Say half a

crown. My poor little pres: p. o. two and six. Write me a long. Do you

despise? Jingle, have you the? So excited. Why do you call me naught?

You naughty too? O, Mairy lost the string of her. Bye for today. Yes,

yes, will tell you. Want to. To keep it up. Call me that other. Other

world she wrote. My patience are exhaust. To keep it up. You must

believe. Believe. The tank. It. Is. True.

Folly am I writing? Husbands don't. That's marriage does, their wives.

Because I'm away from. Suppose. But how? She must. Keep young. If she

found out. Card in my high grade ha. No, not tell all. Useless pain. If

they don't see. Woman. Sauce for the gander.

A hackney car, number three hundred and twentyfour, driver Barton James

of number one Harmony avenue, Donnybrook, on which sat a fare, a young

gentleman, stylishly dressed in an indigoblue serge suit made by George

Robert Mesias, tailor and cutter, of number five Eden quay, and wearing

a straw hat very dressy, bought of John Plasto of number one Great

Brunswick street, hatter. Eh? This is the jingle that joggled and

jingled. By Dlugacz' porkshop bright tubes of Agendath trotted a

gallantbuttocked mare.

--Answering an ad? keen Richie's eyes asked Bloom.

--Yes, Mr Bloom said. Town traveller. Nothing doing, I expect.

Bloom mur: best references. But Henry wrote: it will excite me. You

know how. In haste. Henry. Greek ee. Better add postscript. What is he

playing now? Improvising. Intermezzo. P. S. The rum tum tum. How will

you pun? You punish me? Crooked skirt swinging, whack by. Tell me I want

to. Know. O. Course if I didn't I wouldn't ask. La la la ree. Trails off

there sad in minor. Why minor sad? Sign H. They like sad tail at end. P.

P. S. La la la ree. I feel so sad today. La ree. So lonely. Dee.

He blotted quick on pad of Pat. Envel. Address. Just copy out of paper.

Murmured: Messrs Callan, Coleman and Co, limited. Henry wrote:

Miss Martha Clifford c/o P. O. Dolphin's Barn Lane Dublin

Blot over the other so he can't read. There. Right. Idea prize titbit.

Something detective read off blottingpad. Payment at the rate of guinea

per col. Matcham often thinks the laughing witch. Poor Mrs Purefoy. U.

P: up.

Too poetical that about the sad. Music did that. Music hath charms.

Shakespeare said. Quotations every day in the year. To be or not to be.

Wisdom while you wait.

In Gerard's rosery of Fetter lane he walks, greyedauburn. One life is

all. One body. Do. But do.

Done anyhow. Postal order, stamp. Postoffice lower down. Walk now.

Enough. Barney Kiernan's I promised to meet them. Dislike that job.

House of mourning. Walk. Pat! Doesn't hear. Deaf beetle he is.

Car near there now. Talk. Talk. Pat! Doesn't. Settling those napkins.

Lot of ground he must cover in the day. Paint face behind on him then

he'd be two. Wish they'd sing more. Keep my mind off.

Bald Pat who is bothered mitred the napkins. Pat is a waiter hard of his

hearing. Pat is a waiter who waits while you wait. Hee hee hee hee. He

waits while you wait. Hee hee. A waiter is he. Hee hee hee hee. He waits

while you wait. While you wait if you wait he will wait while you wait.

Hee hee hee hee. Hoh. Wait while you wait.

Douce now. Douce Lydia. Bronze and rose.

She had a gorgeous, simply gorgeous, time. And look at the lovely shell

she brought.

To the end of the bar to him she bore lightly the spiked and winding

seahorn that he, George Lidwell, solicitor, might hear.

--Listen! she bade him.

Under Tom Kernan's ginhot words the accompanist wove music slow.

Authentic fact. How Walter Bapty lost his voice. Well, sir, the husband

took him by the throat. \_Scoundrel,\_ said he, \_You'll sing no more

lovesongs.\_ He did, faith, sir Tom. Bob Cowley wove. Tenors get wom.

Cowley lay back.

Ah, now he heard, she holding it to his ear. Hear! He heard.

Wonderful. She held it to her own. And through the sifted light pale

gold in contrast glided. To hear.

Tap.

Bloom through the bardoor saw a shell held at their ears. He heard more

faintly that that they heard, each for herself alone, then each for

other, hearing the plash of waves, loudly, a silent roar.

Bronze by a weary gold, anear, afar, they listened.

Her ear too is a shell, the peeping lobe there. Been to the seaside.

Lovely seaside girls. Skin tanned raw. Should have put on coldcream

first make it brown. Buttered toast. O and that lotion mustn't forget.

Fever near her mouth. Your head it simply. Hair braided over: shell with

seaweed. Why do they hide their ears with seaweed hair? And Turks the

mouth, why? Her eyes over the sheet. Yashmak. Find the way in. A cave.

No admittance except on business.

The sea they think they hear. Singing. A roar. The blood it is. Souse in

the ear sometimes. Well, it's a sea. Corpuscle islands.

Wonderful really. So distinct. Again. George Lidwell held its murmur,

hearing: then laid it by, gently.

--What are the wild waves saying? he asked her, smiled.

Charming, seasmiling and unanswering Lydia on Lidwell smiled.

Tap.

By Larry O'Rourke's, by Larry, bold Larry O', Boylan swayed and Boylan

turned.

From the forsaken shell miss Mina glided to her tankards waiting. No,

she was not so lonely archly miss Douce's head let Mr Lidwell know.

Walks in the moonlight by the sea. No, not alone. With whom? She nobly

answered: with a gentleman friend.

Bob Cowley's twinkling fingers in the treble played again. The landlord

has the prior. A little time. Long John. Big Ben. Lightly he played a

light bright tinkling measure for tripping ladies, arch and smiling,

and for their gallants, gentlemen friends. One: one, one, one, one, one:

two, one, three, four.

Sea, wind, leaves, thunder, waters, cows lowing, the cattlemarket,

cocks, hens don't crow, snakes hissss. There's music everywhere.

Ruttledge's door: ee creaking. No, that's noise. Minuet of \_Don

Giovanni\_ he's playing now. Court dresses of all descriptions in castle

chambers dancing. Misery. Peasants outside. Green starving faces eating

dockleaves. Nice that is. Look: look, look, look, look, look: you look

at us.

That's joyful I can feel. Never have written it. Why? My joy is other

joy. But both are joys. Yes, joy it must be. Mere fact of music shows

you are. Often thought she was in the dumps till she began to lilt. Then

know.

M'Coy valise. My wife and your wife. Squealing cat. Like tearing silk.

Tongue when she talks like the clapper of a bellows. They can't manage

men's intervals. Gap in their voices too. Fill me. I'm warm, dark, open.

Molly in \_quis est homo\_: Mercadante. My ear against the wall to hear.

Want a woman who can deliver the goods.

Jog jig jogged stopped. Dandy tan shoe of dandy Boylan socks skyblue

clocks came light to earth.

O, look we are so! Chamber music. Could make a kind of pun on that.

It is a kind of music I often thought when she. Acoustics that is.

Tinkling. Empty vessels make most noise. Because the acoustics, the

resonance changes according as the weight of the water is equal to

the law of falling water. Like those rhapsodies of Liszt's, Hungarian,

gipsyeyed. Pearls. Drops. Rain. Diddleiddle addleaddle ooddleooddle.

Hissss. Now. Maybe now. Before.

One rapped on a door, one tapped with a knock, did he knock Paul de Kock

with a loud proud knocker with a cock carracarracarra cock. Cockcock.

Tap.

--\_Qui sdegno,\_ Ben, said Father Cowley.

--No, Ben, Tom Kernan interfered. \_The Croppy Boy.\_ Our native Doric.

--Ay do, Ben, Mr Dedalus said. Good men and true.

--Do, do, they begged in one.

I'll go. Here, Pat, return. Come. He came, he came, he did not stay. To

me. How much?

--What key? Six sharps?

--F sharp major, Ben Dollard said.

Bob Cowley's outstretched talons griped the black deepsounding chords.

Must go prince Bloom told Richie prince. No, Richie said. Yes, must. Got

money somewhere. He's on for a razzle backache spree. Much? He seehears

lipspeech. One and nine. Penny for yourself. Here. Give him twopence

tip. Deaf, bothered. But perhaps he has wife and family waiting, waiting

Patty come home. Hee hee hee hee. Deaf wait while they wait.

But wait. But hear. Chords dark. Lugugugubrious. Low. In a cave of the

dark middle earth. Embedded ore. Lumpmusic.

The voice of dark age, of unlove, earth's fatigue made grave approach

and painful, come from afar, from hoary mountains, called on good men

and true. The priest he sought. With him would he speak a word.

Tap.

Ben Dollard's voice. Base barreltone. Doing his level best to say it.

Croak of vast manless moonless womoonless marsh. Other comedown. Big

ships' chandler's business he did once. Remember: rosiny ropes, ships'

lanterns. Failed to the tune of ten thousand pounds. Now in the Iveagh

home. Cubicle number so and so. Number one Bass did that for him.

The priest's at home. A false priest's servant bade him welcome. Step

in. The holy father. With bows a traitor servant. Curlycues of chords.

Ruin them. Wreck their lives. Then build them cubicles to end their days

in. Hushaby. Lullaby. Die, dog. Little dog, die.

The voice of warning, solemn warning, told them the youth had entered

a lonely hall, told them how solemn fell his footsteps there, told them

the gloomy chamber, the vested priest sitting to shrive.

Decent soul. Bit addled now. Thinks he'll win in \_Answers,\_ poets'

picture puzzle. We hand you crisp five pound note. Bird sitting hatching

in a nest. Lay of the last minstrel he thought it was. See blank tee

what domestic animal? Tee dash ar most courageous mariner. Good voice he

has still. No eunuch yet with all his belongings.

Listen. Bloom listened. Richie Goulding listened. And by the door deaf

Pat, bald Pat, tipped Pat, listened. The chords harped slower.

The voice of penance and of grief came slow, embellished, tremulous.

Ben's contrite beard confessed. \_in nomine Domini,\_ in God's name he

knelt. He beat his hand upon his breast, confessing: \_mea culpa.\_

Latin again. That holds them like birdlime. Priest with the communion

corpus for those women. Chap in the mortuary, coffin or coffey,

\_corpusnomine.\_ Wonder where that rat is by now. Scrape.

Tap.

They listened. Tankards and miss Kennedy. George Lidwell, eyelid well

expressive, fullbusted satin. Kernan. Si.

The sighing voice of sorrow sang. His sins. Since Easter he had cursed

three times. You bitch's bast. And once at masstime he had gone to play.

Once by the churchyard he had passed and for his mother's rest he had

not prayed. A boy. A croppy boy.

Bronze, listening, by the beerpull gazed far away. Soulfully. Doesn't

half know I'm. Molly great dab at seeing anyone looking.

Bronze gazed far sideways. Mirror there. Is that best side of her face?

They always know. Knock at the door. Last tip to titivate.

Cockcarracarra.

What do they think when they hear music? Way to catch rattlesnakes.

Night Michael Gunn gave us the box. Tuning up. Shah of Persia liked

that best. Remind him of home sweet home. Wiped his nose in curtain too.

Custom his country perhaps. That's music too. Not as bad as it sounds.

Tootling. Brasses braying asses through uptrunks. Doublebasses helpless,

gashes in their sides. Woodwinds mooing cows. Semigrand open crocodile

music hath jaws. Woodwind like Goodwin's name.

She looked fine. Her crocus dress she wore lowcut, belongings on show.

Clove her breath was always in theatre when she bent to ask a question.

Told her what Spinoza says in that book of poor papa's. Hypnotised,

listening. Eyes like that. She bent. Chap in dresscircle staring down

into her with his operaglass for all he was worth. Beauty of music you

must hear twice. Nature woman half a look. God made the country man the

tune. Met him pike hoses. Philosophy. O rocks!

All gone. All fallen. At the siege of Ross his father, at Gorey all his

brothers fell. To Wexford, we are the boys of Wexford, he would. Last of

his name and race.

I too. Last of my race. Milly young student. Well, my fault perhaps. No

son. Rudy. Too late now. Or if not? If not? If still?

He bore no hate.

Hate. Love. Those are names. Rudy. Soon I am old. Big Ben his voice

unfolded. Great voice Richie Goulding said, a flush struggling in his

pale, to Bloom soon old. But when was young?

Ireland comes now. My country above the king. She listens. Who fears to

speak of nineteen four? Time to be shoving. Looked enough.

--\_Bless me, father,\_ Dollard the croppy cried. \_Bless me and let me

go.\_

Tap.

Bloom looked, unblessed to go. Got up to kill: on eighteen bob a week.

Fellows shell out the dibs. Want to keep your weathereye open. Those

girls, those lovely. By the sad sea waves. Chorusgirl's romance. Letters

read out for breach of promise. From Chickabiddy's owny Mumpsypum.

Laughter in court. Henry. I never signed it. The lovely name you.

Low sank the music, air and words. Then hastened. The false priest

rustling soldier from his cassock. A yeoman captain. They know it all by

heart. The thrill they itch for. Yeoman cap.

Tap. Tap.

Thrilled she listened, bending in sympathy to hear.

Blank face. Virgin should say: or fingered only. Write something on it:

page. If not what becomes of them? Decline, despair. Keeps them young.

Even admire themselves. See. Play on her. Lip blow. Body of white woman,

a flute alive. Blow gentle. Loud. Three holes, all women. Goddess I

didn't see. They want it. Not too much polite. That's why he gets them.

Gold in your pocket, brass in your face. Say something. Make her hear.

With look to look. Songs without words. Molly, that hurdygurdy boy.

She knew he meant the monkey was sick. Or because so like the Spanish.

Understand animals too that way. Solomon did. Gift of nature.

Ventriloquise. My lips closed. Think in my stom. What?

Will? You? I. Want. You. To.

With hoarse rude fury the yeoman cursed, swelling in apoplectic bitch's

bastard. A good thought, boy, to come. One hour's your time to live,

your last.

Tap. Tap.

Thrill now. Pity they feel. To wipe away a tear for martyrs that want

to, dying to, die. For all things dying, for all things born. Poor Mrs

Purefoy. Hope she's over. Because their wombs.

A liquid of womb of woman eyeball gazed under a fence of lashes, calmly,

hearing. See real beauty of the eye when she not speaks. On yonder

river. At each slow satiny heaving bosom's wave (her heaving embon) red

rose rose slowly sank red rose. Heartbeats: her breath: breath that is

life. And all the tiny tiny fernfoils trembled of maidenhair.

But look. The bright stars fade. O rose! Castile. The morn. Ha. Lidwell.

For him then not for. Infatuated. I like that? See her from here though.

Popped corks, splashes of beerfroth, stacks of empties.

On the smooth jutting beerpull laid Lydia hand, lightly, plumply, leave

it to my hands. All lost in pity for croppy. Fro, to: to, fro: over

the polished knob (she knows his eyes, my eyes, her eyes) her thumb and

finger passed in pity: passed, reposed and, gently touching, then slid

so smoothly, slowly down, a cool firm white enamel baton protruding

through their sliding ring.

With a cock with a carra.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

I hold this house. Amen. He gnashed in fury. Traitors swing.

The chords consented. Very sad thing. But had to be. Get out before the

end. Thanks, that was heavenly. Where's my hat. Pass by her. Can leave

that Freeman. Letter I have. Suppose she were the? No. Walk, walk,

walk. Like Cashel Boylo Connoro Coylo Tisdall Maurice Tisntdall Farrell.

Waaaaaaalk.

Well, I must be. Are you off? Yrfmstbyes. Blmstup. O'er ryehigh blue.

Ow. Bloom stood up. Soap feeling rather sticky behind. Must have

sweated: music. That lotion, remember. Well, so long. High grade. Card

inside. Yes.

By deaf Pat in the doorway straining ear Bloom passed.

At Geneva barrack that young man died. At Passage was his body laid.

Dolor! O, he dolores! The voice of the mournful chanter called to

dolorous prayer.

By rose, by satiny bosom, by the fondling hand, by slops, by empties,

by popped corks, greeting in going, past eyes and maidenhair, bronze and

faint gold in deepseashadow, went Bloom, soft Bloom, I feel so lonely

Bloom.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Pray for him, prayed the bass of Dollard. You who hear in peace. Breathe

a prayer, drop a tear, good men, good people. He was the croppy boy.

Scaring eavesdropping boots croppy bootsboy Bloom in the Ormond hallway

heard the growls and roars of bravo, fat backslapping, their boots all

treading, boots not the boots the boy. General chorus off for a swill to

wash it down. Glad I avoided.

--Come on, Ben, Simon Dedalus cried. By God, you're as good as ever you

were.

--Better, said Tomgin Kernan. Most trenchant rendition of that ballad,

upon my soul and honour It is.

--Lablache, said Father Cowley.

Ben Dollard bulkily cachuchad towards the bar, mightily praisefed

and all big roseate, on heavyfooted feet, his gouty fingers nakkering

castagnettes in the air.

Big Benaben Dollard. Big Benben. Big Benben.

Rrr.

And deepmoved all, Simon trumping compassion from foghorn nose, all

laughing they brought him forth, Ben Dollard, in right good cheer.

--You're looking rubicund, George Lidwell said.

Miss Douce composed her rose to wait.

--Ben machree, said Mr Dedalus, clapping Ben's fat back shoulderblade.

Fit as a fiddle only he has a lot of adipose tissue concealed about his

person.

Rrrrrrrsss.

--Fat of death, Simon, Ben Dollard growled.

Richie rift in the lute alone sat: Goulding, Collis, Ward. Uncertainly

he waited. Unpaid Pat too.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Miss Mina Kennedy brought near her lips to ear of tankard one.

--Mr Dollard, they murmured low.

--Dollard, murmured tankard.

Tank one believed: miss Kenn when she: that doll he was: she doll: the

tank.

He murmured that he knew the name. The name was familiar to him, that

is to say. That was to say he had heard the name of. Dollard, was it?

Dollard, yes.

Yes, her lips said more loudly, Mr Dollard. He sang that song lovely,

murmured Mina. Mr Dollard. And \_The last rose of summer\_ was a lovely

song. Mina loved that song. Tankard loved the song that Mina.

'Tis the last rose of summer dollard left bloom felt wind wound round

inside.

Gassy thing that cider: binding too. Wait. Postoffice near Reuben J's

one and eightpence too. Get shut of it. Dodge round by Greek street.

Wish I hadn't promised to meet. Freer in air. Music. Gets on your

nerves. Beerpull. Her hand that rocks the cradle rules the. Ben Howth.

That rules the world.

Far. Far. Far. Far.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Up the quay went Lionelleopold, naughty Henry with letter for Mady, with

sweets of sin with frillies for Raoul with met him pike hoses went Poldy

on.

Tap blind walked tapping by the tap the curbstone tapping, tap by tap.

Cowley, he stuns himself with it: kind of drunkenness. Better give way

only half way the way of a man with a maid. Instance enthusiasts. All

ears. Not lose a demisemiquaver. Eyes shut. Head nodding in time. Dotty.

You daren't budge. Thinking strictly prohibited. Always talking shop.

Fiddlefaddle about notes.

All a kind of attempt to talk. Unpleasant when it stops because you

never know exac. Organ in Gardiner street. Old Glynn fifty quid a year.

Queer up there in the cockloft, alone, with stops and locks and keys.

Seated all day at the organ. Maunder on for hours, talking to himself or

the other fellow blowing the bellows. Growl angry, then shriek cursing

(want to have wadding or something in his no don't she cried), then all

of a soft sudden wee little wee little pipy wind.

Pwee! A wee little wind piped eeee. In Bloom's little wee.

--Was he? Mr Dedalus said, returning with fetched pipe. I was with him

this morning at poor little Paddy Dignam's...

--Ay, the Lord have mercy on him.

--By the bye there's a tuningfork in there on the...

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

--The wife has a fine voice. Or had. What? Lidwell asked.

--O, that must be the tuner, Lydia said to Simonlionel first I saw,

forgot it when he was here.

Blind he was she told George Lidwell second I saw. And played so

exquisitely, treat to hear. Exquisite contrast: bronzelid, minagold.

--Shout! Ben Dollard shouted, pouring. Sing out!

--'lldo! cried Father Cowley.

Rrrrrr.

I feel I want...

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap

--Very, Mr Dedalus said, staring hard at a headless sardine.

Under the sandwichbell lay on a bier of bread one last, one lonely, last

sardine of summer. Bloom alone.

--Very, he stared. The lower register, for choice.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Bloom went by Barry's. Wish I could. Wait. That wonderworker if I had.

Twentyfour solicitors in that one house. Counted them. Litigation. Love

one another. Piles of parchment. Messrs Pick and Pocket have power of

attorney. Goulding, Collis, Ward.

But for example the chap that wallops the big drum. His vocation: Mickey

Rooney's band. Wonder how it first struck him. Sitting at home after

pig's cheek and cabbage nursing it in the armchair. Rehearsing his band

part. Pom. Pompedy. Jolly for the wife. Asses' skins. Welt them through

life, then wallop after death. Pom. Wallop. Seems to be what you call

yashmak or I mean kismet. Fate.

Tap. Tap. A stripling, blind, with a tapping cane came taptaptapping by

Daly's window where a mermaid hair all streaming (but he couldn't see)

blew whiffs of a mermaid (blind couldn't), mermaid, coolest whiff of

all.

Instruments. A blade of grass, shell of her hands, then blow. Even

comb and tissuepaper you can knock a tune out of. Molly in her shift in

Lombard street west, hair down. I suppose each kind of trade made its

own, don't you see? Hunter with a horn. Haw. Have you the? \_Cloche.

Sonnez la.\_ Shepherd his pipe. Pwee little wee. Policeman a whistle.

Locks and keys! Sweep! Four o'clock's all's well! Sleep! All is lost

now. Drum? Pompedy. Wait. I know. Towncrier, bumbailiff. Long John.

Waken the dead. Pom. Dignam. Poor little \_nominedomine.\_ Pom. It is

music. I mean of course it's all pom pom pom very much what they call

\_da capo.\_ Still you can hear. As we march, we march along, march along.

Pom.

I must really. Fff. Now if I did that at a banquet. Just a question of

custom shah of Persia. Breathe a prayer, drop a tear. All the same

he must have been a bit of a natural not to see it was a yeoman cap.

Muffled up. Wonder who was that chap at the grave in the brown macin. O,

the whore of the lane!

A frowsy whore with black straw sailor hat askew came glazily in the day

along the quay towards Mr Bloom. When first he saw that form endearing?

Yes, it is. I feel so lonely. Wet night in the lane. Horn. Who had

the? Heehaw shesaw. Off her beat here. What is she? Hope she. Psst! Any

chance of your wash. Knew Molly. Had me decked. Stout lady does be with

you in the brown costume. Put you off your stroke, that. Appointment

we made knowing we'd never, well hardly ever. Too dear too near to home

sweet home. Sees me, does she? Looks a fright in the day. Face like dip.

Damn her. O, well, she has to live like the rest. Look in here.

In Lionel Marks's antique saleshop window haughty Henry Lionel Leopold

dear Henry Flower earnestly Mr Leopold Bloom envisaged battered

candlesticks melodeon oozing maggoty blowbags. Bargain: six bob. Might

learn to play. Cheap. Let her pass. Course everything is dear if you

don't want it. That's what good salesman is. Make you buy what he wants

to sell. Chap sold me the Swedish razor he shaved me with. Wanted to

charge me for the edge he gave it. She's passing now. Six bob.

Must be the cider or perhaps the burgund.

Near bronze from anear near gold from afar they chinked their clinking

glasses all, brighteyed and gallant, before bronze Lydia's tempting last

rose of summer, rose of Castile. First Lid, De, Cow, Ker, Doll, a fifth:

Lidwell, Si Dedalus, Bob Cowley, Kernan and big Ben Dollard.

Tap. A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall.

Bloom viewed a gallant pictured hero in Lionel Marks's window. Robert

Emmet's last words. Seven last words. Of Meyerbeer that is.

--True men like you men.

--Ay, ay, Ben.

--Will lift your glass with us.

They lifted.

Tschink. Tschunk.

Tip. An unseeing stripling stood in the door. He saw not bronze. He saw

not gold. Nor Ben nor Bob nor Tom nor Si nor George nor tanks nor Richie

nor Pat. Hee hee hee hee. He did not see.

Seabloom, greaseabloom viewed last words. Softly. \_When my country takes

her place among.\_

Prrprr.

Must be the bur.

Fff! Oo. Rrpr.

\_Nations of the earth.\_ No-one behind. She's passed. \_Then and not till

then.\_ Tram kran kran kran. Good oppor. Coming. Krandlkrankran. I'm

sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. \_Let my epitaph be.\_ Kraaaaaa.

\_Written. I have.\_

Pprrpffrrppffff.

\_Done.\_

I was just passing the time of day with old Troy of the D. M. P. at the

corner of Arbour hill there and be damned but a bloody sweep came along

and he near drove his gear into my eye. I turned around to let him have

the weight of my tongue when who should I see dodging along Stony Batter

only Joe Hynes.

--Lo, Joe, says I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody

chimneysweep near shove my eye out with his brush?

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

--Old Troy, says I, was in the force. I'm on two minds not to give that

fellow in charge for obstructing the thoroughfare with his brooms and

ladders.

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

--Devil a much, says I. There's a bloody big foxy thief beyond by the

garrison church at the corner of Chicken lane--old Troy was just giving

me a wrinkle about him--lifted any God's quantity of tea and sugar

to pay three bob a week said he had a farm in the county Down off a

hop-of-my-thumb by the name of Moses Herzog over there near Heytesbury

street.

--Circumcised? says Joe.

--Ay, says I. A bit off the top. An old plumber named Geraghty. I'm

hanging on to his taw now for the past fortnight and I can't get a penny

out of him.

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

--Ay, says I. How are the mighty fallen! Collector of bad and doubtful

debts. But that's the most notorious bloody robber you'd meet in a day's

walk and the face on him all pockmarks would hold a shower of rain.

\_Tell him,\_ says he, \_I dare him,\_ says he, \_and I doubledare him

to send you round here again or if he does,\_ says he, \_I'll have

him summonsed up before the court, so I will, for trading without a

licence.\_ And he after stuffing himself till he's fit to burst. Jesus,

I had to laugh at the little jewy getting his shirt out. \_He drink me my

teas. He eat me my sugars. Because he no pay me my moneys?\_

For nonperishable goods bought of Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's

parade in the city of Dublin, Wood quay ward, merchant, hereinafter

called the vendor, and sold and delivered to Michael E. Geraghty,

esquire, of 29 Arbour hill in the city of Dublin, Arran quay ward,

gentleman, hereinafter called the purchaser, videlicet, five pounds

avoirdupois of first choice tea at three shillings and no pence per

pound avoirdupois and three stone avoirdupois of sugar, crushed crystal,

at threepence per pound avoirdupois, the said purchaser debtor to the

said vendor of one pound five shillings and sixpence sterling for value

received which amount shall be paid by said purchaser to said vendor in

weekly instalments every seven calendar days of three shillings and no

pence sterling: and the said nonperishable goods shall not be pawned or

pledged or sold or otherwise alienated by the said purchaser but shall

be and remain and be held to be the sole and exclusive property of the

said vendor to be disposed of at his good will and pleasure until the

said amount shall have been duly paid by the said purchaser to the said

vendor in the manner herein set forth as this day hereby agreed between

the said vendor, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the one

part and the said purchaser, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns

of the other part.

--Are you a strict t.t.? says Joe.

--Not taking anything between drinks, says I.

--What about paying our respects to our friend? says Joe.

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

--Drinking his own stuff? says Joe.

--Ay, says I. Whisky and water on the brain.

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

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

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

---What was that, Joe? says I.

--Cattle traders, says Joe, about the foot and mouth disease. I want to

give the citizen the hard word about it.

So we went around by the Linenhall barracks and the back of the

courthouse talking of one thing or another. Decent fellow Joe when he

has it but sure like that he never has it. Jesus, I couldn't get over

that bloody foxy Geraghty, the daylight robber. For trading without a

licence, says he.

In Inisfail the fair there lies a land, the land of holy Michan. There

rises a watchtower beheld of men afar. There sleep the mighty dead as in

life they slept, warriors and princes of high renown. A pleasant land

it is in sooth of murmuring waters, fishful streams where sport the

gurnard, the plaice, the roach, the halibut, the gibbed haddock, the

grilse, the dab, the brill, the flounder, the pollock, the mixed coarse

fish generally and other denizens of the aqueous kingdom too numerous to

be enumerated. In the mild breezes of the west and of the east the lofty

trees wave in different directions their firstclass foliage, the wafty

sycamore, the Lebanonian cedar, the exalted planetree, the eugenic

eucalyptus and other ornaments of the arboreal world with which

that region is thoroughly well supplied. Lovely maidens sit in close

proximity to the roots of the lovely trees singing the most lovely songs

while they play with all kinds of lovely objects as for example golden

ingots, silvery fishes, crans of herrings, drafts of eels, codlings,

creels of fingerlings, purple seagems and playful insects. And heroes

voyage from afar to woo them, from Eblana to Slievemargy, the peerless

princes of unfettered Munster and of Connacht the just and of smooth

sleek Leinster and of Cruahan's land and of Armagh the splendid and of

the noble district of Boyle, princes, the sons of kings.

And there rises a shining palace whose crystal glittering roof is seen

by mariners who traverse the extensive sea in barks built expressly for

that purpose, and thither come all herds and fatlings and firstfruits

of that land for O'Connell Fitzsimon takes toll of them, a chieftain

descended from chieftains. Thither the extremely large wains bring

foison of the fields, flaskets of cauliflowers, floats of spinach,

pineapple chunks, Rangoon beans, strikes of tomatoes, drums of figs,

drills of Swedes, spherical potatoes and tallies of iridescent kale,

York and Savoy, and trays of onions, pearls of the earth, and punnets of

mushrooms and custard marrows and fat vetches and bere and rape and red

green yellow brown russet sweet big bitter ripe pomellated apples and

chips of strawberries and sieves of gooseberries, pulpy and pelurious,

and strawberries fit for princes and raspberries from their canes.

I dare him, says he, and I doubledare him. Come out here, Geraghty, you

notorious bloody hill and dale robber!

And by that way wend the herds innumerable of bellwethers and flushed

ewes and shearling rams and lambs and stubble geese and medium steers

and roaring mares and polled calves and longwoods and storesheep and

Cuffe's prime springers and culls and sowpigs and baconhogs and the

various different varieties of highly distinguished swine and Angus

heifers and polly bulllocks of immaculate pedigree together with prime

premiated milchcows and beeves: and there is ever heard a trampling,

cackling, roaring, lowing, bleating, bellowing, rumbling, grunting,

champing, chewing, of sheep and pigs and heavyhooved kine from

pasturelands of Lusk and Rush and Carrickmines and from the streamy

vales of Thomond, from the M'Gillicuddy's reeks the inaccessible and

lordly Shannon the unfathomable, and from the gentle declivities of the

place of the race of Kiar, their udders distended with superabundance of

milk and butts of butter and rennets of cheese and farmer's firkins and

targets of lamb and crannocks of corn and oblong eggs in great hundreds,

various in size, the agate with this dun.

So we turned into Barney Kiernan's and there, sure enough, was the

citizen up in the corner having a great confab with himself and that

bloody mangy mongrel, Garryowen, and he waiting for what the sky would

drop in the way of drink.

--There he is, says I, in his gloryhole, with his cruiskeen lawn and his

load of papers, working for the cause.

The bloody mongrel let a grouse out of him would give you the creeps. Be

a corporal work of mercy if someone would take the life of that bloody

dog. I'm told for a fact he ate a good part of the breeches off a

constabulary man in Santry that came round one time with a blue paper

about a licence.

--Stand and deliver, says he.

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

--Pass, friends, says he.

Then he rubs his hand in his eye and says he:

--What's your opinion of the times?

Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill. But, begob, Joe was equal to

the occasion.

--I think the markets are on a rise, says he, sliding his hand down his

fork.

So begob the citizen claps his paw on his knee and he says:

--Foreign wars is the cause of it.

And says Joe, sticking his thumb in his pocket:

--It's the Russians wish to tyrannise.

--Arrah, give over your bloody codding, Joe, says I. I've a thirst on me

I wouldn't sell for half a crown.

--Give it a name, citizen, says Joe.

--Wine of the country, says he.

--What's yours? says Joe.

--Ditto MacAnaspey, says I.

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

he.

--Never better, \_a chara\_, says he. What Garry? Are we going to win? Eh?

And with that he took the bloody old towser by the scruff of the neck

and, by Jesus, he near throttled him.

The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower was

that of a broadshouldered deepchested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired

freelyfreckled shaggybearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded

deepvoiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewyarmed

hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his

rocklike mountainous knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his

body wherever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in

hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse (\_Ulex Europeus\_).

The widewinged nostrils, from which bristles of the same tawny hue

projected, were of such capaciousness that within their cavernous

obscurity the fieldlark might easily have lodged her nest. The eyes

in which a tear and a smile strove ever for the mastery were of the

dimensions of a goodsized cauliflower. A powerful current of warm breath

issued at regular intervals from the profound cavity of his mouth

while in rhythmic resonance the loud strong hale reverberations of his

formidable heart thundered rumblingly causing the ground, the summit of

the lofty tower and the still loftier walls of the cave to vibrate and

tremble.

He wore a long unsleeved garment of recently flayed oxhide reaching

to the knees in a loose kilt and this was bound about his middle by

a girdle of plaited straw and rushes. Beneath this he wore trews of

deerskin, roughly stitched with gut. His nether extremities were encased

in high Balbriggan buskins dyed in lichen purple, the feet being shod

with brogues of salted cowhide laced with the windpipe of the same

beast. From his girdle hung a row of seastones which jangled at every

movement of his portentous frame and on these were graven with rude

yet striking art the tribal images of many Irish heroes and heroines of

antiquity, Cuchulin, Conn of hundred battles, Niall of nine hostages,

Brian of Kincora, the ardri Malachi, Art MacMurragh, Shane O'Neill,

Father John Murphy, Owen Roe, Patrick Sarsfield, Red Hugh O'Donnell,

Red Jim MacDermott, Soggarth Eoghan O'Growney, Michael Dwyer, Francy

Higgins, Henry Joy M'Cracken, Goliath, Horace Wheatley, Thomas Conneff,

Peg Woffington, the Village Blacksmith, Captain Moonlight, Captain

Boycott, Dante Alighieri, Christopher Columbus, S. Fursa, S. Brendan,

Marshal MacMahon, Charlemagne, Theobald Wolfe Tone, the Mother of the

Maccabees, the Last of the Mohicans, the Rose of Castile, the Man for

Galway, The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, The Man in the Gap,

The Woman Who Didn't, Benjamin Franklin, Napoleon Bonaparte, John L.

Sullivan, Cleopatra, Savourneen Deelish, Julius Caesar, Paracelsus, sir

Thomas Lipton, William Tell, Michelangelo Hayes, Muhammad, the Bride of

Lammermoor, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Packer, Dark Rosaleen, Patrick

W. Shakespeare, Brian Confucius, Murtagh Gutenberg, Patricio Velasquez,

Captain Nemo, Tristan and Isolde, the first Prince of Wales, Thomas

Cook and Son, the Bold Soldier Boy, Arrah na Pogue, Dick Turpin, Ludwig

Beethoven, the Colleen Bawn, Waddler Healy, Angus the Culdee, Dolly

Mount, Sidney Parade, Ben Howth, Valentine Greatrakes, Adam and Eve,

Arthur Wellesley, Boss Croker, Herodotus, Jack the Giantkiller, Gautama

Buddha, Lady Godiva, The Lily of Killarney, Balor of the Evil Eye,

the Queen of Sheba, Acky Nagle, Joe Nagle, Alessandro Volta, Jeremiah

O'Donovan Rossa, Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare. A couched spear of

acuminated granite rested by him while at his feet reposed a savage

animal of the canine tribe whose stertorous gasps announced that he was

sunk in uneasy slumber, a supposition confirmed by hoarse growls and

spasmodic movements which his master repressed from time to time

by tranquilising blows of a mighty cudgel rudely fashioned out of

paleolithic stone.

So anyhow Terry brought the three pints Joe was standing and begob the

sight nearly left my eyes when I saw him land out a quid O, as true as

I'm telling you. A goodlooking sovereign.

--And there's more where that came from, says he.

--Were you robbing the poorbox, Joe? says I.

--Sweat of my brow, says Joe. 'Twas the prudent member gave me the

wheeze.

--I saw him before I met you, says I, sloping around by Pill lane and

Greek street with his cod's eye counting up all the guts of the fish.

Who comes through Michan's land, bedight in sable armour? O'Bloom,

the son of Rory: it is he. Impervious to fear is Rory's son: he of the

prudent soul.

--For the old woman of Prince's street, says the citizen, the subsidised

organ. The pledgebound party on the floor of the house. And look at this

blasted rag, says he. Look at this, says he. \_The Irish Independent,\_ if

you please, founded by Parnell to be the workingman's friend. Listen to

the births and deaths in the \_Irish all for Ireland Independent,\_ and

I'll thank you and the marriages.

And he starts reading them out:

--Gordon, Barnfield crescent, Exeter; Redmayne of Iffley, Saint Anne's

on Sea: the wife of William T Redmayne of a son. How's that, eh? Wright

and Flint, Vincent and Gillett to Rotha Marion daughter of Rosa and the

late George Alfred Gillett, 179 Clapham road, Stockwell, Playwood and

Ridsdale at Saint Jude's, Kensington by the very reverend Dr Forrest,

dean of Worcester. Eh? Deaths. Bristow, at Whitehall lane, London: Carr,

Stoke Newington, of gastritis and heart disease: Cockburn, at the Moat

house, Chepstow...

--I know that fellow, says Joe, from bitter experience.

--Cockburn. Dimsey, wife of David Dimsey, late of the admiralty: Miller,

Tottenham, aged eightyfive: Welsh, June 12, at 35 Canning street,

Liverpool, Isabella Helen. How's that for a national press, eh, my brown

son! How's that for Martin Murphy, the Bantry jobber?

--Ah, well, says Joe, handing round the boose. Thanks be to God they had

the start of us. Drink that, citizen.

--I will, says he, honourable person.

--Health, Joe, says I. And all down the form.

Ah! Ow! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint.

Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click.

And lo, as they quaffed their cup of joy, a godlike messenger came

swiftly in, radiant as the eye of heaven, a comely youth and behind him

there passed an elder of noble gait and countenance, bearing the sacred

scrolls of law and with him his lady wife a dame of peerless lineage,

fairest of her race.

Little Alf Bergan popped in round the door and hid behind Barney's

snug, squeezed up with the laughing. And who was sitting up there in

the corner that I hadn't seen snoring drunk blind to the world only Bob

Doran. I didn't know what was up and Alf kept making signs out of the

door. And begob what was it only that bloody old pantaloon Denis Breen

in his bathslippers with two bloody big books tucked under his oxter and

the wife hotfoot after him, unfortunate wretched woman, trotting like a

poodle. I thought Alf would split.

--Look at him, says he. Breen. He's traipsing all round Dublin with a

postcard someone sent him with U. p: up on it to take a li...

And he doubled up.

--Take a what? says I.

--Libel action, says he, for ten thousand pounds.

--O hell! says I.

The bloody mongrel began to growl that'd put the fear of God in you

seeing something was up but the citizen gave him a kick in the ribs.

\_--Bi i dho husht,\_ says he.

--Who? says Joe.

--Breen, says Alf. He was in John Henry Menton's and then he went round

to Collis and Ward's and then Tom Rochford met him and sent him round to

the subsheriff's for a lark. O God, I've a pain laughing. U. p: up. The

long fellow gave him an eye as good as a process and now the bloody old

lunatic is gone round to Green street to look for a G man.

--When is long John going to hang that fellow in Mountjoy? says Joe.

--Bergan, says Bob Doran, waking up. Is that Alf Bergan?

--Yes, says Alf. Hanging? Wait till I show you. Here, Terry, give us a

pony. That bloody old fool! Ten thousand pounds. You should have seen

long John's eye. U. p...

And he started laughing.

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

--Hurry up, Terry boy, says Alf.

Terence O'Ryan heard him and straightway brought him a crystal cup

full of the foamy ebon ale which the noble twin brothers Bungiveagh and

Bungardilaun brew ever in their divine alevats, cunning as the sons of

deathless Leda. For they garner the succulent berries of the hop and

mass and sift and bruise and brew them and they mix therewith sour

juices and bring the must to the sacred fire and cease not night or day

from their toil, those cunning brothers, lords of the vat.

Then did you, chivalrous Terence, hand forth, as to the manner born,

that nectarous beverage and you offered the crystal cup to him that

thirsted, the soul of chivalry, in beauty akin to the immortals.

But he, the young chief of the O'Bergan's, could ill brook to be outdone

in generous deeds but gave therefor with gracious gesture a testoon of

costliest bronze. Thereon embossed in excellent smithwork was seen

the image of a queen of regal port, scion of the house of Brunswick,

Victoria her name, Her Most Excellent Majesty, by grace of God of the

United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions

beyond the sea, queen, defender of the faith, Empress of India, even

she, who bore rule, a victress over many peoples, the wellbeloved, for

they knew and loved her from the rising of the sun to the going down

thereof, the pale, the dark, the ruddy and the ethiop.

--What's that bloody freemason doing, says the citizen, prowling up and

down outside?

--What's that? says Joe.

--Here you are, says Alf, chucking out the rhino. Talking about hanging,

I'll show you something you never saw. Hangmen's letters. Look at here.

So he took a bundle of wisps of letters and envelopes out of his pocket.

--Are you codding? says I.

--Honest injun, says Alf. Read them.

So Joe took up the letters.

--Who are you laughing at? says Bob Doran.

So I saw there was going to be a bit of a dust Bob's a queer chap when

the porter's up in him so says I just to make talk:

--How's Willy Murray those times, Alf?

--I don't know, says Alf I saw him just now in Capel street with Paddy

Dignam. Only I was running after that...

--You what? says Joe, throwing down the letters. With who?

--With Dignam, says Alf.

--Is it Paddy? says Joe.

--Yes, says Alf. Why?

--Don't you know he's dead? says Joe.

--Paddy Dignam dead! says Alf.

--Ay, says Joe.

--Sure I'm after seeing him not five minutes ago, says Alf, as plain as

a pikestaff.

--Who's dead? says Bob Doran.

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

--What? says Alf. Good Christ, only five... What?... And Willy Murray

with him, the two of them there near whatdoyoucallhim's... What? Dignam

dead?

--What about Dignam? says Bob Doran. Who's talking about...?

--Dead! says Alf. He's no more dead than you are.

--Maybe so, says Joe. They took the liberty of burying him this morning

anyhow.

--Paddy? says Alf.

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

--Good Christ! says Alf.

Begob he was what you might call flabbergasted.

In the darkness spirit hands were felt to flutter and when prayer by

tantras had been directed to the proper quarter a faint but increasing

luminosity of ruby light became gradually visible, the apparition of

the etheric double being particularly lifelike owing to the discharge

of jivic rays from the crown of the head and face. Communication was

effected through the pituitary body and also by means of the orangefiery

and scarlet rays emanating from the sacral region and solar plexus.

Questioned by his earthname as to his whereabouts in the heavenworld he

stated that he was now on the path of pr l ya or return but was still

submitted to trial at the hands of certain bloodthirsty entities on the

lower astral levels. In reply to a question as to his first sensations

in the great divide beyond he stated that previously he had seen as in a

glass darkly but that those who had passed over had summit possibilities

of atmic development opened up to them. Interrogated as to whether life

there resembled our experience in the flesh he stated that he had heard

from more favoured beings now in the spirit that their abodes were

equipped with every modern home comfort such as talafana, alavatar,

hatakalda, wataklasat and that the highest adepts were steeped in

waves of volupcy of the very purest nature. Having requested a quart of

buttermilk this was brought and evidently afforded relief. Asked if he

had any message for the living he exhorted all who were still at the

wrong side of Maya to acknowledge the true path for it was reported

in devanic circles that Mars and Jupiter were out for mischief on the

eastern angle where the ram has power. It was then queried whether there

were any special desires on the part of the defunct and the reply was:

\_We greet you, friends of earth, who are still in the body. Mind C. K.

doesn't pile it on.\_ It was ascertained that the reference was to Mr

Cornelius Kelleher, manager of Messrs H. J. O'Neill's popular

funeral establishment, a personal friend of the defunct, who had been

responsible for the carrying out of the interment arrangements. Before

departing he requested that it should be told to his dear son Patsy that

the other boot which he had been looking for was at present under the

commode in the return room and that the pair should be sent to Cullen's

to be soled only as the heels were still good. He stated that this had

greatly perturbed his peace of mind in the other region and earnestly

requested that his desire should be made known.

Assurances were given that the matter would be attended to and it was

intimated that this had given satisfaction.

He is gone from mortal haunts: O'Dignam, sun of our morning. Fleet was

his foot on the bracken: Patrick of the beamy brow. Wail, Banba, with

your wind: and wail, O ocean, with your whirlwind.

--There he is again, says the citizen, staring out.

--Who? says I.

--Bloom, says he. He's on point duty up and down there for the last ten

minutes.

And, begob, I saw his physog do a peep in and then slidder off again.

Little Alf was knocked bawways. Faith, he was.

--Good Christ! says he. I could have sworn it was him.

And says Bob Doran, with the hat on the back of his poll, lowest

blackguard in Dublin when he's under the influence:

--Who said Christ is good?

--I beg your parsnips, says Alf.

--Is that a good Christ, says Bob Doran, to take away poor little Willy

Dignam?

--Ah, well, says Alf, trying to pass it off. He's over all his troubles.

But Bob Doran shouts out of him.

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

Terry came down and tipped him the wink to keep quiet, that they didn't

want that kind of talk in a respectable licensed premises. And Bob Doran

starts doing the weeps about Paddy Dignam, true as you're there.

--The finest man, says he, snivelling, the finest purest character.

The tear is bloody near your eye. Talking through his bloody hat. Fitter

for him go home to the little sleepwalking bitch he married, Mooney, the

bumbailiff's daughter, mother kept a kip in Hardwicke street, that

used to be stravaging about the landings Bantam Lyons told me that was

stopping there at two in the morning without a stitch on her, exposing

her person, open to all comers, fair field and no favour.

--The noblest, the truest, says he. And he's gone, poor little Willy,

poor little Paddy Dignam.

And mournful and with a heavy heart he bewept the extinction of that

beam of heaven.

Old Garryowen started growling again at Bloom that was skeezing round

the door.

--Come in, come on, he won't eat you, says the citizen.

So Bloom slopes in with his cod's eye on the dog and he asks Terry was

Martin Cunningham there.

--O, Christ M'Keown, says Joe, reading one of the letters. Listen to

this, will you?

And he starts reading out one.

\_7 Hunter Street, Liverpool. To the High Sheriff of Dublin, Dublin.\_

\_Honoured sir i beg to offer my services in the abovementioned painful

case i hanged Joe Gann in Bootle jail on the 12 of Febuary 1900 and i

hanged...\_

--Show us, Joe, says I.

--\_... private Arthur Chace for fowl murder of Jessie Tilsit in

Pentonville prison and i was assistant when...\_

--Jesus, says I.

--\_... Billington executed the awful murderer Toad Smith...\_

The citizen made a grab at the letter.

--Hold hard, says Joe, \_i have a special nack of putting the noose once

in he can't get out hoping to be favoured i remain, honoured sir, my

terms is five ginnees.\_

\_H. RUMBOLD, MASTER BARBER.\_

--And a barbarous bloody barbarian he is too, says the citizen.

--And the dirty scrawl of the wretch, says Joe. Here, says he, take them

to hell out of my sight, Alf. Hello, Bloom, says he, what will you have?

So they started arguing about the point, Bloom saying he wouldn't and he

couldn't and excuse him no offence and all to that and then he said well

he'd just take a cigar. Gob, he's a prudent member and no mistake.

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

And Alf was telling us there was one chap sent in a mourning card with a

black border round it.

--They're all barbers, says he, from the black country that would hang

their own fathers for five quid down and travelling expenses.

And he was telling us there's two fellows waiting below to pull his

heels down when he gets the drop and choke him properly and then they

chop up the rope after and sell the bits for a few bob a skull.

In the dark land they bide, the vengeful knights of the razor. Their

deadly coil they grasp: yea, and therein they lead to Erebus whatsoever

wight hath done a deed of blood for I will on nowise suffer it even so

saith the Lord.

So they started talking about capital punishment and of course Bloom

comes out with the why and the wherefore and all the codology of the

business and the old dog smelling him all the time I'm told those jewies

does have a sort of a queer odour coming off them for dogs about I don't

know what all deterrent effect and so forth and so on.

--There's one thing it hasn't a deterrent effect on, says Alf.

--What's that? says Joe.

--The poor bugger's tool that's being hanged, says Alf.

--That so? says Joe.

--God's truth, says Alf. I heard that from the head warder that was in

Kilmainham when they hanged Joe Brady, the invincible. He told me when

they cut him down after the drop it was standing up in their faces like

a poker.

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

--That can be explained by science, says Bloom. It's only a natural

phenomenon, don't you see, because on account of the...

And then he starts with his jawbreakers about phenomenon and science and

this phenomenon and the other phenomenon.

The distinguished scientist Herr Professor Luitpold Blumenduft tendered

medical evidence to the effect that the instantaneous fracture of the

cervical vertebrae and consequent scission of the spinal cord would,

according to the best approved tradition of medical science, be

calculated to inevitably produce in the human subject a violent

ganglionic stimulus of the nerve centres of the genital apparatus,

thereby causing the elastic pores of the \_corpora cavernosa\_ to rapidly

dilate in such a way as to instantaneously facilitate the flow of blood

to that part of the human anatomy known as the penis or male organ

resulting in the phenomenon which has been denominated by the faculty

a morbid upwards and outwards philoprogenitive erection \_in articulo

mortis per diminutionem capitis.\_

So of course the citizen was only waiting for the wink of the word and

he starts gassing out of him about the invincibles and the old guard and

the men of sixtyseven and who fears to speak of ninetyeight and Joe with

him about all the fellows that were hanged, drawn and transported for

the cause by drumhead courtmartial and a new Ireland and new this, that

and the other. Talking about new Ireland he ought to go and get a new

dog so he ought. Mangy ravenous brute sniffing and sneezing all round

the place and scratching his scabs. And round he goes to Bob Doran that

was standing Alf a half one sucking up for what he could get. So of

course Bob Doran starts doing the bloody fool with him:

--Give us the paw! Give the paw, doggy! Good old doggy! Give the paw

here! Give us the paw!

Arrah, bloody end to the paw he'd paw and Alf trying to keep him from

tumbling off the bloody stool atop of the bloody old dog and he talking

all kinds of drivel about training by kindness and thoroughbred dog and

intelligent dog: give you the bloody pip. Then he starts scraping a few

bits of old biscuit out of the bottom of a Jacobs' tin he told Terry to

bring. Gob, he golloped it down like old boots and his tongue hanging

out of him a yard long for more. Near ate the tin and all, hungry bloody

mongrel.

And the citizen and Bloom having an argument about the point, the

brothers Sheares and Wolfe Tone beyond on Arbour Hill and Robert Emmet

and die for your country, the Tommy Moore touch about Sara Curran and

she's far from the land. And Bloom, of course, with his knockmedown

cigar putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon! The fat heap he

married is a nice old phenomenon with a back on her like a ballalley.

Time they were stopping up in the \_City Arms\_ pisser Burke told me there

was an old one there with a cracked loodheramaun of a nephew and Bloom

trying to get the soft side of her doing the mollycoddle playing bÃ©zique

to come in for a bit of the wampum in her will and not eating meat of a

Friday because the old one was always thumping her craw and taking the

lout out for a walk. And one time he led him the rounds of Dublin and,

by the holy farmer, he never cried crack till he brought him home as

drunk as a boiled owl and he said he did it to teach him the evils of

alcohol and by herrings, if the three women didn't near roast him, it's

a queer story, the old one, Bloom's wife and Mrs O'Dowd that kept the

hotel. Jesus, I had to laugh at pisser Burke taking them off chewing

the fat. And Bloom with his \_but don't you see?\_ and \_but on the other

hand\_. And sure, more be token, the lout I'm told was in Power's after,

the blender's, round in Cope street going home footless in a cab five

times in the week after drinking his way through all the samples in the

bloody establishment. Phenomenon!

--The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his pintglass and

glaring at Bloom.

--Ay, ay, says Joe.

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

--\_Sinn Fein!\_ says the citizen. \_Sinn Fein amhain!\_ The friends we love

are by our side and the foes we hate before us.

The last farewell was affecting in the extreme. From the belfries far

and near the funereal deathbell tolled unceasingly while all around the

gloomy precincts rolled the ominous warning of a hundred muffled drums

punctuated by the hollow booming of pieces of ordnance. The deafening

claps of thunder and the dazzling flashes of lightning which lit up

the ghastly scene testified that the artillery of heaven had lent its

supernatural pomp to the already gruesome spectacle. A torrential rain

poured down from the floodgates of the angry heavens upon the

bared heads of the assembled multitude which numbered at the

lowest computation five hundred thousand persons. A posse of Dublin

Metropolitan police superintended by the Chief Commissioner in person

maintained order in the vast throng for whom the York street brass and

reed band whiled away the intervening time by admirably rendering on

their blackdraped instruments the matchless melody endeared to us from

the cradle by Speranza's plaintive muse. Special quick excursion trains

and upholstered charabancs had been provided for the comfort of our

country cousins of whom there were large contingents. Considerable

amusement was caused by the favourite Dublin streetsingers L-n-h-n and

M-ll-g-n who sang \_The Night before Larry was stretched\_ in their usual

mirth-provoking fashion. Our two inimitable drolls did a roaring trade

with their broadsheets among lovers of the comedy element and nobody

who has a corner in his heart for real Irish fun without vulgarity

will grudge them their hardearned pennies. The children of the Male and

Female Foundling Hospital who thronged the windows overlooking the scene

were delighted with this unexpected addition to the day's entertainment

and a word of praise is due to the Little Sisters of the Poor for their

excellent idea of affording the poor fatherless and motherless children

a genuinely instructive treat. The viceregal houseparty which included

many wellknown ladies was chaperoned by Their Excellencies to the most

favourable positions on the grandstand while the picturesque foreign

delegation known as the Friends of the Emerald Isle was accommodated

on a tribune directly opposite. The delegation, present in full force,

consisted of Commendatore Bacibaci Beninobenone (the semiparalysed

\_doyen\_ of the party who had to be assisted to his seat by the aid of a

powerful steam crane), Monsieur Pierrepaul PetitÃ©patant, the Grandjoker

Vladinmire Pokethankertscheff, the Archjoker Leopold Rudolph von

Schwanzenbad-Hodenthaler, Countess Marha VirÃ¡ga KisÃ¡szony PutrÃ¡pesthi,

Hiram Y. Bomboost, Count Athanatos Karamelopulos, Ali Baba Backsheesh

Rahat Lokum Effendi, Senor Hidalgo Caballero Don Pecadillo y Palabras

y Paternoster de la Malora de la Malaria, Hokopoko Harakiri, Hi Hung

Chang, Olaf Kobberkeddelsen, Mynheer Trik van Trumps, Pan Poleaxe

Paddyrisky, Goosepond Prhklstr Kratchinabritchisitch, Borus

Hupinkoff, Herr Hurhausdirektorpresident Hans Chuechli-Steuerli,

Nationalgymnasiummuseumsanatoriumandsuspensoriumsordinaryprivatdocent

-generalhistoryspecialprofessordoctor Kriegfried Ueberallgemein. All the

delegates without exception expressed themselves in the strongest

possible heterogeneous terms concerning the nameless barbarity which

they had been called upon to witness. An animated altercation (in which

all took part) ensued among the F. O. T. E. I. as to whether the eighth

or the ninth of March was the correct date of the birth of Ireland's

patron saint. In the course of the argument cannonballs, scimitars,

boomerangs, blunderbusses, stinkpots, meatchoppers, umbrellas,

catapults, knuckledusters, sandbags, lumps of pig iron were resorted to

and blows were freely exchanged. The baby policeman, Constable

MacFadden, summoned by special courier from Booterstown, quickly

restored order and with lightning promptitude proposed the seventeenth

of the month as a solution equally honourable for both contending

parties. The readywitted ninefooter's suggestion at once appealed to all

and was unanimously accepted. Constable MacFadden was heartily

congratulated by all the F.O.T.E.I., several of whom were bleeding

profusely. Commendatore Beninobenone having been extricated from

underneath the presidential armchair, it was explained by his legal

adviser Avvocato Pagamimi that the various articles secreted in his

thirtytwo pockets had been abstracted by him during the affray from the

pockets of his junior colleagues in the hope of bringing them to their

senses. The objects (which included several hundred ladies' and

gentlemen's gold and silver watches) were promptly restored to their

rightful owners and general harmony reigned supreme.

Quietly, unassumingly Rumbold stepped on to the scaffold in faultless

morning dress and wearing his favourite flower, the \_Gladiolus

Cruentus\_. He announced his presence by that gentle Rumboldian cough

which so many have tried (unsuccessfully) to imitate--short,

painstaking yet withal so characteristic of the man. The arrival of the

worldrenowned headsman was greeted by a roar of acclamation from the

huge concourse, the viceregal ladies waving their handkerchiefs in

their excitement while the even more excitable foreign delegates

cheered vociferously in a medley of cries, \_hoch, banzai, eljen, zivio,

chinchin, polla kronia, hiphip, vive, Allah\_, amid which the ringing

\_evviva\_ of the delegate of the land of song (a high double F recalling

those piercingly lovely notes with which the eunuch Catalani beglamoured

our greatgreatgrandmothers) was easily distinguishable. It was exactly

seventeen o'clock. The signal for prayer was then promptly given by

megaphone and in an instant all heads were bared, the commendatore's

patriarchal sombrero, which has been in the possession of his family

since the revolution of Rienzi, being removed by his medical adviser

in attendance, Dr Pippi. The learned prelate who administered the last

comforts of holy religion to the hero martyr when about to pay the death

penalty knelt in a most christian spirit in a pool of rainwater, his

cassock above his hoary head, and offered up to the throne of grace

fervent prayers of supplication. Hand by the block stood the grim figure

of the executioner, his visage being concealed in a tengallon pot

with two circular perforated apertures through which his eyes glowered

furiously. As he awaited the fatal signal he tested the edge of his

horrible weapon by honing it upon his brawny forearm or decapitated

in rapid succession a flock of sheep which had been provided by the

admirers of his fell but necessary office. On a handsome mahogany table

near him were neatly arranged the quartering knife, the various

finely tempered disembowelling appliances (specially supplied by the

worldfamous firm of cutlers, Messrs John Round and Sons, Sheffield),

a terra cotta saucepan for the reception of the duodenum, colon,

blind intestine and appendix etc when successfully extracted and two

commodious milkjugs destined to receive the most precious blood of the

most precious victim. The housesteward of the amalgamated cats' and

dogs' home was in attendance to convey these vessels when replenished

to that beneficent institution. Quite an excellent repast consisting of

rashers and eggs, fried steak and onions, done to a nicety, delicious

hot breakfast rolls and invigorating tea had been considerately provided

by the authorities for the consumption of the central figure of the

tragedy who was in capital spirits when prepared for death and evinced

the keenest interest in the proceedings from beginning to end but he,

with an abnegation rare in these our times, rose nobly to the occasion

and expressed the dying wish (immediately acceded to) that the meal

should be divided in aliquot parts among the members of the sick and

indigent roomkeepers' association as a token of his regard and esteem.

The \_nec\_ and \_non plus ultra\_ of emotion were reached when the blushing

bride elect burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders

and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to be

launched into eternity for her sake. The hero folded her willowy form in

a loving embrace murmuring fondly \_Sheila, my own\_. Encouraged by

this use of her christian name she kissed passionately all the various

suitable areas of his person which the decencies of prison garb

permitted her ardour to reach. She swore to him as they mingled the salt

streams of their tears that she would ever cherish his memory, that she

would never forget her hero boy who went to his death with a song on his

lips as if he were but going to a hurling match in Clonturk park. She

brought back to his recollection the happy days of blissful childhood

together on the banks of Anna Liffey when they had indulged in the

innocent pastimes of the young and, oblivious of the dreadful present,

they both laughed heartily, all the spectators, including the venerable

pastor, joining in the general merriment. That monster audience simply

rocked with delight. But anon they were overcome with grief and clasped

their hands for the last time. A fresh torrent of tears burst from their

lachrymal ducts and the vast concourse of people, touched to the inmost

core, broke into heartrending sobs, not the least affected being the

aged prebendary himself. Big strong men, officers of the peace and

genial giants of the royal Irish constabulary, were making frank use of

their handkerchiefs and it is safe to say that there was not a dry eye

in that record assemblage. A most romantic incident occurred when a

handsome young Oxford graduate, noted for his chivalry towards the fair

sex, stepped forward and, presenting his visiting card, bankbook

and genealogical tree, solicited the hand of the hapless young lady,

requesting her to name the day, and was accepted on the spot. Every lady

in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion

in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch, a timely and generous

act which evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when the gallant young

Oxonian (the bearer, by the way, of one of the most timehonoured names

in Albion's history) placed on the finger of his blushing \_fiancÃ©e\_ an

expensive engagement ring with emeralds set in the form of a

fourleaved shamrock the excitement knew no bounds. Nay, even the

ster provostmarshal, lieutenantcolonel Tomkin-Maxwell ffrenchmullan

Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a

considerable number of sepoys from the cannonmouth without flinching,

could not now restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet

he brushed away a furtive tear and was overheard, by those privileged

burghers who happened to be in his immediate \_entourage,\_ to murmur to

himself in a faltering undertone:

--God blimey if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey it

makes me kind of bleeding cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause

I thinks of my old mashtub what's waiting for me down Limehouse way.

So then the citizen begins talking about the Irish language and the

corporation meeting and all to that and the shoneens that can't speak

their own language and Joe chipping in because he stuck someone for a

quid and Bloom putting in his old goo with his twopenny stump that

he cadged off of Joe and talking about the Gaelic league and the

antitreating league and drink, the curse of Ireland. Antitreating is

about the size of it. Gob, he'd let you pour all manner of drink down

his throat till the Lord would call him before you'd ever see the froth

of his pint. And one night I went in with a fellow into one of their

musical evenings, song and dance about she could get up on a truss of

hay she could my Maureen Lay and there was a fellow with a Ballyhooly

blue ribbon badge spiffing out of him in Irish and a lot of colleen

bawns going about with temperance beverages and selling medals

and oranges and lemonade and a few old dry buns, gob, flahoolagh

entertainment, don't be talking. Ireland sober is Ireland free. And

then an old fellow starts blowing into his bagpipes and all the gougers

shuffling their feet to the tune the old cow died of. And one or two

sky pilots having an eye around that there was no goings on with the

females, hitting below the belt.

So howandever, as I was saying, the old dog seeing the tin was empty

starts mousing around by Joe and me. I'd train him by kindness, so I

would, if he was my dog. Give him a rousing fine kick now and again

where it wouldn't blind him.

--Afraid he'll bite you? says the citizen, jeering.

--No, says I. But he might take my leg for a lamppost.

So he calls the old dog over.

--What's on you, Garry? says he.

Then he starts hauling and mauling and talking to him in Irish and the

old towser growling, letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera.

Such growling you never heard as they let off between them. Someone that

has nothing better to do ought to write a letter \_pro bono publico\_ to

the papers about the muzzling order for a dog the like of that. Growling

and grousing and his eye all bloodshot from the drouth is in it and the

hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws.

All those who are interested in the spread of human culture among the

lower animals (and their name is legion) should make a point of not

missing the really marvellous exhibition of cynanthropy given by the

famous old Irish red setter wolfdog formerly known by the \_sobriquet\_ of

Garryowen and recently rechristened by his large circle of friends and

acquaintances Owen Garry. The exhibition, which is the result of years

of training by kindness and a carefully thoughtout dietary system,

comprises, among other achievements, the recitation of verse. Our

greatest living phonetic expert (wild horses shall not drag it from us!)

has left no stone unturned in his efforts to delucidate and compare

the verse recited and has found it bears a \_striking\_ resemblance (the

italics are ours) to the ranns of ancient Celtic bards. We are not

speaking so much of those delightful lovesongs with which the writer who

conceals his identity under the graceful pseudonym of the Little

Sweet Branch has familiarised the bookloving world but rather (as

a contributor D. O. C. points out in an interesting communication

published by an evening contemporary) of the harsher and more personal

note which is found in the satirical effusions of the famous Raftery and

of Donal MacConsidine to say nothing of a more modern lyrist at present

very much in the public eye. We subjoin a specimen which has been

rendered into English by an eminent scholar whose name for the moment we

are not at liberty to disclose though we believe that our readers will

find the topical allusion rather more than an indication. The metrical

system of the canine original, which recalls the intricate alliterative

and isosyllabic rules of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely more

complicated but we believe our readers will agree that the spirit has

been well caught. Perhaps it should be added that the effect is greatly

increased if Owen's verse be spoken somewhat slowly and indistinctly in

a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour.

\_The curse of my curses

Seven days every day

And seven dry Thursdays

On you, Barney Kiernan,

Has no sup of water

To cool my courage,

And my guts red roaring

After Lowry's lights.\_

So he told Terry to bring some water for the dog and, gob, you could

hear him lapping it up a mile off. And Joe asked him would he have

another.

--I will, says he, \_a chara\_, to show there's no ill feeling.

Gob, he's not as green as he's cabbagelooking. Arsing around from one

pub to another, leaving it to your own honour, with old Giltrap's dog

and getting fed up by the ratepayers and corporators. Entertainment for

man and beast. And says Joe:

--Could you make a hole in another pint?

--Could a swim duck? says I.

--Same again, Terry, says Joe. Are you sure you won't have anything in

the way of liquid refreshment? says he.

--Thank you, no, says Bloom. As a matter of fact I just wanted to meet

Martin Cunningham, don't you see, about this insurance of poor Dignam's.

Martin asked me to go to the house. You see, he, Dignam, I mean, didn't

serve any notice of the assignment on the company at the time and

nominally under the act the mortgagee can't recover on the policy.

--Holy Wars, says Joe, laughing, that's a good one if old Shylock is

landed. So the wife comes out top dog, what?

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

--Whose admirers? says Joe.

--The wife's advisers, I mean, says Bloom.

Then he starts all confused mucking it up about mortgagor under the act

like the lord chancellor giving it out on the bench and for the benefit

of the wife and that a trust is created but on the other hand that

Dignam owed Bridgeman the money and if now the wife or the widow

contested the mortgagee's right till he near had the head of me addled

with his mortgagor under the act. He was bloody safe he wasn't run in

himself under the act that time as a rogue and vagabond only he had a

friend in court. Selling bazaar tickets or what do you call it royal

Hungarian privileged lottery. True as you're there. O, commend me to an

israelite! Royal and privileged Hungarian robbery.

So Bob Doran comes lurching around asking Bloom to tell Mrs Dignam he

was sorry for her trouble and he was very sorry about the funeral and

to tell her that he said and everyone who knew him said that there was

never a truer, a finer than poor little Willy that's dead to tell her.

Choking with bloody foolery. And shaking Bloom's hand doing the tragic

to tell her that. Shake hands, brother. You're a rogue and I'm another.

--Let me, said he, so far presume upon our acquaintance which, however

slight it may appear if judged by the standard of mere time, is founded,

as I hope and believe, on a sentiment of mutual esteem as to request of

you this favour. But, should I have overstepped the limits of reserve

let the sincerity of my feelings be the excuse for my boldness.

--No, rejoined the other, I appreciate to the full the motives which

actuate your conduct and I shall discharge the office you entrust to

me consoled by the reflection that, though the errand be one of sorrow,

this proof of your confidence sweetens in some measure the bitterness of

the cup.

--Then suffer me to take your hand, said he. The goodness of your heart,

I feel sure, will dictate to you better than my inadequate words

the expressions which are most suitable to convey an emotion whose

poignancy, were I to give vent to my feelings, would deprive me even of

speech.

And off with him and out trying to walk straight. Boosed at five

o'clock. Night he was near being lagged only Paddy Leonard knew the

bobby, 14A. Blind to the world up in a shebeen in Bride street after

closing time, fornicating with two shawls and a bully on guard, drinking

porter out of teacups. And calling himself a Frenchy for the shawls,

Joseph Manuo, and talking against the Catholic religion, and he serving

mass in Adam and Eve's when he was young with his eyes shut, who wrote

the new testament, and the old testament, and hugging and smugging. And

the two shawls killed with the laughing, picking his pockets, the bloody

fool and he spilling the porter all over the bed and the two shawls

screeching laughing at one another. \_How is your testament? Have you got

an old testament?\_ Only Paddy was passing there, I tell you what. Then

see him of a Sunday with his little concubine of a wife, and she wagging

her tail up the aisle of the chapel with her patent boots on her, no

less, and her violets, nice as pie, doing the little lady. Jack Mooney's

sister. And the old prostitute of a mother procuring rooms to street

couples. Gob, Jack made him toe the line. Told him if he didn't patch up

the pot, Jesus, he'd kick the shite out of him.

So Terry brought the three pints.

--Here, says Joe, doing the honours. Here, citizen.

--\_Slan leat\_, says he.

--Fortune, Joe, says I. Good health, citizen.

Gob, he had his mouth half way down the tumbler already. Want a small

fortune to keep him in drinks.

--Who is the long fellow running for the mayoralty, Alf? says Joe.

--Friend of yours, says Alf.

--Nannan? says Joe. The mimber?

--I won't mention any names, says Alf.

--I thought so, says Joe. I saw him up at that meeting now with William

Field, M. P., the cattle traders.

--Hairy Iopas, says the citizen, that exploded volcano, the darling of

all countries and the idol of his own.

So Joe starts telling the citizen about the foot and mouth disease

and the cattle traders and taking action in the matter and the citizen

sending them all to the rightabout and Bloom coming out with his

sheepdip for the scab and a hoose drench for coughing calves and the

guaranteed remedy for timber tongue. Because he was up one time in a

knacker's yard. Walking about with his book and pencil here's my head

and my heels are coming till Joe Cuffe gave him the order of the boot

for giving lip to a grazier. Mister Knowall. Teach your grandmother how

to milk ducks. Pisser Burke was telling me in the hotel the wife used

to be in rivers of tears some times with Mrs O'Dowd crying her eyes out

with her eight inches of fat all over her. Couldn't loosen her farting

strings but old cod's eye was waltzing around her showing her how to do

it. What's your programme today? Ay. Humane methods. Because the poor

animals suffer and experts say and the best known remedy that doesn't

cause pain to the animal and on the sore spot administer gently. Gob,

he'd have a soft hand under a hen.

Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Black Liz is our hen. She lays eggs for

us. When she lays her egg she is so glad. Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Then

comes good uncle Leo. He puts his hand under black Liz and takes her

fresh egg. Ga ga ga ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook.

--Anyhow, says Joe, Field and Nannetti are going over tonight to London

to ask about it on the floor of the house of commons.

--Are you sure, says Bloom, the councillor is going? I wanted to see

him, as it happens.

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

--That's too bad, says Bloom. I wanted particularly. Perhaps only Mr

Field is going. I couldn't phone. No. You're sure?

--Nannan's going too, says Joe. The league told him to ask a question

tomorrow about the commissioner of police forbidding Irish games in the

park. What do you think of that, citizen? \_The Sluagh na h-Eireann\_.

Mr Cowe Conacre (Multifarnham. Nat.): Arising out of the question of

my honourable friend, the member for Shillelagh, may I ask the right

honourable gentleman whether the government has issued orders that these

animals shall be slaughtered though no medical evidence is forthcoming

as to their pathological condition?

Mr Allfours (Tamoshant. Con.): Honourable members are already in

possession of the evidence produced before a committee of the whole

house. I feel I cannot usefully add anything to that. The answer to the

honourable member's question is in the affirmative.

Mr Orelli O'Reilly (Montenotte. Nat.): Have similar orders been issued

for the slaughter of human animals who dare to play Irish games in the

Phoenix park?

Mr Allfours: The answer is in the negative.

Mr Cowe Conacre: Has the right honourable gentleman's famous

Mitchelstown telegram inspired the policy of gentlemen on the Treasury

bench? (O! O!)

Mr Allfours: I must have notice of that question.

Mr Staylewit (Buncombe. Ind.): Don't hesitate to shoot.

(Ironical opposition cheers.)

The speaker: Order! Order!

(The house rises. Cheers.)

--There's the man, says Joe, that made the Gaelic sports revival. There

he is sitting there. The man that got away James Stephens. The champion

of all Ireland at putting the sixteen pound shot. What was your best

throw, citizen?

--\_Na bacleis\_, says the citizen, letting on to be modest. There was a

time I was as good as the next fellow anyhow.

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

--Is that really a fact? says Alf.

--Yes, says Bloom. That's well known. Did you not know that?

So off they started about Irish sports and shoneen games the like of

lawn tennis and about hurley and putting the stone and racy of the soil

and building up a nation once again and all to that. And of course Bloom

had to have his say too about if a fellow had a rower's heart violent

exercise was bad. I declare to my antimacassar if you took up a straw

from the bloody floor and if you said to Bloom: \_Look at, Bloom. Do you

see that straw? That's a straw\_. Declare to my aunt he'd talk about it

for an hour so he would and talk steady.

A most interesting discussion took place in the ancient hall of \_Brian

O'ciarnain's\_ in \_Sraid na Bretaine Bheag\_, under the auspices of

\_Sluagh na h-Eireann\_, on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports and the

importance of physical culture, as understood in ancient Greece and

ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for the development of the race.

The venerable president of the noble order was in the chair and the

attendance was of large dimensions. After an instructive discourse by

the chairman, a magnificent oration eloquently and forcibly expressed,

a most interesting and instructive discussion of the usual high standard

of excellence ensued as to the desirability of the revivability of

the ancient games and sports of our ancient Panceltic forefathers. The

wellknown and highly respected worker in the cause of our old tongue, Mr

Joseph M'Carthy Hynes, made an eloquent appeal for the resuscitation of

the ancient Gaelic sports and pastimes, practised morning and evening

by Finn MacCool, as calculated to revive the best traditions of manly

strength and prowess handed down to us from ancient ages. L. Bloom, who

met with a mixed reception of applause and hisses, having espoused the

negative the vocalist chairman brought the discussion to a close, in

response to repeated requests and hearty plaudits from all parts of

a bumper house, by a remarkably noteworthy rendering of the immortal

Thomas Osborne Davis' evergreen verses (happily too familiar to need

recalling here) \_A nation once again\_ in the execution of which the

veteran patriot champion may be said without fear of contradiction

to have fairly excelled himself. The Irish Caruso-Garibaldi was in

superlative form and his stentorian notes were heard to the greatest

advantage in the timehonoured anthem sung as only our citizen can sing

it. His superb highclass vocalism, which by its superquality greatly

enhanced his already international reputation, was vociferously

applauded by the large audience among which were to be noticed many

prominent members of the clergy as well as representatives of the press

and the bar and the other learned professions. The proceedings then

terminated.

Amongst the clergy present were the very rev. William Delany, S. J., L.

L. D.; the rt rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D.; the rev. P. J. Kavanagh, C. S.

Sp.; the rev. T. Waters, C. C.; the rev. John M. Ivers, P. P.; the rev.

P. J. Cleary, O. S. F.; the rev. L. J. Hickey, O. P.; the very rev. Fr.

Nicholas, O. S. F. C.; the very rev. B. Gorman, O. D. C.; the rev. T.

Maher, S. J.; the very rev. James Murphy, S. J.; the rev. John Lavery,

V. F.; the very rev. William Doherty, D. D.; the rev. Peter Fagan, O.

M.; the rev. T. Brangan, O. S. A.; the rev. J. Flavin, C. C.; the

rev. M. A. Hackett, C. C.; the rev. W. Hurley, C. C.; the rt rev. Mgr

M'Manus, V. G.; the rev. B. R. Slattery, O. M. I.; the very rev. M.

D. Scally, P. P.; the rev. F. T. Purcell, O. P.; the very rev. Timothy

canon Gorman, P. P.; the rev. J. Flanagan, C. C. The laity included P.

Fay, T. Quirke, etc., etc.

--Talking about violent exercise, says Alf, were you at that

Keogh-Bennett match?

--No, says Joe.

--I heard So and So made a cool hundred quid over it, says Alf.

--Who? Blazes? says Joe.

And says Bloom:

--What I meant about tennis, for example, is the agility and training

the eye.

--Ay, Blazes, says Alf. He let out that Myler was on the beer to run up

the odds and he swatting all the time.

--We know him, says the citizen. The traitor's son. We know what put

English gold in his pocket.

---True for you, says Joe.

And Bloom cuts in again about lawn tennis and the circulation of the

blood, asking Alf:

--Now, don't you think, Bergan?

--Myler dusted the floor with him, says Alf. Heenan and Sayers was only

a bloody fool to it. Handed him the father and mother of a beating. See

the little kipper not up to his navel and the big fellow swiping. God,

he gave him one last puck in the wind, Queensberry rules and all, made

him puke what he never ate.

It was a historic and a hefty battle when Myler and Percy were scheduled

to don the gloves for the purse of fifty sovereigns. Handicapped as he

was by lack of poundage, Dublin's pet lamb made up for it by superlative

skill in ringcraft. The final bout of fireworks was a gruelling for both

champions. The welterweight sergeantmajor had tapped some lively claret

in the previous mixup during which Keogh had been receivergeneral of

rights and lefts, the artilleryman putting in some neat work on the

pet's nose, and Myler came on looking groggy. The soldier got to

business, leading off with a powerful left jab to which the Irish

gladiator retaliated by shooting out a stiff one flush to the point of

Bennett's jaw. The redcoat ducked but the Dubliner lifted him with a

left hook, the body punch being a fine one. The men came to handigrips.

Myler quickly became busy and got his man under, the bout ending with

the bulkier man on the ropes, Myler punishing him. The Englishman, whose

right eye was nearly closed, took his corner where he was liberally

drenched with water and when the bell went came on gamey and brimful of

pluck, confident of knocking out the fistic Eblanite in jigtime. It was

a fight to a finish and the best man for it. The two fought like tigers

and excitement ran fever high. The referee twice cautioned Pucking Percy

for holding but the pet was tricky and his footwork a treat to watch.

After a brisk exchange of courtesies during which a smart upper cut of

the military man brought blood freely from his opponent's mouth the

lamb suddenly waded in all over his man and landed a terrific left to

Battling Bennett's stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout clean

and clever. Amid tense expectation the Portobello bruiser was being

counted out when Bennett's second Ole Pfotts Wettstein threw in the

towel and the Santry boy was declared victor to the frenzied cheers of

the public who broke through the ringropes and fairly mobbed him with

delight.

--He knows which side his bread is buttered, says Alf. I hear he's

running a concert tour now up in the north.

--He is, says Joe. Isn't he?

--Who? says Bloom. Ah, yes. That's quite true. Yes, a kind of summer

tour, you see. Just a holiday.

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

--My wife? says Bloom. She's singing, yes. I think it will be a success

too.

He's an excellent man to organise. Excellent.

Hoho begob says I to myself says I. That explains the milk in the

cocoanut and absence of hair on the animal's chest. Blazes doing the

tootle on the flute. Concert tour. Dirty Dan the dodger's son off Island

bridge that sold the same horses twice over to the government to fight

the Boers. Old Whatwhat. I called about the poor and water rate, Mr

Boylan. You what? The water rate, Mr Boylan. You whatwhat? That's the

bucko that'll organise her, take my tip. 'Twixt me and you Caddareesh.

Pride of Calpe's rocky mount, the ravenhaired daughter of Tweedy. There

grew she to peerless beauty where loquat and almond scent the air. The

gardens of Alameda knew her step: the garths of olives knew and bowed.

The chaste spouse of Leopold is she: Marion of the bountiful bosoms.

And lo, there entered one of the clan of the O'Molloy's, a comely hero

of white face yet withal somewhat ruddy, his majesty's counsel learned

in the law, and with him the prince and heir of the noble line of

Lambert.

--Hello, Ned.

--Hello, Alf.

--Hello, Jack.

--Hello, Joe.

--God save you, says the citizen.

--Save you kindly, says J. J. What'll it be, Ned?

--Half one, says Ned.

So J. J. ordered the drinks.

--Were you round at the court? says Joe.

--Yes, says J. J. He'll square that, Ned, says he.

--Hope so, says Ned.

Now what were those two at? J. J. getting him off the grand jury list

and the other give him a leg over the stile. With his name in Stubbs's.

Playing cards, hobnobbing with flash toffs with a swank glass in their

eye, adrinking fizz and he half smothered in writs and garnishee orders.

Pawning his gold watch in Cummins of Francis street where no-one would

know him in the private office when I was there with Pisser releasing

his boots out of the pop. What's your name, sir? Dunne, says he. Ay, and

done says I. Gob, he'll come home by weeping cross one of those days,

I'm thinking.

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

--Yes, says J. J. Looking for a private detective.

--Ay, says Ned. And he wanted right go wrong to address the court only

Corny Kelleher got round him telling him to get the handwriting examined

first.

--Ten thousand pounds, says Alf, laughing. God, I'd give anything to

hear him before a judge and jury.

--Was it you did it, Alf? says Joe. The truth, the whole truth and

nothing but the truth, so help you Jimmy Johnson.

--Me? says Alf. Don't cast your nasturtiums on my character.

--Whatever statement you make, says Joe, will be taken down in evidence

against you.

--Of course an action would lie, says J. J. It implies that he is not

\_compos mentis\_. U. p: up.

\_--Compos\_ your eye! says Alf, laughing. Do you know that he's balmy?

Look at his head. Do you know that some mornings he has to get his hat

on with a shoehorn.

--Yes, says J. J., but the truth of a libel is no defence to an

indictment for publishing it in the eyes of the law.

--Ha ha, Alf, says Joe.

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

--Pity about her, says the citizen. Or any other woman marries a half

and half.

--How half and half? says Bloom. Do you mean he...

--Half and half I mean, says the citizen. A fellow that's neither fish

nor flesh.

--Nor good red herring, says Joe.

--That what's I mean, says the citizen. A pishogue, if you know what

that is.

Begob I saw there was trouble coming. And Bloom explaining he meant on

account of it being cruel for the wife having to go round after the

old stuttering fool. Cruelty to animals so it is to let that bloody

povertystricken Breen out on grass with his beard out tripping him,

bringing down the rain. And she with her nose cockahoop after she

married him because a cousin of his old fellow's was pewopener to the

pope. Picture of him on the wall with his Smashall Sweeney's moustaches,

the signior Brini from Summerhill, the eyetallyano, papal Zouave to the

Holy Father, has left the quay and gone to Moss street. And who was

he, tell us? A nobody, two pair back and passages, at seven shillings a

week, and he covered with all kinds of breastplates bidding defiance to

the world.

--And moreover, says J. J., a postcard is publication. It was held to

be sufficient evidence of malice in the testcase Sadgrove v. Hole. In my

opinion an action might lie.

Six and eightpence, please. Who wants your opinion? Let us drink our

pints in peace. Gob, we won't be let even do that much itself.

--Well, good health, Jack, says Ned.

--Good health, Ned, says J. J.

---There he is again, says Joe.

--Where? says Alf.

And begob there he was passing the door with his books under his oxter

and the wife beside him and Corny Kelleher with his wall eye looking in

as they went past, talking to him like a father, trying to sell him a

secondhand coffin.

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

--Remanded, says J. J.

One of the bottlenosed fraternity it was went by the name of James

Wought alias Saphiro alias Spark and Spiro, put an ad in the papers

saying he'd give a passage to Canada for twenty bob. What? Do you see

any green in the white of my eye? Course it was a bloody barney. What?

Swindled them all, skivvies and badhachs from the county Meath, ay, and

his own kidney too. J. J. was telling us there was an ancient Hebrew

Zaretsky or something weeping in the witnessbox with his hat on him,

swearing by the holy Moses he was stuck for two quid.

--Who tried the case? says Joe.

--Recorder, says Ned.

--Poor old sir Frederick, says Alf, you can cod him up to the two eyes.

--Heart as big as a lion, says Ned. Tell him a tale of woe about arrears

of rent and a sick wife and a squad of kids and, faith, he'll dissolve

in tears on the bench.

--Ay, says Alf. Reuben J was bloody lucky he didn't clap him in the dock

the other day for suing poor little Gumley that's minding stones, for

the corporation there near Butt bridge.

And he starts taking off the old recorder letting on to cry:

--A most scandalous thing! This poor hardworking man! How many children?

Ten, did you say?

--Yes, your worship. And my wife has the typhoid.

--And the wife with typhoid fever! Scandalous! Leave the court

immediately, sir. No, sir, I'll make no order for payment. How dare you,

sir, come up before me and ask me to make an order! A poor hardworking

industrious man! I dismiss the case.

And whereas on the sixteenth day of the month of the oxeyed goddess and

in the third week after the feastday of the Holy and Undivided Trinity,

the daughter of the skies, the virgin moon being then in her first

quarter, it came to pass that those learned judges repaired them to the

halls of law. There master Courtenay, sitting in his own chamber, gave

his rede and master Justice Andrews, sitting without a jury in the

probate court, weighed well and pondered the claim of the first

chargeant upon the property in the matter of the will propounded and

final testamentary disposition \_in re\_ the real and personal estate of

the late lamented Jacob Halliday, vintner, deceased, versus Livingstone,

an infant, of unsound mind, and another. And to the solemn court of

Green street there came sir Frederick the Falconer. And he sat him there

about the hour of five o'clock to administer the law of the brehons at

the commission for all that and those parts to be holden in and for the

county of the city of Dublin. And there sat with him the high sinhedrim

of the twelve tribes of Iar, for every tribe one man, of the tribe of

Patrick and of the tribe of Hugh and of the tribe of Owen and of the

tribe of Conn and of the tribe of Oscar and of the tribe of Fergus and

of the tribe of Finn and of the tribe of Dermot and of the tribe of

Cormac and of the tribe of Kevin and of the tribe of Caolte and of the

tribe of Ossian, there being in all twelve good men and true. And he

conjured them by Him who died on rood that they should well and

truly try and true deliverance make in the issue joined between their

sovereign lord the king and the prisoner at the bar and true verdict

give according to the evidence so help them God and kiss the book. And

they rose in their seats, those twelve of Iar, and they swore by

the name of Him Who is from everlasting that they would do His

rightwiseness. And straightway the minions of the law led forth from

their donjon keep one whom the sleuthhounds of justice had apprehended

in consequence of information received. And they shackled him hand and

foot and would take of him ne bail ne mainprise but preferred a charge

against him for he was a malefactor.

--Those are nice things, says the citizen, coming over here to Ireland

filling the country with bugs.

So Bloom lets on he heard nothing and he starts talking with Joe,

telling him he needn't trouble about that little matter till the first

but if he would just say a word to Mr Crawford. And so Joe swore high

and holy by this and by that he'd do the devil and all.

--Because, you see, says Bloom, for an advertisement you must have

repetition. That's the whole secret.

--Rely on me, says Joe.

--Swindling the peasants, says the citizen, and the poor of Ireland. We

want no more strangers in our house.

--O, I'm sure that will be all right, Hynes, says Bloom. It's just that

Keyes, you see.

--Consider that done, says Joe.

--Very kind of you, says Bloom.

--The strangers, says the citizen. Our own fault. We let them come in.

We brought them in. The adulteress and her paramour brought the Saxon

robbers here.

--Decree \_nisi,\_ says J. J.

And Bloom letting on to be awfully deeply interested in nothing, a

spider's web in the corner behind the barrel, and the citizen scowling

after him and the old dog at his feet looking up to know who to bite and

when.

--A dishonoured wife, says the citizen, that's what's the cause of all

our misfortunes.

--And here she is, says Alf, that was giggling over the \_Police Gazette\_

with Terry on the counter, in all her warpaint.

--Give us a squint at her, says I.

And what was it only one of the smutty yankee pictures Terry borrows off

of Corny Kelleher. Secrets for enlarging your private parts. Misconduct

of society belle. Norman W. Tupper, wealthy Chicago contractor, finds

pretty but faithless wife in lap of officer Taylor. Belle in her

bloomers misconducting herself, and her fancyman feeling for her tickles

and Norman W. Tupper bouncing in with his peashooter just in time to be

late after she doing the trick of the loop with officer Taylor.

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

--There's hair, Joe, says I. Get a queer old tailend of corned beef off

of that one, what?

So anyhow in came John Wyse Nolan and Lenehan with him with a face on

him as long as a late breakfast.

--Well, says the citizen, what's the latest from the scene of action?

What did those tinkers in the city hall at their caucus meeting decide

about the Irish language?

O'Nolan, clad in shining armour, low bending made obeisance to the

puissant and high and mighty chief of all Erin and did him to wit of

that which had befallen, how that the grave elders of the most obedient

city, second of the realm, had met them in the tholsel, and there, after

due prayers to the gods who dwell in ether supernal, had taken solemn

counsel whereby they might, if so be it might be, bring once more into

honour among mortal men the winged speech of the seadivided Gael.

--It's on the march, says the citizen. To hell with the bloody brutal

Sassenachs and their \_patois.\_

So J. J. puts in a word, doing the toff about one story was good till

you heard another and blinking facts and the Nelson policy, putting your

blind eye to the telescope and drawing up a bill of attainder to impeach

a nation, and Bloom trying to back him up moderation and botheration and

their colonies and their civilisation.

--Their syphilisation, you mean, says the citizen. To hell with

them! The curse of a goodfornothing God light sideways on the bloody

thicklugged sons of whores' gets! No music and no art and no literature

worthy of the name. Any civilisation they have they stole from us.

Tonguetied sons of bastards' ghosts.

--The European family, says J. J....

--They're not European, says the citizen. I was in Europe with Kevin

Egan of Paris. You wouldn't see a trace of them or their language

anywhere in Europe except in a \_cabinet d'aisance.\_

And says John Wyse:

--Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

And says Lenehan that knows a bit of the lingo:

--\_Conspuez les Anglais! Perfide Albion!\_

He said and then lifted he in his rude great brawny strengthy hands the

medher of dark strong foamy ale and, uttering his tribal slogan \_Lamh

Dearg Abu\_, he drank to the undoing of his foes, a race of mighty

valorous heroes, rulers of the waves, who sit on thrones of alabaster

silent as the deathless gods.

--What's up with you, says I to Lenehan. You look like a fellow that had

lost a bob and found a tanner.

--Gold cup, says he.

--Who won, Mr Lenehan? says Terry.

\_--Throwaway,\_ says he, at twenty to one. A rank outsider. And the rest

nowhere.

--And Bass's mare? says Terry.

--Still running, says he. We're all in a cart. Boylan plunged two quid

on my tip \_Sceptre\_ for himself and a lady friend.

--I had half a crown myself, says Terry, on \_Zinfandel\_ that Mr Flynn

gave me. Lord Howard de Walden's.

--Twenty to one, says Lenehan. Such is life in an outhouse. \_Throwaway,\_

says he. Takes the biscuit, and talking about bunions. Frailty, thy name

is \_Sceptre.\_

So he went over to the biscuit tin Bob Doran left to see if there was

anything he could lift on the nod, the old cur after him backing his

luck with his mangy snout up. Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.

--Not there, my child, says he.

--Keep your pecker up, says Joe. She'd have won the money only for the

other dog.

And J. J. and the citizen arguing about law and history with Bloom

sticking in an odd word.

--Some people, says Bloom, can see the mote in others' eyes but they

can't see the beam in their own.

--\_Raimeis\_, says the citizen. There's no-one as blind as the fellow

that won't see, if you know what that means. Where are our missing

twenty millions of Irish should be here today instead of four, our lost

tribes? And our potteries and textiles, the finest in the whole world!

And our wool that was sold in Rome in the time of Juvenal and our flax

and our damask from the looms of Antrim and our Limerick lace, our

tanneries and our white flint glass down there by Ballybough and our

Huguenot poplin that we have since Jacquard de Lyon and our woven silk

and our Foxford tweeds and ivory raised point from the Carmelite convent

in New Ross, nothing like it in the whole wide world. Where are the

Greek merchants that came through the pillars of Hercules, the Gibraltar

now grabbed by the foe of mankind, with gold and Tyrian purple to

sell in Wexford at the fair of Carmen? Read Tacitus and Ptolemy, even

Giraldus Cambrensis. Wine, peltries, Connemara marble, silver from

Tipperary, second to none, our farfamed horses even today, the Irish

hobbies, with king Philip of Spain offering to pay customs duties for

the right to fish in our waters. What do the yellowjohns of Anglia owe

us for our ruined trade and our ruined hearths? And the beds of the

Barrow and Shannon they won't deepen with millions of acres of marsh and

bog to make us all die of consumption?

--As treeless as Portugal we'll be soon, says John Wyse, or Heligoland

with its one tree if something is not done to reafforest the land.

Larches, firs, all the trees of the conifer family are going fast. I was

reading a report of lord Castletown's...

--Save them, says the citizen, the giant ash of Galway and the chieftain

elm of Kildare with a fortyfoot bole and an acre of foliage. Save the

trees of Ireland for the future men of Ireland on the fair hills of

Eire, O.

--Europe has its eyes on you, says Lenehan.

The fashionable international world attended EN MASSE this afternoon

at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan, grand high chief

ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine

Valley. Lady Sylvester Elmshade, Mrs Barbara Lovebirch, Mrs Poll Ash,

Mrs Holly Hazeleyes, Miss Daphne Bays, Miss Dorothy Canebrake, Mrs Clyde

Twelvetrees, Mrs Rowan Greene, Mrs Helen Vinegadding, Miss Virginia

Creeper, Miss Gladys Beech, Miss Olive Garth, Miss Blanche Maple, Mrs

Maud Mahogany, Miss Myra Myrtle, Miss Priscilla Elderflower, Miss

Bee Honeysuckle, Miss Grace Poplar, Miss O Mimosa San, Miss Rachel

Cedarfrond, the Misses Lilian and Viola Lilac, Miss Timidity Aspenall,

Mrs Kitty Dewey-Mosse, Miss May Hawthorne, Mrs Gloriana Palme, Mrs Liana

Forrest, Mrs Arabella Blackwood and Mrs Norma Holyoake of Oakholme Regis

graced the ceremony by their presence. The bride who was given away by

her father, the M'Conifer of the Glands, looked exquisitely charming in

a creation carried out in green mercerised silk, moulded on an underslip

of gloaming grey, sashed with a yoke of broad emerald and finished with

a triple flounce of darkerhued fringe, the scheme being relieved by

bretelles and hip insertions of acorn bronze. The maids of honour, Miss

Larch Conifer and Miss Spruce Conifer, sisters of the bride, wore very

becoming costumes in the same tone, a dainty \_motif\_ of plume rose being

worked into the pleats in a pinstripe and repeated capriciously in the

jadegreen toques in the form of heron feathers of paletinted coral.

Senhor Enrique Flor presided at the organ with his wellknown ability

and, in addition to the prescribed numbers of the nuptial mass, played

a new and striking arrangement of \_Woodman, spare that tree\_ at the

conclusion of the service. On leaving the church of Saint Fiacre \_in

Horto\_ after the papal blessing the happy pair were subjected to a

playful crossfire of hazelnuts, beechmast, bayleaves, catkins of willow,

ivytod, hollyberries, mistletoe sprigs and quicken shoots. Mr and Mrs

Wyse Conifer Neaulan will spend a quiet honeymoon in the Black Forest.

--And our eyes are on Europe, says the citizen. We had our trade with

Spain and the French and with the Flemings before those mongrels were

pupped, Spanish ale in Galway, the winebark on the winedark waterway.

--And will again, says Joe.

--And with the help of the holy mother of God we will again, says the

citizen, clapping his thigh, our harbours that are empty will be full

again, Queenstown, Kinsale, Galway, Blacksod Bay, Ventry in the kingdom

of Kerry, Killybegs, the third largest harbour in the wide world with

a fleet of masts of the Galway Lynches and the Cavan O'Reillys and the

O'Kennedys of Dublin when the earl of Desmond could make a treaty with

the emperor Charles the Fifth himself. And will again, says he, when the

first Irish battleship is seen breasting the waves with our own flag to

the fore, none of your Henry Tudor's harps, no, the oldest flag afloat,

the flag of the province of Desmond and Thomond, three crowns on a blue

field, the three sons of Milesius.

And he took the last swig out of the pint. Moya. All wind and piss like

a tanyard cat. Cows in Connacht have long horns. As much as his bloody

life is worth to go down and address his tall talk to the assembled

multitude in Shanagolden where he daren't show his nose with the Molly

Maguires looking for him to let daylight through him for grabbing the

holding of an evicted tenant.

--Hear, hear to that, says John Wyse. What will you have?

--An imperial yeomanry, says Lenehan, to celebrate the occasion.

--Half one, Terry, says John Wyse, and a hands up. Terry! Are you

asleep?

--Yes, sir, says Terry. Small whisky and bottle of Allsop. Right, sir.

Hanging over the bloody paper with Alf looking for spicy bits instead of

attending to the general public. Picture of a butting match, trying to

crack their bloody skulls, one chap going for the other with his head

down like a bull at a gate. And another one: \_Black Beast Burned in

Omaha, Ga\_. A lot of Deadwood Dicks in slouch hats and they firing at a

Sambo strung up in a tree with his tongue out and a bonfire under

him. Gob, they ought to drown him in the sea after and electrocute and

crucify him to make sure of their job.

--But what about the fighting navy, says Ned, that keeps our foes at

bay?

--I'll tell you what about it, says the citizen. Hell upon earth it is.

Read the revelations that's going on in the papers about flogging on

the training ships at Portsmouth. A fellow writes that calls himself

\_Disgusted One\_.

So he starts telling us about corporal punishment and about the crew

of tars and officers and rearadmirals drawn up in cocked hats and the

parson with his protestant bible to witness punishment and a young lad

brought out, howling for his ma, and they tie him down on the buttend of

a gun.

--A rump and dozen, says the citizen, was what that old ruffian sir John

Beresford called it but the modern God's Englishman calls it caning on

the breech.

And says John Wyse:

--'Tis a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Then he was telling us the master at arms comes along with a long cane

and he draws out and he flogs the bloody backside off of the poor lad

till he yells meila murder.

--That's your glorious British navy, says the citizen, that bosses the

earth.

The fellows that never will be slaves, with the only hereditary chamber

on the face of God's earth and their land in the hands of a dozen

gamehogs and cottonball barons. That's the great empire they boast about

of drudges and whipped serfs.

--On which the sun never rises, says Joe.

--And the tragedy of it is, says the citizen, they believe it. The

unfortunate yahoos believe it.

They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth,

and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast,

born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was scarified,

flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day he arose

again from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beamend till

further orders whence he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid.

--But, says Bloom, isn't discipline the same everywhere. I mean wouldn't

it be the same here if you put force against force?

Didn't I tell you? As true as I'm drinking this porter if he was at his

last gasp he'd try to downface you that dying was living.

--We'll put force against force, says the citizen. We have our greater

Ireland beyond the sea. They were driven out of house and home in the

black 47. Their mudcabins and their shielings by the roadside were laid

low by the batteringram and the \_Times\_ rubbed its hands and told the

whitelivered Saxons there would soon be as few Irish in Ireland as

redskins in America. Even the Grand Turk sent us his piastres. But the

Sassenach tried to starve the nation at home while the land was full

of crops that the British hyenas bought and sold in Rio de Janeiro. Ay,

they drove out the peasants in hordes. Twenty thousand of them died in

the coffinships. But those that came to the land of the free remember

the land of bondage. And they will come again and with a vengeance, no

cravens, the sons of Granuaile, the champions of Kathleen ni Houlihan.

--Perfectly true, says Bloom. But my point was...

--We are a long time waiting for that day, citizen, says Ned. Since the

poor old woman told us that the French were on the sea and landed at

Killala.

--Ay, says John Wyse. We fought for the royal Stuarts that reneged us

against the Williamites and they betrayed us. Remember Limerick and the

broken treatystone. We gave our best blood to France and Spain, the

wild geese. Fontenoy, eh? And Sarsfield and O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan

in Spain, and Ulysses Browne of Camus that was fieldmarshal to Maria

Teresa. But what did we ever get for it?

--The French! says the citizen. Set of dancing masters! Do you know

what it is? They were never worth a roasted fart to Ireland. Aren't they

trying to make an \_Entente cordiale\_ now at Tay Pay's dinnerparty with

perfidious Albion? Firebrands of Europe and they always were.

--\_Conspuez les FranÃ§ais\_, says Lenehan, nobbling his beer.

--And as for the Prooshians and the Hanoverians, says Joe, haven't we

had enough of those sausageeating bastards on the throne from George the

elector down to the German lad and the flatulent old bitch that's dead?

Jesus, I had to laugh at the way he came out with that about the old one

with the winkers on her, blind drunk in her royal palace every night of

God, old Vic, with her jorum of mountain dew and her coachman carting

her up body and bones to roll into bed and she pulling him by the

whiskers and singing him old bits of songs about \_Ehren on the Rhine\_

and come where the boose is cheaper.

--Well, says J. J. We have Edward the peacemaker now.

--Tell that to a fool, says the citizen. There's a bloody sight more pox

than pax about that boyo. Edward Guelph-Wettin!

--And what do you think, says Joe, of the holy boys, the priests

and bishops of Ireland doing up his room in Maynooth in His Satanic

Majesty's racing colours and sticking up pictures of all the horses his

jockeys rode. The earl of Dublin, no less.

--They ought to have stuck up all the women he rode himself, says little

Alf.

And says J. J.:

--Considerations of space influenced their lordships' decision.

--Will you try another, citizen? says Joe.

--Yes, sir, says he. I will.

--You? says Joe.

--Beholden to you, Joe, says I. May your shadow never grow less.

--Repeat that dose, says Joe.

Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse and he quite excited with

his dunducketymudcoloured mug on him and his old plumeyes rolling about.

--Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it.

Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

--But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.

--Yes, says Bloom.

--What is it? says John Wyse.

--A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same

place.

--By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm

living in the same place for the past five years.

So of course everyone had the laugh at Bloom and says he, trying to muck

out of it:

--Or also living in different places.

--That covers my case, says Joe.

--What is your nation if I may ask? says the citizen.

--Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland.

The citizen said nothing only cleared the spit out of his gullet and,

gob, he spat a Red bank oyster out of him right in the corner.

--After you with the push, Joe, says he, taking out his handkerchief to

swab himself dry.

--Here you are, citizen, says Joe. Take that in your right hand and

repeat after me the following words.

The muchtreasured and intricately embroidered ancient Irish facecloth

attributed to Solomon of Droma and Manus Tomaltach og MacDonogh, authors

of the Book of Ballymote, was then carefully produced and called forth

prolonged admiration. No need to dwell on the legendary beauty of the

cornerpieces, the acme of art, wherein one can distinctly discern each

of the four evangelists in turn presenting to each of the four masters

his evangelical symbol, a bogoak sceptre, a North American puma (a far

nobler king of beasts than the British article, be it said in passing),

a Kerry calf and a golden eagle from Carrantuohill. The scenes depicted

on the emunctory field, showing our ancient duns and raths and cromlechs

and grianauns and seats of learning and maledictive stones, are as

wonderfully beautiful and the pigments as delicate as when the Sligo

illuminators gave free rein to their artistic fantasy long long ago in

the time of the Barmecides. Glendalough, the lovely lakes of Killarney,

the ruins of Clonmacnois, Cong Abbey, Glen Inagh and the Twelve Pins,

Ireland's Eye, the Green Hills of Tallaght, Croagh Patrick, the brewery

of Messrs Arthur Guinness, Son and Company (Limited), Lough Neagh's

banks, the vale of Ovoca, Isolde's tower, the Mapas obelisk, Sir Patrick

Dun's hospital, Cape Clear, the glen of Aherlow, Lynch's castle, the

Scotch house, Rathdown Union Workhouse at Loughlinstown, Tullamore jail,

Castleconnel rapids, Kilballymacshonakill, the cross at Monasterboice,

Jury's Hotel, S. Patrick's Purgatory, the Salmon Leap, Maynooth college

refectory, Curley's hole, the three birthplaces of the first duke of

Wellington, the rock of Cashel, the bog of Allen, the Henry Street

Warehouse, Fingal's Cave--all these moving scenes are still there for us

today rendered more beautiful still by the waters of sorrow which have

passed over them and by the rich incrustations of time.

--Show us over the drink, says I. Which is which?

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

--And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted.

Also now. This very moment. This very instant.

Gob, he near burnt his fingers with the butt of his old cigar.

--Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs

to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist, sold

by auction in Morocco like slaves or cattle.

--Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen.

--I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.

--Right, says John Wyse. Stand up to it then with force like men.

That's an almanac picture for you. Mark for a softnosed bullet. Old

lardyface standing up to the business end of a gun. Gob, he'd adorn a

sweepingbrush, so he would, if he only had a nurse's apron on him. And

then he collapses all of a sudden, twisting around all the opposite, as

limp as a wet rag.

--But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not

life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's

the very opposite of that that is really life.

--What? says Alf.

--Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now, says

he to John Wyse. Just round to the court a moment to see if Martin is

there. If he comes just say I'll be back in a second. Just a moment.

Who's hindering you? And off he pops like greased lightning.

--A new apostle to the gentiles, says the citizen. Universal love.

--Well, says John Wyse. Isn't that what we're told. Love your neighbour.

--That chap? says the citizen. Beggar my neighbour is his motto. Love,

moya! He's a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet.

Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist. Constable 14A

loves Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M.

B. loves a fair gentleman. Li Chi Han lovey up kissy Cha Pu Chow. Jumbo,

the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant. Old Mr Verschoyle with the ear

trumpet loves old Mrs Verschoyle with the turnedin eye. The man in the

brown macintosh loves a lady who is dead. His Majesty the King loves Her

Majesty the Queen. Mrs Norman W. Tupper loves officer Taylor. You love

a certain person. And this person loves that other person because

everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody.

--Well, Joe, says I, your very good health and song. More power,

citizen.

--Hurrah, there, says Joe.

--The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick on you, says the citizen.

And he ups with his pint to wet his whistle.

--We know those canters, says he, preaching and picking your pocket.

What about sanctimonious Cromwell and his ironsides that put the women

and children of Drogheda to the sword with the bible text \_God is love\_

pasted round the mouth of his cannon? The bible! Did you read that skit

in the \_United Irishman\_ today about that Zulu chief that's visiting

England?

--What's that? says Joe.

So the citizen takes up one of his paraphernalia papers and he starts

reading out:

--A delegation of the chief cotton magnates of Manchester was presented

yesterday to His Majesty the Alaki of Abeakuta by Gold Stick in Waiting,

Lord Walkup of Walkup on Eggs, to tender to His Majesty the heartfelt

thanks of British traders for the facilities afforded them in his

dominions. The delegation partook of luncheon at the conclusion of which

the dusky potentate, in the course of a happy speech, freely translated

by the British chaplain, the reverend Ananias Praisegod Barebones,

tendered his best thanks to Massa Walkup and emphasised the cordial

relations existing between Abeakuta and the British empire, stating that

he treasured as one of his dearest possessions an illuminated bible,

the volume of the word of God and the secret of England's greatness,

graciously presented to him by the white chief woman, the great squaw

Victoria, with a personal dedication from the august hand of the Royal

Donor. The Alaki then drank a lovingcup of firstshot usquebaugh to the

toast \_Black and White\_ from the skull of his immediate predecessor in

the dynasty Kakachakachak, surnamed Forty Warts, after which he visited

the chief factory of Cottonopolis and signed his mark in the visitors'

book, subsequently executing a charming old Abeakutic wardance, in the

course of which he swallowed several knives and forks, amid hilarious

applause from the girl hands.

--Widow woman, says Ned. I wouldn't doubt her. Wonder did he put that

bible to the same use as I would.

--Same only more so, says Lenehan. And thereafter in that fruitful land

the broadleaved mango flourished exceedingly.

--Is that by Griffith? says John Wyse.

--No, says the citizen. It's not signed Shanganagh. It's only

initialled: P.

--And a very good initial too, says Joe.

--That's how it's worked, says the citizen. Trade follows the flag.

--Well, says J. J., if they're any worse than those Belgians in the

Congo Free State they must be bad. Did you read that report by a man

what's this his name is?

--Casement, says the citizen. He's an Irishman.

--Yes, that's the man, says J. J. Raping the women and girls and

flogging the natives on the belly to squeeze all the red rubber they can

out of them.

--I know where he's gone, says Lenehan, cracking his fingers.

--Who? says I.

--Bloom, says he. The courthouse is a blind. He had a few bob on

\_Throwaway\_ and he's gone to gather in the shekels.

--Is it that whiteeyed kaffir? says the citizen, that never backed a

horse in anger in his life?

--That's where he's gone, says Lenehan. I met Bantam Lyons going to back

that horse only I put him off it and he told me Bloom gave him the tip.

Bet you what you like he has a hundred shillings to five on. He's the

only man in Dublin has it. A dark horse.

--He's a bloody dark horse himself, says Joe.

--Mind, Joe, says I. Show us the entrance out.

--There you are, says Terry.

Goodbye Ireland I'm going to Gort. So I just went round the back of

the yard to pumpship and begob (hundred shillings to five) while I was

letting off my \_(Throwaway\_ twenty to) letting off my load gob says I

to myself I knew he was uneasy in his (two pints off of Joe and one in

Slattery's off) in his mind to get off the mark to (hundred shillings

is five quid) and when they were in the (dark horse) pisser Burke was

telling me card party and letting on the child was sick (gob, must have

done about a gallon) flabbyarse of a wife speaking down the tube \_she's

better\_ or \_she's\_ (ow!) all a plan so he could vamoose with the pool if

he won or (Jesus, full up I was) trading without a licence (ow!) Ireland

my nation says he (hoik! phthook!) never be up to those bloody (there's

the last of it) Jerusalem (ah!) cuckoos.

So anyhow when I got back they were at it dingdong, John Wyse saying it

was Bloom gave the ideas for Sinn Fein to Griffith to put in his paper

all kinds of jerrymandering, packed juries and swindling the taxes off

of the government and appointing consuls all over the world to walk

about selling Irish industries. Robbing Peter to pay Paul. Gob, that

puts the bloody kybosh on it if old sloppy eyes is mucking up the show.

Give us a bloody chance. God save Ireland from the likes of that bloody

mouseabout. Mr Bloom with his argol bargol. And his old fellow before

him perpetrating frauds, old Methusalem Bloom, the robbing bagman, that

poisoned himself with the prussic acid after he swamping the country

with his baubles and his penny diamonds. Loans by post on easy terms.

Any amount of money advanced on note of hand. Distance no object. No

security. Gob, he's like Lanty MacHale's goat that'd go a piece of the

road with every one.

--Well, it's a fact, says John Wyse. And there's the man now that'll

tell you all about it, Martin Cunningham.

Sure enough the castle car drove up with Martin on it and Jack Power

with him and a fellow named Crofter or Crofton, pensioner out of

the collector general's, an orangeman Blackburn does have on the

registration and he drawing his pay or Crawford gallivanting around the

country at the king's expense.

Our travellers reached the rustic hostelry and alighted from their

palfreys.

--Ho, varlet! cried he, who by his mien seemed the leader of the party.

Saucy knave! To us!

So saying he knocked loudly with his swordhilt upon the open lattice.

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

--Give you good den, my masters, said he with an obsequious bow.

--Bestir thyself, sirrah! cried he who had knocked. Look to our steeds.

And for ourselves give us of your best for ifaith we need it.

--Lackaday, good masters, said the host, my poor house has but a bare

larder. I know not what to offer your lordships.

--How now, fellow? cried the second of the party, a man of pleasant

countenance, So servest thou the king's messengers, master Taptun?

An instantaneous change overspread the landlord's visage.

--Cry you mercy, gentlemen, he said humbly. An you be the king's

messengers (God shield His Majesty!) you shall not want for aught. The

king's friends (God bless His Majesty!) shall not go afasting in my

house I warrant me.

--Then about! cried the traveller who had not spoken, a lusty

trencherman by his aspect. Hast aught to give us?

Mine host bowed again as he made answer:

--What say you, good masters, to a squab pigeon pasty, some collops of

venison, a saddle of veal, widgeon with crisp hog's bacon, a boar's head

with pistachios, a bason of jolly custard, a medlar tansy and a flagon

of old Rhenish?

--Gadzooks! cried the last speaker. That likes me well. Pistachios!

--Aha! cried he of the pleasant countenance. A poor house and a bare

larder, quotha! 'Tis a merry rogue.

So in comes Martin asking where was Bloom.

--Where is he? says Lenehan. Defrauding widows and orphans.

--Isn't that a fact, says John Wyse, what I was telling the citizen

about Bloom and the Sinn Fein?

--That's so, says Martin. Or so they allege.

--Who made those allegations? says Alf.

--I, says Joe. I'm the alligator.

--And after all, says John Wyse, why can't a jew love his country like

the next fellow?

--Why not? says J. J., when he's quite sure which country it is.

--Is he a jew or a gentile or a holy Roman or a swaddler or what the

hell is he? says Ned. Or who is he? No offence, Crofton.

--Who is Junius? says J. J.

--We don't want him, says Crofter the Orangeman or presbyterian.

--He's a perverted jew, says Martin, from a place in Hungary and it was

he drew up all the plans according to the Hungarian system. We know that

in the castle.

--Isn't he a cousin of Bloom the dentist? says Jack Power.

--Not at all, says Martin. Only namesakes. His name was Virag, the

father's name that poisoned himself. He changed it by deedpoll, the

father did.

--That's the new Messiah for Ireland! says the citizen. Island of saints

and sages!

--Well, they're still waiting for their redeemer, says Martin. For that

matter so are we.

--Yes, says J. J., and every male that's born they think it may be their

Messiah. And every jew is in a tall state of excitement, I believe, till

he knows if he's a father or a mother.

--Expecting every moment will be his next, says Lenehan.

--O, by God, says Ned, you should have seen Bloom before that son of his

that died was born. I met him one day in the south city markets buying a

tin of Neave's food six weeks before the wife was delivered.

--\_En ventre sa mÃ¨re\_, says J. J.

--Do you call that a man? says the citizen.

--I wonder did he ever put it out of sight, says Joe.

--Well, there were two children born anyhow, says Jack Power.

--And who does he suspect? says the citizen.

Gob, there's many a true word spoken in jest. One of those mixed

middlings he is. Lying up in the hotel Pisser was telling me once a

month with headache like a totty with her courses. Do you know what I'm

telling you? It'd be an act of God to take a hold of a fellow the like

of that and throw him in the bloody sea. Justifiable homicide, so it

would. Then sloping off with his five quid without putting up a pint of

stuff like a man. Give us your blessing. Not as much as would blind your

eye.

--Charity to the neighbour, says Martin. But where is he? We can't wait.

--A wolf in sheep's clothing, says the citizen. That's what he is. Virag

from Hungary! Ahasuerus I call him. Cursed by God.

--Have you time for a brief libation, Martin? says Ned.

--Only one, says Martin. We must be quick. J. J. and S.

--You, Jack? Crofton? Three half ones, Terry.

--Saint Patrick would want to land again at Ballykinlar and convert us,

says the citizen, after allowing things like that to contaminate our

shores.

--Well, says Martin, rapping for his glass. God bless all here is my

prayer.

--Amen, says the citizen.

--And I'm sure He will, says Joe.

And at the sound of the sacring bell, headed by a crucifer with

acolytes, thurifers, boatbearers, readers, ostiarii, deacons and

subdeacons, the blessed company drew nigh of mitred abbots and priors

and guardians and monks and friars: the monks of Benedict of Spoleto,

Carthusians and Camaldolesi, Cistercians and Olivetans, Oratorians

and Vallombrosans, and the friars of Augustine, Brigittines,

Premonstratensians, Servi, Trinitarians, and the children of Peter

Nolasco: and therewith from Carmel mount the children of Elijah prophet

led by Albert bishop and by Teresa of Avila, calced and other: and

friars, brown and grey, sons of poor Francis, capuchins, cordeliers,

minimes and observants and the daughters of Clara: and the sons of

Dominic, the friars preachers, and the sons of Vincent: and the monks

of S. Wolstan: and Ignatius his children: and the confraternity of the

christian brothers led by the reverend brother Edmund Ignatius Rice. And

after came all saints and martyrs, virgins and confessors: S. Cyr and

S. Isidore Arator and S. James the Less and S. Phocas of Sinope and S.

Julian Hospitator and S. Felix de Cantalice and S. Simon Stylites and

S. Stephen Protomartyr and S. John of God and S. Ferreol and S. Leugarde

and S. Theodotus and S. Vulmar and S. Richard and S. Vincent de Paul and

S. Martin of Todi and S. Martin of Tours and S. Alfred and S. Joseph and

S. Denis and S. Cornelius and S. Leopold and S. Bernard and S. Terence

and S. Edward and S. Owen Caniculus and S. Anonymous and S. Eponymous

and S. Pseudonymous and S. Homonymous and S. Paronymous and S.

Synonymous and S. Laurence O'Toole and S. James of Dingle and

Compostella and S. Columcille and S. Columba and S. Celestine and S.

Colman and S. Kevin and S. Brendan and S. Frigidian and S. Senan and S.

Fachtna and S. Columbanus and S. Gall and S. Fursey and S. Fintan and S.

Fiacre and S. John Nepomuc and S. Thomas Aquinas and S. Ives of Brittany

and S. Michan and S. Herman-Joseph and the three patrons of holy youth

S. Aloysius Gonzaga and S. Stanislaus Kostka and S. John Berchmans

and the saints Gervasius, Servasius and Bonifacius and S. Bride and S.

Kieran and S. Canice of Kilkenny and S. Jarlath of Tuam and S. Finbarr

and S. Pappin of Ballymun and Brother Aloysius Pacificus and Brother

Louis Bellicosus and the saints Rose of Lima and of Viterbo and S.

Martha of Bethany and S. Mary of Egypt and S. Lucy and S. Brigid and

S. Attracta and S. Dympna and S. Ita and S. Marion Calpensis and

the Blessed Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and S. Barbara and S.

Scholastica and S. Ursula with eleven thousand virgins. And all came

with nimbi and aureoles and gloriae, bearing palms and harps and swords

and olive crowns, in robes whereon were woven the blessed symbols of

their efficacies, inkhorns, arrows, loaves, cruses, fetters, axes,

trees, bridges, babes in a bathtub, shells, wallets, shears, keys,

dragons, lilies, buckshot, beards, hogs, lamps, bellows, beehives,

soupladles, stars, snakes, anvils, boxes of vaseline, bells, crutches,

forceps, stags' horns, watertight boots, hawks, millstones, eyes on a

dish, wax candles, aspergills, unicorns. And as they wended their way by

Nelson's Pillar, Henry street, Mary street, Capel street, Little Britain

street chanting the introit in \_Epiphania Domini\_ which beginneth

\_Surge, illuminare\_ and thereafter most sweetly the gradual \_Omnes\_

which saith \_de Saba venient\_ they did divers wonders such as casting

out devils, raising the dead to life, multiplying fishes, healing the

halt and the blind, discovering various articles which had been mislaid,

interpreting and fulfilling the scriptures, blessing and prophesying.

And last, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold came the reverend Father

O'Flynn attended by Malachi and Patrick. And when the good fathers

had reached the appointed place, the house of Bernard Kiernan and Co,

limited, 8, 9 and 10 little Britain street, wholesale grocers, wine

and brandy shippers, licensed fo the sale of beer, wine and spirits for

consumption on the premises, the celebrant blessed the house and censed

the mullioned windows and the groynes and the vaults and the arrises and

the capitals and the pediments and the cornices and the engrailed arches

and the spires and the cupolas and sprinkled the lintels thereof with

blessed water and prayed that God might bless that house as he had

blessed the house of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and make the angels of

His light to inhabit therein. And entering he blessed the viands and the

beverages and the company of all the blessed answered his prayers.

--\_Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.\_

--\_Qui fecit coelum et terram.\_

--\_Dominus vobiscum.\_

--\_Et cum spiritu tuo.\_

And he laid his hands upon that he blessed and gave thanks and he prayed

and they all with him prayed:

--\_Deus, cuius verbo sanctificantur omnia, benedictionem tuam effunde

super creaturas istas: et praesta ut quisquis eis secundum legem et

voluntatem Tuam cum gratiarum actione usus fuerit per invocationem

sanctissimi nominis Tui corporis sanitatem et animae tutelam Te auctore

percipiat per Christum Dominum nostrum.\_

--And so say all of us, says Jack.

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

--Right, says Ned, taking up his John Jameson. And butter for fish.

I was just looking around to see who the happy thought would strike when

be damned but in he comes again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry.

--I was just round at the courthouse, says he, looking for you. I hope

I'm not...

--No, says Martin, we're ready.

Courthouse my eye and your pockets hanging down with gold and silver.

Mean bloody scut. Stand us a drink itself. Devil a sweet fear! There's

a jew for you! All for number one. Cute as a shithouse rat. Hundred to

five.

--Don't tell anyone, says the citizen,

--Beg your pardon, says he.

--Come on boys, says Martin, seeing it was looking blue. Come along now.

--Don't tell anyone, says the citizen, letting a bawl out of him. It's a

secret.

And the bloody dog woke up and let a growl.

--Bye bye all, says Martin.

And he got them out as quick as he could, Jack Power and Crofton or

whatever you call him and him in the middle of them letting on to be all

at sea and up with them on the bloody jaunting car.

---Off with you, says

Martin to the jarvey.

The milkwhite dolphin tossed his mane and, rising in the golden poop the

helmsman spread the bellying sail upon the wind and stood off forward

with all sail set, the spinnaker to larboard. A many comely nymphs drew

nigh to starboard and to larboard and, clinging to the sides of

the noble bark, they linked their shining forms as doth the cunning

wheelwright when he fashions about the heart of his wheel the

equidistant rays whereof each one is sister to another and he binds them

all with an outer ring and giveth speed to the feet of men whenas they

ride to a hosting or contend for the smile of ladies fair. Even so did

they come and set them, those willing nymphs, the undying sisters. And

they laughed, sporting in a circle of their foam: and the bark clave the

waves.

But begob I was just lowering the heel of the pint when I saw the

citizen getting up to waddle to the door, puffing and blowing with the

dropsy, and he cursing the curse of Cromwell on him, bell, book and

candle in Irish, spitting and spatting out of him and Joe and little Alf

round him like a leprechaun trying to peacify him.

--Let me alone, says he.

And begob he got as far as the door and they holding him and he bawls

out of him:

--Three cheers for Israel!

Arrah, sit down on the parliamentary side of your arse for Christ' sake

and don't be making a public exhibition of yourself. Jesus, there's

always some bloody clown or other kicking up a bloody murder about

bloody nothing. Gob, it'd turn the porter sour in your guts, so it

would.

And all the ragamuffins and sluts of the nation round the door and

Martin telling the jarvey to drive ahead and the citizen bawling and Alf

and Joe at him to whisht and he on his high horse about the jews and

the loafers calling for a speech and Jack Power trying to get him to sit

down on the car and hold his bloody jaw and a loafer with a patch over

his eye starts singing \_If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew\_ and

a slut shouts out of her:

--Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

And says he:

--Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And

the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.

--He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead.

--Whose God? says the citizen.

--Well, his uncle was a jew, says he. Your God was a jew. Christ was a

jew like me.

Gob, the citizen made a plunge back into the shop.

--By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy

name.

By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give us that biscuitbox here.

--Stop! Stop! says Joe.

A large and appreciative gathering of friends and acquaintances from

the metropolis and greater Dublin assembled in their thousands to bid

farewell to Nagyasagos uram Lipoti Virag, late of Messrs Alexander

Thom's, printers to His Majesty, on the occasion of his departure

for the distant clime of Szazharminczbrojugulyas-Dugulas (Meadow of

Murmuring Waters). The ceremony which went off with great \_Ã©clat\_ was

characterised by the most affecting cordiality. An illuminated scroll

of ancient Irish vellum, the work of Irish artists, was presented to

the distinguished phenomenologist on behalf of a large section of the

community and was accompanied by the gift of a silver casket, tastefully

executed in the style of ancient Celtic ornament, a work which reflects

every credit on the makers, Messrs Jacob \_agus\_ Jacob. The departing

guest was the recipient of a hearty ovation, many of those who were

present being visibly moved when the select orchestra of Irish pipes

struck up the wellknown strains of \_Come back to Erin\_, followed

immediately by \_Rakoczsy's March\_. Tarbarrels and bonfires were lighted

along the coastline of the four seas on the summits of the Hill of

Howth, Three Rock Mountain, Sugarloaf, Bray Head, the mountains of

Mourne, the Galtees, the Ox and Donegal and Sperrin peaks, the Nagles

and the Bograghs, the Connemara hills, the reeks of M Gillicuddy, Slieve

Aughty, Slieve Bernagh and Slieve Bloom. Amid cheers that rent the

welkin, responded to by answering cheers from a big muster of

henchmen on the distant Cambrian and Caledonian hills, the mastodontic

pleasureship slowly moved away saluted by a final floral tribute from

the representatives of the fair sex who were present in large numbers

while, as it proceeded down the river, escorted by a flotilla of barges,

the flags of the Ballast office and Custom House were dipped in salute

as were also those of the electrical power station at the

Pigeonhouse and the Poolbeg Light. \_VisszontlÃ¡tÃ¡sra, kedves barÃ¡ton!

VisszontlÃ¡tÃ¡sra!\_ Gone but not forgotten.

Gob, the devil wouldn't stop him till he got hold of the bloody tin

anyhow and out with him and little Alf hanging on to his elbow and he

shouting like a stuck pig, as good as any bloody play in the Queen's

royal theatre:

--Where is he till I murder him?

And Ned and J. J. paralysed with the laughing.

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

But as luck would have it the jarvey got the nag's head round the other

way and off with him.

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

Begob he drew his hand and made a swipe and let fly. Mercy of God the

sun was in his eyes or he'd have left him for dead. Gob, he near sent it

into the county Longford. The bloody nag took fright and the old

mongrel after the car like bloody hell and all the populace shouting and

laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street.

The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The

observatory of Dunsink registered in all eleven shocks, all of the fifth

grade of Mercalli's scale, and there is no record extant of a similar

seismic disturbance in our island since the earthquake of 1534, the year

of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The epicentre appears to have been

that part of the metropolis which constitutes the Inn's Quay ward and

parish of Saint Michan covering a surface of fortyone acres, two roods

and one square pole or perch. All the lordly residences in the vicinity

of the palace of justice were demolished and that noble edifice itself,

in which at the time of the catastrophe important legal debates were in

progress, is literally a mass of ruins beneath which it is to be

feared all the occupants have been buried alive. From the reports of

eyewitnesses it transpires that the seismic waves were accompanied by

a violent atmospheric perturbation of cyclonic character. An article of

headgear since ascertained to belong to the much respected clerk of the

crown and peace Mr George Fottrell and a silk umbrella with gold handle

with the engraved initials, crest, coat of arms and house number of

the erudite and worshipful chairman of quarter sessions sir Frederick

Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, have been discovered by search parties

in remote parts of the island respectively, the former on the third

basaltic ridge of the giant's causeway, the latter embedded to the

extent of one foot three inches in the sandy beach of Holeopen bay near

the old head of Kinsale. Other eyewitnesses depose that they observed

an incandescent object of enormous proportions hurtling through the

atmosphere at a terrifying velocity in a trajectory directed southwest

by west. Messages of condolence and sympathy are being hourly received

from all parts of the different continents and the sovereign pontiff has

been graciously pleased to decree that a special \_missa pro defunctis\_

shall be celebrated simultaneously by the ordinaries of each and every

cathedral church of all the episcopal dioceses subject to the spiritual

authority of the Holy See in suffrage of the souls of those faithful

departed who have been so unexpectedly called away from our midst.

The work of salvage, removal of \_dÃ©bris,\_ human remains etc has been

entrusted to Messrs Michael Meade and Son, 159 Great Brunswick street,

and Messrs T. and C. Martin, 77, 78, 79 and 80 North Wall, assisted by

the men and officers of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry under the

general supervision of H. R. H., rear admiral, the right honourable sir

Hercules Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson, K. G., K. P., K. T., P. C., K.

C. B., M. P, J. P., M. B., D. S. O., S. O. D., M. F. H., M. R. I. A., B.

L., Mus. Doc., P. L. G., F. T. C. D., F. R. U. I., F. R. C. P. I. and F.

R. C. S. I.

You never saw the like of it in all your born puff. Gob, if he got that

lottery ticket on the side of his poll he'd remember the gold cup, he

would so, but begob the citizen would have been lagged for assault and

battery and Joe for aiding and abetting. The jarvey saved his life by

furious driving as sure as God made Moses. What? O, Jesus, he did. And

he let a volley of oaths after him.

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

And he shouting to the bloody dog:

--After him, Garry! After him, boy!

And the last we saw was the bloody car rounding the corner and old

sheepsface on it gesticulating and the bloody mongrel after it with his

lugs back for all he was bloody well worth to tear him limb from limb.

Hundred to five! Jesus, he took the value of it out of him, I promise

you.

When, lo, there came about them all a great brightness and they beheld

the chariot wherein He stood ascend to heaven. And they beheld Him in

the chariot, clothed upon in the glory of the brightness, having raiment

as of the sun, fair as the moon and terrible that for awe they durst not

look upon Him. And there came a voice out of heaven, calling: \_Elijah!

Elijah!\_ And He answered with a main cry: \_Abba! Adonai!\_ And they

beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend

to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over

Donohoe's in Little Green street like a shot off a shovel.

The summer evening had begun to fold the world in its mysterious

embrace. Far away in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of

all too fleeting day lingered lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud

promontory of dear old Howth guarding as ever the waters of the bay, on

the weedgrown rocks along Sandymount shore and, last but not least, on

the quiet church whence there streamed forth at times upon the stillness

the voice of prayer to her who is in her pure radiance a beacon ever to

the stormtossed heart of man, Mary, star of the sea.

The three girl friends were seated on the rocks, enjoying the evening

scene and the air which was fresh but not too chilly. Many a time and

oft were they wont to come there to that favourite nook to have a cosy

chat beside the sparkling waves and discuss matters feminine, Cissy

Caffrey and Edy Boardman with the baby in the pushcar and Tommy and

Jacky Caffrey, two little curlyheaded boys, dressed in sailor suits with

caps to match and the name H.M.S. Belleisle printed on both. For Tommy

and Jacky Caffrey were twins, scarce four years old and very noisy and

spoiled twins sometimes but for all that darling little fellows with

bright merry faces and endearing ways about them. They were dabbling in

the sand with their spades and buckets, building castles as children do,

or playing with their big coloured ball, happy as the day was long. And

Edy Boardman was rocking the chubby baby to and fro in the pushcar while

that young gentleman fairly chuckled with delight. He was but eleven

months and nine days old and, though still a tiny toddler, was just

beginning to lisp his first babyish words. Cissy Caffrey bent over to

him to tease his fat little plucks and the dainty dimple in his chin.

--Now, baby, Cissy Caffrey said. Say out big, big. I want a drink of

water.

And baby prattled after her:

--A jink a jink a jawbo.

Cissy Caffrey cuddled the wee chap for she was awfully fond of children,

so patient with little sufferers and Tommy Caffrey could never be got to

take his castor oil unless it was Cissy Caffrey that held his nose and

promised him the scatty heel of the loaf or brown bread with golden

syrup on. What a persuasive power that girl had! But to be sure baby

Boardman was as good as gold, a perfect little dote in his new fancy

bib. None of your spoilt beauties, Flora MacFlimsy sort, was Cissy

Caffrey. A truerhearted lass never drew the breath of life, always with

a laugh in her gipsylike eyes and a frolicsome word on her cherryripe

red lips, a girl lovable in the extreme. And Edy Boardman laughed too at

the quaint language of little brother.

But just then there was a slight altercation between Master Tommy and

Master Jacky. Boys will be boys and our two twins were no exception

to this golden rule. The apple of discord was a certain castle of sand

which Master Jacky had built and Master Tommy would have it right go

wrong that it was to be architecturally improved by a frontdoor like the

Martello tower had. But if Master Tommy was headstrong Master Jacky was

selfwilled too and, true to the maxim that every little Irishman's house

is his castle, he fell upon his hated rival and to such purpose that the

wouldbe assailant came to grief and (alas to relate!) the coveted castle

too. Needless to say the cries of discomfited Master Tommy drew the

attention of the girl friends.

--Come here, Tommy, his sister called imperatively. At once! And you,

Jacky, for shame to throw poor Tommy in the dirty sand. Wait till I

catch you for that.

His eyes misty with unshed tears Master Tommy came at her call for their

big sister's word was law with the twins. And in a sad plight he was

too after his misadventure. His little man-o'-war top and unmentionables

were full of sand but Cissy was a past mistress in the art of smoothing

over life's tiny troubles and very quickly not one speck of sand was to

be seen on his smart little suit. Still the blue eyes were glistening

with hot tears that would well up so she kissed away the hurtness and

shook her hand at Master Jacky the culprit and said if she was near him

she wouldn't be far from him, her eyes dancing in admonition.

--Nasty bold Jacky! she cried.

She put an arm round the little mariner and coaxed winningly:

--What's your name? Butter and cream?

--Tell us who is your sweetheart, spoke Edy Boardman. Is Cissy your

sweetheart?

--Nao, tearful Tommy said.

--Is Edy Boardman your sweetheart? Cissy queried.

--Nao, Tommy said.

--I know, Edy Boardman said none too amiably with an arch glance from

her shortsighted eyes. I know who is Tommy's sweetheart. Gerty is

Tommy's sweetheart.

--Nao, Tommy said on the verge of tears.

Cissy's quick motherwit guessed what was amiss and she whispered to

Edy Boardman to take him there behind the pushcar where the gentleman

couldn't see and to mind he didn't wet his new tan shoes.

But who was Gerty?

Gerty MacDowell who was seated near her companions, lost in thought,

gazing far away into the distance was, in very truth, as fair a specimen

of winsome Irish girlhood as one could wish to see. She was pronounced

beautiful by all who knew her though, as folks often said, she was

more a Giltrap than a MacDowell. Her figure was slight and graceful,

inclining even to fragility but those iron jelloids she had been taking

of late had done her a world of good much better than the Widow Welch's

female pills and she was much better of those discharges she used to

get and that tired feeling. The waxen pallor of her face was almost

spiritual in its ivorylike purity though her rosebud mouth was a genuine

Cupid's bow, Greekly perfect. Her hands were of finely veined alabaster

with tapering fingers and as white as lemonjuice and queen of ointments

could make them though it was not true that she used to wear kid gloves

in bed or take a milk footbath either. Bertha Supple told that once to

Edy Boardman, a deliberate lie, when she was black out at daggers drawn

with Gerty (the girl chums had of course their little tiffs from time to

time like the rest of mortals) and she told her not to let on whatever

she did that it was her that told her or she'd never speak to her

again. No. Honour where honour is due. There was an innate refinement,

a languid queenly \_hauteur\_ about Gerty which was unmistakably evidenced

in her delicate hands and higharched instep. Had kind fate but willed

her to be born a gentlewoman of high degree in her own right and had

she only received the benefit of a good education Gerty MacDowell might

easily have held her own beside any lady in the land and have seen

herself exquisitely gowned with jewels on her brow and patrician suitors

at her feet vying with one another to pay their devoirs to her.

Mayhap it was this, the love that might have been, that lent to her

softlyfeatured face at whiles a look, tense with suppressed meaning,

that imparted a strange yearning tendency to the beautiful eyes, a charm

few could resist. Why have women such eyes of witchery? Gerty's were of

the bluest Irish blue, set off by lustrous lashes and dark expressive

brows. Time was when those brows were not so silkily seductive. It

was Madame Vera Verity, directress of the Woman Beautiful page of the

Princess Novelette, who had first advised her to try eyebrowleine which

gave that haunting expression to the eyes, so becoming in leaders

of fashion, and she had never regretted it. Then there was blushing

scientifically cured and how to be tall increase your height and you

have a beautiful face but your nose? That would suit Mrs Dignam because

she had a button one. But Gerty's crowning glory was her wealth of

wonderful hair. It was dark brown with a natural wave in it. She had cut

it that very morning on account of the new moon and it nestled about

her pretty head in a profusion of luxuriant clusters and pared her nails

too, Thursday for wealth. And just now at Edy's words as a telltale

flush, delicate as the faintest rosebloom, crept into her cheeks she

looked so lovely in her sweet girlish shyness that of a surety God's

fair land of Ireland did not hold her equal.

For an instant she was silent with rather sad downcast eyes. She

was about to retort but something checked the words on her tongue.

Inclination prompted her to speak out: dignity told her to be silent.

The pretty lips pouted awhile but then she glanced up and broke out into

a joyous little laugh which had in it all the freshness of a young May

morning. She knew right well, no-one better, what made squinty Edy

say that because of him cooling in his attentions when it was simply a

lovers' quarrel. As per usual somebody's nose was out of joint about the

boy that had the bicycle off the London bridge road always riding up

and down in front of her window. Only now his father kept him in in the

evenings studying hard to get an exhibition in the intermediate that was

on and he was going to go to Trinity college to study for a doctor when

he left the high school like his brother W. E. Wylie who was racing

in the bicycle races in Trinity college university. Little recked he

perhaps for what she felt, that dull aching void in her heart sometimes,

piercing to the core. Yet he was young and perchance he might learn

to love her in time. They were protestants in his family and of course

Gerty knew Who came first and after Him the Blessed Virgin and then

Saint Joseph. But he was undeniably handsome with an exquisite nose and

he was what he looked, every inch a gentleman, the shape of his head too

at the back without his cap on that she would know anywhere something

off the common and the way he turned the bicycle at the lamp with his

hands off the bars and also the nice perfume of those good cigarettes

and besides they were both of a size too he and she and that was why Edy

Boardman thought she was so frightfully clever because he didn't go and

ride up and down in front of her bit of a garden.

Gerty was dressed simply but with the instinctive taste of a votary of

Dame Fashion for she felt that there was just a might that he might be

out. A neat blouse of electric blue selftinted by dolly dyes (because it

was expected in the \_Lady's Pictorial\_ that electric blue would be worn)

with a smart vee opening down to the division and kerchief pocket (in

which she always kept a piece of cottonwool scented with her

favourite perfume because the handkerchief spoiled the sit) and a navy

threequarter skirt cut to the stride showed off her slim graceful figure

to perfection. She wore a coquettish little love of a hat of wideleaved

nigger straw contrast trimmed with an underbrim of eggblue chenille and

at the side a butterfly bow of silk to tone. All Tuesday week afternoon

she was hunting to match that chenille but at last she found what she

wanted at Clery's summer sales, the very it, slightly shopsoiled but you

would never notice, seven fingers two and a penny. She did it up all by

herself and what joy was hers when she tried it on then, smiling at the

lovely reflection which the mirror gave back to her! And when she put

it on the waterjug to keep the shape she knew that that would take the

shine out of some people she knew. Her shoes were the newest thing in

footwear (Edy Boardman prided herself that she was very \_petite\_ but she

never had a foot like Gerty MacDowell, a five, and never would ash,

oak or elm) with patent toecaps and just one smart buckle over

her higharched instep. Her wellturned ankle displayed its perfect

proportions beneath her skirt and just the proper amount and no more of

her shapely limbs encased in finespun hose with highspliced heels and

wide garter tops. As for undies they were Gerty's chief care and who

that knows the fluttering hopes and fears of sweet seventeen (though

Gerty would never see seventeen again) can find it in his heart to

blame her? She had four dinky sets with awfully pretty stitchery,

three garments and nighties extra, and each set slotted with different

coloured ribbons, rosepink, pale blue, mauve and peagreen, and she aired

them herself and blued them when they came home from the wash and ironed

them and she had a brickbat to keep the iron on because she wouldn't

trust those washerwomen as far as she'd see them scorching the things.

She was wearing the blue for luck, hoping against hope, her own colour

and lucky too for a bride to have a bit of blue somewhere on her because

the green she wore that day week brought grief because his father

brought him in to study for the intermediate exhibition and because

she thought perhaps he might be out because when she was dressing that

morning she nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out and that

was for luck and lovers' meeting if you put those things on inside

out or if they got untied that he was thinking about you so long as it

wasn't of a Friday.

And yet and yet! That strained look on her face! A gnawing sorrow is

there all the time. Her very soul is in her eyes and she would give

worlds to be in the privacy of her own familiar chamber where,

giving way to tears, she could have a good cry and relieve her pentup

feelingsthough not too much because she knew how to cry nicely before

the mirror. You are lovely, Gerty, it said. The paly light of evening

falls upon a face infinitely sad and wistful. Gerty MacDowell yearns

in vain. Yes, she had known from the very first that her daydream of a

marriage has been arranged and the weddingbells ringing for Mrs Reggy

Wylie T. C. D. (because the one who married the elder brother would be

Mrs Wylie) and in the fashionable intelligence Mrs Gertrude Wylie was

wearing a sumptuous confection of grey trimmed with expensive blue fox

was not to be. He was too young to understand. He would not believe in

love, a woman's birthright. The night of the party long ago in Stoer's

(he was still in short trousers) when they were alone and he stole

an arm round her waist she went white to the very lips. He called her

little one in a strangely husky voice and snatched a half kiss (the

first!) but it was only the end of her nose and then he hastened from

the room with a remark about refreshments. Impetuous fellow! Strength of

character had never been Reggy Wylie's strong point and he who would

woo and win Gerty MacDowell must be a man among men. But waiting, always

waiting to be asked and it was leap year too and would soon be over. No

prince charming is her beau ideal to lay a rare and wondrous love at her

feet but rather a manly man with a strong quiet face who had not found

his ideal, perhaps his hair slightly flecked with grey, and who would

understand, take her in his sheltering arms, strain her to him in all

the strength of his deep passionate nature and comfort her with a long

long kiss. It would be like heaven. For such a one she yearns this balmy

summer eve. With all the heart of her she longs to be his only, his

affianced bride for riches for poor, in sickness in health, till death

us two part, from this to this day forward.

And while Edy Boardman was with little Tommy behind the pushcar she was

just thinking would the day ever come when she could call herself his

little wife to be. Then they could talk about her till they went blue in

the face, Bertha Supple too, and Edy, little spitfire, because she would

be twentytwo in November. She would care for him with creature comforts

too for Gerty was womanly wise and knew that a mere man liked that

feeling of hominess. Her griddlecakes done to a goldenbrown hue and

queen Ann's pudding of delightful creaminess had won golden opinions

from all because she had a lucky hand also for lighting a fire, dredge

in the fine selfraising flour and always stir in the same direction,

then cream the milk and sugar and whisk well the white of eggs though

she didn't like the eating part when there were any people that made her

shy and often she wondered why you couldn't eat something poetical like

violets or roses and they would have a beautifully appointed drawingroom

with pictures and engravings and the photograph of grandpapa Giltrap's

lovely dog Garryowen that almost talked it was so human and chintz

covers for the chairs and that silver toastrack in Clery's summer

jumble sales like they have in rich houses. He would be tall with

broad shoulders (she had always admired tall men for a husband) with

glistening white teeth under his carefully trimmed sweeping moustache

and they would go on the continent for their honeymoon (three wonderful

weeks!) and then, when they settled down in a nice snug and cosy little

homely house, every morning they would both have brekky, simple but

perfectly served, for their own two selves and before he went out to

business he would give his dear little wifey a good hearty hug and gaze

for a moment deep down into her eyes.

Edy Boardman asked Tommy Caffrey was he done and he said yes so then she

buttoned up his little knickerbockers for him and told him to run off

and play with Jacky and to be good now and not to fight. But Tommy said

he wanted the ball and Edy told him no that baby was playing with the

ball and if he took it there'd be wigs on the green but Tommy said it

was his ball and he wanted his ball and he pranced on the ground, if

you please. The temper of him! O, he was a man already was little Tommy

Caffrey since he was out of pinnies. Edy told him no, no and to be off

now with him and she told Cissy Caffrey not to give in to him.

--You're not my sister, naughty Tommy said. It's my ball.

But Cissy Caffrey told baby Boardman to look up, look up high at her

finger and she snatched the ball quickly and threw it along the sand and

Tommy after it in full career, having won the day.

--Anything for a quiet life, laughed Ciss.

And she tickled tiny tot's two cheeks to make him forget and played

here's the lord mayor, here's his two horses, here's his gingerbread

carriage and here he walks in, chinchopper, chinchopper, chinchopper

chin. But Edy got as cross as two sticks about him getting his own way

like that from everyone always petting him.

--I'd like to give him something, she said, so I would, where I won't

say.

--On the beeoteetom, laughed Cissy merrily.

Gerty MacDowell bent down her head and crimsoned at the idea of Cissy

saying an unladylike thing like that out loud she'd be ashamed of her

life to say, flushing a deep rosy red, and Edy Boardman said she was

sure the gentleman opposite heard what she said. But not a pin cared

Ciss.

--Let him! she said with a pert toss of her head and a piquant tilt of

her nose. Give it to him too on the same place as quick as I'd look at

him.

Madcap Ciss with her golliwog curls. You had to laugh at her sometimes.

For instance when she asked you would you have some more Chinese tea and

jaspberry ram and when she drew the jugs too and the men's faces on her

nails with red ink make you split your sides or when she wanted to go

where you know she said she wanted to run and pay a visit to the Miss

White. That was just like Cissycums. O, and will you ever forget her the

evening she dressed up in her father's suit and hat and the burned cork

moustache and walked down Tritonville road, smoking a cigarette. There

was none to come up to her for fun. But she was sincerity itself, one of

the bravest and truest hearts heaven ever made, not one of your twofaced

things, too sweet to be wholesome.

And then there came out upon the air the sound of voices and the pealing

anthem of the organ. It was the men's temperance retreat conducted

by the missioner, the reverend John Hughes S. J., rosary, sermon and

benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. They were there gathered

together without distinction of social class (and a most edifying

spectacle it was to see) in that simple fane beside the waves, after the

storms of this weary world, kneeling before the feet of the immaculate,

reciting the litany of Our Lady of Loreto, beseeching her to intercede

for them, the old familiar words, holy Mary, holy virgin of virgins. How

sad to poor Gerty's ears! Had her father only avoided the clutches of

the demon drink, by taking the pledge or those powders the drink habit

cured in Pearson's Weekly, she might now be rolling in her carriage,

second to none. Over and over had she told herself that as she mused by

the dying embers in a brown study without the lamp because she hated two

lights or oftentimes gazing out of the window dreamily by the hour at

the rain falling on the rusty bucket, thinking. But that vile decoction

which has ruined so many hearths and homes had cist its shadow over her

childhood days. Nay, she had even witnessed in the home circle deeds of

violence caused by intemperance and had seen her own father, a prey to

the fumes of intoxication, forget himself completely for if there was

one thing of all things that Gerty knew it was that the man who lifts

his hand to a woman save in the way of kindness, deserves to be branded

as the lowest of the low.

And still the voices sang in supplication to the Virgin most powerful,

Virgin most merciful. And Gerty, rapt in thought, scarce saw or heard

her companions or the twins at their boyish gambols or the gentleman

off Sandymount green that Cissy Caffrey called the man that was so like

himself passing along the strand taking a short walk. You never saw him

any way screwed but still and for all that she would not like him for a

father because he was too old or something or on account of his face

(it was a palpable case of Doctor Fell) or his carbuncly nose with the

pimples on it and his sandy moustache a bit white under his nose. Poor

father! With all his faults she loved him still when he sang \_Tell me,

Mary, how to woo thee\_ or \_My love and cottage near Rochelle\_ and they

had stewed cockles and lettuce with Lazenby's salad dressing for

supper and when he sang \_The moon hath raised\_ with Mr Dignam that

died suddenly and was buried, God have mercy on him, from a stroke. Her

mother's birthday that was and Charley was home on his holidays and Tom

and Mr Dignam and Mrs and Patsy and Freddy Dignam and they were to have

had a group taken. No-one would have thought the end was so near. Now he

was laid to rest. And her mother said to him to let that be a warning to

him for the rest of his days and he couldn't even go to the funeral on

account of the gout and she had to go into town to bring him the

letters and samples from his office about Catesby's cork lino, artistic,

standard designs, fit for a palace, gives tiptop wear and always bright

and cheery in the home.

A sterling good daughter was Gerty just like a second mother in the

house, a ministering angel too with a little heart worth its weight in

gold. And when her mother had those raging splitting headaches who was

it rubbed the menthol cone on her forehead but Gerty though she didn't

like her mother's taking pinches of snuff and that was the only single

thing they ever had words about, taking snuff. Everyone thought the

world of her for her gentle ways. It was Gerty who turned off the gas at

the main every night and it was Gerty who tacked up on the wall of that

place where she never forgot every fortnight the chlorate of lime Mr

Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac, the picture of halcyon days

where a young gentleman in the costume they used to wear then with a

threecornered hat was offering a bunch of flowers to his ladylove with

oldtime chivalry through her lattice window. You could see there was a

story behind it. The colours were done something lovely. She was in

a soft clinging white in a studied attitude and the gentleman was in

chocolate and he looked a thorough aristocrat. She often looked at them

dreamily when she went there for a certain purpose and felt her own

arms that were white and soft just like hers with the sleeves back

and thought about those times because she had found out in Walker's

pronouncing dictionary that belonged to grandpapa Giltrap about the

halcyon days what they meant.

The twins were now playing in the most approved brotherly fashion

till at last Master Jacky who was really as bold as brass there was

no getting behind that deliberately kicked the ball as hard as ever he

could down towards the seaweedy rocks. Needless to say poor Tommy was

not slow to voice his dismay but luckily the gentleman in black who was

sitting there by himself came gallantly to the rescue and intercepted

the ball. Our two champions claimed their plaything with lusty cries and

to avoid trouble Cissy Caffrey called to the gentleman to throw it to

her please. The gentleman aimed the ball once or twice and then threw

it up the strand towards Cissy Caffrey but it rolled down the slope and

stopped right under Gerty's skirt near the little pool by the rock. The

twins clamoured again for it and Cissy told her to kick it away and

let them fight for it so Gerty drew back her foot but she wished their

stupid ball hadn't come rolling down to her and she gave a kick but she

missed and Edy and Cissy laughed.

--If you fail try again, Edy Boardman said.

Gerty smiled assent and bit her lip. A delicate pink crept into her

pretty cheek but she was determined to let them see so she just lifted

her skirt a little but just enough and took good aim and gave the ball a

jolly good kick and it went ever so far and the two twins after it down

towards the shingle. Pure jealousy of course it was nothing else to draw

attention on account of the gentleman opposite looking. She felt the

warm flush, a danger signal always with Gerty MacDowell, surging and

flaming into her cheeks. Till then they had only exchanged glances of

the most casual but now under the brim of her new hat she ventured a

look at him and the face that met her gaze there in the twilight, wan

and strangely drawn, seemed to her the saddest she had ever seen.

Through the open window of the church the fragrant incense was wafted

and with it the fragrant names of her who was conceived without stain of

original sin, spiritual vessel, pray for us, honourable vessel, pray

for us, vessel of singular devotion, pray for us, mystical rose. And

careworn hearts were there and toilers for their daily bread and many

who had erred and wandered, their eyes wet with contrition but for all

that bright with hope for the reverend father Father Hughes had told

them what the great saint Bernard said in his famous prayer of Mary, the

most pious Virgin's intercessory power that it was not recorded in any

age that those who implored her powerful protection were ever abandoned

by her.

The twins were now playing again right merrily for the troubles of

childhood are but as fleeting summer showers. Cissy Caffrey played with

baby Boardman till he crowed with glee, clapping baby hands in air. Peep

she cried behind the hood of the pushcar and Edy asked where was Cissy

gone and then Cissy popped up her head and cried ah! and, my word,

didn't the little chap enjoy that! And then she told him to say papa.

--Say papa, baby. Say pa pa pa pa pa pa pa.

And baby did his level best to say it for he was very intelligent for

eleven months everyone said and big for his age and the picture of

health, a perfect little bunch of love, and he would certainly turn out

to be something great, they said.

--Haja ja ja haja.

Cissy wiped his little mouth with the dribbling bib and wanted him to

sit up properly and say pa pa pa but when she undid the strap she cried

out, holy saint Denis, that he was possing wet and to double the half

blanket the other way under him. Of course his infant majesty was most

obstreperous at such toilet formalities and he let everyone know it:

--Habaa baaaahabaaa baaaa.

And two great big lovely big tears coursing down his cheeks. It was all

no use soothering him with no, nono, baby, no and telling him about the

geegee and where was the puffpuff but Ciss, always readywitted, gave

him in his mouth the teat of the suckingbottle and the young heathen was

quickly appeased.

Gerty wished to goodness they would take their squalling baby home out

of that and not get on her nerves, no hour to be out, and the little

brats of twins. She gazed out towards the distant sea. It was like the

paintings that man used to do on the pavement with all the coloured

chalks and such a pity too leaving them there to be all blotted out, the

evening and the clouds coming out and the Bailey light on Howth and to

hear the music like that and the perfume of those incense they burned

in the church like a kind of waft. And while she gazed her heart went

pitapat. Yes, it was her he was looking at, and there was meaning in his

look. His eyes burned into her as though they would search her through

and through, read her very soul. Wonderful eyes they were, superbly

expressive, but could you trust them? People were so queer. She could

see at once by his dark eyes and his pale intellectual face that he

was a foreigner, the image of the photo she had of Martin Harvey, the

matinee idol, only for the moustache which she preferred because she

wasn't stagestruck like Winny Rippingham that wanted they two to always

dress the same on account of a play but she could not see whether he had

an aquiline nose or a slightly \_retroussÃ©\_ from where he was sitting.

He was in deep mourning, she could see that, and the story of a haunting

sorrow was written on his face. She would have given worlds to know what

it was. He was looking up so intently, so still, and he saw her kick the

ball and perhaps he could see the bright steel buckles of her shoes if

she swung them like that thoughtfully with the toes down. She was glad

that something told her to put on the transparent stockings thinking

Reggy Wylie might be out but that was far away. Here was that of which

she had so often dreamed. It was he who mattered and there was joy on

her face because she wanted him because she felt instinctively that he

was like no-one else. The very heart of the girlwoman went out to him,

her dreamhusband, because she knew on the instant it was him. If he had

suffered, more sinned against than sinning, or even, even, if he had

been himself a sinner, a wicked man, she cared not. Even if he was a

protestant or methodist she could convert him easily if he truly loved

her. There were wounds that wanted healing with heartbalm. She was a

womanly woman not like other flighty girls unfeminine he had known,

those cyclists showing off what they hadn't got and she just yearned to

know all, to forgive all if she could make him fall in love with her,

make him forget the memory of the past. Then mayhap he would embrace her

gently, like a real man, crushing her soft body to him, and love her,

his ownest girlie, for herself alone.

Refuge of sinners. Comfortress of the afflicted. \_Ora pro nobis\_. Well

has it been said that whosoever prays to her with faith and constancy

can never be lost or cast away: and fitly is she too a haven of refuge

for the afflicted because of the seven dolours which transpierced

her own heart. Gerty could picture the whole scene in the church, the

stained glass windows lighted up, the candles, the flowers and the blue

banners of the blessed Virgin's sodality and Father Conroy was helping

Canon O'Hanlon at the altar, carrying things in and out with his eyes

cast down. He looked almost a saint and his confessionbox was so quiet

and clean and dark and his hands were just like white wax and if ever

she became a Dominican nun in their white habit perhaps he might come to

the convent for the novena of Saint Dominic. He told her that time when

she told him about that in confession, crimsoning up to the roots of her

hair for fear he could see, not to be troubled because that was only the

voice of nature and we were all subject to nature's laws, he said, in

this life and that that was no sin because that came from the nature of

woman instituted by God, he said, and that Our Blessed Lady herself said

to the archangel Gabriel be it done unto me according to Thy Word. He

was so kind and holy and often and often she thought and thought could

she work a ruched teacosy with embroidered floral design for him as a

present or a clock but they had a clock she noticed on the mantelpiece

white and gold with a canarybird that came out of a little house to tell

the time the day she went there about the flowers for the forty hours'

adoration because it was hard to know what sort of a present to give or

perhaps an album of illuminated views of Dublin or some place.

The exasperating little brats of twins began to quarrel again and Jacky

threw the ball out towards the sea and they both ran after it. Little

monkeys common as ditchwater. Someone ought to take them and give them

a good hiding for themselves to keep them in their places, the both of

them. And Cissy and Edy shouted after them to come back because they

were afraid the tide might come in on them and be drowned.

--Jacky! Tommy!

Not they! What a great notion they had! So Cissy said it was the very

last time she'd ever bring them out. She jumped up and called them and

she ran down the slope past him, tossing her hair behind her which had

a good enough colour if there had been more of it but with all the

thingamerry she was always rubbing into it she couldn't get it to grow

long because it wasn't natural so she could just go and throw her hat at

it. She ran with long gandery strides it was a wonder she didn't rip up

her skirt at the side that was too tight on her because there was a lot

of the tomboy about Cissy Caffrey and she was a forward piece whenever

she thought she had a good opportunity to show and just because she was

a good runner she ran like that so that he could see all the end of her

petticoat running and her skinny shanks up as far as possible. It

would have served her just right if she had tripped up over something

accidentally on purpose with her high crooked French heels on her to

make her look tall and got a fine tumble. \_Tableau!\_ That would have

been a very charming expose for a gentleman like that to witness.

Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs, queen of prophets, of all saints,

they prayed, queen of the most holy rosary and then Father Conroy handed

the thurible to Canon O'Hanlon and he put in the incense and censed the

Blessed Sacrament and Cissy Caffrey caught the two twins and she was

itching to give them a ringing good clip on the ear but she didn't

because she thought he might be watching but she never made a bigger

mistake in all her life because Gerty could see without looking that

he never took his eyes off of her and then Canon O'Hanlon handed the

thurible back to Father Conroy and knelt down looking up at the Blessed

Sacrament and the choir began to sing the \_Tantum ergo\_ and she just

swung her foot in and out in time as the music rose and fell to

the \_Tantumer gosa cramen tum\_. Three and eleven she paid for those

stockings in Sparrow's of George's street on the Tuesday, no the Monday

before Easter and there wasn't a brack on them and that was what he

was looking at, transparent, and not at her insignificant ones that had

neither shape nor form (the cheek of her!) because he had eyes in his

head to see the difference for himself.

Cissy came up along the strand with the two twins and their ball with

her hat anyhow on her to one side after her run and she did look a

streel tugging the two kids along with the flimsy blouse she bought only

a fortnight before like a rag on her back and a bit of her petticoat

hanging like a caricature. Gerty just took off her hat for a moment to

settle her hair and a prettier, a daintier head of nutbrown tresses was

never seen on a girl's shoulders--a radiant little vision, in sooth,

almost maddening in its sweetness. You would have to travel many a long

mile before you found a head of hair the like of that. She could almost

see the swift answering flash of admiration in his eyes that set her

tingling in every nerve. She put on her hat so that she could see from

underneath the brim and swung her buckled shoe faster for her breath

caught as she caught the expression in his eyes. He was eying her as a

snake eyes its prey. Her woman's instinct told her that she had raised

the devil in him and at the thought a burning scarlet swept from throat

to brow till the lovely colour of her face became a glorious rose.

Edy Boardman was noticing it too because she was squinting at Gerty,

half smiling, with her specs like an old maid, pretending to nurse the

baby. Irritable little gnat she was and always would be and that was why

no-one could get on with her poking her nose into what was no concern of

hers. And she said to Gerty:

--A penny for your thoughts.

--What? replied Gerty with a smile reinforced by the whitest of teeth. I

was only wondering was it late.

Because she wished to goodness they'd take the snottynosed twins and

their babby home to the mischief out of that so that was why she just

gave a gentle hint about its being late. And when Cissy came up Edy

asked her the time and Miss Cissy, as glib as you like, said it was half

past kissing time, time to kiss again. But Edy wanted to know because

they were told to be in early.

--Wait, said Cissy, I'll run ask my uncle Peter over there what's the

time by his conundrum.

So over she went and when he saw her coming she could see him take his

hand out of his pocket, getting nervous, and beginning to play with his

watchchain, looking up at the church. Passionate nature though he was

Gerty could see that he had enormous control over himself. One moment he

had been there, fascinated by a loveliness that made him gaze, and the

next moment it was the quiet gravefaced gentleman, selfcontrol expressed

in every line of his distinguishedlooking figure.

Cissy said to excuse her would he mind please telling her what was the

right time and Gerty could see him taking out his watch, listening to it

and looking up and clearing his throat and he said he was very sorry his

watch was stopped but he thought it must be after eight because the

sun was set. His voice had a cultured ring in it and though he spoke in

measured accents there was a suspicion of a quiver in the mellow tones.

Cissy said thanks and came back with her tongue out and said uncle said

his waterworks were out of order.

Then they sang the second verse of the \_Tantum ergo\_ and Canon O'Hanlon

got up again and censed the Blessed Sacrament and knelt down and he told

Father Conroy that one of the candles was just going to set fire to the

flowers and Father Conroy got up and settled it all right and she could

see the gentleman winding his watch and listening to the works and she

swung her leg more in and out in time. It was getting darker but he

could see and he was looking all the time that he was winding the watch

or whatever he was doing to it and then he put it back and put his hands

back into his pockets. She felt a kind of a sensation rushing all over

her and she knew by the feel of her scalp and that irritation against

her stays that that thing must be coming on because the last time too

was when she clipped her hair on account of the moon. His dark eyes

fixed themselves on her again drinking in her every contour, literally

worshipping at her shrine. If ever there was undisguised admiration in a

man's passionate gaze it was there plain to be seen on that man's face.

It is for you, Gertrude MacDowell, and you know it.

Edy began to get ready to go and it was high time for her and Gerty

noticed that that little hint she gave had had the desired effect

because it was a long way along the strand to where there was the place

to push up the pushcar and Cissy took off the twins' caps and tidied

their hair to make herself attractive of course and Canon O'Hanlon stood

up with his cope poking up at his neck and Father Conroy handed him the

card to read off and he read out \_Panem de coelo praestitisti eis\_ and

Edy and Cissy were talking about the time all the time and asking her

but Gerty could pay them back in their own coin and she just answered

with scathing politeness when Edy asked her was she heartbroken about

her best boy throwing her over. Gerty winced sharply. A brief cold blaze

shone from her eyes that spoke volumes of scorn immeasurable. It hurt--O

yes, it cut deep because Edy had her own quiet way of saying things

like that she knew would wound like the confounded little cat she was.

Gerty's lips parted swiftly to frame the word but she fought back

the sob that rose to her throat, so slim, so flawless, so beautifully

moulded it seemed one an artist might have dreamed of. She had loved him

better than he knew. Lighthearted deceiver and fickle like all his sex

he would never understand what he had meant to her and for an instant

there was in the blue eyes a quick stinging of tears. Their eyes were

probing her mercilessly but with a brave effort she sparkled back in

sympathy as she glanced at her new conquest for them to see.

--O, responded Gerty, quick as lightning, laughing, and the proud head

flashed up. I can throw my cap at who I like because it's leap year.

Her words rang out crystalclear, more musical than the cooing of the

ringdove, but they cut the silence icily. There was that in her young

voice that told that she was not a one to be lightly trifled with. As

for Mr Reggy with his swank and his bit of money she could just chuck

him aside as if he was so much filth and never again would she cast as

much as a second thought on him and tear his silly postcard into a dozen

pieces. And if ever after he dared to presume she could give him one

look of measured scorn that would make him shrivel up on the spot. Miss

puny little Edy's countenance fell to no slight extent and Gerty could

see by her looking as black as thunder that she was simply in a towering

rage though she hid it, the little kinnatt, because that shaft had

struck home for her petty jealousy and they both knew that she was

something aloof, apart, in another sphere, that she was not of them and

never would be and there was somebody else too that knew it and saw it

so they could put that in their pipe and smoke it.

Edy straightened up baby Boardman to get ready to go and Cissy tucked in

the ball and the spades and buckets and it was high time too because the

sandman was on his way for Master Boardman junior. And Cissy told him

too that billy winks was coming and that baby was to go deedaw and baby

looked just too ducky, laughing up out of his gleeful eyes, and Cissy

poked him like that out of fun in his wee fat tummy and baby, without as

much as by your leave, sent up his compliments to all and sundry on to

his brandnew dribbling bib.

--O my! Puddeny pie! protested Ciss. He has his bib destroyed.

The slight \_contretemps\_ claimed her attention but in two twos she set

that little matter to rights.

Gerty stifled a smothered exclamation and gave a nervous cough and Edy

asked what and she was just going to tell her to catch it while it was

flying but she was ever ladylike in her deportment so she simply passed

it off with consummate tact by saying that that was the benediction

because just then the bell rang out from the steeple over the quiet

seashore because Canon O'Hanlon was up on the altar with the veil that

Father Conroy put round his shoulders giving the benediction with the

Blessed Sacrament in his hands.

How moving the scene there in the gathering twilight, the last glimpse

of Erin, the touching chime of those evening bells and at the same

time a bat flew forth from the ivied belfry through the dusk, hither,

thither, with a tiny lost cry. And she could see far away the lights of

the lighthouses so picturesque she would have loved to do with a box of

paints because it was easier than to make a man and soon the lamplighter

would be going his rounds past the presbyterian church grounds and along

by shady Tritonville avenue where the couples walked and lighting the

lamp near her window where Reggy Wylie used to turn his freewheel like

she read in that book \_The Lamplighter\_ by Miss Cummins, author of

\_Mabel Vaughan\_ and other tales. For Gerty had her dreams that no-one

knew of. She loved to read poetry and when she got a keepsake from

Bertha Supple of that lovely confession album with the coralpink cover

to write her thoughts in she laid it in the drawer of her toilettable

which, though it did not err on the side of luxury, was scrupulously

neat and clean. It was there she kept her girlish treasure trove, the

tortoiseshell combs, her child of Mary badge, the whiterose scent, the

eyebrowleine, her alabaster pouncetbox and the ribbons to change

when her things came home from the wash and there were some beautiful

thoughts written in it in violet ink that she bought in Hely's of Dame

Street for she felt that she too could write poetry if she could only

express herself like that poem that appealed to her so deeply that

she had copied out of the newspaper she found one evening round the

potherbs. \_Art thou real, my ideal?\_ it was called by Louis J Walsh,

Magherafelt, and after there was something about \_twilight, wilt thou

ever?\_ and ofttimes the beauty of poetry, so sad in its transient

loveliness, had misted her eyes with silent tears for she felt that

the years were slipping by for her, one by one, and but for that one

shortcoming she knew she need fear no competition and that was an

accident coming down Dalkey hill and she always tried to conceal it.

But it must end, she felt. If she saw that magic lure in his eyes there

would be no holding back for her. Love laughs at locksmiths. She

would make the great sacrifice. Her every effort would be to share his

thoughts. Dearer than the whole world would she be to him and gild his

days with happiness. There was the allimportant question and she was

dying to know was he a married man or a widower who had lost his wife

or some tragedy like the nobleman with the foreign name from the land

of song had to have her put into a madhouse, cruel only to be kind.

But even if--what then? Would it make a very great difference? From

everything in the least indelicate her finebred nature instinctively

recoiled. She loathed that sort of person, the fallen women off the

accommodation walk beside the Dodder that went with the soldiers and

coarse men with no respect for a girl's honour, degrading the sex and

being taken up to the police station. No, no: not that. They would be

just good friends like a big brother and sister without all that other

in spite of the conventions of Society with a big ess. Perhaps it was

an old flame he was in mourning for from the days beyond recall. She

thought she understood. She would try to understand him because men were

so different. The old love was waiting, waiting with little white

hands stretched out, with blue appealing eyes. Heart of mine! She would

follow, her dream of love, the dictates of her heart that told her he

was her all in all, the only man in all the world for her for love was

the master guide. Nothing else mattered. Come what might she would be

wild, untrammelled, free.

Canon O'Hanlon put the Blessed Sacrament back into the tabernacle and

genuflected and the choir sang \_Laudate Dominum omnes gentes\_ and then

he locked the tabernacle door because the benediction was over and

Father Conroy handed him his hat to put on and crosscat Edy asked wasn't

she coming but Jacky Caffrey called out:

--O, look, Cissy!

And they all looked was it sheet lightning but Tommy saw it too over the

trees beside the church, blue and then green and purple.

--It's fireworks, Cissy Caffrey said.

And they all ran down the strand to see over the houses and the church,

helterskelter, Edy with the pushcar with baby Boardman in it and Cissy

holding Tommy and Jacky by the hand so they wouldn't fall running.

--Come on, Gerty, Cissy called. It's the bazaar fireworks.

But Gerty was adamant. She had no intention of being at their beck and

call. If they could run like rossies she could sit so she said she could

see from where she was. The eyes that were fastened upon her set her

pulses tingling. She looked at him a moment, meeting his glance, and

a light broke in upon her. Whitehot passion was in that face, passion

silent as the grave, and it had made her his. At last they were left

alone without the others to pry and pass remarks and she knew he could

be trusted to the death, steadfast, a sterling man, a man of inflexible

honour to his fingertips. His hands and face were working and a tremour

went over her. She leaned back far to look up where the fireworks were

and she caught her knee in her hands so as not to fall back looking up

and there was no-one to see only him and her when she revealed all her

graceful beautifully shaped legs like that, supply soft and delicately

rounded, and she seemed to hear the panting of his heart, his hoarse

breathing, because she knew too about the passion of men like that,

hotblooded, because Bertha Supple told her once in dead secret and made

her swear she'd never about the gentleman lodger that was staying with

them out of the Congested Districts Board that had pictures cut out of

papers of those skirtdancers and highkickers and she said he used to do

something not very nice that you could imagine sometimes in the bed. But

this was altogether different from a thing like that because there was

all the difference because she could almost feel him draw her face to

his and the first quick hot touch of his handsome lips. Besides there

was absolution so long as you didn't do the other thing before being

married and there ought to be women priests that would understand

without your telling out and Cissy Caffrey too sometimes had that dreamy

kind of dreamy look in her eyes so that she too, my dear, and Winny

Rippingham so mad about actors' photographs and besides it was on

account of that other thing coming on the way it did.

And Jacky Caffrey shouted to look, there was another and she leaned back

and the garters were blue to match on account of the transparent and

they all saw it and they all shouted to look, look, there it was and

she leaned back ever so far to see the fireworks and something queer was

flying through the air, a soft thing, to and fro, dark. And she saw a

long Roman candle going up over the trees, up, up, and, in the tense

hush, they were all breathless with excitement as it went higher and

higher and she had to lean back more and more to look up after it, high,

high, almost out of sight, and her face was suffused with a divine, an

entrancing blush from straining back and he could see her other things

too, nainsook knickers, the fabric that caresses the skin, better than

those other pettiwidth, the green, four and eleven, on account of being

white and she let him and she saw that he saw and then it went so high

it went out of sight a moment and she was trembling in every limb from

being bent so far back that he had a full view high up above her knee

where no-one ever not even on the swing or wading and she wasn't ashamed

and he wasn't either to look in that immodest way like that because he

couldn't resist the sight of the wondrous revealment half offered like

those skirtdancers behaving so immodest before gentlemen looking and he

kept on looking, looking. She would fain have cried to him chokingly,

held out her snowy slender arms to him to come, to feel his lips laid on

her white brow, the cry of a young girl's love, a little strangled cry,

wrung from her, that cry that has rung through the ages. And then a

rocket sprang and bang shot blind blank and O! then the Roman candle

burst and it was like a sigh of O! and everyone cried O! O! in raptures

and it gushed out of it a stream of rain gold hair threads and they

shed and ah! they were all greeny dewy stars falling with golden, O so

lovely, O, soft, sweet, soft!

Then all melted away dewily in the grey air: all was silent. Ah! She

glanced at him as she bent forward quickly, a pathetic little glance of

piteous protest, of shy reproach under which he coloured like a girl He

was leaning back against the rock behind. Leopold Bloom (for it is he)

stands silent, with bowed head before those young guileless eyes. What a

brute he had been! At it again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him

and, wretch that he was, how had he answered? An utter cad he had been!

He of all men! But there was an infinite store of mercy in those eyes,

for him too a word of pardon even though he had erred and sinned and

wandered. Should a girl tell? No, a thousand times no. That was their

secret, only theirs, alone in the hiding twilight and there was none to

know or tell save the little bat that flew so softly through the evening

to and fro and little bats don't tell.

Cissy Caffrey whistled, imitating the boys in the football field to show

what a great person she was: and then she cried:

--Gerty! Gerty! We're going. Come on. We can see from farther up.

Gerty had an idea, one of love's little ruses. She slipped a hand into

her kerchief pocket and took out the wadding and waved in reply of

course without letting him and then slipped it back. Wonder if he's too

far to. She rose. Was it goodbye? No. She had to go but they would meet

again, there, and she would dream of that till then, tomorrow, of her

dream of yester eve. She drew herself up to her full height. Their souls

met in a last lingering glance and the eyes that reached her heart, full

of a strange shining, hung enraptured on her sweet flowerlike face. She

half smiled at him wanly, a sweet forgiving smile, a smile that verged

on tears, and then they parted.

Slowly, without looking back she went down the uneven strand to Cissy,

to Edy to Jacky and Tommy Caffrey, to little baby Boardman. It was

darker now and there were stones and bits of wood on the strand and

slippy seaweed. She walked with a certain quiet dignity characteristic

of her but with care and very slowly because--because Gerty MacDowell

was...

Tight boots? No. She's lame! O!

Mr Bloom watched her as she limped away. Poor girl! That's why she's

left on the shelf and the others did a sprint. Thought something was

wrong by the cut of her jib. Jilted beauty. A defect is ten times worse

in a woman. But makes them polite. Glad I didn't know it when she was on

show. Hot little devil all the same. I wouldn't mind. Curiosity like a

nun or a negress or a girl with glasses. That squinty one is delicate.

Near her monthlies, I expect, makes them feel ticklish. I have such

a bad headache today. Where did I put the letter? Yes, all right. All

kinds of crazy longings. Licking pennies. Girl in Tranquilla convent

that nun told me liked to smell rock oil. Virgins go mad in the end I

suppose. Sister? How many women in Dublin have it today? Martha, she.

Something in the air. That's the moon. But then why don't all women

menstruate at the same time with the same moon, I mean? Depends on the

time they were born I suppose. Or all start scratch then get out of

step. Sometimes Molly and Milly together. Anyhow I got the best of that.

Damned glad I didn't do it in the bath this morning over her silly I

will punish you letter. Made up for that tramdriver this morning. That

gouger M'Coy stopping me to say nothing. And his wife engagement in the

country valise, voice like a pickaxe. Thankful for small mercies.

Cheap too. Yours for the asking. Because they want it themselves. Their

natural craving. Shoals of them every evening poured out of offices.

Reserve better. Don't want it they throw it at you. Catch em alive, O.

Pity they can't see themselves. A dream of wellfilled hose. Where was

that? Ah, yes. Mutoscope pictures in Capel street: for men only. Peeping

Tom. Willy's hat and what the girls did with it. Do they snapshot those

girls or is it all a fake? \_Lingerie\_ does it. Felt for the curves

inside her \_deshabillÃ©.\_ Excites them also when they're. I'm all clean

come and dirty me. And they like dressing one another for the sacrifice.

Milly delighted with Molly's new blouse. At first. Put them all on to

take them all off. Molly. Why I bought her the violet garters. Us too:

the tie he wore, his lovely socks and turnedup trousers. He wore a pair

of gaiters the night that first we met. His lovely shirt was shining

beneath his what? of jet. Say a woman loses a charm with every pin she

takes out. Pinned together. O, Mairy lost the pin of her. Dressed up to

the nines for somebody. Fashion part of their charm. Just changes when

you're on the track of the secret. Except the east: Mary, Martha: now as

then. No reasonable offer refused. She wasn't in a hurry either. Always

off to a fellow when they are. They never forget an appointment. Out on

spec probably. They believe in chance because like themselves. And the

others inclined to give her an odd dig. Girl friends at school, arms

round each other's necks or with ten fingers locked, kissing and

whispering secrets about nothing in the convent garden. Nuns with

whitewashed faces, cool coifs and their rosaries going up and down,

vindictive too for what they can't get. Barbed wire. Be sure now and

write to me. And I'll write to you. Now won't you? Molly and Josie

Powell. Till Mr Right comes along, then meet once in a blue moon.

\_Tableau!\_ O, look who it is for the love of God! How are you at all?

What have you been doing with yourself? Kiss and delighted to, kiss,

to see you. Picking holes in each other's appearance. You're looking

splendid. Sister souls. Showing their teeth at one another. How many

have you left? Wouldn't lend each other a pinch of salt.

Ah!

Devils they are when that's coming on them. Dark devilish appearance.

Molly often told me feel things a ton weight. Scratch the sole of my

foot. O that way! O, that's exquisite! Feel it myself too. Good to rest

once in a way. Wonder if it's bad to go with them then. Safe in one way.

Turns milk, makes fiddlestrings snap. Something about withering plants I

read in a garden. Besides they say if the flower withers she wears she's

a flirt. All are. Daresay she felt 1. When you feel like that you often

meet what you feel. Liked me or what? Dress they look at. Always know a

fellow courting: collars and cuffs. Well cocks and lions do the same

and stags. Same time might prefer a tie undone or something. Trousers?

Suppose I when I was? No. Gently does it. Dislike rough and tumble. Kiss

in the dark and never tell. Saw something in me. Wonder what. Sooner

have me as I am than some poet chap with bearsgrease plastery hair,

lovelock over his dexter optic. To aid gentleman in literary. Ought to

attend to my appearance my age. Didn't let her see me in profile. Still,

you never know. Pretty girls and ugly men marrying. Beauty and the

beast. Besides I can't be so if Molly. Took off her hat to show her

hair. Wide brim. Bought to hide her face, meeting someone might know

her, bend down or carry a bunch of flowers to smell. Hair strong in rut.

Ten bob I got for Molly's combings when we were on the rocks in Holles

street. Why not? Suppose he gave her money. Why not? All a prejudice.

She's worth ten, fifteen, more, a pound. What? I think so. All that for

nothing. Bold hand: Mrs Marion. Did I forget to write address on

that letter like the postcard I sent to Flynn? And the day I went to

Drimmie's without a necktie. Wrangle with Molly it was put me off. No,

I remember. Richie Goulding: he's another. Weighs on his mind. Funny

my watch stopped at half past four. Dust. Shark liver oil they use to

clean. Could do it myself. Save. Was that just when he, she?

O, he did. Into her. She did. Done.

Ah!

Mr Bloom with careful hand recomposed his wet shirt. O Lord, that little

limping devil. Begins to feel cold and clammy. Aftereffect not pleasant.

Still you have to get rid of it someway. They don't care. Complimented

perhaps. Go home to nicey bread and milky and say night prayers with the

kiddies. Well, aren't they? See her as she is spoil all. Must have

the stage setting, the rouge, costume, position, music. The name too.

\_Amours\_ of actresses. Nell Gwynn, Mrs Bracegirdle, Maud Branscombe.

Curtain up. Moonlight silver effulgence. Maiden discovered with pensive

bosom. Little sweetheart come and kiss me. Still, I feel. The strength

it gives a man. That's the secret of it. Good job I let off there behind

the wall coming out of Dignam's. Cider that was. Otherwise I couldn't

have. Makes you want to sing after. \_Lacaus esant taratara\_. Suppose I

spoke to her. What about? Bad plan however if you don't know how to end

the conversation. Ask them a question they ask you another. Good idea if

you're stuck. Gain time. But then you're in a cart. Wonderful of course

if you say: good evening, and you see she's on for it: good evening. O

but the dark evening in the Appian way I nearly spoke to Mrs Clinch O

thinking she was. Whew! Girl in Meath street that night. All the dirty

things I made her say. All wrong of course. My arks she called it. It's

so hard to find one who. Aho! If you don't answer when they solicit must

be horrible for them till they harden. And kissed my hand when I gave

her the extra two shillings. Parrots. Press the button and the bird will

squeak. Wish she hadn't called me sir. O, her mouth in the dark! And you

a married man with a single girl! That's what they enjoy. Taking a man

from another woman. Or even hear of it. Different with me. Glad to get

away from other chap's wife. Eating off his cold plate. Chap in the

Burton today spitting back gumchewed gristle. French letter still in

my pocketbook. Cause of half the trouble. But might happen sometime,

I don't think. Come in, all is prepared. I dreamt. What? Worst is

beginning. How they change the venue when it's not what they like. Ask

you do you like mushrooms because she once knew a gentleman who. Or ask

you what someone was going to say when he changed his mind and stopped.

Yet if I went the whole hog, say: I want to, something like that.

Because I did. She too. Offend her. Then make it up. Pretend to want

something awfully, then cry off for her sake. Flatters them. She must

have been thinking of someone else all the time. What harm? Must since

she came to the use of reason, he, he and he. First kiss does the trick.

The propitious moment. Something inside them goes pop. Mushy like, tell

by their eye, on the sly. First thoughts are best. Remember that till

their dying day. Molly, lieutenant Mulvey that kissed her under the

Moorish wall beside the gardens. Fifteen she told me. But her breasts

were developed. Fell asleep then. After Glencree dinner that was when we

drove home. Featherbed mountain. Gnashing her teeth in sleep. Lord mayor

had his eye on her too. Val Dillon. Apoplectic.

There she is with them down there for the fireworks. My fireworks. Up

like a rocket, down like a stick. And the children, twins they must

be, waiting for something to happen. Want to be grownups. Dressing in

mother's clothes. Time enough, understand all the ways of the world. And

the dark one with the mop head and the nigger mouth. I knew she could

whistle. Mouth made for that. Like Molly. Why that highclass whore in

Jammet's wore her veil only to her nose. Would you mind, please, telling

me the right time? I'll tell you the right time up a dark lane.

Say prunes and prisms forty times every morning, cure for fat lips.

Caressing the little boy too. Onlookers see most of the game. Of course

they understand birds, animals, babies. In their line.

Didn't look back when she was going down the strand. Wouldn't give that

satisfaction. Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls. Fine

eyes she had, clear. It's the white of the eye brings that out not so

much the pupil. Did she know what I? Course. Like a cat sitting beyond

a dog's jump. Women never meet one like that Wilkins in the high school

drawing a picture of Venus with all his belongings on show. Call that

innocence? Poor idiot! His wife has her work cut out for her. Never see

them sit on a bench marked \_Wet Paint\_. Eyes all over them. Look under

the bed for what's not there. Longing to get the fright of their lives.

Sharp as needles they are. When I said to Molly the man at the corner of

Cuffe street was goodlooking, thought she might like, twigged at once he

had a false arm. Had, too. Where do they get that? Typist going up Roger

Greene's stairs two at a time to show her understandings. Handed down

from father to, mother to daughter, I mean. Bred in the bone. Milly for

example drying her handkerchief on the mirror to save the ironing. Best

place for an ad to catch a woman's eye on a mirror. And when I sent

her for Molly's Paisley shawl to Prescott's by the way that ad I must,

carrying home the change in her stocking! Clever little minx. I never

told her. Neat way she carries parcels too. Attract men, small thing

like that. Holding up her hand, shaking it, to let the blood flow back

when it was red. Who did you learn that from? Nobody. Something the

nurse taught me. O, don't they know! Three years old she was in front of

Molly's dressingtable, just before we left Lombard street west. Me have

a nice pace. Mullingar. Who knows? Ways of the world. Young student.

Straight on her pins anyway not like the other. Still she was game.

Lord, I am wet. Devil you are. Swell of her calf. Transparent stockings,

stretched to breaking point. Not like that frump today. A. E. Rumpled

stockings. Or the one in Grafton street. White. Wow! Beef to the heel.

A monkey puzzle rocket burst, spluttering in darting crackles. Zrads and

zrads, zrads, zrads. And Cissy and Tommy and Jacky ran out to see and

Edy after with the pushcar and then Gerty beyond the curve of the rocks.

Will she? Watch! Watch! See! Looked round. She smelt an onion. Darling,

I saw, your. I saw all.

Lord!

Did me good all the same. Off colour after Kiernan's, Dignam's. For

this relief much thanks. In \_Hamlet,\_ that is. Lord! It was all things

combined. Excitement. When she leaned back, felt an ache at the butt

of my tongue. Your head it simply swirls. He's right. Might have made a

worse fool of myself however. Instead of talking about nothing. Then

I will tell you all. Still it was a kind of language between us. It

couldn't be? No, Gerty they called her. Might be false name however like

my name and the address Dolphin's barn a blind.

\_Her maiden name was Jemina Brown And she lived with her mother in

Irishtown.\_

Place made me think of that I suppose. All tarred with the same brush

Wiping pens in their stockings. But the ball rolled down to her as if

it understood. Every bullet has its billet. Course I never could throw

anything straight at school. Crooked as a ram's horn. Sad however

because it lasts only a few years till they settle down to potwalloping

and papa's pants will soon fit Willy and fuller's earth for the baby

when they hold him out to do ah ah. No soft job. Saves them. Keeps

them out of harm's way. Nature. Washing child, washing corpse. Dignam.

Children's hands always round them. Cocoanut skulls, monkeys, not even

closed at first, sour milk in their swaddles and tainted curds. Oughtn't

to have given that child an empty teat to suck. Fill it up with wind.

Mrs Beaufoy, Purefoy. Must call to the hospital. Wonder is nurse Callan

there still. She used to look over some nights when Molly was in the

Coffee Palace. That young doctor O'Hare I noticed her brushing his coat.

And Mrs Breen and Mrs Dignam once like that too, marriageable. Worst

of all at night Mrs Duggan told me in the City Arms. Husband rolling in

drunk, stink of pub off him like a polecat. Have that in your nose in

the dark, whiff of stale boose. Then ask in the morning: was I drunk

last night? Bad policy however to fault the husband. Chickens come home

to roost. They stick by one another like glue. Maybe the women's fault

also. That's where Molly can knock spots off them. It's the blood of the

south. Moorish. Also the form, the figure. Hands felt for the opulent.

Just compare for instance those others. Wife locked up at home, skeleton

in the cupboard. Allow me to introduce my. Then they trot you out some

kind of a nondescript, wouldn't know what to call her. Always see a

fellow's weak point in his wife. Still there's destiny in it, falling

in love. Have their own secrets between them. Chaps that would go to the

dogs if some woman didn't take them in hand. Then little chits of girls,

height of a shilling in coppers, with little hubbies. As God made them

he matched them. Sometimes children turn out well enough. Twice nought

makes one. Or old rich chap of seventy and blushing bride. Marry in May

and repent in December. This wet is very unpleasant. Stuck. Well the

foreskin is not back. Better detach.

Ow!

Other hand a sixfooter with a wifey up to his watchpocket. Long and

the short of it. Big he and little she. Very strange about my watch.

Wristwatches are always going wrong. Wonder is there any magnetic

influence between the person because that was about the time he. Yes, I

suppose, at once. Cat's away, the mice will play. I remember looking

in Pill lane. Also that now is magnetism. Back of everything magnetism.

Earth for instance pulling this and being pulled. That causes movement.

And time, well that's the time the movement takes. Then if one thing

stopped the whole ghesabo would stop bit by bit. Because it's all

arranged. Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the

stars. Little piece of steel iron. When you hold out the fork. Come.

Come. Tip. Woman and man that is. Fork and steel. Molly, he. Dress up

and look and suggest and let you see and see more and defy you if you're

a man to see that and, like a sneeze coming, legs, look, look and if you

have any guts in you. Tip. Have to let fly.

Wonder how is she feeling in that region. Shame all put on before third

person. More put out about a hole in her stocking. Molly, her underjaw

stuck out, head back, about the farmer in the ridingboots and spurs at

the horse show. And when the painters were in Lombard street west.

Fine voice that fellow had. How Giuglini began. Smell that I did. Like

flowers. It was too. Violets. Came from the turpentine probably in the

paint. Make their own use of everything. Same time doing it scraped her

slipper on the floor so they wouldn't hear. But lots of them can't kick

the beam, I think. Keep that thing up for hours. Kind of a general all

round over me and half down my back.

Wait. Hm. Hm. Yes. That's her perfume. Why she waved her hand. I leave

you this to think of me when I'm far away on the pillow. What is it?

Heliotrope? No. Hyacinth? Hm. Roses, I think. She'd like scent of that

kind. Sweet and cheap: soon sour. Why Molly likes opoponax. Suits her,

with a little jessamine mixed. Her high notes and her low notes. At the

dance night she met him, dance of the hours. Heat brought it out. She

was wearing her black and it had the perfume of the time before. Good

conductor, is it? Or bad? Light too. Suppose there's some connection.

For instance if you go into a cellar where it's dark. Mysterious thing

too. Why did I smell it only now? Took its time in coming like herself,

slow but sure. Suppose it's ever so many millions of tiny grains

blown across. Yes, it is. Because those spice islands, Cinghalese this

morning, smell them leagues off. Tell you what it is. It's like a fine

fine veil or web they have all over the skin, fine like what do you

call it gossamer, and they're always spinning it out of them, fine as

anything, like rainbow colours without knowing it. Clings to everything

she takes off. Vamp of her stockings. Warm shoe. Stays. Drawers: little

kick, taking them off. Byby till next time. Also the cat likes to sniff

in her shift on the bed. Know her smell in a thousand. Bathwater too.

Reminds me of strawberries and cream. Wonder where it is really. There

or the armpits or under the neck. Because you get it out of all holes

and corners. Hyacinth perfume made of oil of ether or something.

Muskrat. Bag under their tails. One grain pour off odour for years. Dogs

at each other behind. Good evening. Evening. How do you sniff? Hm. Hm.

Very well, thank you. Animals go by that. Yes now, look at it that way.

We're the same. Some women, instance, warn you off when they have their

period. Come near. Then get a hogo you could hang your hat on. Like

what? Potted herrings gone stale or. Boof! Please keep off the grass.

Perhaps they get a man smell off us. What though? Cigary gloves long

John had on his desk the other day. Breath? What you eat and drink gives

that. No. Mansmell, I mean. Must be connected with that because priests

that are supposed to be are different. Women buzz round it like flies

round treacle. Railed off the altar get on to it at any cost. The tree

of forbidden priest. O, father, will you? Let me be the first to. That

diffuses itself all through the body, permeates. Source of life. And

it's extremely curious the smell. Celery sauce. Let me.

Mr Bloom inserted his nose. Hm. Into the. Hm. Opening of his waistcoat.

Almonds or. No. Lemons it is. Ah no, that's the soap.

O by the by that lotion. I knew there was something on my mind. Never

went back and the soap not paid. Dislike carrying bottles like that hag

this morning. Hynes might have paid me that three shillings. I could

mention Meagher's just to remind him. Still if he works that paragraph.

Two and nine. Bad opinion of me he'll have. Call tomorrow. How much do

I owe you? Three and nine? Two and nine, sir. Ah. Might stop him giving

credit another time. Lose your customers that way. Pubs do. Fellows run

up a bill on the slate and then slinking around the back streets into

somewhere else.

Here's this nobleman passed before. Blown in from the bay. Just went as

far as turn back. Always at home at dinnertime. Looks mangled out: had a

good tuck in. Enjoying nature now. Grace after meals. After supper walk

a mile. Sure he has a small bank balance somewhere, government sit. Walk

after him now make him awkward like those newsboys me today. Still you

learn something. See ourselves as others see us. So long as women don't

mock what matter? That's the way to find out. Ask yourself who is he

now. \_The Mystery Man on the Beach\_, prize titbit story by Mr Leopold

Bloom. Payment at the rate of one guinea per column. And that fellow

today at the graveside in the brown macintosh. Corns on his kismet

however. Healthy perhaps absorb all the. Whistle brings rain they say.

Must be some somewhere. Salt in the Ormond damp. The body feels the

atmosphere. Old Betty's joints are on the rack. Mother Shipton's

prophecy that is about ships around they fly in the twinkling. No. Signs

of rain it is. The royal reader. And distant hills seem coming nigh.

Howth. Bailey light. Two, four, six, eight, nine. See. Has to change or

they might think it a house. Wreckers. Grace Darling. People afraid of

the dark. Also glowworms, cyclists: lightingup time. Jewels diamonds

flash better. Women. Light is a kind of reassuring. Not going to hurt

you. Better now of course than long ago. Country roads. Run you through

the small guts for nothing. Still two types there are you bob against.

Scowl or smile. Pardon! Not at all. Best time to spray plants too in

the shade after the sun. Some light still. Red rays are longest. Roygbiv

Vance taught us: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. A

star I see. Venus? Can't tell yet. Two. When three it's night. Were

those nightclouds there all the time? Looks like a phantom ship. No.

Wait. Trees are they? An optical illusion. Mirage. Land of the setting

sun this. Homerule sun setting in the southeast. My native land,

goodnight.

Dew falling. Bad for you, dear, to sit on that stone. Brings on white

fluxions. Never have little baby then less he was big strong fight his

way up through. Might get piles myself. Sticks too like a summer cold,

sore on the mouth. Cut with grass or paper worst. Friction of the

position. Like to be that rock she sat on. O sweet little, you don't

know how nice you looked. I begin to like them at that age. Green

apples. Grab at all that offer. Suppose it's the only time we cross

legs, seated. Also the library today: those girl graduates. Happy chairs

under them. But it's the evening influence. They feel all that. Open

like flowers, know their hours, sunflowers, Jerusalem artichokes, in

ballrooms, chandeliers, avenues under the lamps. Nightstock in Mat

Dillon's garden where I kissed her shoulder. Wish I had a full length

oilpainting of her then. June that was too I wooed. The year returns.

History repeats itself. Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again.

Life, love, voyage round your own little world. And now? Sad about her

lame of course but must be on your guard not to feel too much pity. They

take advantage.

All quiet on Howth now. The distant hills seem. Where we. The

rhododendrons. I am a fool perhaps. He gets the plums, and I the

plumstones. Where I come in. All that old hill has seen. Names change:

that's all. Lovers: yum yum.

Tired I feel now. Will I get up? O wait. Drained all the manhood out of

me, little wretch. She kissed me. Never again. My youth. Only once it

comes. Or hers. Take the train there tomorrow. No. Returning not the

same. Like kids your second visit to a house. The new I want. Nothing

new under the sun. Care of P. O. Dolphin's Barn. Are you not happy in

your? Naughty darling. At Dolphin's barn charades in Luke Doyle's house.

Mat Dillon and his bevy of daughters: Tiny, Atty, Floey, Maimy, Louy,

Hetty. Molly too. Eightyseven that was. Year before we. And the old

major, partial to his drop of spirits. Curious she an only child, I an

only child. So it returns. Think you're escaping and run into yourself.

Longest way round is the shortest way home. And just when he and she.

Circus horse walking in a ring. Rip van Winkle we played. Rip: tear in

Henny Doyle's overcoat. Van: breadvan delivering. Winkle: cockles and

periwinkles. Then I did Rip van Winkle coming back. She leaned on the

sideboard watching. Moorish eyes. Twenty years asleep in Sleepy Hollow.

All changed. Forgotten. The young are old. His gun rusty from the dew.

Ba. What is that flying about? Swallow? Bat probably. Thinks I'm a tree,

so blind. Have birds no smell? Metempsychosis. They believed you could

be changed into a tree from grief. Weeping willow. Ba. There he goes.

Funny little beggar. Wonder where he lives. Belfry up there. Very

likely. Hanging by his heels in the odour of sanctity. Bell scared him

out, I suppose. Mass seems to be over. Could hear them all at it. Pray

for us. And pray for us. And pray for us. Good idea the repetition. Same

thing with ads. Buy from us. And buy from us. Yes, there's the light in

the priest's house. Their frugal meal. Remember about the mistake in the

valuation when I was in Thom's. Twentyeight it is. Two houses they have.

Gabriel Conroy's brother is curate. Ba. Again. Wonder why they come out

at night like mice. They're a mixed breed. Birds are like hopping mice.

What frightens them, light or noise? Better sit still. All instinct

like the bird in drouth got water out of the end of a jar by throwing

in pebbles. Like a little man in a cloak he is with tiny hands. Weeny

bones. Almost see them shimmering, kind of a bluey white. Colours depend

on the light you see. Stare the sun for example like the eagle then look

at a shoe see a blotch blob yellowish. Wants to stamp his trademark on

everything. Instance, that cat this morning on the staircase. Colour of

brown turf. Say you never see them with three colours. Not true. That

half tabbywhite tortoiseshell in the \_City Arms\_ with the letter em on

her forehead. Body fifty different colours. Howth a while ago amethyst.

Glass flashing. That's how that wise man what's his name with the

burning glass. Then the heather goes on fire. It can't be tourists'

matches. What? Perhaps the sticks dry rub together in the wind and

light. Or broken bottles in the furze act as a burning glass in the sun.

Archimedes. I have it! My memory's not so bad.

Ba. Who knows what they're always flying for. Insects? That bee last

week got into the room playing with his shadow on the ceiling. Might

be the one bit me, come back to see. Birds too. Never find out. Or what

they say. Like our small talk. And says she and says he. Nerve they have

to fly over the ocean and back. Lots must be killed in storms, telegraph

wires. Dreadful life sailors have too. Big brutes of oceangoing steamers

floundering along in the dark, lowing out like seacows. \_Faugh a

Ballagh!\_ Out of that, bloody curse to you! Others in vessels, bit of

a handkerchief sail, pitched about like snuff at a wake when the stormy

winds do blow. Married too. Sometimes away for years at the ends of the

earth somewhere. No ends really because it's round. Wife in every port

they say. She has a good job if she minds it till Johnny comes marching

home again. If ever he does. Smelling the tail end of ports. How can

they like the sea? Yet they do. The anchor's weighed. Off he sails with

a scapular or a medal on him for luck. Well. And the tephilim no what's

this they call it poor papa's father had on his door to touch. That

brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage.

Something in all those superstitions because when you go out never know

what dangers. Hanging on to a plank or astride of a beam for grim life,

lifebelt round him, gulping salt water, and that's the last of his nibs

till the sharks catch hold of him. Do fish ever get seasick?

Then you have a beautiful calm without a cloud, smooth sea, placid,

crew and cargo in smithereens, Davy Jones' locker, moon looking down so

peaceful. Not my fault, old cockalorum.

A last lonely candle wandered up the sky from Mirus bazaar in search of

funds for Mercer's hospital and broke, drooping, and shed a cluster

of violet but one white stars. They floated, fell: they faded. The

shepherd's hour: the hour of folding: hour of tryst. From house to

house, giving his everwelcome double knock, went the nine o'clock

postman, the glowworm's lamp at his belt gleaming here and there through

the laurel hedges. And among the five young trees a hoisted lintstock

lit the lamp at Leahy's terrace. By screens of lighted windows, by equal

gardens a shrill voice went crying, wailing: \_Evening Telegraph, stop

press edition! Result of the Gold Cup race!\_ and from the door of

Dignam's house a boy ran out and called. Twittering the bat flew here,

flew there. Far out over the sands the coming surf crept, grey. Howth

settled for slumber, tired of long days, of yumyum rhododendrons (he was

old) and felt gladly the night breeze lift, ruffle his fell of ferns.

He lay but opened a red eye unsleeping, deep and slowly breathing,

slumberous but awake. And far on Kish bank the anchored lightship

twinkled, winked at Mr Bloom.

Life those chaps out there must have, stuck in the same spot. Irish

Lights board. Penance for their sins. Coastguards too. Rocket and

breeches buoy and lifeboat. Day we went out for the pleasure cruise in

the Erin's King, throwing them the sack of old papers. Bears in the zoo.

Filthy trip. Drunkards out to shake up their livers. Puking overboard

to feed the herrings. Nausea. And the women, fear of God in their faces.

Milly, no sign of funk. Her blue scarf loose, laughing. Don't know what

death is at that age. And then their stomachs clean. But being lost they

fear. When we hid behind the tree at Crumlin. I didn't want to. Mamma!

Mamma! Babes in the wood. Frightening them with masks too. Throwing them

up in the air to catch them. I'll murder you. Is it only half fun? Or

children playing battle. Whole earnest. How can people aim guns at each

other. Sometimes they go off. Poor kids! Only troubles wildfire and

nettlerash. Calomel purge I got her for that. After getting better

asleep with Molly. Very same teeth she has. What do they love? Another

themselves? But the morning she chased her with the umbrella. Perhaps so

as not to hurt. I felt her pulse. Ticking. Little hand it was: now big.

Dearest Papli. All that the hand says when you touch. Loved to count

my waistcoat buttons. Her first stays I remember. Made me laugh to see.

Little paps to begin with. Left one is more sensitive, I think. Mine

too. Nearer the heart? Padding themselves out if fat is in fashion. Her

growing pains at night, calling, wakening me. Frightened she was when

her nature came on her first. Poor child! Strange moment for the mother

too. Brings back her girlhood. Gibraltar. Looking from Buena Vista.

O'Hara's tower. The seabirds screaming. Old Barbary ape that gobbled all

his family. Sundown, gunfire for the men to cross the lines. Looking

out over the sea she told me. Evening like this, but clear, no clouds.

I always thought I'd marry a lord or a rich gentleman coming with a

private yacht. \_Buenas noches, seÃ±orita. El hombre ama la muchacha

hermosa\_. Why me? Because you were so foreign from the others.

Better not stick here all night like a limpet. This weather makes you

dull. Must be getting on for nine by the light. Go home. Too late for

\_Leah, Lily of Killarney.\_ No. Might be still up. Call to the hospital

to see. Hope she's over. Long day I've had. Martha, the bath, funeral,

house of Keyes, museum with those goddesses, Dedalus' song. Then that

bawler in Barney Kiernan's. Got my own back there. Drunken ranters what

I said about his God made him wince. Mistake to hit back. Or? No.

Ought to go home and laugh at themselves. Always want to be swilling in

company. Afraid to be alone like a child of two. Suppose he hit me. Look

at it other way round. Not so bad then. Perhaps not to hurt he meant.

Three cheers for Israel. Three cheers for the sister-in-law he hawked

about, three fangs in her mouth. Same style of beauty. Particularly nice

old party for a cup of tea. The sister of the wife of the wild man of

Borneo has just come to town. Imagine that in the early morning at close

range. Everyone to his taste as Morris said when he kissed the cow. But

Dignam's put the boots on it. Houses of mourning so depressing because

you never know. Anyhow she wants the money. Must call to those Scottish

Widows as I promised. Strange name. Takes it for granted we're going to

pop off first. That widow on Monday was it outside Cramer's that

looked at me. Buried the poor husband but progressing favourably on

the premium. Her widow's mite. Well? What do you expect her to do? Must

wheedle her way along. Widower I hate to see. Looks so forlorn. Poor man

O'Connor wife and five children poisoned by mussels here. The sewage.

Hopeless. Some good matronly woman in a porkpie hat to mother him. Take

him in tow, platter face and a large apron. Ladies' grey flannelette

bloomers, three shillings a pair, astonishing bargain. Plain and loved,

loved for ever, they say. Ugly: no woman thinks she is. Love, lie and be

handsome for tomorrow we die. See him sometimes walking about trying to

find out who played the trick. U. p: up. Fate that is. He, not me. Also

a shop often noticed. Curse seems to dog it. Dreamt last night? Wait.

Something confused. She had red slippers on. Turkish. Wore the breeches.

Suppose she does? Would I like her in pyjamas? Damned hard to answer.

Nannetti's gone. Mailboat. Near Holyhead by now. Must nail that ad

of Keyes's. Work Hynes and Crawford. Petticoats for Molly. She has

something to put in them. What's that? Might be money.

Mr Bloom stooped and turned over a piece of paper on the strand. He

brought it near his eyes and peered. Letter? No. Can't read. Better go.

Better. I'm tired to move. Page of an old copybook. All those holes and

pebbles. Who could count them? Never know what you find. Bottle with

story of a treasure in it, thrown from a wreck. Parcels post. Children

always want to throw things in the sea. Trust? Bread cast on the waters.

What's this? Bit of stick.

O! Exhausted that female has me. Not so young now. Will she come here

tomorrow? Wait for her somewhere for ever. Must come back. Murderers do.

Will I?

Mr Bloom with his stick gently vexed the thick sand at his foot. Write a

message for her. Might remain. What?

I.

Some flatfoot tramp on it in the morning. Useless. Washed away. Tide

comes here. Saw a pool near her foot. Bend, see my face there, dark

mirror, breathe on it, stirs. All these rocks with lines and scars and

letters. O, those transparent! Besides they don't know. What is the

meaning of that other world. I called you naughty boy because I do not

like.

AM. A.

No room. Let it go.

Mr Bloom effaced the letters with his slow boot. Hopeless thing sand.

Nothing grows in it. All fades. No fear of big vessels coming up here.

Except Guinness's barges. Round the Kish in eighty days. Done half by

design.

He flung his wooden pen away. The stick fell in silted sand, stuck. Now

if you were trying to do that for a week on end you couldn't. Chance.

We'll never meet again. But it was lovely. Goodbye, dear. Thanks. Made

me feel so young.

Short snooze now if I had. Must be near nine. Liverpool boat long gone..

Not even the smoke. And she can do the other. Did too. And Belfast. I

won't go. Race there, race back to Ennis. Let him. Just close my eyes

a moment. Won't sleep, though. Half dream. It never comes the same. Bat

again. No harm in him. Just a few.

O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do

love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met

him pike hoses frillies for Raoul de perfume your wife black hair heave

under embon \_seÃ±orita\_ young eyes Mulvey plump bubs me breadvan Winkle

red slippers she rusty sleep wander years of dreams return tail end

Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in

her next her next.

A bat flew. Here. There. Here. Far in the grey a bell chimed. Mr Bloom

with open mouth, his left boot sanded sideways, leaned, breathed. Just

for a few

\_Cuckoo

Cuckoo

Cuckoo.\_

The clock on the mantelpiece in the priest's house cooed where Canon

O'Hanlon and Father Conroy and the reverend John Hughes S. J. were

taking tea and sodabread and butter and fried mutton chops with catsup

and talking about

\_Cuckoo

Cuckoo

Cuckoo.\_

Because it was a little canarybird that came out of its little house

to tell the time that Gerty MacDowell noticed the time she was there

because she was as quick as anything about a thing like that, was Gerty

MacDowell, and she noticed at once that that foreign gentleman that was

sitting on the rocks looking was

\_Cuckoo

Cuckoo

Cuckoo.\_

Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus.

Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send

us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us

bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit.

Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa! Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa! Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa!

Universally that person's acumen is esteemed very little perceptive

concerning whatsoever matters are being held as most profitably by

mortals with sapience endowed to be studied who is ignorant of that

which the most in doctrine erudite and certainly by reason of that in

them high mind's ornament deserving of veneration constantly maintain

when by general consent they affirm that other circumstances being

equal by no exterior splendour is the prosperity of a nation more

efficaciously asserted than by the measure of how far forward may

have progressed the tribute of its solicitude for that proliferent

continuance which of evils the original if it be absent when fortunately

present constitutes the certain sign of omnipotent nature's incorrupted

benefaction. For who is there who anything of some significance has

apprehended but is conscious that that exterior splendour may be the

surface of a downwardtending lutulent reality or on the contrary anyone

so is there unilluminated as not to perceive that as no nature's boon

can contend against the bounty of increase so it behoves every most just

citizen to become the exhortator and admonisher of his semblables and

to tremble lest what had in the past been by the nation excellently

commenced might be in the future not with similar excellence

accomplished if an inverecund habit shall have gradually traduced

the honourable by ancestors transmitted customs to that thither of

profundity that that one was audacious excessively who would have the

hardihood to rise affirming that no more odious offence can for anyone

be than to oblivious neglect to consign that evangel simultaneously

command and promise which on all mortals with prophecy of abundance

or with diminution's menace that exalted of reiteratedly procreating

function ever irrevocably enjoined?

It is not why therefore we shall wonder if, as the best historians

relate, among the Celts, who nothing that was not in its nature

admirable admired, the art of medicine shall have been highly honoured.

Not to speak of hostels, leperyards, sweating chambers, plaguegraves,

their greatest doctors, the O'Shiels, the O'Hickeys, the O'Lees,

have sedulously set down the divers methods by which the sick and the

relapsed found again health whether the malady had been the trembling

withering or loose boyconnell flux. Certainly in every public work which

in it anything of gravity contains preparation should be with importance

commensurate and therefore a plan was by them adopted (whether by having

preconsidered or as the maturation of experience it is difficult in

being said which the discrepant opinions of subsequent inquirers are not

up to the present congrued to render manifest) whereby maternity was so

far from all accident possibility removed that whatever care the patient

in that all hardest of woman hour chiefly required and not solely

for the copiously opulent but also for her who not being sufficiently

moneyed scarcely and often not even scarcely could subsist valiantly and

for an inconsiderable emolument was provided.

To her nothing already then and thenceforward was anyway able to be

molestful for this chiefly felt all citizens except with proliferent

mothers prosperity at all not to can be and as they had received

eternity gods mortals generation to befit them her beholding, when the

case was so hoving itself, parturient in vehicle thereward carrying

desire immense among all one another was impelling on of her to be

received into that domicile. O thing of prudent nation not merely in

being seen but also even in being related worthy of being praised that

they her by anticipation went seeing mother, that she by them suddenly

to be about to be cherished had been begun she felt!

Before born bliss babe had. Within womb won he worship. Whatever in that

one case done commodiously done was. A couch by midwives attended with

wholesome food reposeful, cleanest swaddles as though forthbringing were

now done and by wise foresight set: but to this no less of what drugs

there is need and surgical implements which are pertaining to her

case not omitting aspect of all very distracting spectacles in various

latitudes by our terrestrial orb offered together with images, divine

and human, the cogitation of which by sejunct females is to tumescence

conducive or eases issue in the high sunbright wellbuilt fair home of

mothers when, ostensibly far gone and reproductitive, it is come by her

thereto to lie in, her term up.

Some man that wayfaring was stood by housedoor at night's oncoming. Of

Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared. Stark

ruth of man his errand that him lone led till that house.

Of that house A. Horne is lord. Seventy beds keeps he there teeming

mothers are wont that they lie for to thole and bring forth bairns hale

so God's angel to Mary quoth. Watchers tway there walk, white sisters

in ward sleepless. Smarts they still, sickness soothing: in twelve moons

thrice an hundred. Truest bedthanes they twain are, for Horne holding

wariest ward.

In ward wary the watcher hearing come that man mildhearted eft rising

with swire ywimpled to him her gate wide undid. Lo, levin leaping

lightens in eyeblink Ireland's westward welkin. Full she drad that

God the Wreaker all mankind would fordo with water for his evil sins.

Christ's rood made she on breastbone and him drew that he would rathe

infare under her thatch. That man her will wotting worthful went in

Horne's house.

Loth to irk in Horne's hall hat holding the seeker stood. On her stow he

ere was living with dear wife and lovesome daughter that then over land

and seafloor nine years had long outwandered. Once her in townhithe

meeting he to her bow had not doffed. Her to forgive now he craved with

good ground of her allowed that that of him swiftseen face, hers, so

young then had looked. Light swift her eyes kindled, bloom of blushes

his word winning.

As her eyes then ongot his weeds swart therefor sorrow she feared. Glad

after she was that ere adread was. Her he asked if O'Hare Doctor tidings

sent from far coast and she with grameful sigh him answered that O'Hare

Doctor in heaven was. Sad was the man that word to hear that him so

heavied in bowels ruthful. All she there told him, ruing death for

friend so young, algate sore unwilling God's rightwiseness to withsay.

She said that he had a fair sweet death through God His goodness with

masspriest to be shriven, holy housel and sick men's oil to his limbs.

The man then right earnest asked the nun of which death the dead man was

died and the nun answered him and said that he was died in Mona Island

through bellycrab three year agone come Childermas and she prayed to God

the Allruthful to have his dear soul in his undeathliness. He heard her

sad words, in held hat sad staring. So stood they there both awhile in

wanhope sorrowing one with other.

Therefore, everyman, look to that last end that is thy death and the

dust that gripeth on every man that is born of woman for as he came

naked forth from his mother's womb so naked shall he wend him at the

last for to go as he came.

The man that was come in to the house then spoke to the nursingwoman and

he asked her how it fared with the woman that lay there in childbed.

The nursingwoman answered him and said that that woman was in throes

now full three days and that it would be a hard birth unneth to bear

but that now in a little it would be. She said thereto that she had

seen many births of women but never was none so hard as was that woman's

birth. Then she set it all forth to him for because she knew the man

that time was had lived nigh that house. The man hearkened to her words

for he felt with wonder women's woe in the travail that they have of

motherhood and he wondered to look on her face that was a fair face for

any man to see but yet was she left after long years a handmaid. Nine

twelve bloodflows chiding her childless.

And whiles they spake the door of the castle was opened and there nighed

them a mickle noise as of many that sat there at meat. And there came

against the place as they stood a young learningknight yclept Dixon. And

the traveller Leopold was couth to him sithen it had happed that they

had had ado each with other in the house of misericord where this

learningknight lay by cause the traveller Leopold came there to be

healed for he was sore wounded in his breast by a spear wherewith a

horrible and dreadful dragon was smitten him for which he did do make

a salve of volatile salt and chrism as much as he might suffice. And he

said now that he should go in to that castle for to make merry with

them that were there. And the traveller Leopold said that he should go

otherwhither for he was a man of cautels and a subtile. Also the lady

was of his avis and repreved the learningknight though she trowed well

that the traveller had said thing that was false for his subtility. But

the learningknight would not hear say nay nor do her mandement ne have

him in aught contrarious to his list and he said how it was a marvellous

castle. And the traveller Leopold went into the castle for to rest him

for a space being sore of limb after many marches environing in divers

lands and sometime venery.

And in the castle was set a board that was of the birchwood of Finlandy

and it was upheld by four dwarfmen of that country but they durst not

move more for enchantment. And on this board were frightful swords and

knives that are made in a great cavern by swinking demons out of white

flames that they fix then in the horns of buffalos and stags that there

abound marvellously. And there were vessels that are wrought by magic of

Mahound out of seasand and the air by a warlock with his breath that he

blases in to them like to bubbles. And full fair cheer and rich was on

the board that no wight could devise a fuller ne richer. And there was

a vat of silver that was moved by craft to open in the which lay strange

fishes withouten heads though misbelieving men nie that this be possible

thing without they see it natheless they are so. And these fishes lie

in an oily water brought there from Portugal land because of the fatness

that therein is like to the juices of the olivepress. And also it was

a marvel to see in that castle how by magic they make a compost out of

fecund wheatkidneys out of Chaldee that by aid of certain angry spirits

that they do in to it swells up wondrously like to a vast mountain. And

they teach the serpents there to entwine themselves up on long sticks

out of the ground and of the scales of these serpents they brew out a

brewage like to mead.

And the learning knight let pour for childe Leopold a draught and halp

thereto the while all they that were there drank every each. And childe

Leopold did up his beaver for to pleasure him and took apertly somewhat

in amity for he never drank no manner of mead which he then put by and

anon full privily he voided the more part in his neighbour glass and

his neighbour nist not of this wile. And he sat down in that castle with

them for to rest him there awhile. Thanked be Almighty God.

This meanwhile this good sister stood by the door and begged them at the

reverence of Jesu our alther liege Lord to leave their wassailing for

there was above one quick with child, a gentle dame, whose time hied

fast. Sir Leopold heard on the upfloor cry on high and he wondered what

cry that it was whether of child or woman and I marvel, said he, that it

be not come or now. Meseems it dureth overlong. And he was ware and saw

a franklin that hight Lenehan on that side the table that was older than

any of the tother and for that they both were knights virtuous in the

one emprise and eke by cause that he was elder he spoke to him full

gently. But, said he, or it be long too she will bring forth by God His

bounty and have joy of her childing for she hath waited marvellous long.

And the franklin that had drunken said, Expecting each moment to be her

next. Also he took the cup that stood tofore him for him needed never

none asking nor desiring of him to drink and, Now drink, said he, fully

delectably, and he quaffed as far as he might to their both's health for

he was a passing good man of his lustiness. And sir Leopold that was the

goodliest guest that ever sat in scholars' hall and that was the meekest

man and the kindest that ever laid husbandly hand under hen and that was

the very truest knight of the world one that ever did minion service

to lady gentle pledged him courtly in the cup. Woman's woe with wonder

pondering.

Now let us speak of that fellowship that was there to the intent to be

drunken an they might. There was a sort of scholars along either side

the board, that is to wit, Dixon yclept junior of saint Mary Merciable's

with other his fellows Lynch and Madden, scholars of medicine, and the

franklin that hight Lenehan and one from Alba Longa, one Crotthers, and

young Stephen that had mien of a frere that was at head of the board

and Costello that men clepen Punch Costello all long of a mastery of

him erewhile gested (and of all them, reserved young Stephen, he was the

most drunken that demanded still of more mead) and beside the meek sir

Leopold. But on young Malachi they waited for that he promised to have

come and such as intended to no goodness said how he had broke his avow.

And sir Leopold sat with them for he bore fast friendship to sir Simon

and to this his son young Stephen and for that his languor becalmed him

there after longest wanderings insomuch as they feasted him for that

time in the honourablest manner. Ruth red him, love led on with will to

wander, loth to leave.

For they were right witty scholars. And he heard their aresouns each gen

other as touching birth and righteousness, young Madden maintaining that

put such case it were hard the wife to die (for so it had fallen out a

matter of some year agone with a woman of Eblana in Horne's house that

now was trespassed out of this world and the self night next before her

death all leeches and pothecaries had taken counsel of her case). And

they said farther she should live because in the beginning, they said,

the woman should bring forth in pain and wherefore they that were of

this imagination affirmed how young Madden had said truth for he had

conscience to let her die. And not few and of these was young Lynch

were in doubt that the world was now right evil governed as it was never

other howbeit the mean people believed it otherwise but the law nor his

judges did provide no remedy. A redress God grant. This was scant said

but all cried with one acclaim nay, by our Virgin Mother, the wife

should live and the babe to die. In colour whereof they waxed hot

upon that head what with argument and what for their drinking but the

franklin Lenehan was prompt each when to pour them ale so that at the

least way mirth might not lack. Then young Madden showed all the whole

affair and said how that she was dead and how for holy religion sake by

rede of palmer and bedesman and for a vow he had made to Saint Ultan of

Arbraccan her goodman husband would not let her death whereby they were

all wondrous grieved. To whom young Stephen had these words following:

Murmur, sirs, is eke oft among lay folk. Both babe and parent now

glorify their Maker, the one in limbo gloom, the other in purgefire.

But, gramercy, what of those Godpossibled souls that we nightly

impossibilise, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost, Very God, Lord

and Giver of Life? For, sirs, he said, our lust is brief. We are means

to those small creatures within us and nature has other ends than we.

Then said Dixon junior to Punch Costello wist he what ends. But he had

overmuch drunken and the best word he could have of him was that he

would ever dishonest a woman whoso she were or wife or maid or leman if

it so fortuned him to be delivered of his spleen of lustihead. Whereat

Crotthers of Alba Longa sang young Malachi's praise of that beast the

unicorn how once in the millennium he cometh by his horn, the other all

this while, pricked forward with their jibes wherewith they did malice

him, witnessing all and several by saint Foutinus his engines that

he was able to do any manner of thing that lay in man to do. Thereat

laughed they all right jocundly only young Stephen and sir Leopold which

never durst laugh too open by reason of a strange humour which he would

not bewray and also for that he rued for her that bare whoso she might

be or wheresoever. Then spake young Stephen orgulous of mother Church

that would cast him out of her bosom, of law of canons, of Lilith,

patron of abortions, of bigness wrought by wind of seeds of brightness

or by potency of vampires mouth to mouth or, as Virgilius saith, by the

influence of the occident or by the reek of moonflower or an she lie

with a woman which her man has but lain with, \_effectu secuto\_, or

peradventure in her bath according to the opinions of Averroes and Moses

Maimonides. He said also how at the end of the second month a human soul

was infused and how in all our holy mother foldeth ever souls for God's

greater glory whereas that earthly mother which was but a dam to bear

beastly should die by canon for so saith he that holdeth the fisherman's

seal, even that blessed Peter on which rock was holy church for all ages

founded. All they bachelors then asked of sir Leopold would he in like

case so jeopard her person as risk life to save life. A wariness of

mind he would answer as fitted all and, laying hand to jaw, he said

dissembling, as his wont was, that as it was informed him, who had ever

loved the art of physic as might a layman, and agreeing also with his

experience of so seldomseen an accident it was good for that mother

Church belike at one blow had birth and death pence and in such sort

deliverly he scaped their questions. That is truth, pardy, said Dixon,

and, or I err, a pregnant word. Which hearing young Stephen was a

marvellous glad man and he averred that he who stealeth from the poor

lendeth to the Lord for he was of a wild manner when he was drunken and

that he was now in that taking it appeared eftsoons.

But sir Leopold was passing grave maugre his word by cause he still had

pity of the terrorcausing shrieking of shrill women in their labour

and as he was minded of his good lady Marion that had borne him an only

manchild which on his eleventh day on live had died and no man of art

could save so dark is destiny. And she was wondrous stricken of heart

for that evil hap and for his burial did him on a fair corselet of

lamb's wool, the flower of the flock, lest he might perish utterly and

lie akeled (for it was then about the midst of the winter) and now Sir

Leopold that had of his body no manchild for an heir looked upon him his

friend's son and was shut up in sorrow for his forepassed happiness and

as sad as he was that him failed a son of such gentle courage (for all

accounted him of real parts) so grieved he also in no less measure

for young Stephen for that he lived riotously with those wastrels and

murdered his goods with whores.

About that present time young Stephen filled all cups that stood empty

so as there remained but little mo if the prudenter had not shadowed

their approach from him that still plied it very busily who, praying for

the intentions of the sovereign pontiff, he gave them for a pledge the

vicar of Christ which also as he said is vicar of Bray. Now drink we,

quod he, of this mazer and quaff ye this mead which is not indeed parcel

of my body but my soul's bodiment. Leave ye fraction of bread to them

that live by bread alone. Be not afeard neither for any want for this

will comfort more than the other will dismay. See ye here. And he showed

them glistering coins of the tribute and goldsmith notes the worth of

two pound nineteen shilling that he had, he said, for a song which he

writ. They all admired to see the foresaid riches in such dearth of

money as was herebefore. His words were then these as followeth: Know

all men, he said, time's ruins build eternity's mansions. What means

this? Desire's wind blasts the thorntree but after it becomes from a

bramblebush to be a rose upon the rood of time. Mark me now. In woman's

womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh

that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is the

postcreation. \_Omnis caro ad te veniet\_. No question but her name is

puissant who aventried the dear corse of our Agenbuyer, Healer and Herd,

our mighty mother and mother most venerable and Bernardus saith aptly

that She hath an \_omnipotentiam deiparae supplicem\_, that is to wit, an

almightiness of petition because she is the second Eve and she won

us, saith Augustine too, whereas that other, our grandam, which we are

linked up with by successive anastomosis of navelcords sold us all,

seed, breed and generation, for a penny pippin. But here is the matter

now. Or she knew him, that second I say, and was but creature of her

creature, \_vergine madre, figlia di tuo figlio\_, or she knew him not and

then stands she in the one denial or ignorancy with Peter Piscator who

lives in the house that Jack built and with Joseph the joiner patron of

the happy demise of all unhappy marriages, \_parceque M. LÃ©o Taxil nous

a dit que qui l'avait mise dans cette fichue position c'Ã©tait le

sacre pigeon, ventre de Dieu! Entweder\_ transubstantiality ODER

consubstantiality but in no case subsubstantiality. And all cried out

upon it for a very scurvy word. A pregnancy without joy, he said, a

birth without pangs, a body without blemish, a belly without bigness.

Let the lewd with faith and fervour worship. With will will we

withstand, withsay.

Hereupon Punch Costello dinged with his fist upon the board and would

sing a bawdy catch \_Staboo Stabella\_ about a wench that was put in pod

of a jolly swashbuckler in Almany which he did straightways now attack:

\_The first three months she was not well, Staboo,\_ when here nurse

Quigley from the door angerly bid them hist ye should shame you nor

was it not meet as she remembered them being her mind was to have all

orderly against lord Andrew came for because she was jealous that

no gasteful turmoil might shorten the honour of her guard. It was an

ancient and a sad matron of a sedate look and christian walking,

in habit dun beseeming her megrims and wrinkled visage, nor did her

hortative want of it effect for incontinently Punch Costello was of them

all embraided and they reclaimed the churl with civil rudeness some and

shaked him with menace of blandishments others whiles they all chode

with him, a murrain seize the dolt, what a devil he would be at, thou

chuff, thou puny, thou got in peasestraw, thou losel, thou chitterling,

thou spawn of a rebel, thou dykedropt, thou abortion thou, to shut up

his drunken drool out of that like a curse of God ape, the good sir

Leopold that had for his cognisance the flower of quiet, margerain

gentle, advising also the time's occasion as most sacred and most worthy

to be most sacred. In Horne's house rest should reign.

To be short this passage was scarce by when Master Dixon of Mary in

Eccles, goodly grinning, asked young Stephen what was the reason why he

had not cided to take friar's vows and he answered him obedience in the

womb, chastity in the tomb but involuntary poverty all his days. Master

Lenehan at this made return that he had heard of those nefarious deeds

and how, as he heard hereof counted, he had besmirched the lily virtue

of a confiding female which was corruption of minors and they all

intershowed it too, waxing merry and toasting to his fathership. But he

said very entirely it was clean contrary to their suppose for he was

the eternal son and ever virgin. Thereat mirth grew in them the more and

they rehearsed to him his curious rite of wedlock for the disrobing and

deflowering of spouses, as the priests use in Madagascar island, she

to be in guise of white and saffron, her groom in white and grain, with

burning of nard and tapers, on a bridebed while clerks sung kyries and

the anthem \_Ut novetur sexus omnis corporis mysterium\_ till she was

there unmaided. He gave them then a much admirable hymen minim by those

delicate poets Master John Fletcher and Master Francis Beaumont that is

in their \_Maid's Tragedy\_ that was writ for a like twining of lovers:

\_To bed, to bed\_ was the burden of it to be played with accompanable

concent upon the virginals. An exquisite dulcet epithalame of most

mollificative suadency for juveniles amatory whom the odoriferous

flambeaus of the paranymphs have escorted to the quadrupedal proscenium

of connubial communion. Well met they were, said Master Dixon, joyed,

but, harkee, young sir, better were they named Beau Mount and Lecher

for, by my troth, of such a mingling much might come. Young Stephen said

indeed to his best remembrance they had but the one doxy between them

and she of the stews to make shift with in delights amorous for life ran

very high in those days and the custom of the country approved with it.

Greater love than this, he said, no man hath that a man lay down his

wife for his friend. Go thou and do likewise. Thus, or words to that

effect, saith Zarathustra, sometime regius professor of French letters

to the university of Oxtail nor breathed there ever that man to whom

mankind was more beholden. Bring a stranger within thy tower it will

go hard but thou wilt have the secondbest bed. \_Orate, fratres, pro

memetipso\_. And all the people shall say, Amen. Remember, Erin, thy

generations and thy days of old, how thou settedst little by me and by

my word and broughtedst in a stranger to my gates to commit fornication

in my sight and to wax fat and kick like Jeshurum. Therefore hast thou

sinned against my light and hast made me, thy lord, to be the slave of

servants. Return, return, Clan Milly: forget me not, O Milesian. Why

hast thou done this abomination before me that thou didst spurn me for

a merchant of jalaps and didst deny me to the Roman and to the Indian of

dark speech with whom thy daughters did lie luxuriously? Look forth now,

my people, upon the land of behest, even from Horeb and from Nebo and

from Pisgah and from the Horns of Hatten unto a land flowing with milk

and money. But thou hast suckled me with a bitter milk: my moon and my

sun thou hast quenched for ever. And thou hast left me alone for ever

in the dark ways of my bitterness: and with a kiss of ashes hast thou

kissed my mouth. This tenebrosity of the interior, he proceeded to say,

hath not been illumined by the wit of the septuagint nor so much as

mentioned for the Orient from on high Which brake hell's gates visited a

darkness that was foraneous. Assuefaction minorates atrocities (as Tully

saith of his darling Stoics) and Hamlet his father showeth the prince no

blister of combustion. The adiaphane in the noon of life is an Egypt's

plague which in the nights of prenativity and postmortemity is their

most proper \_ubi\_ and \_quomodo\_. And as the ends and ultimates of

all things accord in some mean and measure with their inceptions and

originals, that same multiplicit concordance which leads forth growth

from birth accomplishing by a retrogressive metamorphosis that minishing

and ablation towards the final which is agreeable unto nature so is it

with our subsolar being. The aged sisters draw us into life: we wail,

batten, sport, clip, clasp, sunder, dwindle, die: over us dead they

bend. First, saved from waters of old Nile, among bulrushes, a bed

of fasciated wattles: at last the cavity of a mountain, an occulted

sepulchre amid the conclamation of the hillcat and the ossifrage. And as

no man knows the ubicity of his tumulus nor to what processes we shall

thereby be ushered nor whether to Tophet or to Edenville in the like way

is all hidden when we would backward see from what region of remoteness

the whatness of our whoness hath fetched his whenceness.

Thereto Punch Costello roared out mainly \_Etienne chanson\_ but he loudly

bid them, lo, wisdom hath built herself a house, this vast majestic

longstablished vault, the crystal palace of the Creator, all in applepie

order, a penny for him who finds the pea.

\_Behold the mansion reared by dedal Jack

See the malt stored in many a refluent sack,

In the proud cirque of Jackjohn's bivouac.\_

A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled back. Loud on

left Thor thundered: in anger awful the hammerhurler. Came now the storm

that hist his heart. And Master Lynch bade him have a care to flout and

witwanton as the god self was angered for his hellprate and paganry. And

he that had erst challenged to be so doughty waxed wan as they might all

mark and shrank together and his pitch that was before so haught uplift

was now of a sudden quite plucked down and his heart shook within the

cage of his breast as he tasted the rumour of that storm. Then did some

mock and some jeer and Punch Costello fell hard again to his yale which

Master Lenehan vowed he would do after and he was indeed but a word and

a blow on any the least colour. But the braggart boaster cried that an

old Nobodaddy was in his cups it was muchwhat indifferent and he would

not lag behind his lead. But this was only to dye his desperation as

cowed he crouched in Horne's hall. He drank indeed at one draught to

pluck up a heart of any grace for it thundered long rumblingly over all

the heavens so that Master Madden, being godly certain whiles, knocked

him on his ribs upon that crack of doom and Master Bloom, at the

braggart's side, spoke to him calming words to slumber his great fear,

advertising how it was no other thing but a hubbub noise that he heard,

the discharge of fluid from the thunderhead, look you, having taken

place, and all of the order of a natural phenomenon.

But was young Boasthard's fear vanquished by Calmer's words? No, for he

had in his bosom a spike named Bitterness which could not by words be

done away. And was he then neither calm like the one nor godly like the

other? He was neither as much as he would have liked to be either. But

could he not have endeavoured to have found again as in his youth the

bottle Holiness that then he lived withal? Indeed no for Grace was not

there to find that bottle. Heard he then in that clap the voice of the

god Bringforth or, what Calmer said, a hubbub of Phenomenon? Heard?

Why, he could not but hear unless he had plugged him up the tube

Understanding (which he had not done). For through that tube he saw that

he was in the land of Phenomenon where he must for a certain one day die

as he was like the rest too a passing show. And would he not accept to

die like the rest and pass away? By no means would he though he must nor

would he make more shows according as men do with wives which Phenomenon

has commanded them to do by the book Law. Then wotted he nought of that

other land which is called Believe-on-Me, that is the land of promise

which behoves to the king Delightful and shall be for ever where there

is no death and no birth neither wiving nor mothering at which all shall

come as many as believe on it? Yes, Pious had told him of that land and

Chaste had pointed him to the way but the reason was that in the way he

fell in with a certain whore of an eyepleasing exterior whose name, she

said, is Bird-in-the-Hand and she beguiled him wrongways from the true

path by her flatteries that she said to him as, Ho, you pretty man, turn

aside hither and I will show you a brave place, and she lay at him so

flatteringly that she had him in her grot which is named Two-in-the-Bush

or, by some learned, Carnal Concupiscence.

This was it what all that company that sat there at commons in Manse

of Mothers the most lusted after and if they met with this whore

Bird-in-the-Hand (which was within all foul plagues, monsters and a

wicked devil) they would strain the last but they would make at her and

know her. For regarding Believe-on-Me they said it was nought else

but notion and they could conceive no thought of it for, first,

Two-in-the-Bush whither she ticed them was the very goodliest grot and

in it were four pillows on which were four tickets with these words

printed on them, Pickaback and Topsyturvy and Shameface and Cheek by

Jowl and, second, for that foul plague Allpox and the monsters they

cared not for them for Preservative had given them a stout shield of

oxengut and, third, that they might take no hurt neither from Offspring

that was that wicked devil by virtue of this same shield which was

named Killchild. So were they all in their blind fancy, Mr Cavil and Mr

Sometimes Godly, Mr Ape Swillale, Mr False Franklin, Mr Dainty Dixon,

Young Boasthard and Mr Cautious Calmer. Wherein, O wretched company,

were ye all deceived for that was the voice of the god that was in a

very grievous rage that he would presently lift his arm up and

spill their souls for their abuses and their spillings done by them

contrariwise to his word which forth to bring brenningly biddeth.

So Thursday sixteenth June Patk. Dignam laid in clay of an apoplexy and

after hard drought, please God, rained, a bargeman coming in by water a

fifty mile or thereabout with turf saying the seed won't sprout, fields

athirst, very sadcoloured and stunk mightily, the quags and tofts too.

Hard to breathe and all the young quicks clean consumed without sprinkle

this long while back as no man remembered to be without. The rosy buds

all gone brown and spread out blobs and on the hills nought but dry flag

and faggots that would catch at first fire. All the world saying, for

aught they knew, the big wind of last February a year that did havoc the

land so pitifully a small thing beside this barrenness. But by and

by, as said, this evening after sundown, the wind sitting in the

west, biggish swollen clouds to be seen as the night increased and the

weatherwise poring up at them and some sheet lightnings at first and

after, past ten of the clock, one great stroke with a long thunder and

in a brace of shakes all scamper pellmell within door for the smoking

shower, the men making shelter for their straws with a clout or

kerchief, womenfolk skipping off with kirtles catched up soon as the

pour came. In Ely place, Baggot street, Duke's lawn, thence through

Merrion green up to Holles street a swash of water flowing that was

before bonedry and not one chair or coach or fiacre seen about but

no more crack after that first. Over against the Rt. Hon. Mr Justice

Fitzgibbon's door (that is to sit with Mr Healy the lawyer upon the

college lands) Mal. Mulligan a gentleman's gentleman that had but come

from Mr Moore's the writer's (that was a papish but is now, folk say,

a good Williamite) chanced against Alec. Bannon in a cut bob (which are

now in with dance cloaks of Kendal green) that was new got to town from

Mullingar with the stage where his coz and Mal M's brother will stay a

month yet till Saint Swithin and asks what in the earth he does there,

he bound home and he to Andrew Horne's being stayed for to crush a cup

of wine, so he said, but would tell him of a skittish heifer, big of

her age and beef to the heel, and all this while poured with rain and

so both together on to Horne's. There Leop. Bloom of Crawford's journal

sitting snug with a covey of wags, likely brangling fellows, Dixon jun.,

scholar of my lady of Mercy's, Vin. Lynch, a Scots fellow, Will. Madden,

T. Lenehan, very sad about a racer he fancied and Stephen D. Leop. Bloom

there for a languor he had but was now better, be having dreamed tonight

a strange fancy of his dame Mrs Moll with red slippers on in a pair of

Turkey trunks which is thought by those in ken to be for a change and

Mistress Purefoy there, that got in through pleading her belly, and now

on the stools, poor body, two days past her term, the midwives sore put

to it and can't deliver, she queasy for a bowl of riceslop that is a

shrewd drier up of the insides and her breath very heavy more than good

and should be a bullyboy from the knocks, they say, but God give her

soon issue. 'Tis her ninth chick to live, I hear, and Lady day bit off

her last chick's nails that was then a twelvemonth and with other three

all breastfed that died written out in a fair hand in the king's bible.

Her hub fifty odd and a methodist but takes the sacrament and is to

be seen any fair sabbath with a pair of his boys off Bullock harbour

dapping on the sound with a heavybraked reel or in a punt he has

trailing for flounder and pollock and catches a fine bag, I hear. In sum

an infinite great fall of rain and all refreshed and will much increase

the harvest yet those in ken say after wind and water fire shall come

for a prognostication of Malachi's almanac (and I hear that Mr Russell

has done a prophetical charm of the same gist out of the Hindustanish

for his farmer's gazette) to have three things in all but this a mere

fetch without bottom of reason for old crones and bairns yet sometimes

they are found in the right guess with their queerities no telling how.

With this came up Lenehan to the feet of the table to say how the letter

was in that night's gazette and he made a show to find it about him

(for he swore with an oath that he had been at pains about it) but on

Stephen's persuasion he gave over the search and was bidden to sit near

by which he did mighty brisk. He was a kind of sport gentleman that

went for a merryandrew or honest pickle and what belonged of women,

horseflesh or hot scandal he had it pat. To tell the truth he was mean

in fortunes and for the most part hankered about the coffeehouses

and low taverns with crimps, ostlers, bookies, Paul's men, runners,

flatcaps, waistcoateers, ladies of the bagnio and other rogues of the

game or with a chanceable catchpole or a tipstaff often at nights

till broad day of whom he picked up between his sackpossets much loose

gossip. He took his ordinary at a boilingcook's and if he had but gotten

into him a mess of broken victuals or a platter of tripes with a bare

tester in his purse he could always bring himself off with his tongue,

some randy quip he had from a punk or whatnot that every mother's son of

them would burst their sides. The other, Costello that is, hearing this

talk asked was it poetry or a tale. Faith, no, he says, Frank (that was

his name), 'tis all about Kerry cows that are to be butchered along of

the plague. But they can go hang, says he with a wink, for me with their

bully beef, a pox on it. There's as good fish in this tin as ever came

out of it and very friendly he offered to take of some salty sprats that

stood by which he had eyed wishly in the meantime and found the place

which was indeed the chief design of his embassy as he was sharpset.

\_Mort aux vaches\_, says Frank then in the French language that had been

indentured to a brandyshipper that has a winelodge in Bordeaux and he

spoke French like a gentleman too. From a child this Frank had been

a donought that his father, a headborough, who could ill keep him to

school to learn his letters and the use of the globes, matriculated at

the university to study the mechanics but he took the bit between his

teeth like a raw colt and was more familiar with the justiciary and the

parish beadle than with his volumes. One time he would be a playactor,

then a sutler or a welsher, then nought would keep him from the bearpit

and the cocking main, then he was for the ocean sea or to hoof it on

the roads with the romany folk, kidnapping a squire's heir by favour of

moonlight or fecking maids' linen or choking chicken behind a hedge. He

had been off as many times as a cat has lives and back again with naked

pockets as many more to his father the headborough who shed a pint

of tears as often as he saw him. What, says Mr Leopold with his hands

across, that was earnest to know the drift of it, will they slaughter

all? I protest I saw them but this day morning going to the Liverpool

boats, says he. I can scarce believe 'tis so bad, says he. And he had

experience of the like brood beasts and of springers, greasy hoggets and

wether wool, having been some years before actuary for Mr Joseph Cuffe,

a worthy salesmaster that drove his trade for live stock and meadow

auctions hard by Mr Gavin Low's yard in Prussia street. I question with

you there, says he. More like 'tis the hoose or the timber tongue. Mr

Stephen, a little moved but very handsomely told him no such matter and

that he had dispatches from the emperor's chief tailtickler thanking

him for the hospitality, that was sending over Doctor Rinderpest, the

bestquoted cowcatcher in all Muscovy, with a bolus or two of physic to

take the bull by the horns. Come, come, says Mr Vincent, plain dealing.

He'll find himself on the horns of a dilemma if he meddles with a

bull that's Irish, says he. Irish by name and irish by nature, says Mr

Stephen, and he sent the ale purling about, an Irish bull in an English

chinashop. I conceive you, says Mr Dixon. It is that same bull that was

sent to our island by farmer Nicholas, the bravest cattlebreeder of them

all, with an emerald ring in his nose. True for you, says Mr Vincent

cross the table, and a bullseye into the bargain, says he, and a plumper

and a portlier bull, says he, never shit on shamrock. He had horns

galore, a coat of cloth of gold and a sweet smoky breath coming out of

his nostrils so that the women of our island, leaving doughballs and

rollingpins, followed after him hanging his bulliness in daisychains.

What for that, says Mr Dixon, but before he came over farmer Nicholas

that was a eunuch had him properly gelded by a college of doctors who

were no better off than himself. So be off now, says he, and do all my

cousin german the lord Harry tells you and take a farmer's blessing, and

with that he slapped his posteriors very soundly. But the slap and the

blessing stood him friend, says Mr Vincent, for to make up he taught him

a trick worth two of the other so that maid, wife, abbess and widow to

this day affirm that they would rather any time of the month whisper

in his ear in the dark of a cowhouse or get a lick on the nape from his

long holy tongue than lie with the finest strapping young ravisher in

the four fields of all Ireland. Another then put in his word: And they

dressed him, says he, in a point shift and petticoat with a tippet and

girdle and ruffles on his wrists and clipped his forelock and rubbed him

all over with spermacetic oil and built stables for him at every turn of

the road with a gold manger in each full of the best hay in the market

so that he could doss and dung to his heart's content. By this time the

father of the faithful (for so they called him) was grown so heavy that

he could scarce walk to pasture. To remedy which our cozening dames and

damsels brought him his fodder in their apronlaps and as soon as his

belly was full he would rear up on his hind uarters to show their

ladyships a mystery and roar and bellow out of him in bulls' language

and they all after him. Ay, says another, and so pampered was he that he

would suffer nought to grow in all the land but green grass for himself

(for that was the only colour to his mind) and there was a board put up

on a hillock in the middle of the island with a printed notice, saying:

By the Lord Harry, Green is the grass that grows on the ground. And,

says Mr Dixon, if ever he got scent of a cattleraider in Roscommon or

the wilds of Connemara or a husbandman in Sligo that was sowing as much

as a handful of mustard or a bag of rapeseed out he'd run amok over half

the countryside rooting up with his horns whatever was planted and all

by lord Harry's orders. There was bad blood between them at first, says

Mr Vincent, and the lord Harry called farmer Nicholas all the old Nicks

in the world and an old whoremaster that kept seven trulls in his house

and I'll meddle in his matters, says he. I'll make that animal smell

hell, says he, with the help of that good pizzle my father left me. But

one evening, says Mr Dixon, when the lord Harry was cleaning his royal

pelt to go to dinner after winning a boatrace (he had spade oars for

himself but the first rule of the course was that the others were to row

with pitchforks) he discovered in himself a wonderful likeness to a bull

and on picking up a blackthumbed chapbook that he kept in the pantry

he found sure enough that he was a lefthanded descendant of the famous

champion bull of the Romans, \_Bos Bovum\_, which is good bog Latin for

boss of the show. After that, says Mr Vincent, the lord Harry put his

head into a cow's drinkingtrough in the presence of all his courtiers

and pulling it out again told them all his new name. Then, with the

water running off him, he got into an old smock and skirt that had

belonged to his grandmother and bought a grammar of the bulls' language

to study but he could never learn a word of it except the first personal

pronoun which he copied out big and got off by heart and if ever he went

out for a walk he filled his pockets with chalk to write it upon what

took his fancy, the side of a rock or a teahouse table or a bale of

cotton or a corkfloat. In short, he and the bull of Ireland were soon as

fast friends as an arse and a shirt. They were, says Mr Stephen, and

the end was that the men of the island seeing no help was toward, as

the ungrate women were all of one mind, made a wherry raft, loaded

themselves and their bundles of chattels on shipboard, set all masts

erect, manned the yards, sprang their luff, heaved to, spread three

sheets in the wind, put her head between wind and water, weighed anchor,

ported her helm, ran up the jolly Roger, gave three times three, let the

bullgine run, pushed off in their bumboat and put to sea to recover

the main of America. Which was the occasion, says Mr Vincent, of the

composing by a boatswain of that rollicking chanty:

\_--Pope Peter's but a pissabed.

A man's a man for a' that.\_

Our worthy acquaintance Mr Malachi Mulligan now appeared in the doorway

as the students were finishing their apologue accompanied with a friend

whom he had just rencountered, a young gentleman, his name Alec Bannon,

who had late come to town, it being his intention to buy a colour or a

cornetcy in the fencibles and list for the wars. Mr Mulligan was civil

enough to express some relish of it all the more as it jumped with a

project of his own for the cure of the very evil that had been touched

on. Whereat he handed round to the company a set of pasteboard cards

which he had had printed that day at Mr Quinnell's bearing a legend

printed in fair italics: \_Mr Malachi Mulligan. Fertiliser and Incubator.

Lambay Island\_. His project, as he went on to expound, was to withdraw

from the round of idle pleasures such as form the chief business of sir

Fopling Popinjay and sir Milksop Quidnunc in town and to devote himself

to the noblest task for which our bodily organism has been framed. Well,

let us hear of it, good my friend, said Mr Dixon. I make no doubt it

smacks of wenching. Come, be seated, both. 'Tis as cheap sitting as

standing. Mr Mulligan accepted of the invitation and, expatiating upon

his design, told his hearers that he had been led into this thought by

a consideration of the causes of sterility, both the inhibitory and the

prohibitory, whether the inhibition in its turn were due to conjugal

vexations or to a parsimony of the balance as well as whether the

prohibition proceeded from defects congenital or from proclivities

acquired. It grieved him plaguily, he said, to see the nuptial couch

defrauded of its dearest pledges: and to reflect upon so many agreeable

females with rich jointures, a prey to the vilest bonzes, who hide their

flambeau under a bushel in an uncongenial cloister or lose their womanly

bloom in the embraces of some unaccountable muskin when they might

multiply the inlets of happiness, sacrificing the inestimable jewel of

their sex when a hundred pretty fellows were at hand to caress, this, he

assured them, made his heart weep. To curb this inconvenient (which

he concluded due to a suppression of latent heat), having advised with

certain counsellors of worth and inspected into this matter, he had

resolved to purchase in fee simple for ever the freehold of Lambay

island from its holder, lord Talbot de Malahide, a Tory gentleman of

note much in favour with our ascendancy party. He proposed to set up

there a national fertilising farm to be named \_Omphalos\_ with an obelisk

hewn and erected after the fashion of Egypt and to offer his dutiful

yeoman services for the fecundation of any female of what grade of life

soever who should there direct to him with the desire of fulfilling the

functions of her natural. Money was no object, he said, nor would he

take a penny for his pains. The poorest kitchenwench no less than the

opulent lady of fashion, if so be their constructions and their tempers

were warm persuaders for their petitions, would find in him their man.

For his nutriment he shewed how he would feed himself exclusively upon a

diet of savoury tubercles and fish and coneys there, the flesh of these

latter prolific rodents being highly recommended for his purpose, both

broiled and stewed with a blade of mace and a pod or two of capsicum

chillies. After this homily which he delivered with much warmth of

asseveration Mr Mulligan in a trice put off from his hat a kerchief with

which he had shielded it. They both, it seems, had been overtaken by the

rain and for all their mending their pace had taken water, as might be

observed by Mr Mulligan's smallclothes of a hodden grey which was now

somewhat piebald. His project meanwhile was very favourably entertained

by his auditors and won hearty eulogies from all though Mr Dixon of

Mary's excepted to it, asking with a finicking air did he purpose also

to carry coals to Newcastle. Mr Mulligan however made court to the

scholarly by an apt quotation from the classics which, as it dwelt

upon his memory, seemed to him a sound and tasteful support of his

contention: \_Talis ac tanta depravatio hujus seculi, O quirites,

ut matresfamiliarum nostrae lascivas cujuslibet semiviri libici

titillationes testibus ponderosis atque excelsis erectionibus

centurionum Romanorum magnopere anteponunt\_, while for those of ruder

wit he drove home his point by analogies of the animal kingdom more

suitable to their stomach, the buck and doe of the forest glade, the

farmyard drake and duck.

Valuing himself not a little upon his elegance, being indeed a proper

man of person, this talkative now applied himself to his dress with

animadversions of some heat upon the sudden whimsy of the atmospherics

while the company lavished their encomiums upon the project he had

advanced. The young gentleman, his friend, overjoyed as he was at a

passage that had late befallen him, could not forbear to tell it his

nearest neighbour. Mr Mulligan, now perceiving the table, asked for whom

were those loaves and fishes and, seeing the stranger, he made him

a civil bow and said, Pray, sir, was you in need of any professional

assistance we could give? Who, upon his offer, thanked him very

heartily, though preserving his proper distance, and replied that he was

come there about a lady, now an inmate of Horne's house, that was in an

interesting condition, poor body, from woman's woe (and here he fetched

a deep sigh) to know if her happiness had yet taken place. Mr Dixon,

to turn the table, took on to ask of Mr Mulligan himself whether

his incipient ventripotence, upon which he rallied him, betokened an

ovoblastic gestation in the prostatic utricle or male womb or was due,

as with the noted physician, Mr Austin Meldon, to a wolf in the stomach.

For answer Mr Mulligan, in a gale of laughter at his smalls, smote

himself bravely below the diaphragm, exclaiming with an admirable droll

mimic of Mother Grogan (the most excellent creature of her sex though

'tis pity she's a trollop): There's a belly that never bore a bastard.

This was so happy a conceit that it renewed the storm of mirth and threw

the whole room into the most violent agitations of delight. The spry

rattle had run on in the same vein of mimicry but for some larum in the

antechamber.

Here the listener who was none other than the Scotch student, a little

fume of a fellow, blond as tow, congratulated in the liveliest fashion

with the young gentleman and, interrupting the narrative at a salient

point, having desired his visavis with a polite beck to have the

obligingness to pass him a flagon of cordial waters at the same time by

a questioning poise of the head (a whole century of polite breeding had

not achieved so nice a gesture) to which was united an equivalent but

contrary balance of the bottle asked the narrator as plainly as was ever

done in words if he might treat him with a cup of it. \_Mais bien sÃ»r\_,

noble stranger, said he cheerily, \_et mille compliments\_. That you may

and very opportunely. There wanted nothing but this cup to crown my

felicity. But, gracious heaven, was I left with but a crust in my wallet

and a cupful of water from the well, my God, I would accept of them and

find it in my heart to kneel down upon the ground and give thanks to

the powers above for the happiness vouchsafed me by the Giver of good

things. With these words he approached the goblet to his lips, took a

complacent draught of the cordial, slicked his hair and, opening his

bosom, out popped a locket that hung from a silk riband, that very

picture which he had cherished ever since her hand had wrote therein.

Gazing upon those features with a world of tenderness, Ah, Monsieur, he

said, had you but beheld her as I did with these eyes at that affecting

instant with her dainty tucker and her new coquette cap (a gift for her

feastday as she told me prettily) in such an artless disorder, of so

melting a tenderness, 'pon my conscience, even you, Monsieur, had been

impelled by generous nature to deliver yourself wholly into the hands of

such an enemy or to quit the field for ever. I declare, I was never so

touched in all my life. God, I thank thee, as the Author of my days!

Thrice happy will he be whom so amiable a creature will bless with her

favours. A sigh of affection gave eloquence to these words and, having

replaced the locket in his bosom, he wiped his eye and sighed again.

Beneficent Disseminator of blessings to all Thy creatures, how great

and universal must be that sweetest of Thy tyrannies which can hold in

thrall the free and the bond, the simple swain and the polished coxcomb,

the lover in the heyday of reckless passion and the husband of maturer

years. But indeed, sir, I wander from the point. How mingled and

imperfect are all our sublunary joys. Maledicity! he exclaimed in

anguish. Would to God that foresight had but remembered me to take my

cloak along! I could weep to think of it. Then, though it had poured

seven showers, we were neither of us a penny the worse. But beshrew me,

he cried, clapping hand to his forehead, tomorrow will be a new day and,

thousand thunders, I know of a \_marchand de capotes\_, Monsieur Poyntz,

from whom I can have for a livre as snug a cloak of the French fashion

as ever kept a lady from wetting. Tut, tut! cries Le Fecondateur,

tripping in, my friend Monsieur Moore, that most accomplished traveller

(I have just cracked a half bottle AVEC LUI in a circle of the best wits

of the town), is my authority that in Cape Horn, \_ventre biche\_, they

have a rain that will wet through any, even the stoutest cloak. A

drenching of that violence, he tells me, \_sans blague\_, has sent more

than one luckless fellow in good earnest posthaste to another world.

Pooh! A \_livre!\_ cries Monsieur Lynch. The clumsy things are dear at a

sou. One umbrella, were it no bigger than a fairy mushroom, is worth ten

such stopgaps. No woman of any wit would wear one. My dear Kitty told me

today that she would dance in a deluge before ever she would starve in

such an ark of salvation for, as she reminded me (blushing piquantly and

whispering in my ear though there was none to snap her words but giddy

butterflies), dame Nature, by the divine blessing, has implanted it in

our hearts and it has become a household word that \_il y a deux choses\_

for which the innocence of our original garb, in other circumstances a

breach of the proprieties, is the fittest, nay, the only garment. The

first, said she (and here my pretty philosopher, as I handed her to her

tilbury, to fix my attention, gently tipped with her tongue the outer

chamber of my ear), the first is a bath... But at this point a bell

tinkling in the hall cut short a discourse which promised so bravely for

the enrichment of our store of knowledge.

Amid the general vacant hilarity of the assembly a bell rang and, while

all were conjecturing what might be the cause, Miss Callan entered and,

having spoken a few words in a low tone to young Mr Dixon, retired with

a profound bow to the company. The presence even for a moment among a

party of debauchees of a woman endued with every quality of modesty and

not less severe than beautiful refrained the humourous sallies even of

the most licentious but her departure was the signal for an outbreak of

ribaldry. Strike me silly, said Costello, a low fellow who was fuddled.

A monstrous fine bit of cowflesh! I'll be sworn she has rendezvoused

you. What, you dog? Have you a way with them? Gad's bud, immensely

so, said Mr Lynch. The bedside manner it is that they use in the Mater

hospice. Demme, does not Doctor O'Gargle chuck the nuns there under the

chin. As I look to be saved I had it from my Kitty who has been wardmaid

there any time these seven months. Lawksamercy, doctor, cried the young

blood in the primrose vest, feigning a womanish simper and with immodest

squirmings of his body, how you do tease a body! Drat the man! Bless

me, I'm all of a wibbly wobbly. Why, you're as bad as dear little Father

Cantekissem, that you are! May this pot of four half choke me, cried

Costello, if she aint in the family way. I knows a lady what's got a

white swelling quick as I claps eyes on her. The young surgeon, however,

rose and begged the company to excuse his retreat as the nurse had just

then informed him that he was needed in the ward. Merciful providence

had been pleased to put a period to the sufferings of the lady who was

\_enceinte\_ which she had borne with a laudable fortitude and she had

given birth to a bouncing boy. I want patience, said he, with those

who, without wit to enliven or learning to instruct, revile an ennobling

profession which, saving the reverence due to the Deity, is the greatest

power for happiness upon the earth. I am positive when I say that if

need were I could produce a cloud of witnesses to the excellence of

her noble exercitations which, so far from being a byword, should be a

glorious incentive in the human breast. I cannot away with them. What?

Malign such an one, the amiable Miss Callan, who is the lustre of

her own sex and the astonishment of ours? And at an instant the most

momentous that can befall a puny child of clay? Perish the thought! I

shudder to think of the future of a race where the seeds of such malice

have been sown and where no right reverence is rendered to mother and

maid in house of Horne. Having delivered himself of this rebuke he

saluted those present on the by and repaired to the door. A murmur

of approval arose from all and some were for ejecting the low soaker

without more ado, a design which would have been effected nor would

he have received more than his bare deserts had he not abridged his

transgression by affirming with a horrid imprecation (for he swore a

round hand) that he was as good a son of the true fold as ever drew

breath. Stap my vitals, said he, them was always the sentiments of

honest Frank Costello which I was bred up most particular to honour thy

father and thy mother that had the best hand to a rolypoly or a hasty

pudding as you ever see what I always looks back on with a loving heart.

To revert to Mr Bloom who, after his first entry, had been conscious of

some impudent mocks which he however had borne with as being the fruits

of that age upon which it is commonly charged that it knows not

pity. The young sparks, it is true, were as full of extravagancies

as overgrown children: the words of their tumultuary discussions

were difficultly understood and not often nice: their testiness and

outrageous \_mots\_ were such that his intellects resiled from: nor were

they scrupulously sensible of the proprieties though their fund of

strong animal spirits spoke in their behalf. But the word of Mr Costello

was an unwelcome language for him for he nauseated the wretch that

seemed to him a cropeared creature of a misshapen gibbosity, born out

of wedlock and thrust like a crookback toothed and feet first into the

world, which the dint of the surgeon's pliers in his skull lent indeed

a colour to, so as to put him in thought of that missing link of

creation's chain desiderated by the late ingenious Mr Darwin. It was now

for more than the middle span of our allotted years that he had passed

through the thousand vicissitudes of existence and, being of a wary

ascendancy and self a man of rare forecast, he had enjoined his heart

to repress all motions of a rising choler and, by intercepting them

with the readiest precaution, foster within his breast that plenitude

of sufferance which base minds jeer at, rash judgers scorn and all find

tolerable and but tolerable. To those who create themselves wits at the

cost of feminine delicacy (a habit of mind which he never did hold

with) to them he would concede neither to bear the name nor to herit

the tradition of a proper breeding: while for such that, having lost

all forbearance, can lose no more, there remained the sharp antidote of

experience to cause their insolency to beat a precipitate and inglorious

retreat. Not but what he could feel with mettlesome youth which, caring

nought for the mows of dotards or the gruntlings of the severe, is ever

(as the chaste fancy of the Holy Writer expresses it) for eating of the

tree forbid it yet not so far forth as to pretermit humanity upon any

condition soever towards a gentlewoman when she was about her lawful

occasions. To conclude, while from the sister's words he had reckoned

upon a speedy delivery he was, however, it must be owned, not a little

alleviated by the intelligence that the issue so auspicated after an

ordeal of such duress now testified once more to the mercy as well as to

the bounty of the Supreme Being.

Accordingly he broke his mind to his neighbour, saying that, to express

his notion of the thing, his opinion (who ought not perchance to express

one) was that one must have a cold constitution and a frigid genius not

to be rejoiced by this freshest news of the fruition of her confinement

since she had been in such pain through no fault of hers. The dressy

young blade said it was her husband's that put her in that expectation

or at least it ought to be unless she were another Ephesian matron. I

must acquaint you, said Mr Crotthers, clapping on the table so as to

evoke a resonant comment of emphasis, old Glory Allelujurum was round

again today, an elderly man with dundrearies, preferring through his

nose a request to have word of Wilhelmina, my life, as he calls her. I

bade him hold himself in readiness for that the event would burst anon.

'Slife, I'll be round with you. I cannot but extol the virile potency of

the old bucko that could still knock another child out of her. All fell

to praising of it, each after his own fashion, though the same young

blade held with his former view that another than her conjugial had

been the man in the gap, a clerk in orders, a linkboy (virtuous) or

an itinerant vendor of articles needed in every household. Singular,

communed the guest with himself, the wonderfully unequal faculty of

metempsychosis possessed by them, that the puerperal dormitory and the

dissecting theatre should be the seminaries of such frivolity, that the

mere acquisition of academic titles should suffice to transform in a

pinch of time these votaries of levity into exemplary practitioners of

an art which most men anywise eminent have esteemed the noblest. But,

he further added, it is mayhap to relieve the pentup feelings that in

common oppress them for I have more than once observed that birds of a

feather laugh together.

But with what fitness, let it be asked of the noble lord, his patron,

has this alien, whom the concession of a gracious prince has admitted

to civic rights, constituted himself the lord paramount of our

internal polity? Where is now that gratitude which loyalty should have

counselled? During the recent war whenever the enemy had a temporary

advantage with his granados did this traitor to his kind not seize that

moment to discharge his piece against the empire of which he is a tenant

at will while he trembled for the security of his four per cents? Has he

forgotten this as he forgets all benefits received? Or is it that from

being a deluder of others he has become at last his own dupe as he is,

if report belie him not, his own and his only enjoyer? Far be it from

candour to violate the bedchamber of a respectable lady, the daughter of

a gallant major, or to cast the most distant reflections upon her

virtue but if he challenges attention there (as it was indeed highly his

interest not to have done) then be it so. Unhappy woman, she has been

too long and too persistently denied her legitimate prerogative to

listen to his objurgations with any other feeling than the derision of

the desperate. He says this, a censor of morals, a very pelican in his

piety, who did not scruple, oblivious of the ties of nature, to attempt

illicit intercourse with a female domestic drawn from the lowest strata

of society! Nay, had the hussy's scouringbrush not been her tutelary

angel, it had gone with her as hard as with Hagar, the Egyptian! In the

question of the grazing lands his peevish asperity is notorious and in

Mr Cuffe's hearing brought upon him from an indignant rancher a scathing

retort couched in terms as straightforward as they were bucolic. It ill

becomes him to preach that gospel. Has he not nearer home a seedfield

that lies fallow for the want of the ploughshare? A habit reprehensible

at puberty is second nature and an opprobrium in middle life. If he must

dispense his balm of Gilead in nostrums and apothegms of dubious taste

to restore to health a generation of unfledged profligates let his

practice consist better with the doctrines that now engross him. His

marital breast is the repository of secrets which decorum is reluctant

to adduce. The lewd suggestions of some faded beauty may console him for

a consort neglected and debauched but this new exponent of morals and

healer of ills is at his best an exotic tree which, when rooted in

its native orient, throve and flourished and was abundant in balm

but, transplanted to a clime more temperate, its roots have lost their

quondam vigour while the stuff that comes away from it is stagnant, acid

and inoperative.

The news was imparted with a circumspection recalling the ceremonial

usage of the Sublime Porte by the second female infirmarian to the

junior medical officer in residence, who in his turn announced to the

delegation that an heir had been born, When he had betaken himself

to the women's apartment to assist at the prescribed ceremony of the

afterbirth in the presence of the secretary of state for domestic

affairs and the members of the privy council, silent in unanimous

exhaustion and approbation the delegates, chafing under the length and

solemnity of their vigil and hoping that the joyful occurrence would

palliate a licence which the simultaneous absence of abigail and

obstetrician rendered the easier, broke out at once into a strife of

tongues. In vain the voice of Mr Canvasser Bloom was heard endeavouring

to urge, to mollify, to refrain. The moment was too propitious for the

display of that discursiveness which seemed the only bond of union among

tempers so divergent. Every phase of the situation was successively

eviscerated: the prenatal repugnance of uterine brothers, the Caesarean

section, posthumity with respect to the father and, that rarer form,

with respect to the mother, the fratricidal case known as the Childs

Murder and rendered memorable by the impassioned plea of Mr Advocate

Bushe which secured the acquittal of the wrongfully accused, the

rights of primogeniture and king's bounty touching twins and triplets,

miscarriages and infanticides, simulated or dissimulated, the acardiac

\_foetus in foetu\_ and aprosopia due to a congestion, the agnathia

of certain chinless Chinamen (cited by Mr Candidate Mulligan) in

consequence of defective reunion of the maxillary knobs along the medial

line so that (as he said) one ear could hear what the other spoke, the

benefits of anesthesia or twilight sleep, the prolongation of labour

pains in advanced gravidancy by reason of pressure on the vein, the

premature relentment of the amniotic fluid (as exemplified in the

actual case) with consequent peril of sepsis to the matrix, artificial

insemination by means of syringes, involution of the womb consequent

upon the menopause, the problem of the perpetration of the species in

the case of females impregnated by delinquent rape, that distressing

manner of delivery called by the Brandenburghers \_Sturzgeburt,\_ the

recorded instances of multiseminal, twikindled and monstrous births

conceived during the catamenic period or of consanguineous parents--in

a word all the cases of human nativity which Aristotle has classified

in his masterpiece with chromolithographic illustrations. The gravest

problems of obstetrics and forensic medicine were examined with as much

animation as the most popular beliefs on the state of pregnancy such as

the forbidding to a gravid woman to step over a countrystile lest,

by her movement, the navelcord should strangle her creature and

the injunction upon her in the event of a yearning, ardently and

ineffectually entertained, to place her hand against that part of her

person which long usage has consecrated as the seat of castigation.

The abnormalities of harelip, breastmole, supernumerary digits, negro's

inkle, strawberry mark and portwine stain were alleged by one as a

\_prima facie\_ and natural hypothetical explanation of those swineheaded

(the case of Madame Grissel Steevens was not forgotten) or doghaired

infants occasionally born. The hypothesis of a plasmic memory, advanced

by the Caledonian envoy and worthy of the metaphysical traditions of

the land he stood for, envisaged in such cases an arrest of embryonic

development at some stage antecedent to the human. An outlandish

delegate sustained against both these views, with such heat as almost

carried conviction, the theory of copulation between women and the males

of brutes, his authority being his own avouchment in support of fables

such as that of the Minotaur which the genius of the elegant Latin poet

has handed down to us in the pages of his Metamorphoses. The impression

made by his words was immediate but shortlived. It was effaced as easily

as it had been evoked by an allocution from Mr Candidate Mulligan in

that vein of pleasantry which none better than he knew how to affect,

postulating as the supremest object of desire a nice clean old man.

Contemporaneously, a heated argument having arisen between Mr Delegate

Madden and Mr Candidate Lynch regarding the juridical and theological

dilemma created in the event of one Siamese twin predeceasing the other,

the difficulty by mutual consent was referred to Mr Canvasser Bloom

for instant submittal to Mr Coadjutor Deacon Dedalus. Hitherto silent,

whether the better to show by preternatural gravity that curious dignity

of the garb with which he was invested or in obedience to an inward

voice, he delivered briefly and, as some thought, perfunctorily the

ecclesiastical ordinance forbidding man to put asunder what God has

joined.

But Malachias' tale began to freeze them with horror. He conjured up the

scene before them. The secret panel beside the chimney slid back and

in the recess appeared... Haines! Which of us did not feel his flesh

creep! He had a portfolio full of Celtic literature in one hand, in the

other a phial marked \_Poison.\_ Surprise, horror, loathing were depicted

on all faces while he eyed them with a ghostly grin. I anticipated some

such reception, he began with an eldritch laugh, for which, it seems,

history is to blame. Yes, it is true. I am the murderer of Samuel

Childs. And how I am punished! The inferno has no terrors for me. This

is the appearance is on me. Tare and ages, what way would I be resting

at all, he muttered thickly, and I tramping Dublin this while back

with my share of songs and himself after me the like of a soulth or a

bullawurrus? My hell, and Ireland's, is in this life. It is what I tried

to obliterate my crime. Distractions, rookshooting, the Erse language

(he recited some), laudanum (he raised the phial to his lips), camping

out. In vain! His spectre stalks me. Dope is my only hope... Ah!

Destruction! The black panther! With a cry he suddenly vanished and the

panel slid back. An instant later his head appeared in the door opposite

and said: Meet me at Westland Row station at ten past eleven. He was

gone. Tears gushed from the eyes of the dissipated host. The seer

raised his hand to heaven, murmuring: The vendetta of Mananaun! The

sage repeated: \_Lex talionis\_. The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy

without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done. Malachias,

overcome by emotion, ceased. The mystery was unveiled. Haines was the

third brother. His real name was Childs. The black panther was himself

the ghost of his own father. He drank drugs to obliterate. For this

relief much thanks. The lonely house by the graveyard is uninhabited.

No soul will live there. The spider pitches her web in the solitude.

The nocturnal rat peers from his hole. A curse is on it. It is haunted.

Murderer's ground.

What is the age of the soul of man? As she hath the virtue of the

chameleon to change her hue at every new approach, to be gay with the

merry and mournful with the downcast, so too is her age changeable as

her mood. No longer is Leopold, as he sits there, ruminating, chewing

the cud of reminiscence, that staid agent of publicity and holder of a

modest substance in the funds. A score of years are blown away. He is

young Leopold. There, as in a retrospective arrangement, a mirror within

a mirror (hey, presto!), he beholdeth himself. That young figure of then

is seen, precociously manly, walking on a nipping morning from the old

house in Clanbrassil street to the high school, his booksatchel on

him bandolierwise, and in it a goodly hunk of wheaten loaf, a mother's

thought. Or it is the same figure, a year or so gone over, in his first

hard hat (ah, that was a day!), already on the road, a fullfledged

traveller for the family firm, equipped with an orderbook, a scented

handkerchief (not for show only), his case of bright trinketware (alas!

a thing now of the past!) and a quiverful of compliant smiles for this

or that halfwon housewife reckoning it out upon her fingertips or for

a budding virgin, shyly acknowledging (but the heart? tell me!) his

studied baisemoins. The scent, the smile, but, more than these, the dark

eyes and oleaginous address, brought home at duskfall many a commission

to the head of the firm, seated with Jacob's pipe after like labours in

the paternal ingle (a meal of noodles, you may be sure, is aheating),

reading through round horned spectacles some paper from the Europe of a

month before. But hey, presto, the mirror is breathed on and the young

knighterrant recedes, shrivels, dwindles to a tiny speck within the

mist. Now he is himself paternal and these about him might be his

sons. Who can say? The wise father knows his own child. He thinks of a

drizzling night in Hatch street, hard by the bonded stores there, the

first. Together (she is a poor waif, a child of shame, yours and mine

and of all for a bare shilling and her luckpenny), together they hear

the heavy tread of the watch as two raincaped shadows pass the new royal

university. Bridie! Bridie Kelly! He will never forget the name, ever

remember the night: first night, the bridenight. They are entwined

in nethermost darkness, the willer with the willed, and in an instant

(\_fiat\_!) light shall flood the world. Did heart leap to heart? Nay,

fair reader. In a breath 'twas done but--hold! Back! It must not be! In

terror the poor girl flees away through the murk. She is the bride of

darkness, a daughter of night. She dare not bear the sunnygolden babe

of day. No, Leopold. Name and memory solace thee not. That youthful

illusion of thy strength was taken from thee--and in vain. No son of thy

loins is by thee. There is none now to be for Leopold, what Leopold was

for Rudolph.

The voices blend and fuse in clouded silence: silence that is the

infinite of space: and swiftly, silently the soul is wafted over regions

of cycles of generations that have lived. A region where grey twilight

ever descends, never falls on wide sagegreen pasturefields, shedding her

dusk, scattering a perennial dew of stars. She follows her mother with

ungainly steps, a mare leading her fillyfoal. Twilight phantoms

are they, yet moulded in prophetic grace of structure, slim shapely

haunches, a supple tendonous neck, the meek apprehensive skull. They

fade, sad phantoms: all is gone. Agendath is a waste land, a home of

screechowls and the sandblind upupa. Netaim, the golden, is no more. And

on the highway of the clouds they come, muttering thunder of rebellion,

the ghosts of beasts. Huuh! Hark! Huuh! Parallax stalks behind and goads

them, the lancinating lightnings of whose brow are scorpions. Elk and

yak, the bulls of Bashan and of Babylon, mammoth and mastodon, they come

trooping to the sunken sea, \_Lacus Mortis\_. Ominous revengeful zodiacal

host! They moan, passing upon the clouds, horned and capricorned, the

trumpeted with the tusked, the lionmaned, the giantantlered, snouter

and crawler, rodent, ruminant and pachyderm, all their moving moaning

multitude, murderers of the sun.

Onward to the dead sea they tramp to drink, unslaked and with horrible

gulpings, the salt somnolent inexhaustible flood. And the equine portent

grows again, magnified in the deserted heavens, nay to heaven's own

magnitude, till it looms, vast, over the house of Virgo. And lo, wonder

of metempsychosis, it is she, the everlasting bride, harbinger of the

daystar, the bride, ever virgin. It is she, Martha, thou lost one,

Millicent, the young, the dear, the radiant. How serene does she now

arise, a queen among the Pleiades, in the penultimate antelucan hour,

shod in sandals of bright gold, coifed with a veil of what do you call

it gossamer. It floats, it flows about her starborn flesh and loose it

streams, emerald, sapphire, mauve and heliotrope, sustained on currents

of the cold interstellar wind, winding, coiling, simply swirling,

writhing in the skies a mysterious writing till, after a myriad

metamorphoses of symbol, it blazes, Alpha, a ruby and triangled sign

upon the forehead of Taurus.

Francis was reminding Stephen of years before when they had been at

school together in Conmee's time. He asked about Glaucon, Alcibiades,

Pisistratus. Where were they now? Neither knew. You have spoken of the

past and its phantoms, Stephen said. Why think of them? If I call them

into life across the waters of Lethe will not the poor ghosts troop to

my call? Who supposes it? I, Bous Stephanoumenos, bullockbefriending

bard, am lord and giver of their life. He encircled his gadding hair

with a coronal of vineleaves, smiling at Vincent. That answer and those

leaves, Vincent said to him, will adorn you more fitly when something

more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes can call your genius

father. All who wish you well hope this for you. All desire to see

you bring forth the work you meditate, to acclaim you Stephaneforos. I

heartily wish you may not fail them. O no, Vincent Lenehan said, laying

a hand on the shoulder near him. Have no fear. He could not leave his

mother an orphan. The young man's face grew dark. All could see how hard

it was for him to be reminded of his promise and of his recent loss. He

would have withdrawn from the feast had not the noise of voices allayed

the smart. Madden had lost five drachmas on Sceptre for a whim of the

rider's name: Lenehan as much more. He told them of the race. The flag

fell and, huuh! off, scamper, the mare ran out freshly with 0. Madden

up. She was leading the field. All hearts were beating. Even Phyllis

could not contain herself. She waved her scarf and cried: Huzzah!

Sceptre wins! But in the straight on the run home when all were in close

order the dark horse Throwaway drew level, reached, outstripped her. All

was lost now. Phyllis was silent: her eyes were sad anemones. Juno, she

cried, I am undone. But her lover consoled her and brought her a bright

casket of gold in which lay some oval sugarplums which she partook. A

tear fell: one only. A whacking fine whip, said Lenehan, is W. Lane.

Four winners yesterday and three today. What rider is like him? Mount

him on the camel or the boisterous buffalo the victory in a hack canter

is still his. But let us bear it as was the ancient wont. Mercy on the

luckless! Poor Sceptre! he said with a light sigh. She is not the filly

that she was. Never, by this hand, shall we behold such another. By gad,

sir, a queen of them. Do you remember her, Vincent? I wish you could

have seen my queen today, Vincent said. How young she was and radiant

(Lalage were scarce fair beside her) in her yellow shoes and frock of

muslin, I do not know the right name of it. The chestnuts that shaded

us were in bloom: the air drooped with their persuasive odour and with

pollen floating by us. In the sunny patches one might easily have

cooked on a stone a batch of those buns with Corinth fruit in them that

Periplipomenes sells in his booth near the bridge. But she had nought

for her teeth but the arm with which I held her and in that she nibbled

mischievously when I pressed too close. A week ago she lay ill, four

days on the couch, but today she was free, blithe, mocked at peril.

She is more taking then. Her posies tool Mad romp that she is, she had

pulled her fill as we reclined together. And in your ear, my friend, you

will not think who met us as we left the field. Conmee himself! He was

walking by the hedge, reading, I think a brevier book with, I doubt not,

a witty letter in it from Glycera or Chloe to keep the page. The sweet

creature turned all colours in her confusion, feigning to reprove a

slight disorder in her dress: a slip of underwood clung there for the

very trees adore her. When Conmee had passed she glanced at her lovely

echo in that little mirror she carries. But he had been kind. In going

by he had blessed us. The gods too are ever kind, Lenehan said. If I had

poor luck with Bass's mare perhaps this draught of his may serve me more

propensely. He was laying his hand upon a winejar: Malachi saw it and

withheld his act, pointing to the stranger and to the scarlet label.

Warily, Malachi whispered, preserve a druid silence. His soul is far

away. It is as painful perhaps to be awakened from a vision as to be

born. Any object, intensely regarded, may be a gate of access to the

incorruptible eon of the gods. Do you not think it, Stephen? Theosophos

told me so, Stephen answered, whom in a previous existence Egyptian

priests initiated into the mysteries of karmic law. The lords of the

moon, Theosophos told me, an orangefiery shipload from planet Alpha

of the lunar chain would not assume the etheric doubles and these

were therefore incarnated by the rubycoloured egos from the second

constellation.

However, as a matter of fact though, the preposterous surmise about him

being in some description of a doldrums or other or mesmerised which

was entirely due to a misconception of the shallowest character, was

not the case at all. The individual whose visual organs while the above

was going on were at this juncture commencing to exhibit symptoms of

animation was as astute if not astuter than any man living and anybody

that conjectured the contrary would have found themselves pretty

speedily in the wrong shop. During the past four minutes or thereabouts

he had been staring hard at a certain amount of number one Bass bottled

by Messrs Bass and Co at Burton-on-Trent which happened to be situated

amongst a lot of others right opposite to where he was and which was

certainly calculated to attract anyone's remark on account of its

scarlet appearance. He was simply and solely, as it subsequently

transpired for reasons best known to himself, which put quite an

altogether different complexion on the proceedings, after the moment

before's observations about boyhood days and the turf, recollecting two

or three private transactions of his own which the other two were as

mutually innocent of as the babe unborn. Eventually, however, both

their eyes met and as soon as it began to dawn on him that the other was

endeavouring to help himself to the thing he involuntarily determined

to help him himself and so he accordingly took hold of the neck of the

mediumsized glass recipient which contained the fluid sought after and

made a capacious hole in it by pouring a lot of it out with, also at the

same time, however, a considerable degree of attentiveness in order not

to upset any of the beer that was in it about the place.

The debate which ensued was in its scope and progress an epitome of the

course of life. Neither place nor council was lacking in dignity. The

debaters were the keenest in the land, the theme they were engaged on

the loftiest and most vital. The high hall of Horne's house had never

beheld an assembly so representative and so varied nor had the

old rafters of that establishment ever listened to a language so

encyclopaedic. A gallant scene in truth it made. Crotthers was there at

the foot of the table in his striking Highland garb, his face glowing

from the briny airs of the Mull of Galloway. There too, opposite to him,

was Lynch whose countenance bore already the stigmata of early depravity

and premature wisdom. Next the Scotchman was the place assigned to

Costello, the eccentric, while at his side was seated in stolid repose

the squat form of Madden. The chair of the resident indeed stood vacant

before the hearth but on either flank of it the figure of Bannon in

explorer's kit of tweed shorts and salted cowhide brogues contrasted

sharply with the primrose elegance and townbred manners of Malachi

Roland St John Mulligan. Lastly at the head of the board was the young

poet who found a refuge from his labours of pedagogy and metaphysical

inquisition in the convivial atmosphere of Socratic discussion, while

to right and left of him were accommodated the flippant prognosticator,

fresh from the hippodrome, and that vigilant wanderer, soiled by the

dust of travel and combat and stained by the mire of an indelible

dishonour, but from whose steadfast and constant heart no lure or peril

or threat or degradation could ever efface the image of that voluptuous

loveliness which the inspired pencil of Lafayette has limned for ages

yet to come.

It had better be stated here and now at the outset that the perverted

transcendentalism to which Mr S. Dedalus' (Div. Scep.) contentions

would appear to prove him pretty badly addicted runs directly counter to

accepted scientific methods. Science, it cannot be too often repeated,

deals with tangible phenomena. The man of science like the man in the

street has to face hardheaded facts that cannot be blinked and explain

them as best he can. There may be, it is true, some questions which

science cannot answer--at present--such as the first problem submitted

by Mr L. Bloom (Pubb. Canv.) regarding the future determination of sex.

Must we accept the view of Empedocles of Trinacria that the right ovary

(the postmenstrual period, assert others) is responsible for the birth

of males or are the too long neglected spermatozoa or nemasperms the

differentiating factors or is it, as most embryologists incline to

opine, such as Culpepper, Spallanzani, Blumenbach, Lusk, Hertwig,

Leopold and Valenti, a mixture of both? This would be tantamount to

a cooperation (one of nature's favourite devices) between the \_nisus

formativus\_ of the nemasperm on the one hand and on the other a happily

chosen position, \_succubitus felix\_ of the passive element. The other

problem raised by the same inquirer is scarcely less vital: infant

mortality. It is interesting because, as he pertinently remarks, we

are all born in the same way but we all die in different ways. Mr M.

Mulligan (Hyg. et Eug. Doc.) blames the sanitary conditions in which

our greylunged citizens contract adenoids, pulmonary complaints etc. by

inhaling the bacteria which lurk in dust. These factors, he alleged,

and the revolting spectacles offered by our streets, hideous publicity

posters, religious ministers of all denominations, mutilated soldiers

and sailors, exposed scorbutic cardrivers, the suspended carcases of

dead animals, paranoic bachelors and unfructified duennas--these, he

said, were accountable for any and every fallingoff in the calibre of

the race. Kalipedia, he prophesied, would soon be generally adopted

and all the graces of life, genuinely good music, agreeable literature,

light philosophy, instructive pictures, plastercast reproductions of

the classical statues such as Venus and Apollo, artistic coloured

photographs of prize babies, all these little attentions would enable

ladies who were in a particular condition to pass the intervening months

in a most enjoyable manner. Mr J. Crotthers (Disc. Bacc.) attributes

some of these demises to abdominal trauma in the case of women workers

subjected to heavy labours in the workshop and to marital discipline in

the home but by far the vast majority to neglect, private or official,

culminating in the exposure of newborn infants, the practice of criminal

abortion or in the atrocious crime of infanticide. Although the former

(we are thinking of neglect) is undoubtedly only too true the case he

cites of nurses forgetting to count the sponges in the peritoneal cavity

is too rare to be normative. In fact when one comes to look into it the

wonder is that so many pregnancies and deliveries go off so well as they

do, all things considered and in spite of our human shortcomings which

often baulk nature in her intentions. An ingenious suggestion is

that thrown out by Mr V. Lynch (Bacc. Arith.) that both natality and

mortality, as well as all other phenomena of evolution, tidal movements,

lunar phases, blood temperatures, diseases in general, everything, in

fine, in nature's vast workshop from the extinction of some remote sun

to the blossoming of one of the countless flowers which beautify our

public parks is subject to a law of numeration as yet unascertained.

Still the plain straightforward question why a child of normally healthy

parents and seemingly a healthy child and properly looked after succumbs

unaccountably in early childhood (though other children of the same

marriage do not) must certainly, in the poet's words, give us pause.

Nature, we may rest assured, has her own good and cogent reasons for

whatever she does and in all probability such deaths are due to some law

of anticipation by which organisms in which morbous germs have taken

up their residence (modern science has conclusively shown that only the

plasmic substance can be said to be immortal) tend to disappear at an

increasingly earlier stage of development, an arrangement which, though

productive of pain to some of our feelings (notably the maternal), is

nevertheless, some of us think, in the long run beneficial to the

race in general in securing thereby the survival of the fittest. Mr S.

Dedalus' (Div. Scep.) remark (or should it be called an interruption?)

that an omnivorous being which can masticate, deglute, digest and

apparently pass through the ordinary channel with pluterperfect

imperturbability such multifarious aliments as cancrenous females

emaciated by parturition, corpulent professional gentlemen, not to speak

of jaundiced politicians and chlorotic nuns, might possibly find gastric

relief in an innocent collation of staggering bob, reveals as nought

else could and in a very unsavoury light the tendency above alluded to.

For the enlightenment of those who are not so intimately acquainted with

the minutiae of the municipal abattoir as this morbidminded esthete and

embryo philosopher who for all his overweening bumptiousness in things

scientific can scarcely distinguish an acid from an alkali prides

himself on being, it should perhaps be stated that staggering bob in

the vile parlance of our lowerclass licensed victuallers signifies the

cookable and eatable flesh of a calf newly dropped from its mother. In

a recent public controversy with Mr L. Bloom (Pubb. Canv.) which took

place in the commons' hall of the National Maternity Hospital, 29, 30

and 31 Holles street, of which, as is well known, Dr A. Horne (Lic. in

Midw., F. K. Q. C. P. I.) is the able and popular master, he is reported

by eyewitnesses as having stated that once a woman has let the cat

into the bag (an esthete's allusion, presumably, to one of the most

complicated and marvellous of all nature's processes--the act of sexual

congress) she must let it out again or give it life, as he phrased it,

to save her own. At the risk of her own, was the telling rejoinder of

his interlocutor, none the less effective for the moderate and measured

tone in which it was delivered.

Meanwhile the skill and patience of the physician had brought about a

happy \_accouchement.\_ It had been a weary weary while both for patient

and doctor. All that surgical skill could do was done and the brave

woman had manfully helped. She had. She had fought the good fight and

now she was very very happy. Those who have passed on, who have gone

before, are happy too as they gaze down and smile upon the touching

scene. Reverently look at her as she reclines there with the motherlight

in her eyes, that longing hunger for baby fingers (a pretty sight it is

to see), in the first bloom of her new motherhood, breathing a silent

prayer of thanksgiving to One above, the Universal Husband. And as her

loving eyes behold her babe she wishes only one blessing more, to have

her dear Doady there with her to share her joy, to lay in his arms that

mite of God's clay, the fruit of their lawful embraces. He is older now

(you and I may whisper it) and a trifle stooped in the shoulders yet

in the whirligig of years a grave dignity has come to the conscientious

second accountant of the Ulster bank, College Green branch. O Doady,

loved one of old, faithful lifemate now, it may never be again, that

faroff time of the roses! With the old shake of her pretty head she

recalls those days. God! How beautiful now across the mist of years! But

their children are grouped in her imagination about the bedside, hers

and his, Charley, Mary Alice, Frederick Albert (if he had lived), Mamy,

Budgy (Victoria Frances), Tom, Violet Constance Louisa, darling little

Bobsy (called after our famous hero of the South African war, lord Bobs

of Waterford and Candahar) and now this last pledge of their union, a

Purefoy if ever there was one, with the true Purefoy nose. Young hopeful

will be christened Mortimer Edward after the influential third cousin of

Mr Purefoy in the Treasury Remembrancer's office, Dublin Castle. And so

time wags on: but father Cronion has dealt lightly here. No, let no sigh

break from that bosom, dear gentle Mina. And Doady, knock the ashes from

your pipe, the seasoned briar you still fancy when the curfew rings for

you (may it be the distant day!) and dout the light whereby you read

in the Sacred Book for the oil too has run low, and so with a tranquil

heart to bed, to rest. He knows and will call in His own good time. You

too have fought the good fight and played loyally your man's part. Sir,

to you my hand. Well done, thou good and faithful servant!

There are sins or (let us call them as the world calls them) evil

memories which are hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart

but they abide there and wait. He may suffer their memory to grow dim,

let them be as though they had not been and all but persuade himself

that they were not or at least were otherwise. Yet a chance word will

call them forth suddenly and they will rise up to confront him in the

most various circumstances, a vision or a dream, or while timbrel

and harp soothe his senses or amid the cool silver tranquility of the

evening or at the feast, at midnight, when he is now filled with wine.

Not to insult over him will the vision come as over one that lies under

her wrath, not for vengeance to cut him off from the living but shrouded

in the piteous vesture of the past, silent, remote, reproachful.

The stranger still regarded on the face before him a slow recession of

that false calm there, imposed, as it seemed, by habit or some studied

trick, upon words so embittered as to accuse in their speaker an

unhealthiness, a \_flair,\_ for the cruder things of life. A scene

disengages itself in the observer's memory, evoked, it would seem, by

a word of so natural a homeliness as if those days were really present

there (as some thought) with their immediate pleasures. A shaven space

of lawn one soft May evening, the wellremembered grove of lilacs at

Roundtown, purple and white, fragrant slender spectators of the game but

with much real interest in the pellets as they run slowly forward over

the sward or collide and stop, one by its fellow, with a brief alert

shock. And yonder about that grey urn where the water moves at times

in thoughtful irrigation you saw another as fragrant sisterhood, Floey,

Atty, Tiny and their darker friend with I know not what of arresting in

her pose then, Our Lady of the Cherries, a comely brace of them pendent

from an ear, bringing out the foreign warmth of the skin so daintily

against the cool ardent fruit. A lad of four or five in linseywoolsey

(blossomtime but there will be cheer in the kindly hearth when ere long

the bowls are gathered and hutched) is standing on the urn secured by

that circle of girlish fond hands. He frowns a little just as this young

man does now with a perhaps too conscious enjoyment of the danger but

must needs glance at whiles towards where his mother watches from the

PIAZZETTA giving upon the flowerclose with a faint shadow of remoteness

or of reproach (\_alles Vergangliche\_) in her glad look.

Mark this farther and remember. The end comes suddenly. Enter that

antechamber of birth where the studious are assembled and note their

faces. Nothing, as it seems, there of rash or violent. Quietude of

custody, rather, befitting their station in that house, the vigilant

watch of shepherds and of angels about a crib in Bethlehem of Juda long

ago. But as before the lightning the serried stormclouds, heavy with

preponderant excess of moisture, in swollen masses turgidly distended,

compass earth and sky in one vast slumber, impending above parched field

and drowsy oxen and blighted growth of shrub and verdure till in an

instant a flash rives their centres and with the reverberation of the

thunder the cloudburst pours its torrent, so and not otherwise was the

transformation, violent and instantaneous, upon the utterance of the

word.

Burke's! outflings my lord Stephen, giving the cry, and a tag and

bobtail of all them after, cockerel, jackanapes, welsher, pilldoctor,

punctual Bloom at heels with a universal grabbing at headgear,

ashplants, bilbos, Panama hats and scabbards, Zermatt alpenstocks and

what not. A dedale of lusty youth, noble every student there. Nurse

Callan taken aback in the hallway cannot stay them nor smiling surgeon

coming downstairs with news of placentation ended, a full pound if a

milligramme. They hark him on. The door! It is open? Ha! They are out,

tumultuously, off for a minute's race, all bravely legging it, Burke's

of Denzille and Holles their ulterior goal. Dixon follows giving them

sharp language but raps out an oath, he too, and on. Bloom stays with

nurse a thought to send a kind word to happy mother and nurseling up

there. Doctor Diet and Doctor Quiet. Looks she too not other now? Ward

of watching in Horne's house has told its tale in that washedout pallor.

Then all being gone, a glance of motherwit helping, he whispers close in

going: Madam, when comes the storkbird for thee?

The air without is impregnated with raindew moisture, life essence

celestial, glistening on Dublin stone there under starshiny \_coelum.\_

God's air, the Allfather's air, scintillant circumambient cessile air.

Breathe it deep into thee. By heaven, Theodore Purefoy, thou hast done a

doughty deed and no botch! Thou art, I vow, the remarkablest progenitor

barring none in this chaffering allincluding most farraginous chronicle.

Astounding! In her lay a Godframed Godgiven preformed possibility which

thou hast fructified with thy modicum of man's work. Cleave to her!

Serve! Toil on, labour like a very bandog and let scholarment and all

Malthusiasts go hang. Thou art all their daddies, Theodore. Art drooping

under thy load, bemoiled with butcher's bills at home and ingots (not

thine!) in the countinghouse? Head up! For every newbegotten thou shalt

gather thy homer of ripe wheat. See, thy fleece is drenched. Dost envy

Darby Dullman there with his Joan? A canting jay and a rheumeyed

curdog is all their progeny. Pshaw, I tell thee! He is a mule, a dead

gasteropod, without vim or stamina, not worth a cracked kreutzer.

Copulation without population! No, say I! Herod's slaughter of the

innocents were the truer name. Vegetables, forsooth, and sterile

cohabitation! Give her beefsteaks, red, raw, bleeding! She is a hoary

pandemonium of ills, enlarged glands, mumps, quinsy, bunions, hayfever,

bedsores, ringworm, floating kidney, Derbyshire neck, warts, bilious

attacks, gallstones, cold feet, varicose veins. A truce to threnes and

trentals and jeremies and all such congenital defunctive music! Twenty

years of it, regret them not. With thee it was not as with many that

will and would and wait and never--do. Thou sawest thy America, thy

lifetask, and didst charge to cover like the transpontine bison. How

saith Zarathustra? \_Deine Kuh TrÃ¼bsal melkest Du. Nun Trinkst Du die

sÃ¼sse Milch des Euters\_. See! it displodes for thee in abundance. Drink,

man, an udderful! Mother's milk, Purefoy, the milk of human kin, milk

too of those burgeoning stars overhead rutilant in thin rainvapour,

punch milk, such as those rioters will quaff in their guzzling den, milk

of madness, the honeymilk of Canaan's land. Thy cow's dug was tough,

what? Ay, but her milk is hot and sweet and fattening. No dollop this

but thick rich bonnyclaber. To her, old patriarch! Pap! \_Per deam

Partulam et Pertundam nunc est bibendum\_!

All off for a buster, armstrong, hollering down the street. Bonafides.

Where you slep las nigh? Timothy of the battered naggin. Like ole

Billyo. Any brollies or gumboots in the fambly? Where the Henry Nevil's

sawbones and ole clo? Sorra one o' me knows. Hurrah there, Dix! Forward

to the ribbon counter. Where's Punch? All serene. Jay, look at the

drunken minister coming out of the maternity hospal! \_Benedicat vos

omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius\_. A make, mister. The Denzille lane

boys. Hell, blast ye! Scoot. Righto, Isaacs, shove em out of the

bleeding limelight. Yous join uz, dear sir? No hentrusion in life. Lou

heap good man. Allee samee dis bunch. \_En avant, mes enfants\_! Fire

away number one on the gun. Burke's! Burke's! Thence they advanced five

parasangs. Slattery's mounted foot. Where's that bleeding awfur? Parson

Steve, apostates' creed! No, no, Mulligan! Abaft there! Shove ahead.

Keep a watch on the clock. Chuckingout time. Mullee! What's on you? \_Ma

mÃ¨re m'a mariÃ©e.\_ British Beatitudes! \_Retamplatan Digidi Boumboum\_.

Ayes have it. To be printed and bound at the Druiddrum press by two

designing females. Calf covers of pissedon green. Last word in art

shades. Most beautiful book come out of Ireland my time. \_Silentium!\_

Get a spurt on. Tention. Proceed to nearest canteen and there annex

liquor stores. March! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are (atitudes!)

parching. Beer, beef, business, bibles, bulldogs battleships, buggery

and bishops. Whether on the scaffold high. Beer, beef, trample the

bibles. When for Irelandear. Trample the trampellers. Thunderation! Keep

the durned millingtary step. We fall. Bishops boosebox. Halt! Heave to.

Rugger. Scrum in. No touch kicking. Wow, my tootsies! You hurt? Most

amazingly sorry!

Query. Who's astanding this here do? Proud possessor of damnall. Declare

misery. Bet to the ropes. Me nantee saltee. Not a red at me this week

gone. Yours? Mead of our fathers for the \_Ãbermensch.\_ Dittoh. Five

number ones. You, sir? Ginger cordial. Chase me, the cabby's caudle.

Stimulate the caloric. Winding of his ticker. Stopped short never to go

again when the old. Absinthe for me, savvy? \_Caramba!\_ Have an eggnog or

a prairie oyster. Enemy? Avuncular's got my timepiece. Ten to. Obligated

awful. Don't mention it. Got a pectoral trauma, eh, Dix? Pos fact. Got

bet be a boomblebee whenever he wus settin sleepin in hes bit garten.

Digs up near the Mater. Buckled he is. Know his dona? Yup, sartin I do.

Full of a dure. See her in her dishybilly. Peels off a credit. Lovey

lovekin. None of your lean kine, not much. Pull down the blind, love.

Two Ardilauns. Same here. Look slippery. If you fall don't wait to get

up. Five, seven, nine. Fine! Got a prime pair of mincepies, no kid. And

her take me to rests and her anker of rum. Must be seen to be believed.

Your starving eyes and allbeplastered neck you stole my heart, O

gluepot. Sir? Spud again the rheumatiz? All poppycock, you'll scuse me

saying. For the hoi polloi. I vear thee beest a gert vool. Well, doc?

Back fro Lapland? Your corporosity sagaciating O K? How's the squaws

and papooses? Womanbody after going on the straw? Stand and deliver.

Password. There's hair. Ours the white death and the ruddy birth. Hi!

Spit in your own eye, boss! Mummer's wire. Cribbed out of Meredith.

Jesified, orchidised, polycimical jesuit! Aunty mine's writing Pa Kinch.

Baddybad Stephen lead astray goodygood Malachi.

Hurroo! Collar the leather, youngun. Roun wi the nappy. Here, Jock braw

Hielentman's your barleybree. Lang may your lum reek and your kailpot

boil! My tipple. \_Merci.\_ Here's to us. How's that? Leg before wicket.

Don't stain my brandnew sitinems. Give's a shake of peppe, you there.

Catch aholt. Caraway seed to carry away. Twig? Shrieks of silence. Every

cove to his gentry mort. Venus Pandemos. \_Les petites femmes\_. Bold bad

girl from the town of Mullingar. Tell her I was axing at her. Hauding

Sara by the wame. On the road to Malahide. Me? If she who seduced me had

left but the name. What do you want for ninepence? Machree, macruiskeen.

Smutty Moll for a mattress jig. And a pull all together. \_Ex!\_

Waiting, guvnor? Most deciduously. Bet your boots on. Stunned like,

seeing as how no shiners is acoming. Underconstumble? He've got the

chink \_ad lib\_. Seed near free poun on un a spell ago a said war hisn.

Us come right in on your invite, see? Up to you, matey. Out with the

oof. Two bar and a wing. You larn that go off of they there Frenchy

bilks? Won't wash here for nuts nohow. Lil chile velly solly. Ise de

cutest colour coon down our side. Gawds teruth, Chawley. We are nae fou.

We're nae tha fou. Au reservoir, mossoo. Tanks you.

'Tis, sure. What say? In the speakeasy. Tight. I shee you, shir. Bantam,

two days teetee. Bowsing nowt but claretwine. Garn! Have a glint, do.

Gum, I'm jiggered. And been to barber he have. Too full for words. With

a railway bloke. How come you so? Opera he'd like? Rose of Castile. Rows

of cast. Police! Some H2O for a gent fainted. Look at Bantam's flowers.

Gemini. He's going to holler. The colleen bawn. My colleen bawn. O,

cheese it! Shut his blurry Dutch oven with a firm hand. Had the winner

today till I tipped him a dead cert. The ruffin cly the nab of Stephen

Hand as give me the jady coppaleen. He strike a telegramboy paddock wire

big bug Bass to the depot. Shove him a joey and grahamise. Mare on form

hot order. Guinea to a goosegog. Tell a cram, that. Gospeltrue. Criminal

diversion? I think that yes. Sure thing. Land him in chokeechokee if the

harman beck copped the game. Madden back Madden's a maddening back. O

lust our refuge and our strength. Decamping. Must you go? Off to mammy.

Stand by. Hide my blushes someone. All in if he spots me. Come ahome,

our Bantam. Horryvar, mong vioo. Dinna forget the cowslips for hersel.

Cornfide. Wha gev ye thon colt? Pal to pal. Jannock. Of John Thomas, her

spouse. No fake, old man Leo. S'elp me, honest injun. Shiver my timbers

if I had. There's a great big holy friar. Vyfor you no me tell? Vel,

I ses, if that aint a sheeny nachez, vel, I vil get misha mishinnah.

Through yerd our lord, Amen.

You move a motion? Steve boy, you're going it some. More bluggy

drunkables? Will immensely splendiferous stander permit one stooder of

most extreme poverty and one largesize grandacious thirst to terminate

one expensive inaugurated libation? Give's a breather. Landlord,

landlord, have you good wine, staboo? Hoots, mon, a wee drap to pree.

Cut and come again. Right. Boniface! Absinthe the lot. \_Nos omnes

biberimus viridum toxicum diabolus capiat posterioria nostria\_.

Closingtime, gents. Eh? Rome boose for the Bloom toff. I hear you say

onions? Bloo? Cadges ads. Photo's papli, by all that's gorgeous. Play

low, pardner. Slide. \_Bonsoir la compagnie\_. And snares of the poxfiend.

Where's the buck and Namby Amby? Skunked? Leg bail. Aweel, ye maun e'en

gang yer gates. Checkmate. King to tower. Kind Kristyann wil yu help

yung man hoose frend tuk bungellow kee tu find plais whear tu lay crown

of his hed 2 night. Crickey, I'm about sprung. Tarnally dog gone my

shins if this beent the bestest puttiest longbreak yet. Item, curate,

couple of cookies for this child. Cot's plood and prandypalls, none! Not

a pite of sheeses? Thrust syphilis down to hell and with him those other

licensed spirits. Time, gents! Who wander through the world. Health all!

\_a la vÃ´tre\_!

Golly, whatten tunket's yon guy in the mackintosh? Dusty Rhodes. Peep

at his wearables. By mighty! What's he got? Jubilee mutton. Bovril,

by James. Wants it real bad. D'ye ken bare socks? Seedy cuss in the

Richmond? Rawthere! Thought he had a deposit of lead in his penis.

Trumpery insanity. Bartle the Bread we calls him. That, sir, was once

a prosperous cit. Man all tattered and torn that married a maiden all

forlorn. Slung her hook, she did. Here see lost love. Walking Mackintosh

of lonely canyon. Tuck and turn in. Schedule time. Nix for the hornies.

Pardon? Seen him today at a runefal? Chum o' yourn passed in his checks?

Ludamassy! Pore piccaninnies! Thou'll no be telling me thot, Pold veg!

Did ums blubble bigsplash crytears cos fren Padney was took off in black

bag? Of all de darkies Massa Pat was verra best. I never see the like

since I was born. \_Tiens, tiens\_, but it is well sad, that, my faith,

yes. O, get, rev on a gradient one in nine. Live axle drives are souped.

Lay you two to one Jenatzy licks him ruddy well hollow. Jappies? High

angle fire, inyah! Sunk by war specials. Be worse for him, says he, nor

any Rooshian. Time all. There's eleven of them. Get ye gone. Forward,

woozy wobblers! Night. Night. May Allah the Excellent One your soul this

night ever tremendously conserve.

Your attention! We're nae tha fou. The Leith police dismisseth us. The

least tholice. Ware hawks for the chap puking. Unwell in his abominable

regions. Yooka. Night. Mona, my true love. Yook. Mona, my own love. Ook.

Hark! Shut your obstropolos. Pflaap! Pflaap! Blaze on. There she goes.

Brigade! Bout ship. Mount street way. Cut up! Pflaap! Tally ho. You not

come? Run, skelter, race. Pflaaaap!

Lynch! Hey? Sign on long o' me. Denzille lane this way. Change here for

Bawdyhouse. We two, she said, will seek the kips where shady Mary is.

Righto, any old time. \_Laetabuntur in cubilibus suis\_. You coming long?

Whisper, who the sooty hell's the johnny in the black duds? Hush! Sinned

against the light and even now that day is at hand when he shall come to

judge the world by fire. Pflaap! \_Ut implerentur scripturae\_. Strike

up a ballad. Then outspake medical Dick to his comrade medical Davy.

Christicle, who's this excrement yellow gospeller on the Merrion

hall? Elijah is coming! Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Come on you

winefizzling, ginsizzling, booseguzzling existences! Come on, you

dog-gone, bullnecked, beetlebrowed, hogjowled, peanutbrained, weaseleyed

fourflushers, false alarms and excess baggage! Come on, you triple

extract of infamy! Alexander J Christ Dowie, that's my name, that's

yanked to glory most half this planet from Frisco beach to Vladivostok.

The Deity aint no nickel dime bumshow. I put it to you that He's on the

square and a corking fine business proposition. He's the grandest thing

yet and don't you forget it. Shout salvation in King Jesus. You'll

need to rise precious early you sinner there, if you want to diddle the

Almighty God. Pflaaaap! Not half. He's got a coughmixture with a punch

in it for you, my friend, in his back pocket. Just you try it on.

\_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 grimy houses with gaping

doors. Rare lamps with faint rainbow fins. Round Rabaiotti's halted ice

gondola stunted men and women squabble. They grab wafers between which

are wedged lumps of coral 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.\_

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

THE ANSWERS: Round behind the stable.

\_(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.)\_

THE CHILDREN: Kithogue! Salute!

THE IDIOT: \_(Lifts a palsied left arm and gurgles)\_ Grhahute!

THE CHILDREN: Where's the great light?

THE IDIOT: \_(Gobbing)\_ Ghaghahest.

\_(They release him. He jerks on. A pigmy woman swings on a rope slung

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

muffled by its arm and hat snores, 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

oillamp rams her 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 paper shuttlecock, 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 comer two night watch in

shouldercapes, 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 scrofulous child. Cissy Caffrey's voice, still young, sings shrill

from a lane.)\_

CISSY CAFFREY:

\_I gave it to Molly

Because she was jolly,

The leg of the duck,

The leg of the duck.\_

\_(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.)\_

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

CISSY CAFFREY: More luck to me. Cavan, Cootehill and Belturbet. \_(She

sings)\_

\_I gave it to Nelly

To stick in her belly,

The leg of the duck,

The leg of the duck.\_

\_(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.)\_

PRIVATE COMPTON: \_(Jerks his finger)\_ Way for the parson.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Turns and calls)\_ What ho, parson!

CISSY CAFFREY: \_(Her voice soaring higher)\_

\_She has it, she got it,

Wherever she put it,

The leg of the duck.\_

\_(Stephen, flourishing the ashplant in his left hand, chants with joy

the\_ introit \_for paschal time. Lynch, his jockeycap low on his brow,

attends him, a sneer of discontent wrinkling his face.)\_

STEPHEN: \_Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro. Alleluia\_.

\_(The famished snaggletusks of an elderly bawd protrude from a

doorway.)\_

THE BAWD: \_(Her voice whispering huskily)\_ Sst! Come here till I tell

you. Maidenhead inside. Sst!

STEPHEN: \_(Altius aliquantulum) Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista\_.

THE BAWD: \_(Spits in their trail her jet of venom)\_ Trinity medicals.

Fallopian tube. All prick and no pence.

\_(Edy Boardman, sniffling, crouched with bertha supple, draws her shawl

across her nostrils.)\_

EDY BOARDMAN: \_(Bickering)\_ 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, Kilbride, the enginedriver, and lancecorporal

Oliphant.

STEPHEN: \_(Ttriumphaliter) Salvi facti sunt.\_

\_(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.)\_

LYNCH: So that?

STEPHEN: (\_Looks behind\_) So that gesture, not music not odour, would be

a universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay

sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm.

LYNCH: Pornosophical philotheology. Metaphysics in Mecklenburgh street!

STEPHEN: We have shrewridden Shakespeare and henpecked Socrates. Even

the allwisest Stagyrite was bitted, bridled and mounted by a light of

love.

LYNCH: Ba!

STEPHEN: Anyway, who wants two gestures to illustrate a loaf and a jug?

This movement illustrates the loaf and jug of bread or wine in Omar.

Hold my stick.

LYNCH: Damn your yellow stick. Where are we going?

STEPHEN: Lecherous lynx, \_to la belle dame sans merci,\_ Georgina

Johnson, \_ad deam qui laetificat iuventutem meam.\_

\_(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.)\_

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

customhouse. Illustrate thou. Here take your crutch and walk.

\_(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.

Shouldering the lamp he staggers away through the crowd with his flaring

cresset.\_

\_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 sidepocket. From Gillen's hairdresser's window a

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

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.\_

\_At Antonio Pabaiotti's door Bloom halts, sweated under the bright

arclamp. He disappears. In a moment he reappears and hurries on.)\_

BLOOM: Fish and taters. N. g. Ah!

\_(He disappears into Olhausen's, the porkbutcher'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 ribs and groans.)\_

BLOOM: Stitch in my side. Why did I run?

\_(He takes breath with care and goes forward slowly towards the lampset

siding. The glow leaps again.)\_

BLOOM: What is that? A flasher? Searchlight.

\_(He stands at Cormack's corner, watching)\_

BLOOM: \_Aurora borealis\_ or a steel foundry? Ah, the brigade, of course.

South side anyhow. Big blaze. Might be his house. Beggar's bush. We're

safe. \_(He hums cheerfully)\_ London's burning, London's burning! On

fire, on fire! (\_He catches sight of the navvy lurching through the

crowd at the farther side of Talbot street\_) I'll miss him. Run. Quick.

Better cross here.

\_(He darts to cross the road. Urchins shout.)\_

THE URCHINS: Mind out, mister! (\_Two cyclists, with lighted paper

lanterns aswing, swim by him, grazing him, their bells rattling\_)

THE BELLS: Haltyaltyaltyall.

BLOOM: \_(Halts erect, stung by a spasm)\_ Ow!

\_(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.)\_

THE GONG: Bang Bang Bla Bak Blud Bugg Bloo.

\_(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.)\_

THE MOTORMAN: Hey, shitbreeches, are you doing the hat trick?

BLOOM: \_(Bloom trickleaps to the curbstone and halts again. He brushes a

mudflake from his cheek with a parcelled hand.)\_ No thoroughfare. Close

shave that but cured the stitch. Must take up Sandow's exercises again.

On the hands down. Insure against street accident too. The Providential.

\_(He feels his trouser pocket)\_ Poor mamma's panacea. Heel easily catch

in track 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 be the fellow balked me this morning with that horsey woman. Same

style of beauty. Quick of him all the 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. \_(He

closes his eyes an instant)\_ Bit light in the head. Monthly or effect of

the other. Brainfogfag. That tired feeling. Too much for me now. Ow!

(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.)

BLOOM: \_Buenas noches, seÃ±orita Blanca, que calle es esta?\_

THE FIGURE: (\_Impassive, raises a signal arm\_) Password. \_Sraid Mabbot.\_

BLOOM: Haha. \_Merci.\_ Esperanto. \_Slan leath. (He mutters)\_ Gaelic

league spy, sent by that fireeater.

\_(He steps forward. A sackshouldered ragman bars his path. He steps

left, ragsackman left.)\_

BLOOM: I beg. (\_He swerves, sidles, stepaside, slips past and on\_.)

BLOOM: Keep to the right, right, right. If there is a signpost planted

by the Touring Club at Stepaside who procured that public boon? I who

lost my way and contributed to the columns of the \_Irish Cyclist\_ the

letter headed \_In darkest Stepaside\_. 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.

\_(Jacky Caffrey, hunted by Tommy Caffrey, runs full tilt against

Bloom.)\_

BLOOM: O

\_(Shocked, on weak hams, he halts. Tommy and Jacky vanish there, there.

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

sweets of sin, potato soap.)\_

BLOOM: Beware of pickpockets. Old thieves' dodge. Collide. Then snatch

your purse.

\_(The retriever approaches sniffing, 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 smokingcap with magenta tassels. Horned

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

on the drawn face.)\_

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

drunken goy ever. So you catch no money.

BLOOM: \_(Hides the crubeen and trotter behind his back and, crestfallen,

feels warm and cold feetmeat) Ja, ich weiss, papachi.\_

RUDOLPH: What you making down this place? Have you no soul? \_(with

feeble vulture talons he feels the silent face of Bloom)\_ Are you not

my son Leopold, the grandson 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?

BLOOM: \_(With precaution)\_ I suppose so, father. Mosenthal. All that's

left of him.

RUDOLPH: \_(Severely)\_ One night they bring you home drunk as dog after

spend your good money. What you call them running chaps?

BLOOM: \_(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)\_ Harriers, father. Only that

once.

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

you kaputt, Leopoldleben. You watch them chaps.

BLOOM: \_(Weakly)\_ They challenged me to a sprint. It was muddy. I

slipped.

RUDOLPH: \_(With contempt) Goim nachez\_! Nice spectacles for your poor

mother!

BLOOM: Mamma!

ELLEN BLOOM: \_(In pantomime dame's stringed mobcap, widow Twankey's

crinoline and bustle, blouse with muttonleg sleeves buttoned behind,

grey mittens and cameo brooch, her plaited hair in a crispine net,

appears over the staircase banisters, a slanted candlestick in her hand,

and cries out in shrill alarm)\_ O blessed Redeemer, what have they done

to him! My smelling salts! \_(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)\_ Sacred Heart of Mary,

where were you at all at all?

\_(Bloom, mumbling, his eyes downcast, begins to bestow his parcels in

his filled pockets but desists, muttering.)\_

A VOICE: \_(Sharply)\_ Poldy!

BLOOM: Who? \_(He ducks and wards off a blow clumsily)\_ At your service.

\_(He looks up. Beside her mirage of datepalms a handsome woman in

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

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.)\_

BLOOM: Molly!

MARION: Welly? Mrs Marion from this out, my dear man, when you speak to

me. \_(Satirically)\_ Has poor little hubby cold feet waiting so long?

BLOOM: \_(Shifts from foot to foot)\_ No, no. Not the least little bit.

\_(He breathes in deep agitation, swallowing gulps of air, questions,

hopes, crubeens for her supper, things to tell her, excuse, 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.)\_

MARION: Nebrakada! Femininum!

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: I can give you... I mean as your business menagerer... Mrs

Marion... if you...

MARION: So you notice some change? \_(Her hands passing slowly over her

trinketed stomacher, a slow friendly mockery in her eyes)\_ O Poldy,

Poldy, you are a poor old stick in the mud! Go and see life. See the

wide world.

BLOOM: I was just going back for that lotion whitewax, orangeflower

water. Shop closes early on Thursday. But the first thing in the

morning. \_(He pats divers pockets)\_ This moving kidney. Ah!

\_(He points to the south, then to the east. A cake of new clean lemon

soap arises, diffusing light and perfume.)\_

THE SOAP: We're a capital couple are Bloom and I. He brightens the

earth. I polish the sky.

\_(The freckled face of Sweny, the druggist, appears in the disc of the

soapsun.)\_

SWENY: Three and a penny, please.

BLOOM: Yes. For my wife. Mrs Marion. Special recipe.

MARION: \_(Softly)\_ Poldy!

BLOOM: Yes, ma'am?

MARION: \_ti trema un poco il cuore?\_

\_(In disdain she saunters away, plump as a pampered pouter pigeon,

humming the duet from\_ Don Giovanni.)

BLOOM: Are you sure about that \_voglio\_? I mean the pronunciati...

\_(He follows, followed by the sniffing terrier. The elderly bawd seizes

his sleeve, the bristles of her chinmole glittering.)\_

THE BAWD: Ten shillings a maidenhead. Fresh thing was never touched.

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

\_(She points. In the gap of her dark den furtive, rainbedraggled, Bridie

Kelly stands.)\_

BRIDIE: Hatch street. Any good in your mind?

\_(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.)\_

THE BAWD: \_(Her wolfeyes shining)\_ 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.

\_(Leering, Gerty Macdowell limps forward. She draws from behind, ogling,

and shows coyly her bloodied clout.)\_

GERTY: With all my worldly goods I thee and thou. \_(She murmurs)\_ You

did that. I hate you.

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

THE BAWD: 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.

GERTY: \_(To Bloom)\_ When you saw all the secrets of my bottom drawer.

\_(She paws his sleeve, slobbering)\_ Dirty married man! I love you for

doing that to me.

\_(She glides away crookedly. Mrs Breen in man's frieze overcoat

with loose bellows pockets, stands in the causeway, her roguish eyes

wideopen, smiling in all her herbivorous buckteeth.)\_

MRS BREEN: Mr...

BLOOM: \_(Coughs gravely)\_ Madam, when we last had this pleasure by

letter dated the sixteenth instant...

MRS BREEN: Mr Bloom! You down here in the haunts of sin! I caught you

nicely! Scamp!

BLOOM: \_(Hurriedly)\_ Not so loud my name. Whatever do you think of me?

Don't give me away. Walls have ears. 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...

MRS BREEN: \_(Holds up a finger)\_ Now, don't tell a big fib! I know

somebody won't like that. O just wait till I see Molly! \_(Slily)\_

Account for yourself this very sminute or woe betide you!

BLOOM: \_(Looks behind)\_ She often said she'd like to visit. Slumming.

The exotic, you see. Negro servants in livery too if she had money.

Othello black brute. Eugene Stratton. Even the bones and cornerman at

the Livermore christies. Bohee brothers. Sweep for that matter.

\_(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.)\_

TOM AND SAM:

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.

\_(They whisk black masks from raw babby faces: then, chuckling,

chortling, trumming, twanging, they diddle diddle cakewalk dance away.)\_

BLOOM: \_(With a sour tenderish smile)\_ 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?

MRS BREEN: \_(Screams gaily)\_ O, you ruck! You ought to see yourself!

BLOOM: 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. \_(Gloomily)\_ 'Twas I sent you that valentine of the dear

gazelle.

MRS BREEN: Glory Alice, you do look a holy show! Killing simply. \_(She

puts out her hand inquisitively)\_ What are you hiding behind your back?

Tell us, there's a dear.

BLOOM: \_(Seizes her wrist with his free hand)\_ 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?

MRS BREEN: You were the lion of the night with your seriocomic

recitation and you looked the part. You were always a favourite with the

ladies.

BLOOM: \_(Squire of dames, in dinner jacket with wateredsilk facings,

blue masonic badge in his buttonhole, black bow and mother-of-pearl

studs, a prismatic champagne glass tilted in his hand)\_ Ladies and

gentlemen, I give you Ireland, home and beauty.

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

BLOOM: \_(Meaningfully dropping his voice)\_ I confess I'm teapot with

curiosity to find out whether some person's something is a little teapot

at present.

MRS BREEN: \_(Gushingly)\_ Tremendously teapot! London's teapot and I'm

simply teapot all over me! \_(She rubs sides with him)\_ After the parlour

mystery games and the crackers from the tree we sat on the staircase

ottoman. Under the mistletoe. Two is company.

BLOOM: \_(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)\_ The witching hour of night. I took the splinter

out of this hand, carefully, slowly. \_(Tenderly, as he slips on her

finger a ruby ring) LÃ  ci darem la mano.\_

MRS BREEN: \_(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)

Voglio e non.\_ You're hot! You're scalding! The left hand nearest the

heart.

BLOOM: When you made your present choice they said it was beauty and

the beast. I can never forgive you for that. \_(His clenched fist at

his brow)\_ Think what it means. All you meant to me then. \_(Hoarsely)\_

Woman, it's breaking me!

\_(Denis Breen, whitetallhatted, with Wisdom Hely's sandwich-boards,

shuffles past them in carpet slippers, his dull beard thrust out,

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

the ace of spades, dogs him to left and right, doubled in laughter.)\_

ALF BERGAN: \_(Points jeering at the sandwichboards)\_ U. p: Up.

MRS BREEN: \_(To Bloom)\_ High jinks below stairs. \_(She gives him the

glad eye)\_ Why didn't you kiss the spot to make it well? You wanted to.

BLOOM: \_(Shocked)\_ Molly's best friend! Could you?

MRS BREEN: \_(Her pulpy tongue between her lips, offers a pigeon kiss)\_

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

BLOOM: \_(Offhandedly)\_ Kosher. A snack for supper. The home without

potted meat is incomplete. I was at \_Leah.\_ Mrs Bandmann Palmer.

Trenchant exponent of Shakespeare. Unfortunately threw away the

programme. Rattling good place round there for pigs' feet. Feel.

\_(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.)\_

RICHIE: Best value in Dub.

\_(Bald Pat, bothered beetle, stands on the curbstone, folding his

napkin, waiting to wait.)\_

PAT: \_(Advances with a tilted dish of spillspilling gravy)\_ Steak and

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

RICHIE: Goodgod. Inev erate inall...

\_(With hanging head he marches doggedly forward. The navvy, lurching by,

gores him with his flaming pronghorn.)\_

RICHIE: \_(With a cry of pain, his hand to his back)\_ Ah! Bright's!

Lights!

BLOOM: \_(Ooints to the navvy)\_ A spy. Don't attract attention. I hate

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

MRS BREEN: Humbugging and deluthering as per usual with your cock and

bull story.

BLOOM: 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.

MRS BREEN: \_(All agog)\_ O, not for worlds.

BLOOM: Let's walk on. Shall us?

MRS BREEN: Let's.

\_(The bawd makes an unheeded sign. Bloom walks on with Mrs Breen. The

terrier follows, whining piteously, wagging his tail.)\_

THE BAWD: Jewman's melt!

BLOOM: \_(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 arm, tawny red brogues, fieldglasses in

bandolier and a grey billycock hat)\_ 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?

MRS BREEN: \_(In smart Saxe tailormade, white velours hat and spider

veil)\_ Leopardstown.

BLOOM: 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...

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

BLOOM: 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 naughty creature, little mite of a thing with

a heart the size of a fullstop.

MRS BREEN: \_(Squeezes his arm, simpers)\_ Naughty cruel I was!

BLOOM: \_(Low, secretly, ever more rapidly)\_ 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...

MRS BREEN: Too...

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

were 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...

MRS BREEN: \_(Eagerly)\_ Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

\_(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 brokensnouted gaffer rasps out with raucous

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

sodden playfight.)\_

THE GAFFER: \_(Crouches, his voice twisted in his snout)\_ 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.

THE LOITERERS: \_(Guffaw with cleft palates)\_ O jays!

\_(Their paintspeckled hats wag. Spattered with size and lime of their

lodges they frisk limblessly about him.)\_

BLOOM: Coincidence too. They think it funny. Anything but that. Broad

daylight. Trying to walk. Lucky no woman.

THE LOITERERS: Jays, that's a good one. Glauber salts. O jays, into the

men's porter.

\_(Bloom passes. Cheap whores, singly, coupled, shawled, dishevelled,

call from lanes, doors, corners.)\_

THE WHORES:

Are you going far, queer fellow?

How's your middle leg?

Got a match on you?

Eh, come here till I stiffen it for you.

\_(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.)\_

THE NAVVY: \_(Belching)\_ Where's the bloody house?

THE SHEBEENKEEPER: Purdon street. Shilling a bottle of stout.

Respectable woman.

THE NAVVY: \_(Gripping the two redcoats, staggers forward with them)\_

Come on, you British army!

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Behind his back)\_ He aint half balmy.

PRIVATE COMPTON: \_(Laughs)\_ What ho!

PRIVATE CARR: \_(To the navvy)\_ Portobello barracks canteen. You ask for

Carr. Just Carr.

THE NAVVY: \_(Shouts)\_

We are the boys. Of Wexford.

PRIVATE COMPTON: Say! What price the sergeantmajor?

PRIVATE CARR: Bennett? He's my pal. I love old Bennett.

THE NAVVY: \_(Shouts)\_

The galling chain.

And free our native land.

\_(He staggers forward, dragging them with him. Bloom stops, at fault.

The dog approaches, his tongue outlolling, panting)\_

BLOOM: 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 mangongwheeltracktrolleyglarejuggernaut 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.

\_(He gazes ahead, reading on the wall a scrawled chalk legend\_ Wet Dream

\_and a phallic design.\_) Odd! Molly drawing on the frosted carriagepane

at Kingstown. What's that like? \_(Gaudy dollwomen loll in the lighted

doorways, in window embrasures, smoking birdseye cigarettes. The

odour of the sicksweet weed floats towards him in slow round ovalling

wreaths.)\_

THE WREATHS: Sweet are the sweets. Sweets of sin.

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

all pigsticky. Absurd I am. Waste of money. One and eightpence too

much. \_(The retriever drives a cold snivelling muzzle against his hand,

wagging his tail.)\_ Strange how they take to me. Even that brute today.

Better speak to him first. Like women they like \_rencontres.\_ Stinks

like a polecat. \_Chacun son gout\_. He might be mad. Dogdays. Uncertain

in his movements. Good fellow! Fido! Good fellow! Garryowen! \_(The

wolfdog sprawls on his back, wriggling obscenely with begging paws, his

long black tongue lolling out.)\_ Influence of his surroundings. Give

and have done with it. Provided nobody. \_(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.)\_ 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.

\_(With regret he lets the 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.)\_

THE WATCH: Bloom. Of Bloom. For Bloom. Bloom.

\_(Each lays hand on Bloom's shoulder.)\_

FIRST WATCH: Caught in the act. Commit no nuisance.

BLOOM: \_(Stammers)\_ I am doing good to others.

\_(A covey of gulls, storm petrels, rises hungrily from Liffey slime with

Banbury cakes in their beaks.)\_

THE GULLS: Kaw kave kankury kake.

BLOOM: The friend of man. Trained by kindness.

\_(He points. Bob Doran, toppling from a high barstool, sways over the

munching spaniel.)\_

BOB DORAN: Towser. Give us the paw. Give the paw.

\_(The bulldog growls, his scruff standing, a gobbet of pig's knuckle

between his molars through which rabid scumspittle dribbles. Bob Doran

fills silently into an area.)\_

SECOND WATCH: Prevention of cruelty to animals.

BLOOM: \_(Enthusiastically)\_ 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.

\_(Signor Maffei, passionpale, in liontamer's costume with diamond studs

in his shirtfront, steps forward, holding a circus paperhoop, a

curling carriagewhip and a revolver with which he covers the gorging

boarhound.)\_

SIGNOR MAFFEI: \_(With a sinister smile)\_ 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 pulley will bring your lion to

heel, no matter how fractious, even \_Leo ferox\_ there, the Libyan

maneater. A redhot crowbar and some liniment rubbing on the burning part

produced Fritz of Amsterdam, the thinking hyena. \_(He glares)\_ I possess

the Indian sign. The glint of my eye does it with these breastsparklers.

\_(With a bewitching smile)\_ I now introduce Mademoiselle Ruby, the pride

of the ring.

FIRST WATCH: Come. Name and address.

BLOOM: I have forgotten for the moment. Ah, yes! \_(He takes off his high

grade hat, saluting)\_ Dr Bloom, Leopold, dental surgeon. You have heard

of von Blum Pasha. Umpteen millions. \_Donnerwetter!\_ Owns half Austria.

Egypt. Cousin.

FIRST WATCH: Proof.

\_(A card falls from inside the leather headband of Bloom's hat.)\_

BLOOM: \_(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)\_ Allow me. My club is the Junior Army and Navy. Solicitors:

Messrs John Henry Menton, 27 Bachelor's Walk.

FIRST WATCH: \_(Reads)\_ Henry Flower. No fixed abode. Unlawfully watching

and besetting.

SECOND WATCH: An alibi. You are cautioned.

BLOOM: \_(Produces from his heartpocket a crumpled yellow flower)\_ This

is the flower in question. It was given me by a man I don't know his

name. \_(Plausibly)\_ You know that old joke, rose of Castile. Bloom. The

change of name. Virag. \_(He murmurs privately and confidentially)\_ We

are engaged you see, sergeant. Lady in the case. Love entanglement. \_(He

shoulders the second watch gently)\_ Dash it all. It's a way we gallants

have in the navy. Uniform that does it. \_(He turns gravely to the first

watch)\_ Still, of course, you do get your Waterloo sometimes. Drop in

some evening and have a glass of old Burgundy. \_(To the second watch

gaily)\_ I'll introduce you, inspector. She's game. Do it in the shake of

a lamb's tail.

\_(A dark mercurialised face appears, leading a veiled figure.)\_

THE DARK MERCURY: The Castle is looking for him. He was drummed out of

the army.

MARTHA: \_(Thickveiled, a crimson halter round her neck, a copy of

the\_ Irish Times \_in her hand, in tone of reproach, pointing)\_ Henry!

Leopold! Lionel, thou lost one! Clear my name.

FIRST WATCH: \_(Sternly)\_ Come to the station.

BLOOM: \_(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)\_ 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.

MARTHA: \_(Sobbing behind her veil)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(Behind his hand)\_ She's drunk. The woman is inebriated. \_(He

murmurs vaguely the pass of Ephraim)\_ Shitbroleeth.

SECOND WATCH: \_(Tears in his eyes, to Bloom)\_ You ought to be thoroughly

well ashamed of yourself.

BLOOM: 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.

FIRST WATCH: Regiment.

BLOOM: \_(Turns to the gallery)\_ The royal Dublins, boys, the salt of the

earth, known the world over. I think I see some old comrades in arms

up there 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.

A VOICE: Turncoat! Up the Boers! Who booed Joe Chamberlain?

BLOOM: \_(His hand on the shoulder of the first watch)\_ 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. \_(With quiet

feeling)\_ Jim Bludso. Hold her nozzle again the bank.

FIRST WATCH: Profession or trade.

BLOOM: 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...

\_(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.)\_

MYLES CRAWFORD: \_(His cock's wattles wagging)\_ Hello, seventyseven

eightfour. Hello. \_Freeman's Urinal\_ and \_Weekly Arsewipe\_ here.

Paralyse Europe. You which? Bluebags? Who writes? Is it Bloom?

\_(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\_ Matcham's Masterstrokes.)

BEAUFOY: \_(Drawls)\_ 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 litterateur. It's perfectly obvious that with the most

inherent baseness he has cribbed some of my bestselling copy, 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.

BLOOM: \_(Murmurs with hangdog meekness glum)\_ That bit about the

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

BEAUFOY: \_(His lip upcurled, smiles superciliously on the court)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(Indistinctly)\_ University of life. Bad art.

BEAUFOY: \_(Shouts)\_ It's a damnably foul lie, showing the moral

rottenness of the man! \_(He extends his portfolio)\_ We have here damning

evidence, the \_corpus delicti\_, my lord, a specimen of my maturer work

disfigured by the hallmark of the beast.

A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY:

Moses, Moses, king of the jews, Wiped his arse in the Daily News.

BLOOM: \_(Bravely)\_ Overdrawn.

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

rotter! \_(To the court)\_ 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 archconspirator of the age!

BLOOM: \_(To the court)\_ And he, a bachelor, how...

FIRST WATCH: The King versus Bloom. Call the woman Driscoll.

THE CRIER: Mary Driscoll, scullerymaid!

\_(Mary Driscoll, a slipshod servant girl, approaches. She has a bucket

on the crook of her arm and a scouringbrush in her hand.)\_

SECOND WATCH: Another! Are you of the unfortunate class?

MARY DRISCOLL: \_(Indignantly)\_ 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.

FIRST WATCH: What do you tax him with?

MARY DRISCOLL: He made a certain suggestion but I thought more of myself

as poor as I am.

BLOOM: \_(In housejacket of ripplecloth, flannel trousers, heelless

slippers, unshaven, his hair rumpled: softly)\_ I treated you white.

I gave you mementos, smart emerald 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.

MARY DRISCOLL: \_(Excitedly)\_ As God is looking down on me this night if

ever I laid a hand to them oysters!

FIRST WATCH: The offence complained of? Did something happen?

MARY DRISCOLL: 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.

BLOOM: She counterassaulted.

MARY DRISCOLL: \_(Scornfully)\_ I had more respect for the scouringbrush,

so I had. I remonstrated with him, Your lord, and he remarked: keep it

quiet.

\_(General laughter.)\_

GEORGE FOTTRELL: \_(Clerk of the crown and peace, resonantly)\_ Order in

court! The accused will now make a bogus statement.

\_(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 grand jury. He was down and out but, though

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 sevenmonths' 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 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 or

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 Britannia metalbound with

four acting stops and twelvefold bellows, a sacrifice, greatest bargain

ever...\_

\_(Renewed laughter. He mumbles incoherently. Reporters complain that

they cannot hear.)\_

LONGHAND AND SHORTHAND: \_(Without looking up from their notebooks)\_

Loosen his boots.

PROFESSOR MACHUGH: \_(From the presstable, coughs and calls)\_ Cough it

up, man. Get it out in bits.

\_(The crossexamination proceeds re 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 Titbits \_back number\_.)

\_(Uproar and catcalls. Bloom in a torn frockcoat stained with whitewash,

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

his nose, talks inaudibly.)\_

J. J. O'MOLLOY: \_(In barrister's grey wig and stuffgown, speaking with

a voice of pained protest)\_ 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 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. \_Prima facie\_, 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.

BLOOM: \_(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.)\_ Him makee velly muchee fine

night. \_(He begins to lilt simply)\_

Li li poo lil chile

Blingee pigfoot evly night

Payee two shilly...

\_(He is howled down.)\_

J. J. O'MOLLOY: \_(Hotly to the populace)\_ 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. \_(Bloom takes J. J. O'Molloy's hand and raises it to his

lips.)\_ 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 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. \_(To Bloom)\_ I suggest that you will do the handsome thing.

BLOOM: A penny in the pound.

\_(The image of the lake of Kinnereth with blurred cattle cropping in

silver haze is projected on 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.)\_

DLUGACZ: \_(Hoarsely)\_ Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W.13.

\_(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.)\_

J.J.O'MOLLOY: \_(Almost voicelessly)\_ Excuse me. I am suffering from a

severe chill, have recently come from a sickbed. A few wellchosen words.

\_(He assumes the avine head, foxy moustache and proboscidal eloquence of

Seymour Bushe.)\_ 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. \_(A paper with something written on it

is handed into court.\_)

BLOOM: \_(In court dress)\_ 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. \_(Carelessly)\_ 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...

MRS YELVERTON BARRY: \_(In lowcorsaged opal balldress and elbowlength

ivory gloves, wearing a sabletrimmed brickquilted dolman, a comb of

brilliants and panache of osprey in her hair)\_ 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 \_Theatre Royal\_ at a command performance of \_La

Cigale\_. 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 \_The Girl with the Three

Pairs of Stays\_.

MRS BELLINGHAM: \_(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)\_

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 the 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 ablossom of the homegrown potato plant purloined

from a forcingcase of the model farm.

MRS YELVERTON BARRY: Shame on him!

\_(A crowd of sluts and ragamuffins surges forward)\_

THE SLUTS AND RAGAMUFFINS: \_(Screaming)\_ Stop thief! Hurrah there,

Bluebeard! Three cheers for Ikey Mo!

SECOND WATCH: \_(Produces handcuffs)\_ Here are the darbies.

MRS BELLINGHAM: He addressed me in several handwritings with fulsome

compliments as a 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 fleecy 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.

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS: \_(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)\_ Also me. Because he saw me on the polo

ground of the Phoenix 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

\_Centaur.\_ 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 seÃ±orita, 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.

MRS BELLINGHAM: Me too.

MRS YELVERTON BARRY: Me too.

\_(Several highly respectable Dublin ladies hold up improper letters

received from Bloom.)\_

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS: \_(Stamps her jingling spurs in a

sudden paroxysm of fury)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(His eyes closing, quails expectantly)\_ Here? \_(He squirms)\_

Again! \_(He pants cringing)\_ I love the danger.

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS: Very much so! I'll make it hot for

you. I'll make you dance Jack Latten for that.

MRS BELLINGHAM: Tan his breech well, the upstart! Write the stars and

stripes on it!

MRS YELVERTON BARRY: Disgraceful! There's no excuse for him! A married

man!

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

glow without effusion. Refined birching to stimulate the circulation.

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS: \_(Laughs derisively)\_ 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.

MRS BELLINGHAM: \_(Shakes her muff and quizzing-glasses vindictively)\_

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.

BLOOM: \_(Shuddering, shrinking, joins his hands: with hangdog mien)\_ O

cold! O shivery! It was your ambrosial beauty. Forget, forgive. Kismet.

Let me off this once. \_(He offers the other cheek)\_

MRS YELVERTON BARRY: \_(Severely)\_ Don't do so on any account, Mrs

Talboys! He should be soundly trounced!

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS: \_(Unbuttoning her gauntlet

violently)\_ I'll do no such thing. Pigdog 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. \_(She swishes her huntingcrop savagely in the air)\_

Take down his trousers without loss of time. Come here, sir! Quick!

Ready?

BLOOM: \_(Trembling, beginning to obey)\_ The weather has been so warm.

\_(Davy Stephens, ringletted, passes with a bevy of barefoot newsboys.)\_

DAVY STEPHENS: \_Messenger of the Sacred Heart and Evening Telegraph\_

with Saint Patrick's Day supplement. Containing the new addresses of all

the cuckolds in Dublin.

\_(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.)\_

THE TIMEPIECE: \_(Unportalling)\_

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

\_(The brass quoits of a bed are heard to jingle.)\_

THE QUOITS: Jigjag. Jigajiga. Jigjag.

\_(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.)\_

THE NAMELESS ONE: Bareback riding. Weight for age. Gob, he organised

her.

THE JURORS: \_(All their heads turned to his voice)\_ Really?

THE NAMELESS ONE: \_(Snarls)\_ Arse over tip. Hundred shillings to five.

THE JURORS: \_(All their heads lowered in assent)\_ Most of us thought as

much.

FIRST WATCH: He is a marked man. Another girl's plait cut. Wanted: Jack

the Ripper. A thousand pounds reward.

SECOND WATCH: \_(Awed, whispers)\_ And in black. A mormon. Anarchist.

THE CRIER: \_(Loudly)\_ 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...

\_(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.)\_

THE RECORDER: I will put an end to this white slave traffic and rid

Dublin of this odious pest. Scandalous! \_(He dons the black cap)\_ 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 is dead and therein fail not

at your peril or may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Remove him. \_(A

black skullcap descends upon his head.)\_

\_(The subsheriff Long John Fanning appears, smoking a pungent Henry

Clay.)\_

LONG JOHN FANNING: \_(Scowls and calls with rich rolling utterance)\_

Who'll hang Judas Iscariot?

\_(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.)\_

RUMBOLD: \_(To the recorder with sinister familiarity)\_ Hanging Harry,

your Majesty, the Mersey terror. Five guineas a jugular. Neck or

nothing.

\_(The bells of George's church toll slowly, loud dark iron.)\_

THE BELLS: Heigho! Heigho!

BLOOM: \_(Desperately)\_ Wait. Stop. Gulls. Good heart. I saw. Innocence.

Girl in the monkeyhouse. Zoo. Lewd chimpanzee. \_(Breathlessly)\_ Pelvic

basin. Her artless blush unmanned me. \_(Overcome with emotion)\_ I left

the precincts. (He turns to a figure in the crowd, appealing) Hynes, may

I speak to you? You know me. That three shillings you can keep. If you

want a little more...

HYNES: \_(Coldly)\_ You are a perfect stranger.

SECOND WATCH: \_(Points to the corner)\_ The bomb is here.

FIRST WATCH: Infernal machine with a time fuse.

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

FIRST WATCH: \_(Draws his truncheon)\_ Liar!

\_(The beagle lifts 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.)\_

PADDY DIGNAM: \_(In a hollow voice)\_ It is true. It was my funeral.

Doctor Finucane pronounced life extinct when I succumbed to the disease

from natural causes.

\_(He lifts his mutilated ashen face moonwards and bays lugubriously.)\_

BLOOM: \_(In triumph)\_ You hear?

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

BLOOM: The voice is the voice of Esau.

SECOND WATCH: \_(Blesses himself)\_ How is that possible?

FIRST WATCH: It is not in the penny catechism.

PADDY DIGNAM: By metempsychosis. Spooks.

A VOICE: O rocks.

PADDY DIGNAM: \_(Earnestly)\_ 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. \_(He looks round him)\_ A lamp. I must satisfy an

animal need. That buttermilk didn't agree with me.

\_(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 twisted poppies.)\_

FATHER COFFEY: \_(Yawns, then chants with a hoarse croak)\_ Namine.

Jacobs. Vobiscuits. Amen.

JOHN O'CONNELL: \_(Foghorns stormily through his megaphone)\_ Dignam,

Patrick T, deceased.

PADDY DIGNAM: \_(With pricked up ears, winces)\_ Overtones. \_(He wriggles

forward and places an ear to the ground)\_ My master's voice!

JOHN O'CONNELL: Burial docket letter number U. P. eightyfive thousand.

Field seventeen. House of Keys. Plot, one hundred and one.

\_(Paddy Dignam listens with visible effort, thinking, his tail

stiffpointcd, his ears cocked.)\_

PADDY DIGNAM: Pray for the repose of his soul.

\_(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:\_ Dignam's dead and gone below. \_Tom Rochford,

robinredbreasted, in cap and breeches, jumps from his twocolumned

machine.)\_

TOM ROCHFORD: \_(A hand to his breastbone, bows)\_ Reuben J. A florin I

find him. \_(He fixes the manhole with a resolute stare)\_ My turn now on.

Follow me up to Carlow.

\_(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 through the sump. Kisses chirp amid

the rifts of fog a piano sounds. He stands before a lighted house,

listening. The kisses, winging from their bowers fly about him,

twittering, warbling, cooing.)\_

THE KISSES: \_(Warbling)\_ Leo! \_(Twittering)\_ Icky licky micky sticky for

Leo! \_(Cooing)\_ Coo coocoo! Yummyyum, Womwom! \_(Warbling)\_ Big comebig!

Pirouette! Leopopold! \_(Twittering)\_ Leeolee! \_(Warbling)\_ O Leo!

\_(They rustle, flutter upon his garments, alight, bright giddy flecks,

silvery sequins.)\_

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

\_(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.)\_

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

BLOOM: Is this Mrs Mack's?

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

Mother Slipperslapper. \_(Familiarly)\_ 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.

\_(Suspiciously)\_ You're not his father, are you?

BLOOM: Not I!

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

\_(His skin, alert, feels her fingertips approach. A hand glides over his

left thigh.)\_

ZOE: How's the nuts?

BLOOM: Off side. Curiously they are on the right. Heavier, I suppose.

One in a million my tailor, Mesias, says.

ZOE: \_(In sudden alarm)\_ You've a hard chancre.

BLOOM: Not likely.

ZOE: I feel it.

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: A talisman. Heirloom.

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

\_(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.)\_

ZOE: You'll know me the next time.

BLOOM: \_(Forlornly)\_ I never loved a dear gazelle but it was sure to...

\_(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.)\_

ZOE: \_(Murmuring singsong with the music, her odalisk lips lusciously

smeared with salve of swinefat and rosewater) Schorach ani wenowach,

benoith Hierushaloim.\_

BLOOM: \_(Fascinated)\_ I thought you were of good stock by your accent.

ZOE: And you know what thought did?

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Draws back, mechanically caressing her right bub with a flat

awkward hand)\_ Are you a Dublin girl?

ZOE: \_(Catches a stray hair deftly and twists it to her coil)\_ No bloody

fear. I'm English. Have you a swaggerroot?

BLOOM: \_(As before)\_ Rarely smoke, dear. Cigar now and then. Childish

device. \_(Lewdly)\_ The mouth can be better engaged than with a cylinder

of rank weed.

ZOE: Go on. Make a stump speech out of it.

BLOOM: \_(In workman's corduroy overalls, black gansy with red floating

tie and apache cap)\_ Mankind is incorrigible. Sir Walter Ralegh 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!

\_(Midnight chimes from distant steeples.)\_

THE CHIMES: Turn again, Leopold! Lord mayor of Dublin!

BLOOM: \_(In alderman's gown and chain)\_ 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. \_Cui bono\_? But our bucaneering Vanderdeckens in

their phantom ship of finance...

AN ELECTOR: Three times three for our future chief magistrate!

\_(The aurora borealis of the torchlight procession leaps.)\_

THE TORCHBEARERS: Hooray!

\_(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.)\_

LATE LORD MAYOR HARRINGTON: \_(In scarlet robe with mace, gold mayoral

chain and large white silk scarf)\_ 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.

COUNCILLOR LORCAN SHERLOCK: Carried unanimously.

BLOOM: \_(Impassionedly)\_ 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...

\_(Prolonged applause. Venetian masts, maypoles and festal arches spring

up. A streamer bearing the legends\_ Cead Mile Failte \_and\_ Mah Ttob

Melek Israel \_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 flag. 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, his lordship the lord mayor of Cork, their worships the

mayors of Limerick, Galway, 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,

chimneysweeps, lard refiners, tabinet and poplin weavers, farriers,

Italian warehousemen, church decorators, bootjack manufacturers,

undertakers, 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 mantle trimmed 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.)\_

BLOOM'S BOYS:

The wren, the wren,

The king of all birds,

Saint Stephen's his day

Was caught in the furze.

A BLACKSMITH: \_(Murmurs)\_ For the honour of God! And is that Bloom? He

scarcely looks thirtyone.

A PAVIOR AND FLAGGER: That's the famous Bloom now, the world's greatest

reformer. Hats off!

\_(All uncover their heads. Women whisper eagerly.)\_

A MILLIONAIRESS: \_(Richly)\_ Isn't he simply wonderful?

A NOBLEWOMAN: \_(Nobly)\_ All that man has seen!

A FEMINIST: \_(Masculinely)\_ And done!

A BELLHANGER: A classic face! He has the forehead of a thinker.

\_(Bloom's weather. A sunburst appears in the northwest.)\_

THE BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR: 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!

ALL: God save Leopold the First!

BLOOM: \_(In dalmatic and purple mantle, to the bishop of Down and

Connor, with dignity)\_ Thanks, somewhat eminent sir.

WILLIAM, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH: \_(In purple stock and shovel hat)\_

Will you to your power cause law and mercy to be executed in all your

judgments in Ireland and territories thereunto belonging?

BLOOM: \_(Placing his right hand on his testicles, swears)\_ So may the

Creator deal with me. All this I promise to do.

MICHAEL, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH: \_(Pours a cruse of hairoil over Bloom's

head) Gaudium magnum annuntio vobis. Habemus carneficem.\_ Leopold,

Patrick, Andrew, David, George, be thou anointed!

\_(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.)\_

THE PEERS: I do become your liege man of life and limb to earthly

worship.

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: 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.

\_(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.)\_

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL: \_(Raises the royal standard)\_ Illustrious Bloom!

Successor to my famous brother!

BLOOM: \_(Embraces John Howard Parnell)\_ We thank you from our heart,

John, for this right royal welcome to green Erin, the promised land of

our common ancestors.

\_(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.)\_

TOM KERNAN: You deserve it, your honour.

BLOOM: 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

their warcry \_Bonafide Sabaoth\_, sabred the Saracen gunners to a man.

THE CHAPEL OF FREEMAN TYPESETTERS: Hear! Hear!

JOHN WYSE NOLAN: There's the man that got away James Stephens.

A BLUECOAT SCHOOLBOY: Bravo!

AN OLD RESIDENT: You're a credit to your country, sir, that's what you

are.

AN APPLEWOMAN: He's a man like Ireland wants.

BLOOM: 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.

\_(Thirtytwo workmen, wearing rosettes, from all the counties of Ireland,

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

fill from a ladder. A part of the walls of Dublin, crowded with loyal

sightseers, collapses.)\_

THE SIGHTSEERS: \_(Dying) Morituri te salutant. (They die)\_

\_(A man in a brown macintosh springs up through a trapdoor. He points an

elongated finger at Bloom.)\_

THE MAN IN THE MACINTOSH: Don't you believe a word he says. That man is

Leopold M'Intosh, the notorious fireraiser. His real name is Higgins.

BLOOM: Shoot him! Dog of a christian! So much for M'Intosh!

\_(A cannonshot. The man in the macintosh disappears. 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,\_

billets doux \_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 tramlines, coupons of the royal and

privileged Hungarian lottery, penny dinner counters, cheap reprints of

the World's Twelve Worst Books: Froggy And Fritz (politic), Care of the

Baby (infantilic), 50 Meals for 7/6 (culinic), Was Jesus a Sun Myth?

(historic), Expel that Pain (medic), Infant's Compendium of the

Universe (cosmic), Let's All Chortle (hilaric), Canvasser's Vade Mecum

(journalic), Loveletters of Mother Assistant (erotic), Who's Who in

Space (astric), Songs that Reached Our Heart (melodic), Pennywise's Way

to Wealth (parsimonic). 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.)\_

THE WOMEN: Little father! Little father!

THE BABES AND SUCKLINGS:

Clap clap hands till Poldy comes home,

Cakes in his pocket for Leo alone.

\_(Bloom, bending down, pokes Baby Boardman gently in the stomach.)\_

BABY BOARDMAN: \_(Hiccups, curdled milk flowing from his mouth)\_

Hajajaja.

BLOOM: \_(Shaking hands with a blind stripling)\_ My more than Brother!

\_(Placing his arms round the shoulders of an old couple)\_ Dear old

friends! \_(He plays pussy fourcorners with ragged boys and girls)\_

Peep! Bopeep! \_(He wheels twins in a perambulator)\_ Ticktacktwo

wouldyousetashoe? \_(He performs juggler's tricks, draws red, orange,

yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet silk handkerchiefs from his

mouth)\_ Roygbiv. 32 feet per second. \_(He consoles a widow)\_ Absence

makes the heart grow younger. \_(He dances the Highland fling with

grotesque antics)\_ Leg it, ye devils! \_(He kisses the bedsores of a

palsied veteran\_) Honourable wounds! \_(He trips up a fit policeman)\_

U. p: up. U. p: up. \_(He whispers in the ear of a blushing waitress and

laughs kindly)\_ Ah, naughty, naughty! \_(He eats a raw turnip offered

him by Maurice Butterly, farmer)\_ Fine! Splendid! \_(He refuses to

accept three shillings offered him by Joseph Hynes, journalist)\_ My dear

fellow, not at all! (He gives his coat to a beggar) Please accept. \_(He

takes part in a stomach race with elderly male and female cripples)\_

Come on, boys! Wriggle it, girls!

THE CITIZEN: \_(Choked with emotion, brushes aside a tear in his emerald

muffler)\_ May the good God bless him!

\_(The rams' horns sound for silence. The standard of Zion is hoisted.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Uncloaks impressively, revealing obesity, unrolls a paper and

reads solemnly)\_ Aleph Beth Ghimel Daleth Hagadah Tephilim Kosher Yom

Kippur Hanukah Roschaschana Beni Brith Bar Mitzvah Mazzoth Askenazim

Meshuggah Talith.

\_(An official translation is read by Jimmy Henry, assistant town

clerk.)\_

JIMMY HENRY: 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 I of the Paradisiacal

Era.

PADDY LEONARD: What am I to do about my rates and taxes?

BLOOM: Pay them, my friend.

PADDY LEONARD: Thank you.

NOSEY FLYNN: Can I raise a mortgage on my fire insurance?

BLOOM: \_(Obdurately)\_ 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.

J. J. O'MOLLOY: A Daniel did I say? Nay! A Peter O'Brien!

NOSEY FLYNN: Where do I draw the five pounds?

PISSER BURKE: For bladder trouble?

BLOOM:

\_Acid. nit. hydrochlor. dil.,\_ 20 minims

\_Tinct. nux vom.,\_ 5 minims

\_Extr. taraxel. iiq.,\_ 30 minims.

\_Aq. dis. ter in die.\_

CHRIS CALLINAN: What is the parallax of the subsolar ecliptic of

Aldebaran?

BLOOM: Pleased to hear from you, Chris. K. II.

JOE HYNES: Why aren't you in uniform?

BLOOM: When my progenitor of sainted memory wore the uniform of the

Austrian despot in a dank prison where was yours?

BEN DOLLARD: Pansies?

BLOOM: Embellish (beautify) suburban gardens.

BEN DOLLARD: When twins arrive?

BLOOM: Father (pater, dad) starts thinking.

LARRY O'ROURKE: An eightday 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.

BLOOM: \_(Coldly)\_ You have the advantage of me. Lady Bloom accepts no

presents.

CROFTON: This is indeed a festivity.

BLOOM: \_(Solemnly)\_ You call it a festivity. I call it a sacrament.

ALEXANDER KEYES: When will we have our own house of keys?

BLOOM: 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 language with universal

brotherhood. No more patriotism of barspongers and dropsical impostors.

Free money, free rent, free love and a free lay church in a free lay

state.

O'MADDEN BURKE: Free fox in a free henroost.

DAVY BYRNE: \_(Yawning)\_ Iiiiiiiiiaaaaaaach!

BLOOM: Mixed races and mixed marriage.

LENEHAN: What about mixed bathing?

\_(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

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.)\_

FATHER FARLEY: He is an episcopalian, an agnostic, an anythingarian

seeking to overthrow our holy faith.

MRS RIORDAN: \_(Tears up her will)\_ I'm disappointed in you! You bad man!

MOTHER GROGAN: \_(Removes her boot to throw it at Bloom)\_ You beast! You

abominable person!

NOSEY FLYNN: Give us a tune, Bloom. One of the old sweet songs.

BLOOM: \_(With rollicking humour)\_

I vowed that I never would leave her,

She turned out a cruel deceiver.

With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom.

HOPPY HOLOHAN: Good old Bloom! There's nobody like him after all.

PADDY LEONARD: Stage Irishman!

BLOOM: What railway opera is like a tramline in Gibraltar? The Rows of

Casteele.\_(Laughter.)\_

LENEHAN: Plagiarist! Down with Bloom!

THE VEILED SIBYL: \_(Enthusiastically)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(Winks at the bystanders)\_ I bet she's a bonny lassie.

THEODORE PUREFOY: \_(In fishingcap and oilskin jacket)\_ He employs a

mechanical device to frustrate the sacred ends of nature.

THE VEILED SIBYL: \_(Stabs herself)\_ My hero god! \_(She dies)\_

\_(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 gasovens, hanging

themselves in stylish garters, leaping from windows of different

storeys.)\_

ALEXANDER J DOWIE: \_(Violently)\_ 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!

THE MOB: Lynch him! Roast him! He's as bad as Parnell was. Mr Fox!

\_(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, sheep's

tails, odd pieces of fat.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Excitedly)\_ 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, \_sgenl inn ban bata

coisde gan capall.\_ I call on my old friend, Dr Malachi Mulligan, sex

specialist, to give medical testimony on my behalf.

DR MULLIGAN: \_(In motor jerkin, green motorgoggles on his brow)\_ 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 \_virgo intacta.\_

\_(Bloom holds his high grade hat over his genital organs.)\_

DR MADDEN: 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.

DR CROTTHERS: I have examined the patient's urine. It is albuminoid.

Salivation is insufficient, the patellar reflex intermittent.

DR PUNCH COSTELLO: The \_fetor judaicus\_ is most perceptible.

DR DIXON: \_(Reads a bill of health)\_ Professor Bloom is a finished

example of the new womanly man. His moral nature is simple and lovable.

Many have found 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 of pure Irish manufacture 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.

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: O, I so want to be a mother.

MRS THORNTON: \_(In nursetender's gown)\_ Embrace me tight, dear. You'll

be soon over it. Tight, dear.

\_(Bloom embraces her tightly and bears eight male yellow and white

children. They appear on a redcarpeted staircase adorned with expensive

plants. All the octuplets 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, Maindoree, 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, vicechairmen of hotel syndicates.)\_

A VOICE: Bloom, are you the Messiah ben Joseph or ben David?

BLOOM: \_(Darkly)\_ You have said it.

BROTHER BUZZ: Then perform a miracle like Father Charles.

BANTAM LYONS: Prophesy who will win the Saint Leger.

\_(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.)\_

BRINI, PAPAL NUNCIO: \_(In papal zouave's uniform, steel cuirasses as

breastplate, armplates, thighplates, legplates, large profane moustaches

and brown paper mitre) Leopoldi autem generatio.\_ 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 \_et vocabitur nomen eius Emmanuel.\_

A DEADHAND: \_(Writes on the wall)\_ Bloom is a cod.

CRAB: \_(In bushranger's kit)\_ What did you do in the cattlecreep behind

Kilbarrack?

A FEMALE INFANT: \_(Shakes a rattle)\_ And under Ballybough bridge?

A HOLLYBUSH: And in the devil's glen?

BLOOM: \_(Blushes furiously all over from frons to nates, three tears

filling from his left eye)\_ Spare my past.

THE IRISH EVICTED TENANTS: \_(In bodycoats, kneebreeches, with Donnybrook

fair shillelaghs)\_ Sjambok him!

\_(Bloom with asses' ears seats himself in the pillory with crossed arms,

his feet protruding. He whistles\_ Don Giovanni, a cenar teco. \_Artane

orphans, joining hands, caper round him. Girls of the Prison Gate

Mission, joining hands, caper round in the opposite direction.)\_

THE ARTANE ORPHANS:

You hig, you hog, you dirty dog!

You think the ladies love you!

THE PRISON GATE GIRLS:

If you see Kay

Tell him he may

See you in tea

Tell him from me.

HORNBLOWER: \_(In ephod and huntingcap, announces)\_ And he shall carry

the sins of the people to Azazel, the spirit which is in the wilderness,

and to Lilith, the nighthag. And they shall stone him and defile him,

yea, all from Agendath Netaim and from Mizraim, the land of Ham.

\_(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.)\_

MASTIANSKY AND CITRON: Belial! Laemlein of Istria, the false Messiah!

Abulafia! Recant!

\_(George R Mesias, Bloom's tailor, appears, a tailor's goose under his

arm, presenting a bill)\_

MESIAS: To alteration one pair trousers eleven shillings.

BLOOM: \_(Rubs his hands cheerfully)\_ Just like old times. Poor Bloom!

\_(Reuben J Dodd, blackbearded iscariot, bad shepherd, bearing on his

shoulders the drowned corpse of his son, approaches the pillory.)\_

REUBEN J: \_(Whispers hoarsely)\_ The squeak is out. A split is gone for

the flatties. Nip the first rattler.

THE FIRE BRIGADE: Pflaap!

BROTHER BUZZ: \_(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)\_ Forgive him his

trespasses.

\_(Lieutenant Myers of the Dublin Fire Brigade by general request sets

fire to Bloom. Lamentations.)\_

THE CITIZEN: Thank heaven!

BLOOM: \_(In a seamless garment marked I. H. S. stands upright amid

phoenix flames)\_ Weep not for me, O daughters of Erin.

\_(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.)\_

THE DAUGHTERS OF ERIN:

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.

\_(A choir of six hundred voices, conducted by Vincent O'brien, sings

the chorus from Handel's Messiah alleluia for the lord god omnipotent

reigneth, accompanied on the organ by Joseph Glynn. Bloom becomes mute,

shrunken, carbonised.)\_

ZOE: Talk away till you're black in the face.

BLOOM: \_(In caubeen with clay pipe stuck in the band, dusty brogues, an

emigrant's red handkerchief bundle in his hand, leading a black bogoak

pig by a sugaun, with a smile in his eye)\_ 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. \_(With a tear in his eye)\_ 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. \_(He

gazes far away mournfully)\_ I am ruined. A few pastilles of aconite. The

blinds drawn. A letter. Then lie back to rest. \_(He breathes softly)\_ No

more. I have lived. Fare. Farewell.

ZOE: \_(Stiffly, her finger in her neckfillet)\_ Honest? Till the next

time. \_(She sneers)\_ Suppose you got up the wrong side of the bed or

came too quick with your best girl. O, I can read your thoughts!

BLOOM: \_(Bitterly)\_ Man and woman, love, what is it? A cork and bottle.

I'm sick of it. Let everything rip.

ZOE: \_(In sudden sulks)\_ I hate a rotter that's insincere. Give a

bleeding whore a chance.

BLOOM: \_(Repentantly)\_ I am very disagreeable. You are a necessary evil.

Where are you from? London?

ZOE: \_(Glibly)\_ Hog's Norton where the pigs plays the organs. I'm

Yorkshire born. \_(She holds his hand which is feeling for her nipple)\_

I say, Tommy Tittlemouse. Stop that and begin worse. Have you cash for a

short time? Ten shillings?

BLOOM: \_(Smiles, nods slowly)\_ More, houri, more.

ZOE: And more's mother? \_(She pats him offhandedly with velvet paws)\_

Are you coming into the musicroom to see our new pianola? Come and I'll

peel off.

BLOOM: \_(Feeling his occiput dubiously with the unparalleled

embarrassment of a harassed pedlar gauging the symmetry of her peeled

pears)\_ Somebody would be dreadfully jealous if she knew. The greeneyed

monster. \_(Earnestly)\_ You know how difficult it is. I needn't tell you.

ZOE: \_(Flattered)\_ What the eye can't see the heart can't grieve for.

\_(She pats him)\_ Come.

BLOOM: Laughing witch! The hand that rocks the cradle.

ZOE: Babby!

BLOOM: \_(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)\_ One two tlee: tlee

tlwo tlone.

THE BUCKLES: Love me. Love me not. Love me.

ZOE: Silent means consent. \_(With little parted talons she captures his

hand, her forefinger giving to his palm the passtouch of secret monitor,

luring him to doom.)\_ Hot hands cold gizzard.

\_(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.)\_

THE MALE BRUTES: \_(Exhaling sulphur of rut and dung and ramping in their

loosebox, faintly roaring, their drugged heads swaying to and fro)\_

Good!

\_(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.)\_

ZOE: \_(Her lucky hand instantly saving him)\_ Hoopsa! Don't fall

upstairs.

BLOOM: The just man falls seven times. \_(He stands aside at the

threshold)\_ After you is good manners.

ZOE: Ladies first, gentlemen after.

\_(She crosses the threshold. He hesitates. She turns and, holding out

her hands, 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

flung 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 mantelpiece. A tag

of her corsetlace hangs slightly below her jacket. Lynch indicates

mockingly the couple at the piano.)\_

KITTY: \_(Coughs behind her hand)\_ She's a bit imbecillic. \_(She signs

with a waggling forefinger)\_ Blemblem. \_(Lynch lifts up her skirt and

white petticoat with his wand she settles them down quickly.)\_ Respect

yourself. \_(She hiccups, then bends quickly her sailor hat under which

her hair glows, red with henna)\_ O, excuse!

ZOE: More limelight, Charley. \_(She goes to the chandelier and turns the

gas full cock)\_

KITTY: \_(Peers at the gasjet)\_ What ails it tonight?

LYNCH: \_(Deeply)\_ Enter a ghost and hobgoblins.

ZOE: Clap on the back for Zoe.

\_(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 sofacorner, her limp forearm pendent over the

bolster, listening. A heavy stye droops over her sleepy eyelid.)\_

KITTY: \_(Hiccups again with a kick of her horsed foot)\_ O, excuse!

ZOE: \_(Promptly)\_ Your boy's thinking of you. Tie a knot on your shift.

\_(Kitty Ricketts bends her head. Her boa uncoils, slides, glides over

her shoulder, back, arm, chair to the ground. Lynch lifts the curled

caterpillar on his wand. She snakes her neck, nestling. Stephen glances

behind at the squatted figure with its cap back to the front.)\_

STEPHEN: 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 \_Coela enarrant gloriam Domini.\_

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 alrightness of his

almightiness. \_Mais nom de nom,\_ that is another pair of trousers.

\_Jetez la gourme. Faut que jeunesse se passe. (He stops, points at

Lynch's cap, smiles, laughs)\_ Which side is your knowledge bump?

THE CAP: \_(With saturnine spleen)\_ Bah! It is because it is. Woman's

reason. Jewgreek is greekjew. Extremes meet. Death is the highest form

of life. Bah!

STEPHEN: You remember fairly accurately all my errors, boasts, mistakes.

How long shall I continue to close my eyes to disloyalty? Whetstone!

THE CAP: Bah!

STEPHEN: Here's another for you. \_(He frowns)\_ The reason is because

the fundamental and the dominant are separated by the greatest possible

interval which...

THE CAP: Which? Finish. You can't.

STEPHEN: \_(With an effort)\_ Interval which. Is the greatest possible

ellipse. Consistent with. The ultimate return. The octave. Which.

THE CAP: Which?

\_(Outside the gramophone begins to blare\_ The Holy City.)

STEPHEN: \_(Abruptly)\_ 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. \_Ecco!\_

LYNCH: \_(With a mocking whinny of laughter grins at Bloom and Zoe

Higgins)\_ What a learned speech, eh?

ZOE: \_(Briskly)\_ God help your head, he knows more than you have

forgotten.

\_(With obese stupidity Florry Talbot regards Stephen.)\_

FLORRY: They say the last day is coming this summer.

KITTY: No!

ZOE: \_(Explodes in laughter)\_ Great unjust God!

FLORRY: \_(Offended)\_ Well, it was in the papers about Antichrist. O, my

foot's tickling.

\_(Ragged barefoot newsboys, jogging a wagtail kite, patter past,

yelling.)\_

THE NEWSBOYS: Stop press edition. Result of the rockinghorse races. Sea

serpent in the royal canal. Safe arrival of Antichrist.

\_(Stephen turns and sees Bloom.)\_

STEPHEN: A time, times and half a time.

\_(Reuben I 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, prognathic with receding forehead

and Ally Sloper nose, tumbles in somersaults through the gathering

darkness.)\_

ALL: What?

THE HOBGOBLIN: \_(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) Il

vient! C'est moi! L'homme qui rit! L'homme primigene! (He whirls round

and round with dervish howls) Sieurs et dames, faites vos jeux! (He

crouches juggling. Tiny roulette planets fly from his hands.) Les jeux

sont faits! (The planets rush together, uttering crepitant cracks) Rien

va plus! (The planets, buoyant balloons, sail swollen up and away. He

springs off into vacuum.)\_

FLORRY: \_(Sinking into torpor, crossing herself secretly)\_ The end of

the world!

\_(A female tepid effluvium leaks out from her. Nebulous obscurity

occupies space. Through the drifting fog without the gramophone blares

over coughs and feetshuffling.)\_

THE GRAMOPHONE: Jerusalem!

Open your gates and sing

Hosanna...

\_(A rocket rushes up the sky and bursts. A white star fills 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.)\_

THE END OF THE WORLD: \_(with a Scotch accent)\_ Wha'll dance the keel

row, the keel row, the keel row?

\_(Over the possing 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.)\_

ELIJAH: No yapping, if you please, in this booth. Jake Crane, Creole

Sue, Dove 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. 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. \_(He shouts)\_

Now then our glory song. All join heartily in the singing. Encore! \_(He

sings)\_ Jeru...

THE GRAMOPHONE: \_(Drowning his voice)\_ Whorusalaminyourhighhohhhh...

\_(The disc rasps gratingly against the needle)\_

THE THREE WHORES: \_(Covering their ears, squawk)\_ Ahhkkk!

ELIJAH: \_(In rolledup shirtsleeves, black in the face, shouts at the top

of his voice, his arms uplifted)\_ 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. \_(He winks at his audience)\_ Our Mr

President, he twig the whole lot and he aint saying nothing.

KITTY-KATE: I forgot myself. In a weak moment I erred and did what I did

on Constitution hill. I was confirmed by the bishop and enrolled in

the brown scapular. My mother's sister married a Montmorency. It was a

working plumber was my ruination when I was pure.

ZOE-FANNY: I let him larrup it into me for the fun of it.

FLORRY-TERESA: It was in consequence of a portwine beverage on top of

Hennessy's three star. I was guilty with Whelan when he slipped into the

bed.

STEPHEN: In the beginning was the word, in the end the world without

end. Blessed be the eight beatitudes.

\_(The beatitudes, Dixon, Madden, Crotthers, Costello, Lenehan, Bannon,

Mulligan and Lynch in white surgical students' gowns, four abreast,

goosestepping, tramp fist past in noisy marching)\_

THE BEATITUDES: \_(Incoherently)\_ Beer beef battledog buybull businum

barnum buggerum bishop.

LYSTER: \_(In quakergrey kneebreeches and broadbrimmed hat, says

discreetly)\_ He is our friend. I need not mention names. Seek thou the

light.

\_(He corantos by. Best enters in hairdresser's 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.)\_

BEST: \_(Smiling, lifts the hat and displays a shaven poll from the crown

of which bristles a pigtail toupee tied with an orange topknot)\_ I was

just beautifying him, don't you know. A thing of beauty, don't you know,

Yeats says, or I mean, Keats says.

JOHN EGLINTON: \_(Produces a greencapped dark lantern and flashes it

towards a corner: with carping accent)\_ Esthetics and cosmetics are for

the boudoir. I am out for truth. Plain truth for a plain man. Tanderagee

wants the facts and means to get them.

\_(In the cone of the searchlight behind the coalscuttle, ollave,

holyeyed, the bearded figure of Mananaun Maclir broods, chin on knees.

He rises slowly. A cold seawind blows from his druid mouth. 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.)\_

MANANAUN MACLIR: \_(With a voice of waves)\_ Aum! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor!

Ma! White yoghin of the gods. Occult pimander of Hermes Trismegistos.

\_(With a voice of whistling seawind)\_ Punarjanam patsypunjaub! I won't

have my leg pulled. It has been said by one: beware the left, the cult

of Shakti. \_(With a cry of stormbirds)\_ Shakti Shiva, darkhidden Father!

\_(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.)\_ Aum! Baum! Pyjaum! I am the light of the

homestead! I am the dreamery creamery butter.

\_(A skeleton judashand strangles the light. The green light wanes to

mauve. The gasjet wails whistling.)\_

THE GASJET: Pooah! Pfuiiiiiii!

\_(Zoe runs to the chandelier and, crooking her leg, adjusts the

mantle.)\_

ZOE: Who has a fag as I'm here?

LYNCH: \_(Tossing a cigarette on to the table)\_ Here.

ZOE: \_(Her head perched aside in mock pride)\_ Is that the way to hand

the \_pot\_ to a lady? \_(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.)\_ Can you see the beautyspot of my behind?

LYNCH: I'm not looking

ZOE: \_(Makes sheep's eyes)\_ No? You wouldn't do a less thing. Would you

suck a lemon?

\_(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.)\_

VIRAG: \_(Heels together, bows)\_ My name is Virag Lipoti, of Szombathely.

\_(He coughs thoughtfully, drily)\_ 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.

BLOOM: Granpapachi. But...

VIRAG: 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?

BLOOM: She is rather lean.

VIRAG: \_(Not unpleasantly)\_ 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! \_(With a nervous twitch of his head)\_ Did you

hear my brain go snap? Pollysyllabax!

BLOOM: \_(An elbow resting in a hand, a forefinger against his cheek)\_

She seems sad.

VIRAG: \_(Cynically, his weasel teeth bared yellow, draws down his left

eye with a finger and barks hoarsely)\_ 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.

\_(More genially)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(Regretfully)\_ When you come out without your gun.

VIRAG: We can do you all brands, mild, medium and strong. Pay your

money, take your choice. How happy could you be with either...

BLOOM: With...?

VIRAG: \_(His tongue upcurling)\_ Lyum! Look. Her beam is broad. She

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. 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. \_(His throat twitches)\_ Slapbang! There he goes again.

BLOOM: The stye I dislike.

VIRAG: \_(Arches his eyebrows)\_ Contact with a goldring, they say.

\_Argumentum ad feminam\_, as we said in old Rome and ancient Greece

in the consulship of Diplodocus and Ichthyosauros. For the rest Eve's

sovereign remedy. Not for sale. Hire only. Huguenot. \_(He twitches)\_ It

is a funny sound. \_(He coughs encouragingly)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(Reflecting)\_ 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...

VIRAG: \_(Severely, his nose hardhumped, his side eye winking)\_ Stop

twirling your thumbs and have a good old thunk. See, you have forgotten.

Exercise your mnemotechnic. \_La causa Ã¨ santa\_. Tara. Tara. \_(Aside)\_ He

will surely remember.

BLOOM: 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?

VIRAG: \_(Excitedly)\_ I say so. I say so. E'en so. Technic. \_(He taps his

parchmentroll energetically)\_ 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. 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? \_(With a dry snigger)\_ You intended to devote

an entire year to the study of the religious problem and the summer

months of 1886 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? \_(He crows derisively)\_

Keekeereekee!

\_(Bloom surveys uncertainly the three whores then gazes at the veiled

mauve light, hearing the everflying moth.)\_

BLOOM: 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 morrow as now was be past yester.

VIRAG: \_(Prompts in a pig's whisper)\_ Insects of the day spend their

brief existence in reiterated coition, lured by the smell of the

inferiorly pulchritudinous fumale possessing extendified pudendal nerve

in dorsal region. Pretty Poll! \_(His yellow parrotbeak gabbles nasally)\_

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. \_(He coughs and, bending

his brow, rubs his nose thoughtfully with a scooping hand)\_ 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!

\_(He blows into bloom's ear)\_ Buzz!

BLOOM: Bee or bluebottle too other day butting shadow on wall dazed self

then me wandered dazed down shirt good job I...

VIRAG: \_(His face impassive, laughs in a rich feminine key)\_ Splendid!

Spanish fly in his fly or mustard plaster on his dibble. \_(He gobbles

gluttonously with turkey wattles)\_ Bubbly jock! Bubbly jock! Where are

we? Open Sesame! Cometh forth! \_(He unrolls his parchment rapidly and

reads, his glowworm's nose running backwards over the letters which he

claws)\_ 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. \_(He wags his head with

cackling raillery)\_ Jocular. With my eyeglass in my ocular. \_(He

sneezes)\_ Amen!

BLOOM: \_(Absently)\_ Ocularly woman's bivalve case is worse. Always open

sesame. The cloven sex. Why they fear vermin, creeping things. Yet Eve

and the serpent contradicts. 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.

VIRAG: \_(His mouth projected in hard wrinkles, eyes stonily forlornly

closed, psalms in outlandish monotone)\_ That the cows with their those

distended udders that they have been the the known...

BLOOM: I am going to scream. I beg your pardon. Ah? So. \_(He repeats)\_

Spontaneously to seek out the saurian's lair in order to entrust their

teats to his avid suction. Ant milks aphis. \_(Profoundly)\_ Instinct

rules the world. In life. In death.

VIRAG: \_(Head askew, arches his back and hunched wingshoulders, peers

at the moth out of blear bulged eyes, points a horning claw and cries)\_

Who's moth moth? Who's dear Gerald? Dear Ger, that you? O dear, he is

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? \_(He mews)\_ Puss puss puss puss! \_(He sighs, draws back

and stares sideways down with dropping underjaw)\_ Well, well. He doth

rest anon. (He snaps his jaws suddenly on the air)

THE MOTH:

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!

\_(He rushes against the mauve shade, flapping noisily)\_ Pretty pretty

pretty pretty pretty pretty petticoats.

\_(From left upper entrance with two gliding 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.)\_

HENRY: \_(In a low dulcet voice, touching the strings of his guitar)\_

There is a flower that bloometh.

\_(Virag truculent, his jowl set, stares at the lamp. Grave Bloom regards

Zoe's neck. Henry gallant turns with pendant dewlap to the piano.)\_

STEPHEN: \_(To himself)\_ 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. \_(He touches the keys again)\_ Minor chord comes now.

Yes. Not much however.

\_(Almidano Artifoni holds out a batonroll of music with vigorous

moustachework.)\_

ARTIFONI: \_Ci rifletta. Lei rovina tutto.\_

FLORRY: Sing us something. Love's old sweet song.

STEPHEN: No voice. I am a most finished artist. Lynch, did I show you

the letter about the lute?

FLORRY: \_(Smirking)\_ The bird that can sing and won't sing.

\_(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.)\_

PHILIP SOBER: 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.

PHILIP DRUNK: \_(Impatiently)\_ 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? \_(His lawnmower begins to purr)\_ Aha, yes.

\_Zoe mou sas agapo\_. 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?

FLORRY: And the song?

STEPHEN: Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

FLORRY: Are you out of Maynooth? You're like someone I knew once.

STEPHEN: Out of it now. \_(To himself)\_ Clever.

PHILIP DRUNK AND PHILIP SOBER: \_(Their lawnmowers purring with a

rigadoon of grasshalms)\_ 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.

ZOE: 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.

VIRAG: Perfectly logical from his standpoint. Fall of man. \_(Harshly,

his pupils waxing)\_ 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. \_(He wriggles)\_ 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. \_(He cries) Coactus volui.\_

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. \_(He chases his tail)\_ Piffpaff! Popo! \_(He stops, sneezes)\_

Pchp! \_(He worries his butt)\_ Prrrrrht!

LYNCH: I hope you gave the good father a penance. Nine glorias for

shooting a bishop.

ZOE: \_(Spouts walrus smoke through her nostrils)\_ He couldn't get a

connection. Only, you know, sensation. A dry rush.

BLOOM: Poor man!

ZOE: \_(Lightly)\_ Only for what happened him.

BLOOM: How?

VIRAG: \_(A diabolic rictus of black luminosity contracting his visage,

cranes his scraggy neck forward. He lifts a mooncalf nozzle and howls.)

Verfluchte Goim!\_ He had a father, forty fathers. He never existed. Pig

God! He had two left feet. He was Judas Iacchia, a Libyan eunuch, the

pope's bastard. \_(He leans out on tortured forepaws, elbows bent rigid,

his eye agonising in his flat skullneck and yelps over the mute world)\_

A son of a whore. Apocalypse.

KITTY: 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

subscribed for the funeral.

PHILIP DRUNK: \_(Gravely) Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position,

Philippe?\_

PHILIP SOBER: \_(Gaily) c'Ã©tait le sacrÃ© pigeon, Philippe.\_

\_(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.)\_

LYNCH: \_(Laughs)\_ And to such delights has Metchnikoff inoculated

anthropoid apes.

FLORRY: \_(Nods)\_ Locomotor ataxy.

ZOE: \_(Gaily)\_ O, my dictionary.

LYNCH: Three wise virgins.

VIRAG: \_(Agueshaken, profuse yellow spawn foaming over his bony

epileptic lips)\_ She sold lovephiltres, whitewax, orangeflower. Panther,

the Roman centurion, polluted her with his genitories. \_(He sticks out

a flickering phosphorescent scorpion tongue, his hand on his fork)\_

Messiah! He burst her tympanum. \_(With gibbering baboon's cries he jerks

his hips in the cynical spasm)\_ Hik! Hek! Hak! Hok! Huk! Kok! Kuk!

\_(Ben Jumbo Dollard, Rubicund, musclebound, hairynostrilled,

hugebearded, cabbageeared, shaggychested, shockmaned, fat-papped, stands

forth, his loins and genitals tightened into a pair of black bathing

bagslops.)\_

BEN DOLLARD: \_(Nakkering castanet bones in his huge padded paws, yodels

jovially in base barreltone)\_ When love absorbs my ardent soul.

\_(The virgins Nurse Callan and Nurse Quigley burst through the

ringkeepers and the ropes and mob him with open arms.)\_

THE VIRGINS: \_(Gushingly)\_ Big Ben! Ben my Chree!

A VOICE: Hold that fellow with the bad breeches.

BEN DOLLARD: \_(Smites his thigh in abundant laughter)\_ Hold him now.

HENRY: \_(Caressing on his breast a severed female head, murmurs)\_ Thine

heart, mine love. \_(He plucks his lutestrings)\_ When first I saw...

VIRAG: \_(Sloughing his skins, his multitudinous plumage moulting)\_ Rats!

\_(He yawns, showing a coalblack throat, and closes his jaws by an upward

push of his parchmentroll)\_ After having said which I took my departure.

Farewell. Fare thee well. \_Dreck!\_

\_(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.)\_

THE FLYBILL: K. II. Post No Bills. Strictly confidential. Dr Hy Franks.

HENRY: All is lost now.

\_(Virag unscrews his head in a trice and holds it under his arm.)\_

VIRAG'S HEAD: Quack!

\_(Exeunt severally.)\_

STEPHEN: \_(Over his shoulder to zoe)\_ 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.

LYNCH: All one and the same God to her.

STEPHEN: \_(Devoutly)\_ And sovereign Lord of all things.

FLORRY: \_(To Stephen)\_ I'm sure you're a spoiled priest. Or a monk.

LYNCH: He is. A cardinal's son.

STEPHEN: Cardinal sin. Monks of the screw.

\_(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:)\_

THE CARDINAL:

Conservio lies captured

He lies in the lowest dungeon

With manacles and chains around his limbs

Weighing upwards of three tons.

\_(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:)\_

O, the poor little fellow

Hihihihihis 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.

\_(A multitude of midges swarms white over his robe. He scratches himself

with crossed arms at his ribs, grimacing, and exclaims:)\_

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.

\_(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,

Easterkissing, zigzag behind him. His voice is heard mellow from afar,

merciful male, melodious:)\_

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!

\_(The trick doorhandle turns.)\_

THE DOORHANDLE: Theeee!

ZOE: The devil is in that door.

\_(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.)\_

ZOE: \_(Sniffs his hair briskly)\_ Hmmm! Thank your mother for the

rabbits. I'm very fond of what I like.

BLOOM: \_(Hearing a male voice in talk with the whores on the doorstep,

pricks his ears)\_ If it were he? After? Or because not? Or the double

event?

ZOE: \_(Tears open the silverfoil)\_ Fingers was made before forks. \_(She

breaks off and nibbles a piece gives a piece to Kitty Ricketts and then

turns kittenishly to Lynch)\_ No objection to French lozenges? \_(He nods.

She taunts him.)\_ Have it now or wait till you get it? \_(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.)\_ Catch!

\_(She tosses a piece. With an adroit snap he catches it and bites it

through with a crack.)\_

KITTY: \_(Chewing)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(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.)\_ Go, go, go, I conjure

you, whoever you are!

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Solemnly)\_ Thanks.

ZOE: Do as you're bid. Here!

\_(A firm heelclacking tread is heard on the stairs.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Takes the chocolate)\_ Aphrodisiac? Tansy and pennyroyal. 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. \_(He eats)\_ 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.

\_(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\_ Carmen. \_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.)\_

BELLA: My word! I'm all of a mucksweat.

\_(She glances round her at the couples. Then her eyes rest on Bloom with

hard insistence. Her large fan winnows wind towards her heated faceneck

and embonpoint. Her falcon eyes glitter.)\_

THE FAN: \_(Flirting quickly, then slowly)\_ Married, I see.

BLOOM: Yes. Partly, I have mislaid...

THE FAN: \_(Half opening, then closing)\_ And the missus is master.

Petticoat government.

BLOOM: \_(Looks down with a sheepish grin)\_ That is so.

THE FAN: \_(Folding together, rests against her left eardrop)\_ Have you

forgotten me?

BLOOM: Yes. Yo.

THE FAN: \_(Folded akimbo against her waist)\_ Is me her was you dreamed

before? Was then she him you us since knew? Am all them and the same now

we?

\_(Bella approaches, gently tapping with the fan.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Wincing)\_ Powerful being. In my eyes read that slumber which

women love.

THE FAN: \_(Tapping)\_ We have met. You are mine. It is fate.

BLOOM: \_(Cowed)\_ 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... \_(He

winces)\_ Ah!

RICHIE GOULDING: \_(Bagweighted, passes the door)\_ Mocking is catch. Best

value in Dub. Fit for a prince's. Liver and kidney.

THE FAN: \_(Tapping)\_ All things end. Be mine. Now.

BLOOM: \_(Undecided)\_ All now? I should not have parted with my talisman.

Rain, exposure at dewfall on the searocks, a peccadillo at my time of

life. Every phenomenon has a natural cause.

THE FAN: \_(Points downwards slowly)\_ You may.

BLOOM: \_(Looks downwards and perceives her unfastened bootlace)\_ We are

observed.

THE FAN: \_(Points downwards quickly)\_ You must.

BLOOM: \_(With desire, with reluctance)\_ I can make a true black knot.

Learned when 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!

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Murmurs lovingly)\_ To be a shoefitter in Manfield'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 impossibly 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.

THE HOOF: Smell my hot goathide. Feel my royal weight.

BLOOM: \_(Crosslacing)\_ Too tight?

THE HOOF: If you bungle, Handy Andy, I'll kick your football for you.

BLOOM: Not to lace the wrong eyelet as I did the night of the bazaar

dance. Bad luck. Hook in wrong tache of her... person you mentioned.

That night she met... Now!

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Mumbles)\_ Awaiting your further orders we remain, gentlemen,...

BELLO: \_(With a hard basilisk stare, in a baritone voice)\_ Hound of

dishonour!

BLOOM: \_(Infatuated)\_ Empress!

BELLO: \_(His heavy cheekchops sagging)\_ Adorer of the adulterous rump!

BLOOM: \_(Plaintively)\_ Hugeness!

BELLO: Dungdevourer!

BLOOM: \_(With sinews semiflexed)\_ Magmagnificence!

BELLO: Down! \_(He taps her on the shoulder with his fan)\_ Incline feet

forward! Slide left foot one pace back! You will fall. You are falling.

On the hands down!

BLOOM: \_(Her eyes upturned in the sign of admiration, closing, yaps)\_

Truffles!

\_(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.)\_

BELLO: \_(With bobbed hair, purple gills, fit moustache rings round 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)\_

Footstool! Feel my entire weight. Bow, bondslave, before the throne of

your despot's glorious heels so glistening in their proud erectness.

BLOOM: \_(Enthralled, bleats)\_ I promise never to disobey.

BELLO: \_(Laughs loudly)\_ 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.

\_(Bloom creeps under the sofa and peers out through the fringe.)\_

ZOE: \_(Widening her slip to screen her)\_ She's not here.

BLOOM: \_(Closing her eyes)\_ She's not here.

FLORRY: \_(Hiding her with her gown)\_ She didn't mean it, Mr Bello.

She'll be good, sir.

KITTY: Don't be too hard on her, Mr Bello. Sure you won't, ma'amsir.

BELLO: \_(Coaxingly)\_ Come, ducky dear, I want a word with you, darling,

just to administer correction. Just a little heart to heart talk,

sweety. \_(Bloom puts out her timid head)\_ There's a good girly now.

\_(Bello grabs her hair violently and drags her forward)\_ 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.

BLOOM: \_(Fainting)\_ Don't tear my...

BELLO: \_(Savagely)\_ 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. \_(His forehead veins swollen, his face

congested)\_ I shall sit on your ottoman saddleback every morning after

my thumping good breakfast of Matterson's fat hamrashers and a bottle

of Guinness's porter. \_(He belches)\_ And suck my thumping good Stock

Exchange cigar while I read the \_Licensed Victualler's Gazette\_. 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. \_(He twists her arm. Bloom squeals, turning turtle.)\_

BLOOM: Don't be cruel, nurse! Don't!

BELLO: \_(Twisting)\_ Another!

BLOOM: \_(Screams)\_ O, it's hell itself! Every nerve in my body aches

like mad!

BELLO: \_(Shouts)\_ 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! \_(He slaps her face)\_

BLOOM: \_(Whimpers)\_ You're after hitting me. I'll tell...

BELLO: Hold him down, girls, till I squat on him.

ZOE: Yes. Walk on him! I will.

FLORRY: I will. Don't be greedy.

KITTY: No, me. Lend him to me.

\_(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.)\_

MRS KEOGH: \_(Ferociously)\_ Can I help? \_(They hold and pinion Bloom.)\_

BELLO: \_(Squats with a grunt on Bloom's upturned face, puffing

cigarsmoke, nursing a fat leg)\_ I see Keating Clay is elected

vicechairman of the Richmond asylum and by the by Guinness's preference

shares are at sixteen three quaffers. Curse me for a fool that didn't

buy that lot Craig and Gardner told me about. Just my infernal luck,

curse it. And that Goddamned outsider \_Throwaway\_ at twenty to one.

\_(He quenches his cigar angrily on Bloom's ear)\_ Where's that Goddamned

cursed ashtray?

BLOOM: \_(Goaded, buttocksmothered)\_ O! O! Monsters! Cruel one!

BELLO: Ask for that every ten minutes. Beg. Pray for it as you never

prayed before. \_(He thrusts out a figged fist and foul cigar)\_ Here,

kiss that. Both. Kiss. \_(He throws a leg astride and, pressing with

horseman's knees, calls in a hard voice)\_ Gee up! A cockhorse to Banbury

cross. I'll ride him for the Eclipse stakes. \_(He bends sideways and

squeezes his mount's testicles roughly, shouting)\_ Ho! Off we pop! I'll

nurse you in proper fashion. \_(He horserides cockhorse, leaping in the

saddle)\_ 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.

FLORRY: \_(Pulls at Bello)\_ Let me on him now. You had enough. I asked

before you.

ZOE: \_(Pulling at florry)\_ Me. Me. Are you not finished with him yet,

suckeress?

BLOOM: \_(Stifling)\_ Can't.

BELLO: Well, I'm not. Wait. \_(He holds in his breath)\_ Curse it. Here.

This bung's about burst. \_(He uncorks himself behind: then, contorting

his features, farts loudly)\_ Take that! \_(He recorks himself)\_ Yes, by

Jingo, sixteen three quarters.

BLOOM: \_(A sweat breaking out over him)\_ Not man. \_(He sniffs)\_ Woman.

BELLO: \_(Stands up)\_ 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!

BLOOM: \_(Shrinks)\_ Silk, mistress said! O crinkly! scrapy! Must I

tiptouch it with my nails?

BELLO: \_(Points to his whores)\_ 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 diamondtrimmed 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...

BLOOM: \_(A charming soubrette with dauby cheeks, mustard hair and large

male hands and nose, leering mouth)\_ I tried her things on only twice,

a small prank, in Holles street. When we were hard up I washed them to

save the laundry bill. My own shirts I turned. It was the purest thrift.

BELLO: \_(Jeers)\_ 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 trunkleg naughties all split up the stitches at her last rape that

Mrs Miriam Dandrade sold you from the Shelbourne hotel, eh?

BLOOM: Miriam. Black. Demimondaine.

BELLO: \_(Guffaws)\_ 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 Smythe-Smythe, Mr Philip Augustus Blockwell M.

P., signor Laci Daremo, the robust tenor, blueeyed Bert, the liftboy,

Henri Fleury of Gordon Bennett fame, Sheridan, the quadroon Croesus, the

varsity wetbob eight from old Trinity, Ponto, her splendid Newfoundland

and Bobs, dowager duchess of Manorhamilton. \_(He guffaws again)\_ Christ,

wouldn't it make a Siamese cat laugh?

BLOOM: \_(Her hands and features working)\_ It was Gerald converted me to

be a true corsetlover when I was female impersonator in the High School

play \_Vice Versa\_. 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.

BELLO: \_(With wicked glee)\_ Beautiful! Give us a breather! When you

took your seat with womanish care, lifting your billowy flounces, on the

smoothworn throne.

BLOOM: Science. To compare the various joys we each enjoy. \_(Earnestly)\_

And really it's better the position... because often I used to wet...

BELLO: \_(Sternly)\_ 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.

THE SINS OF THE PAST: \_(In a medley of voices)\_ 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 frankly 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 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?

BELLO: \_(Whistles loudly)\_ 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.

\_(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...)\_

BLOOM: Don't ask me! Our mutual faith. Pleasants street. I only thought

the half of the... I swear on my sacred oath...

BELLO: \_(Peremptorily)\_ 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...

BLOOM: \_(Docile, gurgles)\_ I rererepugnosed in rerererepugnant

BELLO: \_(Imperiously)\_ O, get out, you skunk! Hold your tongue! Speak

when you're spoken to.

BLOOM: \_(Bows)\_ Master! Mistress! Mantamer!

\_(He lifts his arms. His bangle bracelets fill.)\_

BELLO: \_(Satirically)\_ 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? \_(He places a ruby ring on her finger)\_ And there now! With this

ring I thee own. Say, thank you, mistress.

BLOOM: Thank you, mistress.

BELLO: 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. \_(He chuckles)\_ 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? \_(He points)\_ For that lot. Trained

by owner to fetch and carry, basket in mouth. \_(He bares his arm and

plunges it elbowdeep in Bloom's vulva)\_ There's fine depth for you!

What, boys? That give you a hardon? \_(He shoves his arm in a bidder's

face)\_ Here wet the deck and wipe it round!

A BIDDER: A florin.

\_(Dillon's lacquey rings his handbell.)\_

THE LACQUEY: Barang!

A VOICE: One and eightpence too much.

CHARLES ALBERTA MARSH: Must be virgin. Good breath. Clean.

BELLO: \_(Gives a rap with his gavel)\_ Two bar. Rockbottom figure and

cheap at the price. Fourteen hands high. Touch and examine his points.

Handle him. 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 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! \_(He brands his initial C on Bloom's

croup)\_ So! Warranted Cohen! What advance on two bob, gentlemen?

A DARKVISAGED MAN: \_(In disguised accent)\_ Hoondert punt sterlink.

VOICES: \_(Subdued)\_ For the Caliph. Haroun Al Raschid.

BELLO: \_(Gaily)\_ Right. Let them all come. The scanty, daringly short

skirt, riding up at the knee to show a peep of white pantalette, 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 \_blasÃ©\_ man about town. Learn the smooth mincing walk

on four inch Louis Quinze heels, the Grecian bend with provoking croup,

the thighs fluescent, knees modestly kissing. Bring all your powers of

fascination to bear on them. Pander to their Gomorrahan vices.

BLOOM: \_(Bends his blushing face into his armpit and simpers with

forefinger in mouth)\_ O, I know what you're hinting at now!

BELLO: What else are you good for, an impotent thing like you? \_(He

stoops and, peering, pokes with his fan rudely under the fat suet folds

of Bloom's haunches)\_ 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 as a boy of six's doing his pooly behind a cart. Buy

a bucket or sell your pump. \_(Loudly)\_ Can you do a man's job?

BLOOM: Eccles street...

BELLO: \_(Sarcastically)\_ 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 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? \_(He spits in

contempt)\_ Spittoon!

BLOOM: I was indecently treated, I... Inform the police. Hundred

pounds. Unmentionable. I...

BELLO: Would if you could, lame duck. A downpour we want not your

drizzle.

BLOOM: To drive me mad! Moll! I forgot! Forgive! Moll... We... Still...

BELLO: \_(Ruthlessly)\_ 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.

\_(Old Sleepy Hollow calls over the wold.)\_

SLEEPY HOLLOW: Rip van Wink! Rip van Winkle!

BLOOM: \_(In tattered mocassins with a rusty fowlingpiece, tiptoeing,

fingertipping, his haggard bony bearded face peering through the diamond

panes, cries out)\_ 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...

BELLO: \_(Laughs mockingly)\_ That's your daughter, you owl, with a

Mullingar student.

\_(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.)\_

MILLY: My! It's Papli! But, O Papli, how old you've grown!

BELLO: Changed, eh? Our whatnot, our writingtable 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 \_Cuckoos' Rest!\_ Why not?

How many women had you, eh, 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.

BLOOM: They... I...

BELLO: \_(Cuttingly)\_ 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.

BLOOM: Ten and six. The act of low scoundrels. Let me go. I will return.

I will prove...

A VOICE: Swear!

\_(Bloom clenches his fists and crawls forward, a bowieknife between his

teeth.)\_

BELLO: 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.

BLOOM: Justice! All Ireland versus one! Has nobody...? \_(He bites his

thumb)\_

BELLO: Die and be damned to you if you have any sense of decency

or grace 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. \_(He

explodes in a loud phlegmy laugh)\_ We'll manure you, Mr Flower! \_(He

pipes scoffingly)\_ Byby, Poldy! Byby, Papli!

BLOOM: \_(Clasps his head)\_ My willpower! Memory! I have sinned! I have

suff...

\_(He weeps tearlessly)\_

BELLO: \_(Sneers)\_ Crybabby! Crocodile tears!

\_(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, P. Mastiansky, The Reverend Leopold

Abramovitz, Chazen. With swaying arms they wail in pneuma over the

recreant Bloom.)\_

THE CIRCUMCISED: \_(In dark guttural chant as they cast dead sea fruit

upon him, no flowers) Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad.\_

VOICES: \_(Sighing)\_ 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.

\_(From the suttee pyre the flame of gum camphire ascends. The pall of

incense smoke screens and disperses. Out of her oakframe a nymph with

hair unbound, lightly clad in teabrown artcolours, descends from her

grotto and passing under interlacing yews stands over Bloom.)\_

THE YEWS: \_(Their leaves whispering)\_ Sister. Our sister. Ssh!

THE NYMPH: \_(Softly)\_ Mortal! \_(Kindly)\_ Nay, dost not weepest!

BLOOM: \_(Crawls jellily forward under the boughs, streaked by sunlight,

with dignity)\_ This position. I felt it was expected of me. Force of

habit.

THE NYMPH: Mortal! You found me in evil company, highkickers, coster

picnicmakers, pugilists, popular generals, immoral panto boys in

fleshtights 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, ads for transparencies, truedup dice and bustpads,

proprietary articles and why wear a truss with testimonial from ruptured

gentleman. Useful hints to the married.

BLOOM: \_(Lifts a turtle head towards her lap)\_ We have met before. On

another star.

THE NYMPH: \_(Sadly)\_ 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.

BLOOM: You mean \_Photo Bits?\_

THE NYMPH: 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.

BLOOM: \_(Humbly kisses her long hair)\_ Your classic curves, beautiful

immortal, I was glad to look on you, to praise you, a thing of beauty,

almost to pray.

THE NYMPH: During dark nights I heard your praise.

BLOOM: \_(Quickly)\_ Yes, yes. You mean that I... Sleep reveals the worst

side of everyone, children perhaps excepted. I know I fell out of 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. \_(He sighs)\_ 'Twas ever thus. Frailty, thy name is marriage.

THE NYMPH: \_(Her fingers in her ears)\_ And words. They are not in my

dictionary.

BLOOM: You understood them?

THE YEWS: Ssh!

THE NYMPH: \_(Covers her face with her hands)\_ What have I not seen in

that chamber? What must my eyes look down on?

BLOOM: \_(Apologetically)\_ I know. Soiled personal linen, wrong side up

with care. The quoits are loose. From Gibraltar by long sea long ago.

THE NYMPH: \_(Bends her head)\_ Worse, worse!

BLOOM: \_(Reflects precautiously)\_ 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.

\_(The sound of a waterfall is heard in bright cascade.)\_

THE WATERFALL:

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca.

THE YEWS: \_(Mingling their boughs)\_ Listen. Whisper. She is right, our

sister. We grew by Poulaphouca waterfall. We gave shade on languorous

summer days.

JOHN WYSE NOLAN: \_(In the background, in Irish National Forester's

uniform, doffs his plumed hat)\_ Prosper! Give shade on languorous days,

trees of Ireland!

THE YEWS: \_(Murmuring)\_ Who came to Poulaphouca with the High School

excursion? Who left his nutquesting classmates to seek our shade?

BLOOM: \_(Scared)\_ High School of Poula? Mnemo? Not in full possession of

faculties. Concussion. Run over by tram.

THE ECHO: Sham!

BLOOM: \_(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 schoolcap with

badge)\_ I was in my teens, 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.

\_(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.)\_

THE HALCYON DAYS: Mackerel! Live us again. Hurray! \_(They cheer)\_

BLOOM: \_(Hobbledehoy, warmgloved, mammamufflered, starred with spent

snowballs, struggles to rise)\_ Again! I feel sixteen! What a lark! Let's

ring all the bells in Montague street. \_(He cheers feebly)\_ Hurray for

the High School!

THE ECHO: Fool!

THE YEWS: \_(Rustling)\_ She is right, our sister. Whisper. \_(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.)\_ Who

profaned our silent shade?

THE NYMPH: \_(Coyly, through parting fingers)\_ There? In the open air?

THE YEWS: \_(Sweeping downward)\_ Sister, yes. And on our virgin sward.

THE WATERFALL:

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca

Phoucaphouca Phoucaphouca.

THE NYMPH: \_(With wide fingers)\_ O, infamy!

BLOOM: I was precocious. Youth. The fauna. 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 through 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?

\_(Staggering Bob, a whitepolled calf, thrusts a ruminating head with

humid nostrils through the foliage.)\_

STAGGERING BOB: (LARGE TEARDROPS ROLLING FROM HIS PROMINENT EYES,

SNIVELS) Me. Me see.

BLOOM: Simply satisfying a need I... \_(With pathos)\_ No girl would when

I went girling. Too ugly. They wouldn't play...

\_(High on Ben Howth through rhododendrons a nannygoat passes,

plumpuddered, buttytailed, dropping currants.)\_

THE NANNYGOAT: \_(Bleats)\_ Megeggaggegg! Nannannanny!

BLOOM: \_(Hatless, flushed, covered with burrs of thistledown and

gorsespine)\_ Regularly engaged. Circumstances alter cases. \_(He gazes

intently downwards on the water)\_ Thirtytwo head over heels per second.

Press nightmare. Giddy Elijah. Fall from cliff. Sad end of government

printer's clerk. \_(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.)\_

THE DUMMYMUMMY: Bbbbblllllblblblblobschbg!

\_(Far out in the bay between bailey and kish lights the\_ Erin's King

\_sails, sending a broadening plume of coalsmoke from her funnel towards

the land.)\_

COUNCILLOR NANNETII: \_(Alone on deck, in dark alpaca, yellowkitefaced,

his hand in his waistcoat opening, declaims)\_ When my country takes her

place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my

epitaph be written. I have...

BLOOM: Done. Prff!

THE NYMPH: \_(Loftily)\_ 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. \_(She arches her body in lascivious crispation, placing

her forefinger in her mouth)\_ Spoke to me. Heard from behind. How then

could you...?

BLOOM: \_(Pawing the heather abjectly)\_ 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.

THE NYMPH: In my presence. The powderpuff. \_(She blushes and makes a

knee)\_ And the rest!

BLOOM: \_(Dejected)\_ Yes. \_Peccavi!\_ I have paid homage on that living

altar where the back changes name. \_(With sudden fervour)\_ For why

should the dainty scented jewelled hand, the hand that rules...?

\_(Figures wind serpenting in slow woodland pattern around the treestems,

cooeeing)\_

THE VOICE OF KITTY: \_(In the thicket)\_ Show us one of them cushions.

THE VOICE OF FLORRY: Here.

\_(A grouse wings clumsily through the underwood.)\_

THE VOICE OF LYNCH: \_(In the thicket)\_ Whew! Piping hot!

THE VOICE OF ZOE: \_(From the thicket)\_ Came from a hot place.

THE VOICE OF VIRAG: \_(A birdchief, bluestreaked and feathered in war

panoply with his assegai, striding through a crackling canebrake over

beechmast and acorns)\_ Hot! Hot! Ware Sitting Bull!

BLOOM: 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.

THE WATERFALL:

\_Phillaphulla Poulaphouca

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca.\_

THE YEWS: Ssh! Sister, speak!

THE NYMPH: \_(Eyeless, in nun's white habit, coif and hugewinged wimple,

softly, with remote eyes)\_ Tranquilla convent. Sister Agatha. Mount

Carmel. The apparitions of Knock and Lourdes. No more desire. \_(She

reclines her head, sighing)\_ Only the ethereal. Where dreamy creamy gull

waves o'er the waters dull.

\_(Bloom half rises. His back trouserbutton snaps.)\_

THE BUTTON: Bip!

\_(Two sluts of the coombe dance rainily by, shawled, yelling flatly.)\_

THE SLUTS:

O, Leopold lost the pin of his drawers

He didn't know what to do,

To keep it up,

To keep it up.

BLOOM: \_(Coldly)\_ 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.

THE YEWS: \_(Their silverfoil of leaves precipitating, their skinny arms

aging and swaying)\_ Deciduously!

THE NYMPH: \_(Her features hardening, gropes in the folds of her habit)\_

Sacrilege! To attempt my virtue! \_(A large moist stain appears on her

robe)\_ Sully my innocence! You are not fit to touch the garment of a

pure woman. \_(She clutches again in her robe)\_ Wait. Satan, you'll sing

no more lovesongs. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. \_(She draws a poniard and,

clad in the sheathmail of an elected knight of nine, strikes at his

loins)\_ Nekum!

BLOOM: \_(Starts up, seizes her hand)\_ Hoy! Nebrakada! Cat o' nine lives!

Fair play, madam. No pruningknife. The fox and the grapes, is it? What

do you lack with your barbed wire? Crucifix not thick enough? \_(He

clutches her veil)\_ A holy abbot you want or Brophy, the lame gardener,

or the spoutless statue of the watercarrier, or good mother Alphonsus,

eh Reynard?

THE NYMPH: \_(With a cry flees from him unveiled, her plaster cast

cracking, a cloud of stench escaping from the cracks)\_ Poli...!

BLOOM: \_(Calls after her)\_ 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 mendancers on the Riviera, I read. \_(The fleeing nymph

raises a keen)\_ Eh? I have sixteen years of black slave labour behind

me. And would a jury give me five shillings alimony tomorrow, eh? Fool

someone else, not me. \_(He sniffs)\_ Rut. Onions. Stale. Sulphur. Grease.

\_(The figure of Bella Cohen stands before him.)\_

BELLA: You'll know me the next time.

BLOOM: \_(Composed, regards her) PassÃ©e.\_ Mutton dressed as lamb. Long

in the tooth and superfluous 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 glasseyes of your stuffed fox. They have the

dimensions of your other features, that's all. I'm not a triple screw

propeller.

BELLA: \_(Contemptuously)\_ You're not game, in fact. \_(Her sowcunt

barks)\_ Fbhracht!

BLOOM: \_(Contemptuously)\_ Clean your nailless middle finger first, your

bully's cold spunk is dripping from your cockscomb. Take a handful of

hay and wipe yourself.

BELLA: I know you, canvasser! Dead cod!

BLOOM: I saw him, kipkeeper! Pox and gleet vendor!

BELLA: \_(Turns to the piano)\_ Which of you was playing the dead march

from \_Saul?\_

ZOE: Me. Mind your cornflowers. \_(She darts to the piano and bangs

chords on it with crossed arms)\_ The cat's ramble through the slag.

\_(She glances back)\_ Eh? Who's making love to my sweeties? \_(She darts

back to the table)\_ What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own.

\_(Kitty, disconcerted, coats her teeth with the silver paper. Bloom

approaches Zoe.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Gently)\_ Give me back that potato, will you?

ZOE: Forfeits, a fine thing and a superfine thing.

BLOOM: \_(With feeling)\_ It is nothing, but still, a relic of poor mamma.

ZOE:

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.

BLOOM: There is a memory attached to it. I should like to have it.

STEPHEN: To have or not to have that is the question.

ZOE: Here. \_(She hauls up a reef of her slip, revealing her bare thigh,

and unrolls the potato from the top of her stocking)\_ Those that hides

knows where to find.

BELLA: \_(Frowns)\_ Here. This isn't a musical peepshow. And don't you

smash that piano. Who's paying here?

\_(She goes to the pianola. Stephen fumbles in his pocket and, taking out

a banknote by its corner, hands it to her.)\_

STEPHEN: \_(With exaggerated politeness)\_ This silken purse I made out

of the sow's ear of the public. Madam, excuse me. If you allow me. \_(He

indicates vaguely Lynch and Bloom)\_ We are all in the same sweepstake,

Kinch and Lynch. \_Dans ce bordel ou tenons nostre Ã©tat\_.

LYNCH: \_(Calls from the hearth)\_ Dedalus! Give her your blessing for me.

STEPHEN: \_(Hands Bella a coin)\_ Gold. She has it.

BELLA: \_(Looks at the money, then at Stephen, then at Zoe, Florry and

Kitty)\_ Do you want three girls? It's ten shillings here.

STEPHEN: \_(Delightedly)\_ A hundred thousand apologies. \_(He fumbles

again and takes out and hands her two crowns)\_ Permit, \_brevi manu\_, my

sight is somewhat troubled.

\_(Bella goes to the table to count the money while Stephen talks to

himself in monosyllables. Zoe bends over 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.)\_

FLORRY: \_(Strives heavily to rise)\_ Ow! My foot's asleep. \_(She limps

over to the table. Bloom approaches.)\_

BELLA, ZOE, KITTY, LYNCH, BLOOM: \_(Chattering and squabbling)\_ 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 short

time?... who did?... you're a liar, excuse me... the gentleman paid

down like a gentleman... drink... it's long after eleven.

STEPHEN: \_(At the pianola, making a gesture of abhorrence)\_ No bottles!

What, eleven? A riddle!

ZOE: \_(Lifting up her pettigown and folding a half sovereign into the

top of her stocking)\_ Hard earned on the flat of my back.

LYNCH: \_(Lifting Kitty from the table)\_ Come!

KITTY: Wait. \_(She clutches the two crowns)\_

FLORRY: And me?

LYNCH: Hoopla! \_(He lifts her, carries her and bumps her down on the

sofa.)\_

STEPHEN:

The fox crew, the cocks flew,

The bells in heaven

Were striking eleven.

'Tis time for her poor soul

To get out of heaven.

BLOOM: \_(Quietly lays a half sovereign on the table between bella and

florry)\_ So. Allow me. \_(He takes up the poundnote)\_ Three times ten.

We're square.

BELLA: \_(Admiringly)\_ You're such a slyboots, old cocky. I could kiss

you.

ZOE: \_(Points)\_ Him? Deep as a drawwell. \_(Lynch bends Kitty back over

the sofa and kisses her. Bloom goes with the poundnote to Stephen.)\_

BLOOM: This is yours.

STEPHEN: How is that? \_Les distrait\_ or absentminded beggar. \_(He

fumbles again in his pocket and draws out a handful of coins. An object

fills.)\_ That fell.

BLOOM: \_(Stooping, picks up and hands a box of matches)\_ This.

STEPHEN: Lucifer. Thanks.

BLOOM: \_(Quietly)\_ You had better hand over that cash to me to take care

of. Why pay more?

STEPHEN: \_(Hands him all his coins)\_ Be just before you are generous.

BLOOM: I will but is it wise? \_(He counts)\_ One, seven, eleven, and

five. Six. Eleven. I don't answer for what you may have lost.

STEPHEN: Why striking eleven? Proparoxyton. Moment before the next

Lessing says. Thirsty fox. \_(He laughs loudly)\_ Burying his grandmother.

Probably he killed her.

BLOOM: That is one pound six and eleven. One pound seven, say.

STEPHEN: Doesn't matter a rambling damn.

BLOOM: No, but...

STEPHEN: \_(Comes to the table)\_ Cigarette, please. \_(Lynch tosses a

cigarette from the sofa to the table)\_ And so Georgina Johnson is dead

and married. \_(A cigarette appears on the table. Stephen looks at it)\_

Wonder. Parlour magic. Married. Hm. \_(He strikes a match and proceeds to

light the cigarette with enigmatic melancholy)\_

LYNCH: \_(Watching him)\_ You would have a better chance of lighting it if

you held the match nearer.

STEPHEN: \_(Brings the match near his eye)\_ Lynx eye. Must get glasses.

Broke them yesterday. Sixteen years ago. Distance. The eye sees all

flat. \_(He draws the match away. It goes out.)\_ Brain thinks. Near:

far. Ineluctable modality of the visible. \_(He frowns mysteriously)\_ Hm.

Sphinx. The beast that has twobacks at midnight. Married.

ZOE: It was a commercial traveller married her and took her away with

him.

FLORRY: \_(Nods)\_ Mr Lambe from London.

STEPHEN: Lamb of London, who takest away the sins of our world.

LYNCH: \_(Embracing Kitty on the sofa, chants deeply) Dona nobis pacem.\_

\_(The cigarette slips from Stephen 's fingers. Bloom picks it up and

throws it in the grate.)\_

BLOOM: Don't smoke. You ought to eat. Cursed dog I met. \_(To Zoe)\_ You

have nothing?

ZOE: Is he hungry?

STEPHEN: \_(Extends his hand to her smiling and chants to the air of the

bloodoath in the\_ Dusk of the Gods)

Hangende Hunger,

Fragende Frau,

Macht uns alle kaputt.

ZOE: \_(Tragically)\_ Hamlet, I am thy father's gimlet! \_(She takes

his hand)\_ Blue eyes beauty I'll read your hand. \_(She points to his

forehead)\_ No wit, no wrinkles. \_(She counts)\_ Two, three, Mars, that's

courage. \_(Stephen shakes his head)\_ No kid.

LYNCH: Sheet lightning courage. The youth who could not shiver and

shake. \_(To Zoe)\_ Who taught you palmistry?

ZOE: \_(Turns)\_ Ask my ballocks that I haven't got. \_(To Stephen)\_ I see

it in your face. The eye, like that. \_(She frowns with lowered head)\_

LYNCH: \_(Laughing, slaps Kitty behind twice)\_ Like that. Pandybat.

\_(Twice loudly a pandybat cracks, the coffin of the pianola flies open,

the bald little round jack-in-the-box head of Father Dolan springs up.)\_

FATHER DOLAN: Any boy want flogging? Broke his glasses? Lazy idle little

schemer. See it in your eye.

\_(Mild, benign, rectorial, reproving, the head of Don John Conmee rises

from the pianola coffin.)\_

DON JOHN CONMEE: Now, Father Dolan! Now. I'm sure that Stephen is a very

good little boy!

ZOE: \_(Examining Stephen's palm)\_ Woman's hand.

STEPHEN: \_(Murmurs)\_ Continue. Lie. Hold me. Caress. I never could read

His handwriting except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock.

ZOE: What day were you born?

STEPHEN: Thursday. Today.

ZOE: Thursday's child has far to go. \_(She traces lines on his hand)\_

Line of fate. Influential friends.

FLORRY: \_(Pointing)\_ Imagination.

ZOE: Mount of the moon. You'll meet with a... \_(She peers at his hands

abruptly)\_ I won't tell you what's not good for you. Or do you want to

know?

BLOOM: \_(Detaches her fingers and offers his palm)\_ More harm than good.

Here. Read mine.

BELLA: Show. \_(She turns up bloom's hand)\_ I thought so. Knobby knuckles

for the women.

ZOE: \_(Peering at bloom's palm)\_ Gridiron. Travels beyond the sea and

marry money.

BLOOM: Wrong.

ZOE: \_(Quickly)\_ O, I see. Short little finger. Henpecked husband. That

wrong?

\_(Black Liz, a huge rooster hatching in a chalked circle, rises,

stretches her wings and clucks.)\_

BLACK LIZ: Gara. Klook. Klook. Klook.

\_(She sidles from her newlaid egg and waddles off)\_

BLOOM: \_(Points to his hand)\_ That weal there is an accident. Fell and

cut it twentytwo years ago. I was sixteen.

ZOE: I see, says the blind man. Tell us news.

STEPHEN: See? Moves to one great goal. I am twentytwo. Sixteen years ago

he was twentytwo too. Sixteen years ago I twentytwo tumbled. Twentytwo

years ago he sixteen fell off his hobbyhorse. \_(He winces)\_ Hurt my hand

somewhere. Must see a dentist. Money?

\_(Zoe whispers to Florry. They giggle. Bloom releases his hand and

writes idly on the table in backhand, pencilling slow curves.)\_

FLORRY: What?

\_(A hackneycar, number three hundred and twentyfour, with a

gallantbuttocked 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.)\_

THE BOOTS: \_(Jogging, mocks them with thumb and wriggling wormfingers)\_

Haw haw have you the horn?

\_(Bronze by gold they whisper.)\_

ZOE: \_(To Florry)\_ Whisper.

\_(They whisper again)\_

\_(Over the well of the car Blazes Boylan leans, his boater straw set

sideways, a red flower in his mouth. Lenehan in yachtsman's cap and

white shoes officiously detaches a long hair from Blazes Boylan's coat

shoulder.)\_

LENEHAN: Ho! What do I here behold? Were you brushing the cobwebs off a

few quims?

BOYLAN: \_(Seated, smiles)\_ Plucking a turkey.

LENEHAN: A good night's work.

BOYLAN: \_(Holding up four thick bluntungulated fingers, winks)\_ Blazes

Kate! Up to sample or your money back. \_(He holds out a forefinger)\_

Smell that.

LENEHAN: \_(Smells gleefully)\_ Ah! Lobster and mayonnaise. Ah!

ZOE AND FLORRY: \_(Laugh together)\_ Ha ha ha ha.

BOYLAN: \_(Jumps surely from the car and calls loudly for all to hear)\_

Hello, Bloom! Mrs Bloom dressed yet?

BLOOM: \_(In flunkey's prune plush coat and kneebreeches, buff stockings

and powdered wig)\_ I'm afraid not, sir. The last articles...

BOYLAN: \_(Tosses him sixpence)\_ Here, to buy yourself a gin and splash.

\_(He hangs his hat smartly on a peg of Bloom's antlered head)\_ Show me

in. I have a little private business with your wife, you understand?

BLOOM: Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. Madam Tweedy is in her bath, sir.

MARION: He ought to feel himself highly honoured. \_(She plops splashing

out of the water)\_ Raoul darling, come and dry me. I'm in my pelt. Only

my new hat and a carriage sponge.

BOYLAN: \_(A merry twinkle in his eye)\_ Topping!

BELLA: What? What is it?

\_(Zoe whispers to her.)\_

MARION: 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.

BOYLAN: (clasps himself) Here, I can't hold this little lot much longer.

(he strides off on stiff cavalry legs)

BELLA: \_(Laughing)\_ Ho ho ho ho.

BOYLAN: \_(To Bloom, over his shoulder)\_ You can apply your eye to the

keyhole and play with yourself while I just go through her a few times.

BLOOM: Thank you, sir. I will, sir. May I bring two men chums to witness

the deed and take a snapshot? \_(He holds out an ointment jar)\_ Vaseline,

sir? Orangeflower...? Lukewarm water...?

KITTY: \_(From the sofa)\_ Tell us, Florry. Tell us. What.

\_(Florry whispers to her. Whispering lovewords murmur, liplapping

loudly, poppysmic plopslop.)\_

MINA KENNEDY: \_(Her eyes upturned)\_ 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!

LYDIA DOUCE: \_(Her mouth opening)\_ Yumyum. O, he's carrying her round

the room doing it! Ride a cockhorse. You could hear them in Paris and

New York. Like mouthfuls of strawberries and cream.

KITTY: \_(Laughing)\_ Hee hee hee.

BOYLAN'S VOICE: \_(Sweetly, hoarsely, in the pit of his stomach)\_ Ah!

Gooblazqruk brukarchkrasht!

MARION'S VOICE: \_(Hoarsely, sweetly, rising to her throat)\_ O!

Weeshwashtkissinapooisthnapoohuck?

BLOOM: \_(His eyes wildly dilated, clasps himself)\_ Show! Hide! Show!

Plough her! More! Shoot!

BELLA, ZOE, FLORRY, KITTY: Ho ho! Ha ha! Hee hee!

LYNCH: \_(Points)\_ The mirror up to nature. \_(He laughs)\_ Hu hu hu hu hu!

\_(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.)\_

SHAKESPEARE: \_(In dignified ventriloquy)\_ 'Tis the loud laugh bespeaks

the vacant mind. \_(To Bloom)\_ Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest

invisible. Gaze. \_(He crows with a black capon's laugh)\_ Iagogo! How my

Oldfellow chokit his Thursdaymornun. Iagogogo!

BLOOM: \_(Smiles yellowly at the three whores)\_ When will I hear the

joke?

ZOE: Before you're twice married and once a widower.

BLOOM: Lapses are condoned. Even the great Napoleon when measurements

were taken next the skin after his death...

\_(Mrs Dignam, widow woman, her snubnose and cheeks flushed with

deathtalk, tears and Tunney'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 widows' insurance policy and a large marquee umbrella under

which her brood run with her, Patsy hopping on one shod foot, his collar

loose, a hank of porksteaks dangling, freddy whimpering, Susy with a

crying cod's mouth, Alice struggling with the baby. She cuffs them on,

her streamers flaunting aloft.)\_

FREDDY: Ah, ma, you're dragging me along!

SUSY: Mamma, the beeftea is fizzing over!

SHAKESPEARE: \_(With paralytic rage)\_ Weda seca whokilla farst.

\_(The face of Martin Cunningham, bearded, refeatures Shakespeare's

beardless face. The marquee umbrella sways drunkenly, the children run

aside. Under the umbrella appears Mrs Cunningham in Merry Widow hat and

kimono gown. She glides sidling and bowing, twirling japanesily.)\_

MRS CUNNINGHAM: \_(Sings)\_

And they call me the jewel of Asia!

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM: \_(Gazes on her, impassive)\_ Immense! Most bloody

awful demirep!

STEPHEN: \_Et exaltabuntur cornua iusti.\_ 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.

BELLA: None of that here. Come to the wrong shop.

LYNCH: Let him alone. He's back from Paris.

ZOE: \_(Runs to stephen and links him)\_ O go on! Give us some parleyvoo.

\_(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.)\_

LYNCH: \_(Oommelling on the sofa)\_ Rmm Rmm Rmm Rrrrrrmmmm.

STEPHEN: \_(Gabbles with marionette jerks)\_ Thousand places of

entertainment to expense your evenings with lovely ladies saling gloves

and other things perhaps hers 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 \_dessous troublants\_. \_(He clacks his tongue loudly)\_ \_Ho, la la!

Ce pif qu'il a!\_

LYNCH: \_Vive le vampire!\_

THE WHORES: Bravo! Parleyvoo!

STEPHEN: \_(Grimacing with head back, laughs loudly, clapping himself)\_

Great success of laughing. Angels much prostitutes like and holy

apostles big damn ruffians. \_Demimondaines\_ nicely handsome sparkling of

diamonds very amiable costumed. Or do you are fond better what belongs

they moderns pleasure turpitude of old mans? \_(He points about him with

grotesque gestures which Lynch and the whores reply to)\_ Caoutchouc

statue woman reversible or lifesize tompeeptom of virgins nudities very

lesbic the kiss five ten times. Enter, gentleman, to see in mirror every

positions trapezes all that machine there besides also if desire act

awfully bestial butcher's boy pollutes in warm veal liver or omlet on

the belly \_piÃ¨ce de Shakespeare.\_

BELLA: \_(Clapping her belly sinks back on the sofa, with a shout of

laughter)\_ An omelette on the... Ho! ho! ho! ho!... omelette on the...

STEPHEN: \_(Mincingly)\_ I love you, sir darling. Speak you englishman

tongue for \_double entente cordiale.\_ O yes, \_mon loup\_. How much cost?

Waterloo. Watercloset. \_(He ceases suddenly and holds up a forefinger)\_

BELLA: \_(Laughing)\_ Omelette...

THE WHORES: \_(Laughing)\_ Encore! Encore!

STEPHEN: Mark me. I dreamt of a watermelon.

ZOE: Go abroad and love a foreign lady.

LYNCH: Across the world for a wife.

FLORRY: Dreams goes by contraries.

STEPHEN: \_(Extends his arms)\_ It was here. Street of harlots. In

Serpentine avenue Beelzebub showed me her, a fubsy widow. Where's the

red carpet spread?

BLOOM: \_(Approaching Stephen)\_ Look...

STEPHEN: No, I flew. My foes beneath me. And ever shall be. World

without end. \_(He cries) P\_ater! Free!

BLOOM: I say, look...

STEPHEN: Break my spirit, will he? \_O merde alors! (He cries, his

vulture talons sharpened)\_ Hola! Hillyho!

\_(Simon Dedalus' voice hilloes in answer, somewhat sleepy but ready.)\_

SIMON: That's all right. \_(He swoops uncertainly through the air,

wheeling, uttering cries of heartening, on strong ponderous buzzard

wings)\_ 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! Haihoop! \_(He makes the beagle's call, giving

tongue)\_ Bulbul! Burblblburblbl! Hai, boy!

\_(The fronds and spaces of the wallpaper 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, hayforks, salmongaffs, lassos, flockmasters with stockwhips,

bearbaiters with tomtoms, toreadors with bullswords, greynegroes

waving torches. The crowd bawls of dicers, crown and anchor players,

thimbleriggers, broadsmen. Crows and touts, hoarse bookies in high

wizard hats clamour deafeningly.)\_

THE CROWD:

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!

\_(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, rustyarmoured, leaping, leaping

in their, in their saddles. Last in a drizzle of rain on a brokenwinded

isabelle nag, Cock of the North, the favourite, honey cap, green jacket,

orange sleeves, Garrett Deasy up, gripping the reins, a hockeystick at

the ready. His nag on spavined whitegaitered feet jogs along the rocky

road.)\_

THE ORANGE LODGES: \_(Jeering)\_ Get down and push, mister. Last lap!

You'll be home the night!

GARRETT DEASY: \_(Bolt upright, his nailscraped face plastered with

postagestamps, brandishes his hockeystick, his blue eyes flashing in the

prism of the chandelier as his mount lopes by at schooling gallop)\_

\_Per vias rectas!\_

\_(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.)\_

THE GREEN LODGES: Soft day, sir John! Soft day, your honour!

\_(Private Carr, Private Compton and Cissy Caffrey pass beneath the

windows, singing in discord.)\_

STEPHEN: Hark! Our friend noise in the street.

ZOE: \_(Holds up her hand)\_ Stop!

PRIVATE CARR, PRIVATE COMPTON AND CISSY CAFFREY:

Yet I've a sort a Yorkshire relish for...

ZOE: That's me. \_(She claps her hands)\_ Dance! Dance! \_(She runs to the

pianola)\_ Who has twopence?

BLOOM: Who'll...?

LYNCH: \_(Handing her coins)\_ Here.

STEPHEN: \_(Cracking his fingers impatiently)\_ Quick! Quick! Where's my

augur's rod? \_(He runs to the piano and takes his ashplant, beating his

foot in tripudium)\_

ZOE: \_(Turns the drumhandle)\_ There.

\_(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 pianostool and lifts

and beats handless sticks of arms on the keyboard, nodding with damsel's

grace, his bowknot bobbing)\_

ZOE: \_(Twirls round herself, heeltapping)\_ Dance. Anybody here for

there? Who'll dance? Clear the table.

\_(The pianola with changing lights plays in waltz time the prelude of\_

My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl. \_Stephen throws his ashplant on the table

and seizes Zoe round the waist. Florry and Bella push the table towards

the fireplace. Stephen, arming Zoe with exaggerated grace, begins to

waltz her round the room. Bloom stands aside. Her sleeve filling from

gracing arms reveals a white fleshflower of vaccination. 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 an immense dahlia. He twirls in reversed

directions a clouded cane, then wedges it tight in his oxter. He places

a hand lightly on his breastbone, bows, and fondles his flower and

buttons.)\_

MAGINNI: The poetry of motion, art of calisthenics. No connection

with Madam Legget Byrne's or Levenston's. Fancy dress balls arranged.

Deportment. The Katty Lanner step. So. Watch me! My terpsichorean

abilities. \_(He minuets forward three paces on tripping bee's feet) Tout

le monde en avant! RÃ©vÃ©rence! Tout le monde en place!\_

\_(The prelude ceases. Professor Goodwin, beating vague arms shrivels,

sinks, his live cape filling about the stool. The air in firmer waltz

time sounds. Stephen and Zoe circle freely. The lights change, glow,

fide gold rosy violet.)\_

THE PIANOLA:

Two young fellows were talking about their girls, girls, girls,

Sweethearts they'd left behind...

\_(From a corner the morning hours run out, goldhaired, slimsandalled,

in girlish blue, waspwaisted, with innocent hands. Nimbly they dance,

twirling their skipping ropes. The hours of noon follow in amber gold.

Laughing, linked, high haircombs flashing, they catch the sun in mocking

mirrors, lifting their arms.)\_

MAGINNI: \_(Clipclaps glovesilent hands) CarrÃ©! Avant deux!\_ Breathe

evenly! \_Balance!\_

\_(The morning and noon hours waltz in their places, turning, advancing

to each other, shaping their curves, bowing visavis. Cavaliers behind

them arch and suspend their arms, with hands descending to, touching,

rising from their shoulders.)\_

HOURS: You may touch my.

CAVALIERS: May I touch your?

HOURS: O, but lightly!

CAVALIERS: O, so lightly!

THE PIANOLA:

My little shy little lass has a waist.

\_(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.)\_

MAGINNI: \_Avant huit! TraversÃ©! Salut! Cours de mains! CroisÃ©!\_

\_(The night hours, one by one, 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.)\_

THE BRACELETS: Heigho! Heigho!

ZOE: \_(Twirling, her hand to her brow)\_ O!

MAGINNI: \_Les tiroirs! ChaÃ®ne de dames! La corbeille! Dos Ã  dos!\_

\_(Arabesquing wearily they weave a pattern on the floor, weaving,

unweaving, curtseying, twirling, simply swirling.)\_

ZOE: I'm giddy!

\_(She frees herself, droops on a chair. Stephen seizes Florry and turns

with her.)\_

MAGINNI: BoulangÃ¨re! Les ronds! Les ponts! Chevaux de bois! Escargots!

\_(Twining, receding, with interchanging hands the night hours link each

each with arching arms in a mosaic of movements. Stephen and Florry turn

cumbrously.)\_

MAGINNI: \_Dansez avec vos dames! Changez de dames! Donnez le petit

bouquet Ã  votre dame! Remerciez!\_

THE PIANOLA:

Best, best of all,

Baraabum!

KITTY: (JUMPS UP) O, they played that on the hobbyhorses at the Mirus

bazaar!

\_(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.)\_

THE PIANOLA:

My girl's a Yorkshire girl.

ZOE:

Yorkshire through and through.

Come on all!

\_(She seizes Florry and waltzes her.)\_

STEPHEN: \_Pas seul!\_

\_(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.)\_

THE PIANOLA:

Though she's a factory lass

And wears no fancy clothes.

\_(Closeclutched swift swifter with glareblareflare scudding they

scootlootshoot lumbering by. Baraabum!)\_

TUTTI: Encore! Bis! Bravo! Encore!

SIMON: Think of your mother's people!

STEPHEN: Dance of death.

\_(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

filling bawling gum he's a champion. Fuseblue peer from barrel rev.

evensong Love on hackney jaunt Blazes blind coddoubled bicyclers Dilly

with snowcake no fancy clothes. Then in last switchback lumbering up

and down bump mashtub sort of viceroy and reine relish for tublumber

bumpshire rose. Baraabum!)\_

\_(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 walls. He stops dead.)\_

STEPHEN: Ho!

\_(Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor, in leper

grey with a wreath of faded orangeblossoms and a torn bridal veil, her

face worn and noseless, green with gravemould. 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.)\_

THE CHOIR:

Liliata rutilantium te confessorum...

Iubilantium te virginum...

\_(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.)\_

BUCK MULLIGAN: She's beastly dead. The pity of it! Mulligan meets the

afflicted mother. \_(He upturns his eyes)\_ Mercurial Malachi!

THE MOTHER: \_(With the subtle smile of death's madness)\_ I was once the

beautiful May Goulding. I am dead.

STEPHEN: \_(Horrorstruck)\_ Lemur, who are you? No. What bogeyman's trick

is this?

BUCK MULLIGAN: \_(Shakes his curling capbell)\_ The mockery of it! Kinch

dogsbody killed her bitchbody. She kicked the bucket. \_(Tears of molten

butter fall from his eyes on to the scone)\_ Our great sweet mother! \_Epi

oinopa ponton.\_

THE MOTHER: \_(Comes nearer, breathing upon him softly her breath of

wetted ashes)\_ All must go through it, Stephen. More women than men in

the world. You too. Time will come.

STEPHEN: \_(Choking with fright, remorse and horror)\_ They say I killed

you, mother. He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny.

THE MOTHER: \_(A green rill of bile trickling from a side of her mouth)\_

You sang that song to me. \_Love's bitter mystery.\_

STEPHEN: \_(Eagerly)\_ Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word

known to all men.

THE MOTHER: 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 allpowerful. Prayer for the suffering souls in the

Ursuline manual and forty days' indulgence. Repent, Stephen.

STEPHEN: The ghoul! Hyena!

THE MOTHER: I pray for you in my other world. Get Dilly to make you that

boiled rice every night after your brainwork. Years and years I loved

you, O, my son, my firstborn, when you lay in my womb.

ZOE: \_(Fanning herself with the grate fan)\_ I'm melting!

FLORRY: \_(Points to Stephen)\_ Look! He's white.

BLOOM: \_(Goes to the window to open it more)\_ Giddy.

THE MOTHER: \_(With smouldering eyes)\_ Repent! O, the fire of hell!

STEPHEN: \_(Panting)\_ His noncorrosive sublimate! The corpsechewer! Raw

head and bloody bones.

THE MOTHER: \_(Her face drawing near and nearer, sending out an ashen

breath)\_ Beware! \_(She raises her blackened withered right arm slowly

towards Stephen's breast with outstretched finger)\_ Beware God's hand!

\_(A green crab with malignant red eyes sticks deep its grinning claws in

Stephen's heart.)\_

STEPHEN: \_(Strangled with rage)\_ Shite! \_(His features grow drawn grey

and old)\_

BLOOM: \_(At the window)\_ What?

STEPHEN: \_Ah non, par exemple!\_ The intellectual imagination! With me

all or not at all. \_Non serviam!\_

FLORRY: Give him some cold water. Wait. \_(She rushes out)\_

THE MOTHER: \_(Wrings her hands slowly, moaning desperately)\_ O Sacred

Heart of Jesus, have mercy on him! Save him from hell, O Divine Sacred

Heart!

STEPHEN: No! No! No! Break my spirit, all of you, if you can! I'll bring

you all to heel!

THE MOTHER: \_(In the agony of her deathrattle)\_ Have mercy on Stephen,

Lord, for my sake! Inexpressible was my anguish when expiring with love,

grief and agony on Mount Calvary.

STEPHEN: \_Nothung\_!

\_(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.)\_

THE GASJET: Pwfungg!

BLOOM: Stop!

LYNCH: \_(Rushes forward and seizes Stephen's hand)\_ Here! Hold on! Don't

run amok!

BELLA: Police!

\_(Stephen, abandoning his ashplant, his head and arms thrown back stark,

beats the ground and flies from the room, past the whores at the door.)\_

BELLA: \_(Screams)\_ After him!

\_(The two whores rush to the halldoor. Lynch and Kitty and Zoe stampede

from the room. They talk excitedly. Bloom follows, returns.)\_

THE WHORES: \_(Jammed in the doorway, pointing)\_ Down there.

ZOE: \_(Pointing)\_ There. There's something up.

BELLA: Who pays for the lamp? \_(She seizes Bloom's coattail)\_ Here, you

were with him. The lamp's broken.

BLOOM: \_(Rushes to the hall, rushes back)\_ What lamp, woman?

A WHORE: He tore his coat.

BELLA: \_(Her eyes hard with anger and cupidity, points)\_ Who's to pay

for that? Ten shillings. You're a witness.

BLOOM: \_(Snatches up Stephen's ashplant)\_ Me? Ten shillings? Haven't you

lifted enough off him? Didn't he...?

BELLA: \_(Loudly)\_ Here, none of your tall talk. This isn't a brothel. A

ten shilling house.

BLOOM: \_(His head under the lamp, pulls the chain. Puling, the gasjet

lights up a crushed mauve purple shade. He raises the ashplant.)\_ Only

the chimney's broken. Here is all he...

BELLA: \_(Shrinks back and screams)\_ Jesus! Don't!

BLOOM: \_(Warding off a blow)\_ To show you how he hit the paper. There's

not sixpenceworth of damage done. Ten shillings!

FLORRY: \_(With a glass of water, enters)\_ Where is he?

BELLA: Do you want me to call the police?

BLOOM: O, I know. Bulldog on the premises. But he's a Trinity student.

Patrons of your establishment. Gentlemen that pay the rent. \_(He makes

a masonic sign)\_ Know what I mean? Nephew of the vice-chancellor. You

don't want a scandal.

BELLA: \_(Angrily)\_ Trinity. Coming down here ragging after the boatraces

and paying nothing. Are you my commander here or? Where is he? I'll

charge him! Disgrace him, I will! (She Shouts) Zoe! Zoe!

BLOOM: \_(Urgently)\_ And if it were your own son in Oxford? \_(Warningly)\_

I know.

BELLA: \_(Almost speechless)\_ Who are. Incog!

ZOE: \_(In the doorway)\_ There's a row on.

BLOOM: What? Where? \_(He throws a shilling on the table and starts)\_

That's for the chimney. Where? I need mountain air.

\_(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 ghastly

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, follow from fir, 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, 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, Whodoyoucallhim, Strangeface,

Fellowthatsolike, Sawhimbefore, Chapwithawen, 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. M'Coy, friend of Lyons, Hoppy Holohan,

maninthestreet, othermaninthestreet, Footballboots, pugnosed driver,

rich protestant lady, Davy Byrne, Mrs Ellen M'Guinness, 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, handsomemarriedwomanrubbedagainstwide

behindinClonskeatram, the bookseller of\_ Sweets of Sin, \_Miss

Dubedatandshedidbedad, Mesdames Gerald and Stanislaus Moran of Roebuck,

the managing clerk of Drimmie's, Wetherup, 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.)\_

THE HUE AND CRY: \_(Helterskelterpelterwelter)\_ He's Bloom! Stop Bloom!

Stopabloom! Stopperrobber! Hi! Hi! Stophim on the corner!

\_(At the corner of Beaver Street beneath the scaffolding Bloom panting

stops on the fringe of the noisy quarrelling knot, a lot not knowing a

jot what hi! hi! row and wrangle round the whowhat brawlaltogether.)\_

STEPHEN: \_(With elaborate gestures, breathing deeply and slowly)\_ You

are my guests. Uninvited. By virtue of the fifth of George and seventh

of Edward. History to blame. Fabled by mothers of memory.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(To Cissy Caffrey)\_ Was he insulting you?

STEPHEN: Addressed her in vocative feminine. Probably neuter.

Ungenitive.

VOICES: No, he didn't. I seen him. The girl there. He was in Mrs

Cohen's. What's up? Soldier and civilian.

CISSY CAFFREY: I was in company with the soldiers and they left me to

do--you know, and the young man run up behind me. But I'm faithful to

the man that's treating me though I'm only a shilling whore.

STEPHEN: \_(Catches sight of Lynch's and Kitty's heads)\_ Hail, Sisyphus.

\_(He points to himself and the others)\_ Poetic. Uropoetic.

VOICES: Shes faithfultheman.

CISSY CAFFREY: Yes, to go with him. And me with a soldier friend.

PRIVATE COMPTON: He doesn't half want a thick ear, the blighter. Biff

him one, Harry.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(To Cissy)\_ Was he insulting you while me and him was

having a piss?

LORD TENNYSON: \_(Gentleman poet in Union Jack blazer and cricket

flannels, bareheaded, flowingbearded)\_ Theirs not to reason why.

PRIVATE COMPTON: Biff him, Harry.

STEPHEN: \_(To Private Compton)\_ 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.

CISSY CAFFREY: \_(To The Crowd)\_ No, I was with the privates.

STEPHEN: \_(Amiably)\_ Why not? The bold soldier boy. In my opinion every

lady for example...

PRIVATE CARR: \_(His cap awry, advances to Stephen)\_ Say, how would it

be, governor, if I was to bash in your jaw?

STEPHEN: \_(Looks up to the sky)\_ How? Very unpleasant. Noble art of

selfpretence. Personally, I detest action. \_(He waves his hand)\_ Hand

hurts me slightly. \_Enfin ce sont vos oignons.\_ \_(To Cissy Caffrey)\_

Some trouble is on here. What is it precisely?

DOLLY GRAY: \_(From her balcony waves her handkerchief, giving the sign

of the heroine of Jericho)\_ Rahab. Cook's son, goodbye. Safe home to

Dolly. Dream of the girl you left behind and she will dream of you.

\_(The soldiers turn their swimming eyes.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Elbowing through the crowd, plucks Stephen's sleeve

vigorously)\_ Come now, professor, that carman is waiting.

STEPHEN: \_(Turns)\_ Eh? \_(He disengages himself)\_ Why should I not speak

to him or to any human being who walks upright upon this oblate orange?

\_(He points his finger)\_ I'm not afraid of what I can talk to if I see

his eye. Retaining the perpendicular.

\_(He staggers a pace back)\_

BLOOM: \_(Propping him)\_ Retain your own.

STEPHEN: \_(Laughs emptily)\_ 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 but human philirenists, notably the

tsar and the king of England, have invented arbitration. \_(He taps his

brow)\_ But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king.

BIDDY THE CLAP: Did you hear what the professor said? He's a professor

out of the college.

CUNTY KATE: I did. I heard that.

BIDDY THE CLAP: He expresses himself with such marked refinement of

phraseology.

CUNTY KATE: Indeed, yes. And at the same time with such apposite

trenchancy.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Pulls himself free and comes forward)\_ What's that

you're saying about my king?

\_(Edward the Seventh appears in an archway. He wars 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 Inn bencher and ancient and honourable

artillery company of Massachusetts. He sucks a red jujube. He is robed

as a grand elect perfect and sublime mason with trowel and apron,

marked\_ made in Germany. \_In his left hand he holds a plasterer's bucket

on which is printed\_ DÃ©fense d'uriner. \_A roar of welcome greets him.)\_

EDWARD THE SEVENTH: \_(Slowly, solemnly but indistinctly)\_ Peace, perfect

peace. For identification, bucket in my hand. Cheerio, boys. \_(He turns

to his subjects)\_ We have come here to witness a clean straight fight

and we heartily wish both men the best of good luck. Mahak makar a bak.

\_(He shakes hands with Private Carr, Private Compton, Stephen, Bloom and

Lynch. General applause. Edward the Seventh lifts his bucket graciously

in acknowledgment.)\_

PRIVATE CARR: \_(To Stephen)\_ Say it again.

STEPHEN: \_(Nervous, friendly, pulls himself up)\_ I understand your point

of view though I have no king myself for the moment. This is the age of

patent medicines. A discussion is difficult down here. But this is the

point. You die for your country. Suppose. \_(He places his arm on Private

Carr's sleeve)\_ 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 didn't want it to die.

Damn death. Long live life!

EDWARD THE SEVENTH: \_(Levitates over heaps of slain, in the garb and

with the halo of Joking Jesus, a white jujube in his phosphorescent

face)\_

My methods are new and are causing surprise. To make the blind see I

throw dust in their eyes.

STEPHEN: Kings and unicorns! \_(He fills back a pace)\_ Come somewhere and

we'll... What was that girl saying?...

PRIVATE COMPTON: Eh, Harry, give him a kick in the knackers. Stick one

into Jerry.

BLOOM: \_(To the privates, softly)\_ He doesn't know what he's saying.

Taken a little more than is good for him. Absinthe. Greeneyed monster. I

know him. He's a gentleman, a poet. It's all right.

STEPHEN: \_(Nods, smiling and laughing)\_ Gentleman, patriot, scholar and

judge of impostors.

PRIVATE CARR: I don't give a bugger who he is.

PRIVATE COMPTON: We don't give a bugger who he is.

STEPHEN: I seem to annoy them. Green rag to a bull.

\_(Kevin Egan of Paris in black Spanish tasselled shirt and peep-o'-day

boy's hat signs to Stephen.)\_

KEVIN EGAN: H'lo! \_Bonjour!\_ The \_vieille ogresse\_ with the \_dents

jaunes\_.

\_(Patrice Egan peeps from behind, his rabbitface nibbling a quince

leaf.)\_

PATRICE: \_Socialiste!\_

DON EMILE PATRIZIO FRANZ RUPERT POPE HENNESSY: \_(In medieval hauberk,

two wild geese volant on his helm, with noble indignation points a

mailed hand against the privates)\_ Werf those eykes to footboden, big

grand porcos of johnyellows todos covered of gravy!

BLOOM: \_(To Stephen)\_ Come home. You'll get into trouble.

STEPHEN: \_(Swaying)\_ I don't avoid it. He provokes my intelligence.

BIDDY THE CLAP: One immediately observes that he is of patrician

lineage.

THE VIRAGO: Green above the red, says he. Wolfe Tone.

THE BAWD: The red's as good as the green. And better. Up the soldiers!

Up King Edward!

A ROUGH: \_(Laughs)\_ Ay! Hands up to De Wet.

THE CITIZEN: \_(With a huge emerald muffler and shillelagh, calls)\_

May the God above

Send down a dove

With teeth as sharp as razors

To slit the throats

Of the English dogs

That hanged our Irish leaders.

THE CROPPY BOY: \_(The ropenoose round his neck, gripes in his issuing

bowels with both hands)\_

I bear no hate to a living thing, But I love my country beyond the king.

RUMBOLD, DEMON BARBER: \_(Accompanied by two blackmasked assistants,

advances with gladstone bag which he opens)\_ 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 body of Miss Barron which sent Seddon

to the gallows.

\_(He jerks the rope. The assistants leap at the victim's legs and drag

him downward, grunting the croppy boy's tongue protrudes violently.)\_

THE CROPPY BOY:

Horhot ho hray hor hother's hest.

\_(He gives up the ghost. A violent erection of the hanged sends gouts

of sperm spouting through his deathclothes on to the cobblestones. Mrs

Bellingham, Mrs Yelverton Barry and the Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys

rush forward with their handkerchiefs to sop it up.)\_

RUMBOLD: I'm near it myself. \_(He undoes the noose)\_ Rope which hanged

the awful rebel. Ten shillings a time. As applied to Her Royal Highness.

\_(He plunges his head into the gaping belly of the hanged and draws out

his head again clotted with coiled and smoking entrails)\_ My painful

duty has now been done. God save the king!

EDWARD THE SEVENTH: \_(Dances slowly, solemnly, rattling his bucket, and

sings with soft contentment)\_

On coronation day, on coronation day, O, won't we have a merry time,

Drinking whisky, beer and wine!

PRIVATE CARR: Here. What are you saying about my king?

STEPHEN: \_(Throws up his hands)\_ 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. \_(He searches his pockets

vaguely)\_ GAVE IT TO SOMEONE.

PRIVATE CARR: Who wants your bleeding money?

STEPHEN: \_(Tries to move off)\_ Will someone tell me where I am least

likely to meet these necessary evils? \_Ãa se voit aussi Ã  paris.\_ Not

that I... But, by Saint Patrick...!

\_(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.)\_

STEPHEN: Aha! I know you, gammer! Hamlet, revenge! The old sow that eats

her farrow!

OLD GUMMY GRANNY: \_(Rocking to and fro)\_ Ireland's sweetheart, the king

of Spain's daughter, alanna. Strangers in my house, bad manners to them!

\_(She keens with banshee woe)\_ Ochone! Ochone! Silk of the kine! \_(She

wails)\_ You met with poor old Ireland and how does she stand?

STEPHEN: How do I stand you? The hat trick! Where's the third person of

the Blessed Trinity? Soggarth Aroon? The reverend Carrion Crow.

CISSY CAFFREY: \_(Shrill)\_ Stop them from fighting!

A ROUGH: Our men retreated.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Tugging at his belt)\_ I'll wring the neck of any fucker

says a word against my fucking king.

BLOOM: \_(Terrified)\_ He said nothing. Not a word. A pure

misunderstanding.

THE CITIZEN: \_Erin go bragh!\_

\_(Major Tweedy and the Citizen exhibit to each other medals,

decorations, trophies of war, wounds. Both salute with fierce

hostility.)\_

PRIVATE COMPTON: Go it, Harry. Do him one in the eye. He's a proboer.

STEPHEN: Did I? When?

BLOOM: \_(To the redcoats)\_ We fought for you in South Africa, Irish

missile troops. Isn't that history? Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Honoured by

our monarch.

THE NAVVY: \_(Staggering past)\_ O, yes! O God, yes! O, make the kwawr a

krowawr! O! Bo!

\_(Casqued halberdiers in armour thrust forward a pentice of gutted

spearpoints. Major Tweedy, moustached like Turko the terrible, in

bearskin cap with hackleplume and accoutrements, with epaulettes, gilt

chevrons and sabretaches, his breast bright with medals, toes the line.

He gives the pilgrim warrior's sign of the knights templars.)\_

MAJOR TWEEDY: \_(Growls gruffly)\_ Rorke's Drift! Up, guards, and at them!

Mahar shalal hashbaz.

PRIVATE CARR: I'll do him in.

PRIVATE COMPTON: \_(Waves the crowd back)\_ Fair play, here. Make a

bleeding butcher's shop of the bugger.

\_(Massed bands blare\_ Garryowen \_and\_ God save the King.)

CISSY CAFFREY: They're going to fight. For me!

CUNTY KATE: The brave and the fair.

BIDDY THE CLAP: Methinks yon sable knight will joust it with the best.

CUNTY KATE: \_(Blushing deeply)\_ Nay, madam. The gules doublet and merry

saint George for me!

STEPHEN:

The harlot's cry from street to street Shall weave Old Ireland's

windingsheet.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Loosening his belt, shouts)\_ I'll wring the neck of any

fucking bastard says a word against my bleeding fucking king.

BLOOM: \_(Shakes Cissy Caffrey's shoulders)\_ Speak, you! Are you struck

dumb? You are the link between nations and generations. Speak, woman,

sacred lifegiver!

CISSY CAFFREY: \_(Alarmed, seizes Private Carr's sleeve)\_ Amn't I with

you? Amn't I your girl? Cissy's your girl. \_(She cries)\_ Police!

STEPHEN: \_(Ecstatically, to Cissy Caffrey)\_

White thy fambles, red thy gan

And thy quarrons dainty is.

VOICES: Police!

DISTANT VOICES: Dublin's burning! Dublin's burning! On fire, on fire!

\_(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 the 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 noiseless

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 dragons' teeth. Armed heroes spring up from furrows.

They exchange in amity the pass of knights of the red cross and fight

duels with cavalry sabres: Wolfe Tone 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

O'Donoghue. On an eminence, the centre of the earth, rises the feldaltar

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 lace 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 mortarboard, his head

and collar back to the front, holds over the celebrant's head an open

umbrella.)\_

FATHER MALACHI O'FLYNN: \_Introibo ad altare diaboli.\_

THE REVEREND MR HAINES LOVE: To the devil which hath made glad my young

days.

FATHER MALACHI O'FLYNN: \_(Takes from the chalice and elevates a

blooddripping host) Corpus meum.\_

THE REVEREND MR HAINES LOVE: \_(Raises high behind the celebrant's

petticoat, revealing his grey bare hairy buttocks between which a carrot

is stuck)\_ My body.

THE VOICE OF ALL THE DAMNED: Htengier Tnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof,

Aiulella!

\_(From on high the voice of Adonai calls.)\_

ADONAI: Dooooooooooog!

THE VOICE OF ALL THE BLESSED: Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent

reigneth!

\_(From on high the voice of Adonai calls.)\_

ADONAI: Goooooooooood!

\_(In strident discord peasants and townsmen of Orange and Green factions

sing\_ Kick the Pope \_and\_ Daily, daily sing to Mary.)

PRIVATE CARR: \_(With ferocious articulation)\_ I'll do him in, so help me

fucking Christ! I'll wring the bastard fucker's bleeding blasted fucking

windpipe!

OLD GUMMY GRANNY: \_(Thrusts a dagger towards Stephen's hand)\_ Remove

him, acushla. At 8.35 a.m. you will be in heaven and Ireland will be

free. \_(She prays)\_ O good God, take him!

(THE RETRIEVER, NOSING ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD, BARKS NOISILY.)

BLOOM: \_(Runs to lynch)\_ Can't you get him away?

LYNCH: He likes dialectic, the universal language. Kitty! \_(To Bloom)\_

Get him away, you. He won't listen to me.

\_(He drags Kitty away.)\_

STEPHEN: \_(Points) exit Judas. Et laqueo se suspendit.\_

BLOOM: \_(Runs to Stephen)\_ Come along with me now before worse happens.

Here's your stick.

STEPHEN: Stick, no. Reason. This feast of pure reason.

CISSY CAFFREY: \_(Pulling Private Carr)\_ Come on, you're boosed. He

insulted me but I forgive him. \_(Shouting in his ear)\_ I forgive him for

insulting me.

BLOOM: \_(Over Stephen's shoulder)\_ Yes, go. You see he's incapable.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Breaks loose)\_ I'll insult him.

\_(He rushes towards Stephen, fist 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.)\_

MAJOR TWEEDY: \_(Loudly)\_ Carbine in bucket! Cease fire! Salute!

THE RETRIEVER: \_(Barking furiously)\_ Ute ute ute ute ute ute ute ute.

THE CROWD: 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!

A HAG: What call had the redcoat to strike the gentleman and he under

the influence. Let them go and fight the Boers!

THE BAWD: Listen to who's talking! Hasn't the soldier a right to go with

his girl? He gave him the coward's blow.

\_(They grab at each other's hair, claw at each other and spit)\_

THE RETRIEVER: \_(Barking)\_ Wow wow wow.

BLOOM: \_(Shoves them back, loudly)\_ Get back, stand back!

PRIVATE COMPTON: \_(Tugging his comrade)\_ Here. Bugger off, Harry. Here's

the cops! \_(Two raincaped watch, tall, stand in the group.)\_

FIRST WATCH: What's wrong here?

PRIVATE COMPTON: We were with this lady. And he insulted us. And

assaulted my chum. \_(The retriever barks)\_ Who owns the bleeding tyke?

CISSY CAFFREY: \_(With expectation)\_ Is he bleeding!

A MAN: \_(Rising from his knees)\_ No. Gone off. He'll come to all right.

BLOOM: \_(Glances sharply at the man)\_ Leave him to me. I can easily...

SECOND WATCH: Who are you? Do you know him?

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Lurches towards the watch)\_ He insulted my lady friend.

BLOOM: \_(Angrily)\_ You hit him without provocation. I'm a witness.

Constable, take his regimental number.

SECOND WATCH: I don't want your instructions in the discharge of my

duty.

PRIVATE COMPTON: \_(Pulling his comrade)\_ Here, bugger off Harry. Or

Bennett'll shove you in the lockup.

PRIVATE CARR: \_(Staggering as he is pulled away)\_ God fuck old Bennett.

He's a whitearsed bugger. I don't give a shit for him.

FIRST WATCH: \_(Takes out his notebook)\_ What's his name?

BLOOM: \_(Peering over the crowd)\_ I just see a car there. If you give me

a hand a second, sergeant...

FIRST WATCH: Name and address.

\_(Corny Kelleker, weepers round his hat, a death wreath in his hand,

appears among the bystanders.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Quickly)\_ O, the very man! \_(He whispers)\_ Simon Dedalus' son.

A bit sprung. Get those policemen to move those loafers back.

SECOND WATCH: Night, Mr Kelleher.

CORNY KELLEHER: \_(To the watch, with drawling eye)\_ That's all right.

I know him. Won a bit on the races. Gold cup. Throwaway. \_(He laughs)\_

Twenty to one. Do you follow me?

FIRST WATCH: \_(Turns to the crowd)\_ Here, what are you all gaping at?

Move on out of that.

\_(The crowd disperses slowly, muttering, down the lane.)\_

CORNY KELLEHER: Leave it to me, sergeant. That'll be all right. \_(He

laughs, shaking his head)\_ We were often as bad ourselves, ay or worse.

What? Eh, what?

FIRST WATCH: \_(Laughs)\_ I suppose so.

CORNY KELLEHER: \_(Nudges the second watch)\_ Come and wipe your name off

the slate. \_(He lilts, wagging his head)\_ With my tooraloom tooraloom

tooraloom tooraloom. What, eh, do you follow me?

SECOND WATCH: \_(Genially)\_ Ah, sure we were too.

CORNY KELLEHER: \_(Winking)\_ Boys will be boys. I've a car round there.

SECOND WATCH: All right, Mr Kelleher. Good night.

CORNY KELLEHER: I'll see to that.

BLOOM: \_(Shakes hands with both of the watch in turn)\_ Thank you very

much, gentlemen. Thank you. \_(He mumbles confidentially)\_ We don't want

any scandal, you understand. Father is a wellknown highly respected

citizen. Just a little wild oats, you understand.

FIRST WATCH: O. I understand, sir.

SECOND WATCH: That's all right, sir.

FIRST WATCH: It was only in case of corporal injuries I'd have to report

it at the station.

BLOOM: \_(Nods rapidly)\_ Naturally. Quite right. Only your bounden duty.

SECOND WATCH: It's our duty.

CORNY KELLEHER: Good night, men.

THE WATCH: \_(Saluting together)\_ Night, gentlemen. \_(They move off with

slow heavy tread)\_

BLOOM: \_(Blows)\_ Providential you came on the scene. You have a car?...

CORNY KELLEHER: \_(Laughs, pointing his thumb over his right shoulder to

the car brought up against the scaffolding)\_ 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.

BLOOM: I was just going home by Gardiner street when I happened to...

CORNY KELLEHER: \_(Laughs)\_ Sure they wanted me to join in with the mots.

No, by God, says I. Not for old stagers like myself and yourself. \_(He

laughs again and leers with lacklustre eye)\_ Thanks be to God we have it

in the house, what, eh, do you follow me? Hah, hah, hah!

BLOOM: \_(Tries to laugh)\_ 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...

\_(The horse neighs.)\_

THE HORSE: Hohohohohohoh! Hohohohome!

CORNY KELLEHER: 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. \_(He laughs)\_ Sober hearsedrivers a speciality. Will I

give him a lift home? Where does he hang out? Somewhere in Cabra, what?

BLOOM: No, in Sandycove, I believe, from what he let drop.

\_(Stephen, prone, breathes to the stars. Corny Kelleher, asquint, drawls

at the horse. Bloom, in gloom, looms down.)\_

CORNY KELLEHER: \_(Scratches his nape)\_ Sandycove! \_(He bends down and

calls to Stephen)\_ Eh! \_(He calls again)\_ Eh! He's covered with shavings

anyhow. Take care they didn't lift anything off him.

BLOOM: No, no, no. I have his money and his hat here and stick.

CORNY KELLEHER: Ah, well, he'll get over it. No bones broken. Well, I'll

shove along. \_(He laughs)\_ I've a rendezvous in the morning. Burying the

dead. Safe home!

THE HORSE: \_(Neighs)\_ Hohohohohome.

BLOOM: Good night. I'll just wait and take him along in a few...

\_(Corny Kelleher returns to the outside car and mounts it. The horse

harness jingles.)\_

CORNY KELLEHER: \_(From the car, standing)\_ Night.

BLOOM: Night.

\_(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 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.)\_

BLOOM: Eh! Ho! \_(There is no answer; he bends again)\_ Mr Dedalus!

\_(There is no answer)\_ The name if you call. Somnambulist. \_(He bends

again and hesitating, brings his mouth near the face of the prostrate

form)\_ Stephen! \_(There is no answer. He calls again.)\_ Stephen!

STEPHEN: \_(Groans)\_ Who? Black panther. Vampire. \_(He sighs and

stretches himself, then murmurs thickly with prolonged vowels)\_

Who... drive... Fergus now

And pierce... wood's woven shade?...

\_(He turns on his left side, sighing, doubling himself together.)\_

BLOOM: Poetry. Well educated. Pity. \_(He bends again and undoes

the buttons of Stephen's waistcoat)\_ To breathe. \_(He brushes the

woodshavings from Stephen's clothes with light hand and fingers)\_ One

pound seven. Not hurt anyhow. \_(He listens)\_ What?

STEPHEN: \_(Murmurs)\_

... shadows... the woods

... white breast... dim sea.

\_(He stretches out his arms, sighs again and curls his body. Bloom,

holding the 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.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Communes with the night)\_ 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. \_(He murmurs)\_... swear

that I will always hail, ever conceal, never reveal, any part or parts,

art or arts... \_(He murmurs)\_... in the rough sands of the sea... a

cabletow's length from the shore... where the tide ebbs... and flows

...

\_(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.)\_

BLOOM: \_(Wonderstruck, calls inaudibly)\_ Rudy!

RUDY: \_(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 lambkin peeps out of his waistcoat pocket.)\_

-- III --

Preparatory to anything else Mr Bloom brushed off the greater bulk of

the shavings and handed Stephen the hat and ashplant and bucked him up

generally in orthodox Samaritan fashion which he very badly needed. His

(Stephen's) mind was not exactly what you would call wandering but a bit

unsteady and on his expressed desire for some beverage to drink Mr

Bloom in view of the hour it was and there being no pump of Vartry water

available for their ablutions let alone drinking purposes hit upon an

expedient by suggesting, off the reel, the propriety of the cabman's

shelter, as it was called, hardly a stonesthrow away near Butt bridge

where they might hit upon some drinkables in the shape of a milk and

soda or a mineral. But how to get there was the rub. For the nonce he

was rather nonplussed but inasmuch as the duty plainly devolved upon him

to take some measures on the subject he pondered suitable ways and means

during which Stephen repeatedly yawned. So far as he could see he was

rather pale in the face so that it occurred to him as highly advisable

to get a conveyance of some description which would answer in their

then condition, both of them being e.d.ed, particularly Stephen, always

assuming that there was such a thing to be found. Accordingly after a

few such preliminaries as brushing, in spite of his having forgotten

to take up his rather soapsuddy handkerchief after it had done yeoman

service in the shaving line, they both walked together along Beaver

street or, more properly, lane as far as the farrier's and the

distinctly fetid atmosphere of the livery stables at the corner of

Montgomery street where they made tracks to the left from thence

debouching into Amiens street round by the corner of Dan Bergin's. But

as he confidently anticipated there was not a sign of a Jehu plying for

hire anywhere to be seen except a fourwheeler, probably engaged by some

fellows inside on the spree, outside the North Star hotel and there was

no symptom of its budging a quarter of an inch when Mr Bloom, who was

anything but a professional whistler, endeavoured to hail it by emitting

a kind of a whistle, holding his arms arched over his head, twice.

This was a quandary but, bringing common sense to bear on it, evidently

there was nothing for it but put a good face on the matter and foot it

which they accordingly did. So, bevelling around by Mullett's and the

Signal House which they shortly reached, they proceeded perforce in the

direction of Amiens street railway terminus, Mr Bloom being handicapped

by the circumstance that one of the back buttons of his trousers had,

to vary the timehonoured adage, gone the way of all buttons though,

entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, he heroically made

light of the mischance. So as neither of them were particularly pressed

for time, as it happened, and the temperature refreshing since it

cleared up after the recent visitation of Jupiter Pluvius, they dandered

along past by where the empty vehicle was waiting without a fare or a

jarvey. As it so happened a Dublin United Tramways Company's sandstrewer

happened to be returning and the elder man recounted to his companion \_Ã

propos\_ of the incident his own truly miraculous escape of some little

while back. They passed the main entrance of the Great Northern railway

station, the starting point for Belfast, where of course all traffic was

suspended at that late hour and passing the backdoor of the morgue

(a not very enticing locality, not to say gruesome to a degree, more

especially at night) ultimately gained the Dock Tavern and in due course

turned into Store street, famous for its C division police station.

Between this point and the high at present unlit warehouses of Beresford

place Stephen thought to think of Ibsen, associated with Baird's the

stonecutter's in his mind somehow in Talbot place, first turning on the

right, while the other who was acting as his \_fidus Achates\_ inhaled

with internal satisfaction the smell of James Rourke's city bakery,

situated quite close to where they were, the very palatable odour indeed

of our daily bread, of all commodities of the public the primary and

most indispensable. Bread, the staff of life, earn your bread, O tell me

where is fancy bread, at Rourke's the baker's it is said.

\_En route\_ to his taciturn and, not to put too fine a point on it, not

yet perfectly sober companion Mr Bloom who at all events was in complete

possession of his faculties, never more so, in fact disgustingly sober,

spoke a word of caution re the dangers of nighttown, women of ill fame

and swell mobsmen, which, barely permissible once in a while though not

as a habitual practice, was of the nature of a regular deathtrap for

young fellows of his age particularly if they had acquired drinking

habits under the influence of liquor unless you knew a little jiujitsu

for every contingency as even a fellow on the broad of his back could

administer a nasty kick if you didn't look out. Highly providential

was the appearance on the scene of Corny Kelleher when Stephen was

blissfully unconscious but for that man in the gap turning up at the

eleventh hour the finis might have been that he might have been a

candidate for the accident ward or, failing that, the bridewell and

an appearance in the court next day before Mr Tobias or, he being the

solicitor rather, old Wall, he meant to say, or Mahony which simply

spelt ruin for a chap when it got bruited about. The reason he mentioned

the fact was that a lot of those policemen, whom he cordially disliked,

were admittedly unscrupulous in the service of the Crown and, as Mr

Bloom put it, recalling a case or two in the A division in Clanbrassil

street, prepared to swear a hole through a ten gallon pot. Never on

the spot when wanted but in quiet parts of the city, Pembroke road for

example, the

guardians of the law were well in evidence, the obvious reason being

they were paid to protect the upper classes. Another thing he commented

on was equipping soldiers with firearms or sidearms of any description

liable to go off at any time which was tantamount to inciting them

against civilians should by any chance they fall out over anything. You

frittered away your time, he very sensibly maintained, and health and

also character besides which, the squandermania of the thing, fast women

of the \_demimonde\_ ran away with a lot of l s. d. into the bargain and

the greatest danger of all was who you got drunk with though, touching

the much vexed question of stimulants, he relished a glass of choice old

wine in season as both

nourishing and bloodmaking and possessing aperient virtues (notably a

good burgundy which he was a staunch believer in) still never beyond

a certain point where he invariably drew the line as it simply led to

trouble all round to say nothing of your being at the tender mercy of

others practically. Most of all he commented adversely on the desertion

of Stephen by all his pubhunting \_confreres\_ but one, a most glaring

piece of ratting on the part of his brother medicos under all the circs.

--And that one was Judas, Stephen said, who up to then had said nothing

whatsoever of any kind.

Discussing these and kindred topics they made a beeline across the back

of the Customhouse and passed under the Loop Line bridge where a brazier

of coke burning in front of a sentrybox or something like one attracted

their rather lagging footsteps. Stephen of his own accord stopped for

no special reason to look at the heap of barren cobblestones and by

the light emanating from the brazier he could just make out the darker

figure of the corporation watchman inside the gloom of the sentrybox. He

began to remember that this had happened or had been mentioned as having

happened before but it cost him no small effort before he remembered

that he recognised in the sentry a quondam friend of his father's,

Gumley. To avoid a meeting he drew nearer to the pillars of the railway

bridge.

--Someone saluted you, Mr Bloom said.

A figure of middle height on the prowl evidently under the arches

saluted again, calling:

--\_Night!\_

Stephen of course started rather dizzily and stopped to return the

compliment. Mr Bloom actuated by motives of inherent delicacy inasmuch

as he always believed in minding his own business moved off but

nevertheless remained on the \_qui vive\_ with just a shade of anxiety

though not funkyish in the least. Though unusual in the Dublin area he

knew that it was not by any means unknown for desperadoes who had next

to nothing to live on to be abroad waylaying and generally terrorising

peaceable pedestrians by placing a pistol at their head in some

secluded spot outside the city proper, famished loiterers of the

Thames embankment category they might be hanging about there or simply

marauders ready to decamp with whatever boodle they could in one fell

swoop at a moment's notice, your money or your life, leaving you there

to point a moral, gagged and garrotted.

Stephen, that is when the accosting figure came to close quarters,

though he was not in an over sober state himself recognised Corley's

breath redolent of rotten cornjuice. Lord John Corley some called him

and his genealogy came about in this wise. He was the eldest son of

inspector Corley of the G division, lately deceased, who had married

a certain Katherine Brophy, the daughter of a Louth farmer. His

grandfather Patrick Michael Corley of New Ross had married the widow

of a publican there whose maiden name had been Katherine (also) Talbot.

Rumour had it (though not proved) that she descended from the house of

the lords Talbot de Malahide in whose mansion, really an unquestionably

fine residence of its kind and well worth seeing, her mother or aunt or

some relative, a woman, as the tale went, of extreme beauty, had enjoyed

the distinction of being in service in the washkitchen. This therefore

was the reason why the still comparatively young though dissolute

man who now addressed Stephen was spoken of by some with facetious

proclivities as Lord John Corley.

Taking Stephen on one side he had the customary doleful ditty to tell.

Not as much as a farthing to purchase a night's lodgings. His friends

had all deserted him. Furthermore he had a row with Lenehan and called

him to Stephen a mean bloody swab with a sprinkling of a number of other

uncalledfor expressions. He was out of a job and implored of Stephen to

tell him where on God's earth he could get something, anything at all,

to do. No, it was the daughter of the mother in the washkitchen that

was fostersister to the heir of the house or else they were connected

through the mother in some way, both occurrences happening at the same

time if the whole thing wasn't a complete fabrication from start to

finish. Anyhow he was all in.

--I wouldn't ask you only, pursued he, on my solemn oath and God knows

I'm on the rocks.

--There'll be a job tomorrow or next day, Stephen told him, in a boys'

school at Dalkey for a gentleman usher. Mr Garrett Deasy. Try it. You

may mention my name.

--Ah, God, Corley replied, sure I couldn't teach in a school, man. I was

never one of your bright ones, he added with a half laugh. I got stuck

twice in the junior at the christian brothers.

--I have no place to sleep myself, Stephen informed him.

Corley at the first go-off was inclined to suspect it was something to

do with Stephen being fired out of his digs for bringing in a bloody

tart off the street. There was a dosshouse in Marlborough street, Mrs

Maloney's, but it was only a tanner touch and full of undesirables but

M'Conachie told him you got a decent enough do in the Brazen Head over

in Winetavern street (which was distantly suggestive to the person

addressed of friar Bacon) for a bob. He was starving too though he

hadn't said a word about it.

Though this sort of thing went on every other night or very near it

still Stephen's feelings got the better of him in a sense though he knew

that Corley's brandnew rigmarole on a par with the others was hardly

deserving of much credence. However \_haud ignarus malorum miseris

succurrere disco\_ etcetera as the Latin poet remarks especially as luck

would have it he got paid his screw after every middle of the month on

the sixteenth which was the date of the month as a matter of fact though

a good bit of the wherewithal was demolished. But the cream of the joke

was nothing would get it out of Corley's head that he was living in

affluence and hadn't a thing to do but hand out the needful. Whereas.

He put his hand in a pocket anyhow not with the idea of finding any food

there but thinking he might lend him anything up to a bob or so in lieu

so that he might endeavour at all events and get sufficient to eat but

the result was in the negative for, to his chagrin, he found his cash

missing. A few broken biscuits were all the result of his investigation.

He tried his hardest to recollect for the moment whether he had lost

as well he might have or left because in that contingency it was not a

pleasant lookout, very much the reverse in fact. He was altogether too

fagged out to institute a thorough search though he tried to recollect.

About biscuits he dimly remembered. Who now exactly gave them he

wondered or where was or did he buy. However in another pocket he came

across what he surmised in the dark were pennies, erroneously however,

as it turned out.

--Those are halfcrowns, man, Corley corrected him.

And so in point of fact they turned out to be. Stephen anyhow lent him

one of them.

--Thanks, Corley answered, you're a gentleman. I'll pay you back one

time. Who's that with you? I saw him a few times in the Bleeding Horse

in Camden street with Boylan, the billsticker. You might put in a good

word for us to get me taken on there. I'd carry a sandwichboard only

the girl in the office told me they're full up for the next three weeks,

man. God, you've to book ahead, man, you'd think it was for the Carl

Rosa. I don't give a shite anyway so long as I get a job, even as a

crossing sweeper.

Subsequently being not quite so down in the mouth after the two and six

he got he informed Stephen about a fellow by the name of Bags Comisky

that he said Stephen knew well out of Fullam's, the shipchandler's,

bookkeeper there that used to be often round in Nagle's back with O'Mara

and a little chap with a stutter the name of Tighe. Anyhow he was lagged

the night before last and fined ten bob for a drunk and disorderly and

refusing to go with the constable.

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Mr Bloom in the meanwhile kept dodging about in the vicinity of the

cobblestones near the brazier of coke in front of the corporation

watchman's sentrybox who evidently a glutton for work, it struck him,

was having a quiet forty winks for all intents and purposes on his own

private account while Dublin slept. He threw an odd eye at the same time

now and then at Stephen's anything but immaculately attired interlocutor

as if he had seen that nobleman somewhere or other though where he was

not in a position to truthfully state nor had he the remotest idea when.

Being a levelheaded individual who could give points to not a few in

point of shrewd observation he also remarked on his very dilapidated

hat and slouchy wearing apparel generally testifying to a chronic

impecuniosity. Palpably he was one of his hangerson but for the

matter of that it was merely a question of one preying on his nextdoor

neighbour all round, in every deep, so to put it, a deeper depth and for

the matter of that if the man in the street chanced to be in the dock

himself penal servitude with or without the option of a fine would be

a very rara avis altogether. In any case he had a consummate amount of

cool assurance intercepting people at that hour of the night or morning.

Pretty thick that was certainly.

The pair parted company and Stephen rejoined Mr Bloom who, with his

practised eye, was not without perceiving that he had succumbed to the

blandiloquence of the other parasite. Alluding to the encounter he said,

laughingly, Stephen, that is:

--He is down on his luck. He asked me to ask you to ask somebody named

Boylan, a billsticker, to give him a job as a sandwichman.

At this intelligence, in which he seemingly evinced little interest, Mr

Bloom gazed abstractedly for the space of a half a second or so in the

direction of a bucketdredger, rejoicing in the farfamed name of Eblana,

moored alongside Customhouse quay and quite possibly out of repair,

whereupon he observed evasively:

--Everybody gets their own ration of luck, they say. Now you mention it

his face was familiar to me. But, leaving that for the moment, how much

did you part with, he queried, if I am not too inquisitive?

--Half a crown, Stephen responded. I daresay he needs it to sleep

somewhere.

--Needs! Mr Bloom ejaculated, professing not the least surprise at

the intelligence, I can quite credit the assertion and I guarantee he

invariably does. Everyone according to his needs or everyone according

to his deeds. But, talking about things in general, where, added he with

a smile, will you sleep yourself? Walking to Sandycove is out of

the question. And even supposing you did you won't get in after what

occurred at Westland Row station. Simply fag out there for nothing. I

don't mean to presume to dictate to you in the slightest degree but why

did you leave your father's house?

--To seek misfortune, was Stephen's answer.

--I met your respected father on a recent occasion, Mr Bloom

diplomatically returned, today in fact, or to be strictly accurate, on

yesterday. Where does he live at present? I gathered in the course of

conversation that he had moved.

--I believe he is in Dublin somewhere, Stephen answered unconcernedly.

Why?

--A gifted man, Mr Bloom said of Mr Dedalus senior, in more respects

than one and a born \_raconteur\_ if ever there was one. He takes great

pride, quite legitimate, out of you. You could go back perhaps, he

hasarded, still thinking of the very unpleasant scene at Westland Row

terminus when it was perfectly evident that the other two, Mulligan,

that is, and that English tourist friend of his, who eventually euchred

their third companion, were patently trying as if the whole bally

station belonged to them to give Stephen the slip in the confusion,

which they did.

There was no response forthcoming to the suggestion however, such as it

was, Stephen's mind's eye being too busily engaged in repicturing his

family hearth the last time he saw it with his sister Dilly sitting by

the ingle, her hair hanging down, waiting for some weak Trinidad shell

cocoa that was in the sootcoated kettle to be done so that she and he

could drink it with the oatmealwater for milk after the Friday herrings

they had eaten at two a penny with an egg apiece for Maggy, Boody and

Katey, the cat meanwhile under the mangle devouring a mess of eggshells

and charred fish heads and bones on a square of brown paper, in

accordance with the third precept of the church to fast and abstain

on the days commanded, it being quarter tense or if not, ember days or

something like that.

--No, Mr Bloom repeated again, I wouldn't personally repose much trust

in that boon companion of yours who contributes the humorous element, Dr

Mulligan, as a guide, philosopher and friend if I were in your shoes. He

knows which side his bread is buttered on though in all probability he

never realised what it is to be without regular meals. Of course you

didn't notice as much as I did. But it wouldn't occasion me the least

surprise to learn that a pinch of tobacco or some narcotic was put in

your drink for some ulterior object.

He understood however from all he heard that Dr Mulligan was a versatile

allround man, by no means confined to medicine only, who was rapidly

coming to the fore in his line and, if the report was verified, bade

fair to enjoy a flourishing practice in the not too distant future as

a tony medical practitioner drawing a handsome fee for his services

in addition to which professional status his rescue of that man from

certain drowning by artificial respiration and what they call first

aid at Skerries, or Malahide was it?, was, he was bound to admit, an

exceedingly plucky deed which he could not too highly praise, so that

frankly he was utterly at a loss to fathom what earthly reason could be

at the back of it except he put it down to sheer cussedness or jealousy,

pure and simple.

--Except it simply amounts to one thing and he is what they call picking

your brains, he ventured to throw out.

The guarded glance of half solicitude half curiosity augmented by

friendliness which he gave at Stephen's at present morose expression

of features did not throw a flood of light, none at all in fact on the

problem as to whether he had let himself be badly bamboozled to judge by

two or three lowspirited remarks he let drop or the other way about saw

through the affair and for some reason or other best known to himself

allowed matters to more or less. Grinding poverty did have that effect

and he more than conjectured that, high educational abilities though he

possessed, he experienced no little difficulty in making both ends meet.

Adjacent to the men's public urinal they perceived an icecream car round

which a group of presumably Italians in heated altercation were getting

rid of voluble expressions in their vivacious language in a particularly

animated way, there being some little differences between the parties.

--\_Puttana madonna, che ci dia i quattrini! Ho ragione? Culo rotto!\_

\_--Intendiamoci. Mezzo sovrano piu...\_

\_--Dice lui, pero!\_

\_--Mezzo.\_

\_--Farabutto! Mortacci sui!\_

\_--Ma ascolta! Cinque la testa piu...\_

Mr Bloom and Stephen entered the cabman's shelter, an unpretentious

wooden structure, where, prior to then, he had rarely if ever been

before, the former having previously whispered to the latter a few

hints anent the keeper of it said to be the once famous Skin-the-Goat

Fitzharris, the invincible, though he could not vouch for the actual

facts which quite possibly there was not one vestige of truth in. A few

moments later saw our two noctambules safely seated in a discreet corner

only to be greeted by stares from the decidedly miscellaneous collection

of waifs and strays and other nondescript specimens of the genus \_homo\_

already there engaged in eating and drinking diversified by conversation

for whom they seemingly formed an object of marked curiosity.

--Now touching a cup of coffee, Mr Bloom ventured to plausibly suggest

to break the ice, it occurs to me you ought to sample something in the

shape of solid food, say, a roll of some description.

Accordingly his first act was with characteristic \_sangfroid\_ to order

these commodities quietly. The \_hoi polloi\_ of jarvies or stevedores

or whatever they were after a cursory examination turned their eyes

apparently dissatisfied, away though one redbearded bibulous individual

portion of whose hair was greyish, a sailor probably, still stared for

some appreciable time before transferring his rapt attention to the

floor. Mr Bloom, availing himself of the right of free speech, he having

just a bowing acquaintance with the language in dispute, though, to be

sure, rather in a quandary over \_voglio\_, remarked to his \_protÃ©gÃ©\_ in

an audible tone of voice \_a propos\_ of the battle royal in the street

which was still raging fast and furious:

--A beautiful language. I mean for singing purposes. Why do you not

write your poetry in that language? \_Bella Poetria\_! It is so melodious

and full. \_Belladonna. Voglio.\_

Stephen, who was trying his dead best to yawn if he could, suffering

from lassitude generally, replied:

--To fill the ear of a cow elephant. They were haggling over money.

--Is that so? Mr Bloom asked. Of course, he subjoined pensively, at the

inward reflection of there being more languages to start with than were

absolutely necessary, it may be only the southern glamour that surrounds

it.

The keeper of the shelter in the middle of this \_tÃªte-Ã¢-tÃªte\_ put a

boiling swimming cup of a choice concoction labelled coffee on the table

and a rather antediluvian specimen of a bun, or so it seemed. After

which he beat a retreat to his counter, Mr Bloom determining to have

a good square look at him later on so as not to appear to. For which

reason he encouraged Stephen to proceed with his eyes while he did

the honours by surreptitiously pushing the cup of what was temporarily

supposed to be called coffee gradually nearer him.

--Sounds are impostures, Stephen said after a pause of some little time,

like names. Cicero, Podmore. Napoleon, Mr Goodbody. Jesus, Mr Doyle.

Shakespeares were as common as Murphies. What's in a name?

--Yes, to be sure, Mr Bloom unaffectedly concurred. Of course. Our name

was changed too, he added, pushing the socalled roll across.

The redbearded sailor who had his weather eye on the newcomers boarded

Stephen, whom he had singled out for attention in particular, squarely

by asking:

--And what might your name be?

Just in the nick of time Mr Bloom touched his companion's boot but

Stephen, apparently disregarding the warm pressure from an unexpected

quarter, answered:

--Dedalus.

The sailor stared at him heavily from a pair of drowsy baggy eyes,

rather bunged up from excessive use of boose, preferably good old

Hollands and water.

--You know Simon Dedalus? he asked at length.

--I've heard of him, Stephen said.

Mr Bloom was all at sea for a moment, seeing the others evidently

eavesdropping too.

--He's Irish, the seaman bold affirmed, staring still in much the same

way and nodding. All Irish.

--All too Irish, Stephen rejoined.

As for Mr Bloom he could neither make head or tail of the whole business

and he was just asking himself what possible connection when the sailor

of his own accord turned to the other occupants of the shelter with the

remark:

--I seen him shoot two eggs off two bottles at fifty yards over his

shoulder. The lefthand dead shot.

Though he was slightly hampered by an occasional stammer and his

gestures being also clumsy as it was still he did his best to explain.

--Bottles out there, say. Fifty yards measured. Eggs on the bottles.

Cocks his gun over his shoulder. Aims.

He turned his body half round, shut up his right eye completely. Then he

screwed his features up someway sideways and glared out into the night

with an unprepossessing cast of countenance.

--Pom! he then shouted once.

The entire audience waited, anticipating an additional detonation, there

being still a further egg.

--Pom! he shouted twice.

Egg two evidently demolished, he nodded and winked, adding

bloodthirstily:

\_--Buffalo Bill shoots to kill, Never missed nor he never will.\_

A silence ensued till Mr Bloom for agreeableness' sake just felt like

asking him whether it was for a marksmanship competition like the

Bisley.

--Beg pardon, the sailor said.

--Long ago? Mr Bloom pursued without flinching a hairsbreadth.

--Why, the sailor replied, relaxing to a certain extent under the magic

influence of diamond cut diamond, it might be a matter of ten years. He

toured the wide world with Hengler's Royal Circus. I seen him do that in

Stockholm.

--Curious coincidence, Mr Bloom confided to Stephen unobtrusively.

--Murphy's my name, the sailor continued. D. B. Murphy of Carrigaloe.

Know where that is?

--Queenstown harbour, Stephen replied.

--That's right, the sailor said. Fort Camden and Fort Carlisle. That's

where I hails from. I belongs there. That's where I hails from. My

little woman's down there. She's waiting for me, I know. \_For England,

home and beauty\_. She's my own true wife I haven't seen for seven years

now, sailing about.

Mr Bloom could easily picture his advent on this scene, the homecoming

to the mariner's roadside shieling after having diddled Davy Jones,

a rainy night with a blind moon. Across the world for a wife. Quite a

number of stories there were on that particular Alice Ben Bolt topic,

Enoch Arden and Rip van Winkle and does anybody hereabouts remember Caoc

O'Leary, a favourite and most trying declamation piece by the way of

poor John Casey and a bit of perfect poetry in its own small way.

Never about the runaway wife coming back, however much devoted to the

absentee. The face at the window! Judge of his astonishment when he

finally did breast the tape and the awful truth dawned upon him anent

his better half, wrecked in his affections. You little expected me but

I've come to stay and make a fresh start. There she sits, a grasswidow,

at the selfsame fireside. Believes me dead, rocked in the cradle of the

deep. And there sits uncle Chubb or Tomkin, as the case might be, the

publican of the Crown and Anchor, in shirtsleeves, eating rumpsteak and

onions. No chair for father. Broo! The wind! Her brandnew arrival is on

her knee, \_post mortem\_ child. With a high ro! and a randy ro! and my

galloping tearing tandy, O! Bow to the inevitable. Grin and bear it. I

remain with much love your brokenhearted husband D B Murphy.

The sailor, who scarcely seemed to be a Dublin resident, turned to one

of the jarvies with the request:

--You don't happen to have such a thing as a spare chaw about you?

The jarvey addressed as it happened had not but the keeper took a die of

plug from his good jacket hanging on a nail and the desired object was

passed from hand to hand.

--Thank you, the sailor said.

He deposited the quid in his gob and, chewing and with some slow

stammers, proceeded:

--We come up this morning eleven o'clock. The threemaster \_Rosevean\_

from Bridgwater with bricks. I shipped to get over. Paid off this

afternoon. There's my discharge. See? D. B. Murphy. A. B. S.

In confirmation of which statement he extricated from an inside pocket

and handed to his neighbour a not very cleanlooking folded document.

--You must have seen a fair share of the world, the keeper remarked,

leaning on the counter.

--Why, the sailor answered upon reflection upon it, I've circumnavigated

a bit since I first joined on. I was in the Red Sea. I was in China and

North America and South America. We was chased by pirates one voyage.

I seen icebergs plenty, growlers. I was in Stockholm and the Black Sea,

the Dardanelles under Captain Dalton, the best bloody man that ever

scuttled a ship. I seen Russia. \_Gospodi pomilyou\_. That's how the

Russians prays.

--You seen queer sights, don't be talking, put in a jarvey.

--Why, the sailor said, shifting his partially chewed plug. I seen

queer things too, ups and downs. I seen a crocodile bite the fluke of an

anchor same as I chew that quid.

He took out of his mouth the pulpy quid and, lodging it between his

teeth, bit ferociously:

--Khaan! Like that. And I seen maneaters in Peru that eats corpses and

the livers of horses. Look here. Here they are. A friend of mine sent

me.

He fumbled out a picture postcard from his inside pocket which seemed to

be in its way a species of repository and pushed it along the table. The

printed matter on it stated: \_Choza de Indios. Beni, Bolivia.\_

All focussed their attention at the scene exhibited, a group of savage

women in striped loincloths, squatted, blinking, suckling, frowning,

sleeping amid a swarm of infants (there must have been quite a score of

them) outside some primitive shanties of osier.

--Chews coca all day, the communicative tarpaulin added. Stomachs

like breadgraters. Cuts off their diddies when they can't bear no more

children.

See them sitting there stark ballocknaked eating a dead horse's liver

raw.

His postcard proved a centre of attraction for Messrs the greenhorns for

several minutes if not more.

--Know how to keep them off? he inquired generally.

Nobody volunteering a statement he winked, saying:

--Glass. That boggles 'em. Glass.

Mr Bloom, without evincing surprise, unostentatiously turned over the

card to peruse the partially obliterated address and postmark. It ran

as follows: \_Tarjeta Postal, SeÃ±or A Boudin, Galeria Becche, Santiago,

Chile.\_ There was no message evidently, as he took particular notice.

Though not an implicit believer in the lurid story narrated (or the

eggsniping transaction for that matter despite William Tell and the

Lazarillo-Don Cesar de Bazan incident depicted in \_Maritana\_ on which

occasion the former's ball passed through the latter's hat) having

detected a discrepancy between his name (assuming he was the person

he represented himself to be and not sailing under false colours

after having boxed the compass on the strict q.t. somewhere) and

the fictitious addressee of the missive which made him nourish some

suspicions of our friend's \_bona fides\_ nevertheless it reminded him in

a way of a longcherished plan he meant to one day realise some Wednesday

or Saturday of travelling to London via long sea not to say that he had

ever travelled extensively to any great extent but he was at heart a

born adventurer though by a trick of fate he had consistently remained

a landlubber except you call going to Holyhead which was his longest.

Martin Cunningham frequently said he would work a pass through Egan but

some deuced hitch or other eternally cropped up with the net result that

the scheme fell through. But even suppose it did come to planking

down the needful and breaking Boyd's heart it was not so dear, purse

permitting, a few guineas at the outside considering the fare to

Mullingar where he figured on going was five and six, there and back.

The trip would benefit health on account of the bracing ozone and be in

every way thoroughly pleasurable, especially for a chap whose liver was

out of order, seeing the different places along the route, Plymouth,

Falmouth, Southampton and so on culminating in an instructive tour of

the sights of the great metropolis, the spectacle of our modern Babylon

where doubtless he would see the greatest improvement, tower, abbey,

wealth of Park lane to renew acquaintance with. Another thing just

struck him as a by no means bad notion was he might have a gaze around

on the spot to see about trying to make arrangements about a concert

tour of summer music embracing the most prominent pleasure resorts,

Margate with mixed bathing and firstrate hydros and spas, Eastbourne,

Scarborough, Margate and so on, beautiful Bournemouth, the Channel

islands and similar bijou spots, which might prove highly remunerative.

Not, of course, with a hole and corner scratch company or local ladies

on the job, witness Mrs C P M'Coy type lend me your valise and I'll post

you the ticket. No, something top notch, an all star Irish caste, the

Tweedy-Flower grand opera company with his own legal consort as leading

lady as a sort of counterblast to the Elster Grimes and Moody-Manners,

perfectly simple matter and he was quite sanguine of success, providing

puffs in the local papers could be managed by some fellow with a bit of

bounce who could pull the indispensable wires and thus combine business

with pleasure. But who? That was the rub. Also, without being actually

positive, it struck him a great field was to be opened up in the line

of opening up new routes to keep pace with the times \_apropos\_ of the

Fishguard-Rosslare route which, it was mooted, was once more on the

\_tapis\_ in the circumlocution departments with the usual quantity of red

tape and dillydallying of effete fogeydom and dunderheads generally. A

great opportunity there certainly was for push and enterprise to meet

the travelling needs of the public at large, the average man, i.e.

Brown, Robinson and Co.

It was a subject of regret and absurd as well on the face of it and no

small blame to our vaunted society that the man in the street, when the

system really needed toning up, for the matter of a couple of paltry

pounds was debarred from seeing more of the world they lived in instead

of being always and ever cooped up since my old stick-in-the-mud took me

for a wife. After all, hang it, they had their eleven and more humdrum

months of it and merited a radical change of \_venue\_ after the grind

of city life in the summertime for choice when dame Nature is at her

spectacular best constituting nothing short of a new lease of life.

There were equally excellent opportunities for vacationists in the home

island, delightful sylvan spots for rejuvenation, offering a plethora

of attractions as well as a bracing tonic for the system in and around

Dublin and its picturesque environs even, Poulaphouca to which there was

a steamtram, but also farther away from the madding crowd in Wicklow,

rightly termed the garden of Ireland, an ideal neighbourhood for elderly

wheelmen so long as it didn't come down, and in the wilds of Donegal

where if report spoke true the \_coup d'oeil\_ was exceedingly grand

though the lastnamed locality was not easily getatable so that the

influx of visitors was not as yet all that it might be considering the

signal benefits to be derived from it while Howth with its historic

associations and otherwise, Silken Thomas, Grace O'Malley, George IV,

rhododendrons several hundred feet above sealevel was a favourite haunt

with all sorts and conditions of men especially in the spring when young

men's fancy, though it had its own toll of deaths by falling off the

cliffs by design or accidentally, usually, by the way, on their left

leg, it being only about three quarters of an hour's run from the

pillar. Because of course uptodate tourist travelling was as yet merely

in its infancy, so to speak, and the accommodation left much to be

desired. Interesting to fathom it seemed to him from a motive of

curiosity, pure and simple, was whether it was the traffic that created

the route or viceversa or the two sides in fact. He turned back the

other side of the card, picture, and passed it along to Stephen.

--I seen a Chinese one time, related the doughty narrator, that had

little pills like putty and he put them in the water and they opened and

every pill was something different. One was a ship, another was a house,

another was a flower. Cooks rats in your soup, he appetisingly added,

the chinks does.

Possibly perceiving an expression of dubiosity on their faces the

globetrotter went on, adhering to his adventures.

--And I seen a man killed in Trieste by an Italian chap. Knife in his

back. Knife like that.

Whilst speaking he produced a dangerouslooking claspknife quite in

keeping with his character and held it in the striking position.

--In a knockingshop it was count of a tryon between two smugglers.

Fellow hid behind a door, come up behind him. Like that. \_Prepare to

meet your God\_, says he. Chuk! It went into his back up to the butt.

His heavy glance drowsily roaming about kind of defied their further

questions even should they by any chance want to.

--That's a good bit of steel, repeated he, examining his formidable

\_stiletto\_.

After which harrowing \_denouement\_ sufficient to appal the stoutest he

snapped the blade to and stowed the weapon in question away as before in

his chamber of horrors, otherwise pocket.

--They're great for the cold steel, somebody who was evidently quite in

the dark said for the benefit of them all. That was why they thought

the park murders of the invincibles was done by foreigners on account of

them using knives.

At this remark passed obviously in the spirit of \_where ignorance

is bliss\_ Mr B. and Stephen, each in his own particular way, both

instinctively exchanged meaning glances, in a religious silence of the

strictly \_entre nous\_ variety however, towards where Skin-the-Goat,

\_alias\_ the keeper, not turning a hair, was drawing spurts of liquid

from his boiler affair. His inscrutable face which was really a work

of art, a perfect study in itself, beggaring description, conveyed

the impression that he didn't understand one jot of what was going on.

Funny, very!

There ensued a somewhat lengthy pause. One man was reading in fits and

starts a stained by coffee evening journal, another the card with the

natives \_choza de\_, another the seaman's discharge. Mr Bloom, so far

as he was personally concerned, was just pondering in pensive mood. He

vividly recollected when the occurrence alluded to took place as well

as yesterday, roughly some score of years previously in the days of the

land troubles, when it took the civilised world by storm, figuratively

speaking, early in the eighties, eightyone to be correct, when he was

just turned fifteen.

--Ay, boss, the sailor broke in. Give us back them papers.

The request being complied with he clawed them up with a scrape.

--Have you seen the rock of Gibraltar? Mr Bloom inquired.

The sailor grimaced, chewing, in a way that might be read as yes, ay or

no.

--Ah, you've touched there too, Mr Bloom said, Europa point, thinking he

had, in the hope that the rover might possibly by some reminiscences but

he failed to do so, simply letting spirt a jet of spew into the sawdust,

and shook his head with a sort of lazy scorn.

--What year would that be about? Mr B interrogated. Can you recall the

boats?

Our \_soi-disant\_ sailor munched heavily awhile hungrily before

answering:

--I'm tired of all them rocks in the sea, he said, and boats and ships.

Salt junk all the time.

Tired seemingly, he ceased. His questioner perceiving that he was not

likely to get a great deal of change out of such a wily old customer,

fell to woolgathering on the enormous dimensions of the water about the

globe, suffice it to say that, as a casual glance at the map revealed,

it covered fully three fourths of it and he fully realised accordingly

what it meant to rule the waves. On more than one occasion, a dozen

at the lowest, near the North Bull at Dollymount he had remarked a

superannuated old salt, evidently derelict, seated habitually near the

not particularly redolent sea on the wall, staring quite obliviously at

it and it at him, dreaming of fresh woods and pastures new as someone

somewhere sings. And it left him wondering why. Possibly he had tried to

find out the secret for himself, floundering up and down the antipodes

and all that sort of thing and over and under, well, not exactly under,

tempting the fates. And the odds were twenty to nil there was really no

secret about it at all. Nevertheless, without going into the \_minutiae\_

of the business, the eloquent fact remained that the sea was there in

all its glory and in the natural course of things somebody or other had

to sail on it and fly in the face of providence though it merely went

to show how people usually contrived to load that sort of onus on to the

other fellow like the hell idea and the lottery and insurance which were

run on identically the same lines so that for that very reason if no

other lifeboat Sunday was a highly laudable institution to which the

public at large, no matter where living inland or seaside, as the case

might be, having it brought home to them like that should extend its

gratitude also to the harbourmasters and coastguard service who had

to man the rigging and push off and out amid the elements whatever the

season when duty called \_Ireland expects that every man\_ and so on and

sometimes had a terrible time of it in the wintertime not forgetting the

Irish lights, Kish and others, liable to capsize at any moment, rounding

which he once with his daughter had experienced some remarkably choppy,

not to say stormy, weather.

--There was a fellow sailed with me in the Rover, the old seadog,

himself a rover, proceeded, went ashore and took up a soft job as

gentleman's valet at six quid a month. Them are his trousers I've on

me and he gave me an oilskin and that jackknife. I'm game for that job,

shaving and brushup. I hate roaming about. There's my son now, Danny,

run off to sea and his mother got him took in a draper's in Cork where

he could be drawing easy money.

--What age is he? queried one hearer who, by the way, seen from the

side, bore a distant resemblance to Henry Campbell, the townclerk, away

from the carking cares of office, unwashed of course and in a seedy

getup and a strong suspicion of nosepaint about the nasal appendage.

--Why, the sailor answered with a slow puzzled utterance, my son, Danny?

He'd be about eighteen now, way I figure it.

The Skibbereen father hereupon tore open his grey or unclean anyhow

shirt with his two hands and scratched away at his chest on which was to

be seen an image tattooed in blue Chinese ink intended to represent an

anchor.

--There was lice in that bunk in Bridgwater, he remarked, sure as nuts.

I must get a wash tomorrow or next day. It's them black lads I objects

to. I hate those buggers. Suck your blood dry, they does.

Seeing they were all looking at his chest he accommodatingly dragged

his shirt more open so that on top of the timehonoured symbol of the

mariner's hope and rest they had a full view of the figure 16 and a

young man's sideface looking frowningly rather.

--Tattoo, the exhibitor explained. That was done when we were Iying

becalmed off Odessa in the Black Sea under Captain Dalton. Fellow, the

name of Antonio, done that. There he is himself, a Greek.

--Did it hurt much doing it? one asked the sailor.

That worthy, however, was busily engaged in collecting round the.

Someway in his. Squeezing or.

--See here, he said, showing Antonio. There he is cursing the mate. And

there he is now, he added, the same fellow, pulling the skin with his

fingers, some special knack evidently, and he laughing at a yarn.

And in point of fact the young man named Antonio's livid face did

actually look like forced smiling and the curious effect excited the

unreserved admiration of everybody including Skin-the-Goat, who this

time stretched over.

--Ay, ay, sighed the sailor, looking down on his manly chest. He's gone

too. Ate by sharks after. Ay, ay.

He let go of the skin so that the profile resumed the normal expression

of before.

--Neat bit of work, one longshoreman said.

--And what's the number for? loafer number two queried.

--Eaten alive? a third asked the sailor.

--Ay, ay, sighed again the latter personage, more cheerily this

time with some sort of a half smile for a brief duration only in the

direction of the questioner about the number. Ate. A Greek he was.

And then he added with rather gallowsbird humour considering his alleged

end:

\_--As bad as old Antonio, For he left me on my ownio.\_

The face of a streetwalker glazed and haggard under a black straw hat

peered askew round the door of the shelter palpably reconnoitring on

her own with the object of bringing more grist to her mill. Mr

Bloom, scarcely knowing which way to look, turned away on the moment

flusterfied but outwardly calm, and, picking up from the table the pink

sheet of the Abbey street organ which the jarvey, if such he was, had

laid aside, he picked it up and looked at the pink of the paper though

why pink. His reason for so doing was he recognised on the moment

round the door the same face he had caught a fleeting glimpse of that

afternoon on Ormond quay, the partially idiotic female, namely, of the

lane who knew the lady in the brown costume does be with you (Mrs B.)

and begged the chance of his washing. Also why washing which seemed

rather vague than not, your washing. Still candour compelled him to

admit he had washed his wife's undergarments when soiled in Holles

street and women would and did too a man's similar garments initialled

with Bewley and Draper's marking ink (hers were, that is) if they really

loved him, that is to say, love me, love my dirty shirt. Still just

then, being on tenterhooks, he desired the female's room more than her

company so it came as a genuine relief when the keeper made her a rude

sign to take herself off. Round the side of the Evening Telegraph he

just caught a fleeting glimpse of her face round the side of the door

with a kind of demented glassy grin showing that she was not exactly all

there, viewing with evident amusement the group of gazers round skipper

Murphy's nautical chest and then there was no more of her.

--The gunboat, the keeper said.

--It beats me, Mr Bloom confided to Stephen, medically I am speaking,

how a wretched creature like that from the Lock hospital reeking with

disease can be barefaced enough to solicit or how any man in his sober

senses, if he values his health in the least. Unfortunate creature! Of

course I suppose some man is ultimately responsible for her condition.

Still no matter what the cause is from...

Stephen had not noticed her and shrugged his shoulders, merely

remarking:

--In this country people sell much more than she ever had and do a

roaring trade. Fear not them that sell the body but have not power to

buy the soul. She is a bad merchant. She buys dear and sells cheap.

The elder man, though not by any manner of means an old maid or a prude,

said it was nothing short of a crying scandal that ought to be put a

stop to \_instanter\_ to say that women of that stamp (quite apart from

any oldmaidish squeamishness on the subject), a necessary evil, w ere

not licensed and medically inspected by the proper authorities, a thing,

he could truthfully state, he, as a \_paterfamilias\_, was a stalwart

advocate of from the very first start. Whoever embarked on a policy of

the sort, he said, and ventilated the matter thoroughly would confer a

lasting boon on everybody concerned.

--You as a good catholic, he observed, talking of body and soul, believe

in the soul. Or do you mean the intelligence, the brainpower as such,

as distinct from any outside object, the table, let us say, that cup. I

believe in that myself because it has been explained by competent men as

the convolutions of the grey matter. Otherwise we would never have such

inventions as X rays, for instance. Do you?

Thus cornered, Stephen had to make a superhuman effort of memory to try

and concentrate and remember before he could say:

--They tell me on the best authority it is a simple substance and

therefore incorruptible. It would be immortal, I understand, but for the

possibility of its annihilation by its First Cause Who, from all I

can hear, is quite capable of adding that to the number of His other

practical jokes, \_corruptio per se\_ and \_corruptio per accidens\_ both

being excluded by court etiquette.

Mr Bloom thoroughly acquiesced in the general gist of this though the

mystical finesse involved was a bit out of his sublunary depth still

he felt bound to enter a demurrer on the head of simple, promptly

rejoining:

--Simple? I shouldn't think that is the proper word. Of course, I grant

you, to concede a point, you do knock across a simple soul once in a

blue moon. But what I am anxious to arrive at is it is one thing for

instance to invent those rays Rontgen did or the telescope like Edison,

though I believe it was before his time Galileo was the man, I mean,

and the same applies to the laws, for example, of a farreaching natural

phenomenon such as electricity but it's a horse of quite another colour

to say you believe in the existence of a supernatural God.

--O that, Stephen expostulated, has been proved conclusively by several

of the bestknown passages in Holy Writ, apart from circumstantial

evidence.

On this knotty point however the views of the pair, poles apart as they

were both in schooling and everything else with the marked difference in

their respective ages, clashed.

--Has been? the more experienced of the two objected, sticking to his

original point with a smile of unbelief. I'm not so sure about that.

That's a matter for everyman's opinion and, without dragging in the

sectarian side of the business, I beg to differ with you \_in toto\_

there. My belief is, to tell you the candid truth, that those bits were

genuine forgeries all of them put in by monks most probably or it's the

big question of our national poet over again, who precisely wrote them

like \_Hamlet\_ and Bacon, as, you who know your Shakespeare infinitely

better than I, of course I needn't tell you. Can't you drink that

coffee, by the way? Let me stir it. And take a piece of that bun. It's

like one of our skipper's bricks disguised. Still no-one can give what

he hasn't got. Try a bit.

--Couldn't, Stephen contrived to get out, his mental organs for the

moment refusing to dictate further.

Faultfinding being a proverbially bad hat Mr Bloom thought well to stir

or try to the clotted sugar from the bottom and reflected with something

approaching acrimony on the Coffee Palace and its temperance (and

lucrative) work. To be sure it was a legitimate object and beyond yea or

nay did a world of good, shelters such as the present one they were in

run on teetotal lines for vagrants at night, concerts, dramatic evenings

and useful lectures (admittance free) by qualified men for the lower

orders. On the other hand he had a distinct and painful recollection

they paid his wife, Madam Marion Tweedy who had been prominently

associated with it at one time, a very modest remuneration indeed for

her pianoplaying. The idea, he was strongly inclined to believe, was

to do good and net a profit, there being no competition to speak

of. Sulphate of copper poison SO4 or something in some dried peas he

remembered reading of in a cheap eatinghouse somewhere but he couldn't

remember when it was or where. Anyhow inspection, medical inspection,

of all eatables seemed to him more than ever necessary which possibly

accounted for the vogue of Dr Tibble's Vi-Cocoa on account of the

medical analysis involved.

--Have a shot at it now, he ventured to say of the coffee after being

stirred.

Thus prevailed on to at any rate taste it Stephen lifted the heavy mug

from the brown puddle it clopped out of when taken up by the handle and

took a sip of the offending beverage.

--Still it's solid food, his good genius urged, I'm a stickler for solid

food, his one and only reason being not gormandising in the least but

regular meals as the \_sine qua non\_ for any kind of proper work, mental

or manual. You ought to eat more solid food. You would feel a different

man.

--Liquids I can eat, Stephen said. But O, oblige me by taking away that

knife. I can't look at the point of it. It reminds me of Roman history.

Mr Bloom promptly did as suggested and removed the incriminated article,

a blunt hornhandled ordinary knife with nothing particularly Roman or

antique about it to the lay eye, observing that the point was the least

conspicuous point about it.

--Our mutual friend's stories are like himself, Mr Bloom \_apropos\_ of

knives remarked to his \_confidante sotto voce\_. Do you think they are

genuine? He could spin those yarns for hours on end all night long and

lie like old boots. Look at him.

Yet still though his eyes were thick with sleep and sea air life was

full of a host of things and coincidences of a terrible nature and it

was quite within the bounds of possibility that it was not an

entire fabrication though at first blush there was not much inherent

probability in all the spoof he got off his chest being strictly

accurate gospel.

He had been meantime taking stock of the individual in front of him and

Sherlockholmesing him up ever since he clapped eyes on him. Though a

wellpreserved man of no little stamina, if a trifle prone to baldness,

there was something spurious in the cut of his jib that suggested a jail

delivery and it required no violent stretch of imagination to associate

such a weirdlooking specimen with the oakum and treadmill fraternity. He

might even have done for his man supposing it was his own case he told,

as people often did about others, namely, that he killed him himself

and had served his four or five goodlooking years in durance vile to say

nothing of the Antonio personage (no relation to the dramatic personage

of identical name who sprang from the pen of our national poet) who

expiated his crimes in the melodramatic manner above described. On the

other hand he might be only bluffing, a pardonable weakness because

meeting unmistakable mugs, Dublin residents, like those jarvies waiting

news from abroad would tempt any ancient mariner who sailed the ocean

seas to draw the long bow about the schooner \_Hesperus\_ and etcetera.

And when all was said and done the lies a fellow told about himself

couldn't probably hold a proverbial candle to the wholesale whoppers

other fellows coined about him.

--Mind you, I'm not saying that it's all a pure invention, he resumed.

Analogous scenes are occasionally, if not often, met with. Giants,

though that is rather a far cry, you see once in a way, Marcella the

midget queen. In those waxworks in Henry street I myself saw some

Aztecs, as they are called, sitting bowlegged, they couldn't straighten

their legs if you paid them because the muscles here, you see, he

proceeded, indicating on his companion the brief outline of the sinews

or whatever you like to call them behind the right knee, were utterly

powerless from sitting that way so long cramped up, being adored as

gods. There's an example again of simple souls.

However reverting to friend Sinbad and his horrifying adventures (who

reminded him a bit of Ludwig, \_alias\_ Ledwidge, when he occupied

the boards of the Gaiety when Michael Gunn was identified with the

management in the \_Flying Dutchman\_, a stupendous success, and his host

of admirers came in large numbers, everyone simply flocking to hear him

though ships of any sort, phantom or the reverse, on the stage usually

fell a bit flat as also did trains) there was nothing intrinsically

incompatible about it, he conceded. On the contrary that stab in the

back touch was quite in keeping with those italianos though candidly he

was none the less free to admit those icecreamers and friers in the fish

way not to mention the chip potato variety and so forth over in little

Italy there near the Coombe were sober thrifty hardworking fellows

except perhaps a bit too given to pothunting the harmless necessary

animal of the feline persuasion of others at night so as to have a good

old succulent tuckin with garlic \_de rigueur\_ off him or her next day on

the quiet and, he added, on the cheap.

--Spaniards, for instance, he continued, passionate temperaments like

that, impetuous as Old Nick, are given to taking the law into their own

hands and give you your quietus doublequick with those poignards they

carry in the abdomen. It comes from the great heat, climate generally.

My wife is, so to speak, Spanish, half that is. Point of fact she could

actually claim Spanish nationality if she wanted, having been born in

(technically) Spain, i.e. Gibraltar. She has the Spanish type. Quite

dark, regular brunette, black. I for one certainly believe climate

accounts for character. That's why I asked you if you wrote your poetry

in Italian.

--The temperaments at the door, Stephen interposed with, were very

passionate about ten shillings. \_Roberto ruba roba sua\_.

--Quite so, Mr Bloom dittoed.

--Then, Stephen said staring and rambling on to himself or some unknown

listener somewhere, we have the impetuosity of Dante and the isosceles

triangle miss Portinari he fell in love with and Leonardo and san

Tommaso Mastino.

--It's in the blood, Mr Bloom acceded at once. All are washed in the

blood of the sun. Coincidence I just happened to be in the Kildare

street museum 890 today, shortly prior to our meeting if I can so call

it, and I was just looking at those antique statues there. The splendid

proportions of hips, bosom. You simply don't knock against those kind of

women here. An exception here and there. Handsome yes, pretty in a way

you find but what I'm talking about is the female form. Besides they

have so little taste in dress, most of them, which greatly enhances a

woman's natural beauty, no matter what you say. Rumpled stockings, it

may be, possibly is, a foible of mine but still it's a thing I simply

hate to see.

Interest, however, was starting to flag somewhat all round and then the

others got on to talking about accidents at sea, ships lost in a fog,

goo collisions with icebergs, all that sort of thing. Shipahoy of course

had his own say to say. He had doubled the cape a few odd times and

weathered a monsoon, a kind of wind, in the China seas and through all

those perils of the deep there was one thing, he declared, stood to him

or words to that effect, a pious medal he had that saved him.

So then after that they drifted on to the wreck off Daunt's rock, wreck

of that illfated Norwegian barque nobody could think of her name for

the moment till the jarvey who had really quite a look of Henry Campbell

remembered it \_Palme\_ on Booterstown strand. That was the talk of the

town that year (Albert William Quill wrote a fine piece of original

verse of 910 distinctive merit on the topic for the Irish \_Times\_),

breakers running over her and crowds and crowds on the shore in

commotion petrified with horror. Then someone said something about the

case of the s. s. \_Lady Cairns\_ of Swansea run into by the \_Mona\_ which

was on an opposite tack in rather muggyish weather and lost with all

hands on deck. No aid was given. Her master, the \_Mona's\_, said he

was afraid his collision bulkhead would give way. She had no water, it

appears, in her hold.

At this stage an incident happened. It having become necessary for him

to unfurl a reef the sailor vacated his seat.

--Let me cross your bows mate, he said to his neighbour who was just

gently dropping off into a peaceful doze.

He made tracks heavily, slowly with a dumpy sort of a gait to the door,

stepped heavily down the one step there was out of the shelter and bore

due left. While he was in the act of getting his bearings Mr Bloom who

noticed when he stood up that he had two flasks of presumably ship's

rum sticking one out of each pocket for the private consumption of his

burning interior, saw him produce a bottle and uncork it or unscrew and,

applying its nozz1e to his lips, take a good old delectable swig out of

it with a gurgling noise. The irrepressible Bloom, who also had a

shrewd suspicion that the old stager went out on a manoeuvre after the

counterattraction in the shape of a female who however had disappeared

to all intents and purposes, could by straining just perceive him, when

duly refreshed by his rum puncheon exploit, gaping up at the piers and

girders of the Loop line rather out of his depth as of course it was all

radically altered since his last visit and greatly improved. Some person

or persons invisible directed him to the male urinal erected by the

cleansing committee all over the place for the purpose but after a brief

space of time during which silence reigned supreme the sailor, evidently

giving it a wide berth, eased himself closer at hand, the noise of his

bilgewater some little time subsequently splashing on the ground where

it apparently awoke a horse of the cabrank. A hoof scooped anyway for

new foothold after sleep and harness jingled. Slightly disturbed in his

sentrybox by the brazier of live coke the watcher of the corporation

stones who, though now broken down and fast breaking up, was none other

in stern reality than the Gumley aforesaid, now practically on the

parish rates, given the temporary job by Pat Tobin in all human

probability from dictates of humanity knowing him before shifted about

and shuffled in his box before composing his limbs again in to the arms

of Morpheus, a truly amazing piece of hard lines in its most virulent

form on a fellow most respectably connected and familiarised with decent

home comforts all his life who came in for a cool 100 pounds a year

at one time which of course the doublebarrelled ass proceeded to make

general ducks and drakes of. And there he was at the end of his tether

after having often painted the town tolerably pink without a beggarly

stiver. He drank needless to be told and it pointed only once more a

moral when he might quite easily be in a large way of business if--a

big if, however--he had contrived to cure himself of his particular

partiality.

All meantime were loudly lamenting the falling off in Irish shipping,

coastwise and foreign as well, which was all part and parcel of the same

thing. A Palgrave Murphy boat was put off the ways at Alexandra basin,

the only launch that year. Right enough the harbours were there only no

ships ever called.

There were wrecks and wreckers, the keeper said, who was evidently \_au

fait\_.

What he wanted to ascertain was why that ship ran bang against the only

rock in Galway bay when the Galway harbour scheme was mooted by a Mr

Worthington or some name like that, eh? Ask the then captain, he advised

them, how much palmoil the British government gave him for that day's

work, Captain John Lever of the Lever Line.

--Am I right, skipper? he queried of the sailor, now returning after his

private potation and the rest of his exertions.

That worthy picking up the scent of the fagend of the song or words

growled in wouldbe music but with great vim some kind of chanty or other

in seconds or thirds. Mr Bloom's sharp ears heard him then expectorate

the plug probably (which it was), so that he must have lodged it for the

time being in his fist while he did the drinking and making water jobs

and found it a bit sour after the liquid fire in question. Anyhow in

he rolled after his successful libation-\_cum\_-potation, introducing an

atmosphere of drink into the \_soirÃ©e\_, boisterously trolling, like a

veritable son of a seacook:

\_--The biscuits was as hard as brass

And the beef as salt as Lot's wife's arse.

O, Johnny Lever!

Johnny Lever, O!\_

After which effusion the redoubtable specimen duly arrived on the scene

and regaining his seat he sank rather than sat heavily on the form

provided. Skin-the-Goat, assuming he was he, evidently with an axe to

grind, was airing his grievances in a forcible-feeble philippic anent

the natural resources of Ireland or something of that sort which he

described in his lengthy dissertation as the richest country bar none on

the face of God's earth, far and away superior to England, with coal in

large quantities, six million pounds worth of pork exported every year,

ten millions between butter and eggs and all the riches drained out of

it by England levying taxes on the poor people that paid through the

nose always and gobbling up the best meat in the market and a lot more

surplus steam in the same vein. Their conversation accordingly became

general and all agreed that that was a fact. You could grow any mortal

thing in Irish soil, he stated, and there was that colonel Everard down

there in Navan growing tobacco. Where would you find anywhere the like

of Irish bacon? But a day of reckoning, he stated \_crescendo\_ with no

uncertain voice, thoroughly monopolising all the conversation, was in

store for mighty England, despite her power of pelf on account of her

crimes. There would be a fall and the greatest fall in history.

The Germans and the Japs were going to have their little lookin, he

affirmed. The Boers were the beginning of the end. Brummagem England was

toppling already and her downfall would be Ireland, her Achilles heel,

which he explained to them about the vulnerable point of Achilles, the

Greek hero, a point his auditors at once seized as he completely gripped

their attention by showing the tendon referred to on his boot. His

advice to every Irishman was: stay in the land of your birth and work

for Ireland and live for Ireland. Ireland, Parnell said, could not spare

a single one of her sons.

Silence all round marked the termination of his \_finale\_. The impervious

navigator heard these lurid tidings, undismayed.

--Take a bit of doing, boss, retaliated that rough diamond palpably a

bit peeved in response to the foregoing truism.

To which cold douche referring to downfall and so on the keeper

concurred but nevertheless held to his main view.

--Who's the best troops in the army? the grizzled old veteran irately

interrogated. And the best jumpers and racers? And the best admirals and

generals we've got? Tell me that.

--The Irish, for choice, retorted the cabby like Campbell, facial

blemishes apart.

--That's right, the old tarpaulin corroborated. The Irish catholic

peasant. He's the backbone of our empire. You know Jem Mullins?

While allowing him his individual opinions as everyman the keeper added

he cared nothing for any empire, ours or his, and considered no Irishman

worthy of his salt that served it. Then they began to have a few

irascible words when it waxed hotter, both, needless to say, appealing

to the listeners who followed the passage of arms with interest so long

as they didn't indulge in recriminations and come to blows.

From inside information extending over a series of years Mr Bloom was

rather inclined to poohpooh the suggestion as egregious balderdash for,

pending that consummation devoutly to be or not to be wished for, he was

fully cognisant of the fact that their neighbours across the channel,

unless they were much bigger fools than he took them for, rather

concealed their strength than the opposite. It was quite on a par with

the quixotic idea in certain quarters that in a hundred million years

the coal seam of the sister island would be played out and if, as

time went on, that turned out to be how the cat jumped all he could

personally say on the matter was that as a host of contingencies,

equally relevant to the issue, might occur ere then it was highly

advisable in the interim to try to make the most of both countries even

though poles apart. Another little interesting point, the amours of

whores and chummies, to put it in common parlance, reminded him Irish

soldiers had as often fought for England as against her, more so, in

fact. And now, why? So the scene between the pair of them, the licensee

of the place rumoured to be or have been Fitzharris, the famous

invincible, and the other, obviously bogus, reminded him forcibly as

being on all fours with the confidence trick, supposing, that is, it was

prearranged as the lookeron, a student of the human soul if anything,

the others seeing least of the game. And as for the lessee or keeper,

who probably wasn't the other person at all, he (B.) couldn't help

feeling and most properly it was better to give people like that the

goby unless you were a blithering idiot altogether and refuse to have

anything to do with them as a golden rule in private life and their

felonsetting, there always being the offchance of a Dannyman coming

forward and turning queen's evidence or king's now like Denis or Peter

Carey, an idea he utterly repudiated. Quite apart from that he disliked

those careers of wrongdoing and crime on principle. Yet, though such

criminal propensities had never been an inmate of his bosom in any

shape or form, he certainly did feel and no denying it (while inwardly

remaining what he was) a certain kind of admiration for a man who

had actually brandished a knife, cold steel, with the courage of his

political convictions (though, personally, he would never be a party to

any such thing), off the same bat as those love vendettas of the south,

have her or swing for her, when the husband frequently, after some words

passed between the two concerning her relations with the other lucky

mortal (he having had the pair watched), inflicted fatal injuries on

his adored one as a result of an alternative postnuptial \_liaison\_

by plunging his knife into her, until it just struck him that

Fitz, nicknamed Skin-the-Goat, merely drove the car for the actual

perpetrators of the outrage and so was not, if he was reliably informed,

actually party to the ambush which, in point of fact, was the plea some

legal luminary saved his skin on. In any case that was very ancient

history by now and as for our friend, the pseudo Skin-the-etcetera, he

had transparently outlived his welcome. He ought to have either died

naturally or on the scaffold high. Like actresses, always farewell

positively last performance then come up smiling again. Generous to a

fault of course, temperamental, no economising or any idea of the sort,

always snapping at the bone for the shadow. So similarly he had a very

shrewd suspicion that Mr Johnny Lever got rid of some l s d. in the

course of his perambulations round the docks in the congenial atmosphere

of the \_Old Ireland\_ tavern, come back to Erin and so on. Then as for

the other he had heard not so long before the same identical lingo as he

told Stephen how he simply but effectually silenced the offender.

--He took umbrage at something or other, that muchinjured but on the

whole eventempered person declared, I let slip. He called me a jew and

in a heated fashion offensively. So I without deviating from plain facts

in the least told him his God, I mean Christ, was a jew too and all his

family like me though in reality I'm not. That was one for him. A soft

answer turns away wrath. He hadn't a word to say for himself as everyone

saw. Am I not right?

He turned a long you are wrong gaze on Stephen of timorous dark pride

at the soft impeachment with a glance also of entreaty for he seemed to

glean in a kind of a way that it wasn't all exactly.

--\_Ex quibus\_, Stephen mumbled in a noncommittal accent, their two or

four eyes conversing, \_Christus\_ or Bloom his name is or after all any

other, \_secundum carnem\_.

--Of course, Mr B. proceeded to stipulate, you must look at both sides

of the question. It is hard to lay down any hard and fast rules as to

right and wrong but room for improvement all round there certainly is

though every country, they say, our own distressful included, has the

government it deserves. But with a little goodwill all round. It's all

very fine to boast of mutual superiority but what about mutual equality.

I resent violence and intolerance in any shape or form. It never

reaches anything or stops anything. A revolution must come on the due

instalments plan. It's a patent absurdity on the face of it to hate

people because they live round the corner and speak another vernacular,

in the next house so to speak.

--Memorable bloody bridge battle and seven minutes' war, Stephen

assented, between Skinner's alley and Ormond market.

Yes, Mr Bloom thoroughly agreed, entirely endorsing the remark, that

was overwhelmingly right. And the whole world was full of that sort of

thing.

--You just took the words out of my mouth, he said. A hocuspocus of

conflicting evidence that candidly you couldn't remotely...

All those wretched quarrels, in his humble opinion, stirring up

bad blood, from some bump of combativeness or gland of some kind,

erroneously supposed to be about a punctilio of honour and a flag, were

very largely a question of the money question which was at the back of

everything greed and jealousy, people never knowing when to stop.

--They accuse, remarked he audibly.

He turned away from the others who probably and spoke nearer to, so as

the others in case they.

--Jews, he softly imparted in an aside in Stephen's ear, are accused of

ruining. Not a vestige of truth in it, I can safely say. History, would

you be surprised to learn, proves up to the hilt Spain decayed when the

inquisition hounded the jews out and England prospered when Cromwell,

an uncommonly able ruffian who in other respects has much to answer for,

imported them. Why? Because they are imbued with the proper spirit. They

are practical and are proved to be so. I don't want to indulge in any

because you know the standard works on the subject and then orthodox as

you are. But in the economic, not touching religion, domain the priest

spells poverty. Spain again, you saw in the war, compared with goahead

America. Turks. It's in the dogma. Because if they didn't believe they'd

go straight to heaven when they die they'd try to live better, at least

so I think. That's the juggle on which the p.p's raise the wind on false

pretences. I'm, he resumed with dramatic force, as good an Irishman

as that rude person I told you about at the outset and I want to see

everyone, concluded he, all creeds and classes \_pro rata\_ having a

comfortable tidysized income, in no niggard fashion either, something

in the neighbourhood of 300 pounds per annum. That's the vital issue

at stake and it's feasible and would be provocative of friendlier

intercourse between man and man. At least that's my idea for what it's

worth. I call that patriotism. \_Ubi patria\_, as we learned a smattering

of in our classical days in \_Alma Mater, vita bene\_. Where you can live

well, the sense is, if you work.

Over his untastable apology for a cup of coffee, listening to this

synopsis of things in general, Stephen stared at nothing in particular.

He could hear, of course, all kinds of words changing colour like those

crabs about Ringsend in the morning burrowing quickly into all colours

of different sorts of the same sand where they had a home somewhere

beneath or seemed to. Then he looked up and saw the eyes that said or

didn't say the words the voice he heard said, if you work.

--Count me out, he managed to remark, meaning work.

The eyes were surprised at this observation because as he, the person

who owned them pro tem. observed or rather his voice speaking did, all

must work, have to, together.

--I mean, of course, the other hastened to affirm, work in the widest

possible sense. Also literary labour not merely for the kudos of

the thing. Writing for the newspapers which is the readiest channel

nowadays. That's work too. Important work. After all, from the little

I know of you, after all the money expended on your education you are

entitled to recoup yourself and command your price. You have every bit

as much right to live by your pen in pursuit of your philosophy as the

peasant has. What? You both belong to Ireland, the brain and the brawn.

Each is equally important.

--You suspect, Stephen retorted with a sort of a half laugh, that I may

be important because I belong to the \_faubourg Saint Patrice\_ called

Ireland for short.

--I would go a step farther, Mr Bloom insinuated.

--But I suspect, Stephen interrupted, that Ireland must be important

because it belongs to me.

--What belongs, queried Mr Bloom bending, fancying he was perhaps under

some misapprehension. Excuse me. Unfortunately, I didn't catch the

latter portion. What was it you...?

Stephen, patently crosstempered, repeated and shoved aside his mug of

coffee or whatever you like to call it none too politely, adding: 1170

--We can't change the country. Let us change the subject.

At this pertinent suggestion Mr Bloom, to change the subject, looked

down but in a quandary, as he couldn't tell exactly what construction

to put on belongs to which sounded rather a far cry. The rebuke of some

kind was clearer than the other part. Needless to say the fumes of

his recent orgy spoke then with some asperity in a curious bitter way

foreign to his sober state. Probably the homelife to which Mr B attached

the utmost importance had not been all that was needful or he hadn't

been familiarised with the right sort of people. With a touch of fear

for the young man beside him whom he furtively scrutinised with an air

of some consternation remembering he had just come back from Paris,

the eyes more especially reminding him forcibly of father and sister,

failing to throw much light on the subject, however, he brought to mind

instances of cultured fellows that promised so brilliantly nipped in the

bud of premature decay and nobody to blame but themselves. For instance

there was the case of O'Callaghan, for one, the halfcrazy faddist,

respectably connected though of inadequate means, with his mad vagaries

among whose other gay doings when rotto and making himself a nuisance

to everybody all round he was in the habit of ostentatiously sporting in

public a suit of brown paper (a fact). And then the usual \_denouement\_

after the fun had gone on fast and furious he got 1190 landed into hot

water and had to be spirited away by a few friends, after a strong hint

to a blind horse from John Mallon of Lower Castle Yard, so as not to

be made amenable under section two of the criminal law amendment act,

certain names of those subpoenaed being handed in but not divulged

for reasons which will occur to anyone with a pick of brains. Briefly,

putting two and two together, six sixteen which he pointedly turned a

deaf ear to, Antonio and so forth, jockeys and esthetes and the tattoo

which was all the go in the seventies or thereabouts even in the house

of lords because early in life the occupant of the throne, then heir

apparent, the other members of the upper ten and other high personages

simply following in the footsteps of the head of the state, he reflected

about the errors of notorieties and crowned heads running counter to

morality such as the Cornwall case a number of years before under their

veneer in a way scarcely intended by nature, a thing good Mrs Grundy,

as the law stands, was terribly down on though not for the reason they

thought they were probably whatever it was except women chiefly who were

always fiddling more or less at one another it being largely a matter of

dress and all the rest of it. Ladies who like distinctive underclothing

should, and every welltailored man must, trying to make the gap wider

between them by innuendo and give more of a genuine filip to acts of

impropriety between the two, she unbuttoned his and then he untied her,

mind the pin, whereas savages in the cannibal islands, say, at ninety

degrees in the shade not caring a continental. However, reverting to the

original, there were on the other hand others who had forced their way

to the top from the lowest rung by the aid of their bootstraps. Sheer

force of natural genius, that. With brains, sir.

For which and further reasons he felt it was his interest and duty even

to wait on and profit by the unlookedfor occasion though why he could

not exactly tell being as it was already several shillings to the

bad having in fact let himself in for it. Still to cultivate the

acquaintance of someone of no uncommon calibre who could provide food

for reflection would amply repay any small. Intellectual stimulation,

as such, was, he felt, from time to time a firstrate tonic for the mind.

Added to which was the coincidence of meeting, discussion, dance, row,

old salt of the here today and gone tomorrow type, night loafers, the

whole galaxy of events, all went to make up a miniature cameo of the

world we live in especially as the lives of the submerged tenth, viz.

coalminers, divers, scavengers etc., were very much under the microscope

lately. To improve the shining hour he wondered whether he might meet

with anything approaching the same luck as Mr Philip Beaufoy if taken

down in writing suppose he were to pen something out of the common

groove (as he fully intended doing) at the rate of one guinea per

column. \_My Experiences\_, let us say, \_in a Cabman's Shelter\_.

The pink edition extra sporting of the \_Telegraph\_ tell a graphic lie

lay, as luck would have it, beside his elbow and as he was just puzzling

again, far from satisfied, over a country belonging to him and the

preceding rebus the vessel came from Bridgwater and the postcard was

addressed A. Boudin find the captain's age, his eyes went aimlessly

over the respective captions which came under his special province the

allembracing give us this day our daily press. First he got a bit of a

start but it turned out to be only something about somebody named H.

du Boyes, agent for typewriters or something like that. Great battle,

Tokio. Lovemaking in Irish, 200 pounds damages. Gordon Bennett.

Emigration Swindle. Letter from His Grace. William. Ascot meeting,

the Gold Cup. Victory of outsider \_Throwaway\_ recalls Derby of '92 when

Capt. Marshall's dark horse \_Sir Hugo\_ captured the blue ribband at long

odds. New York disaster. Thousand lives lost. Foot and Mouth. Funeral of

the late Mr Patrick Dignam.

So to change the subject he read about Dignam R. I. P. which, he

reflected, was anything but a gay sendoff. Or a change of address

anyway.

--\_This morning\_ (Hynes put it in of course) \_the remains of the late Mr

Patrick Dignam were removed from his residence, no 9 Newbridge Avenue,

Sandymount, for interment in Glasnevin. The deceased gentleman was a

most popular and genial personality in city life and his demise after a

brief illness came as a great shock to citizens of all classes by whom

he is deeply regretted. The obsequies, at which many friends of the

deceased were present, were carried out\_ (certainly Hynes wrote it with

a nudge from Corny) \_by Messrs H. J. O'Neill and Son, 164 North Strand

Road. The mourners included: Patk. Dignam (son), Bernard Corrigan

(brother-in-law), Jno. Henry Menton, solr, Martin Cunningham, John

Power, eatondph 1/8 ador dorador douradora\_ (must be where he called

Monks the dayfather about Keyes's ad) \_Thomas Kernan, Simon Dedalus,

Stephen Dedalus B.,4., Edw. J. Lambert, Cornelius T. Kelleher, Joseph

M'C Hynes, L. Boom, CP M'Coy,--M'lntosh and several others\_.

Nettled not a little by L. \_Boom\_ (as it incorrectly stated) and the

line of bitched type but tickled to death simultaneously by C. P. M'Coy

and Stephen Dedalus B. A. who were conspicuous, needless to say, by

their total absence (to say nothing of M'Intosh) L. Boom pointed it

out to his companion B. A. engaged in stifling another yawn, half

nervousness, not forgetting the usual crop of nonsensical howlers of

misprints.

--Is that first epistle to the Hebrews, he asked as soon as his bottom

jaw would let him, in? Text: open thy mouth and put thy foot in it.

--It is. Really, Mr Bloom said (though first he fancied he alluded to

the archbishop till he added about foot and mouth with which there could

be no possible connection) overjoyed to set his mind at rest and a bit

flabbergasted at Myles Crawford's after all managing to. There.

While the other was reading it on page two Boom (to give him for the

nonce his new misnomer) whiled away a few odd leisure moments in fits

and starts with the account of the third event at Ascot on page three,

his side. Value 1000 sovs with 3000 sovs in specie added. For entire

colts and fillies. Mr F. Alexander's \_Throwaway\_, b. h. by \_Rightaway\_,

5 yrs, 9 st 4 lbs (W. Lane) 1, lord Howard de Walden's \_Zinfandel\_ (M.

Cannon) z, Mr W. Bass's \_Sceptre\_ 3. Betting 5 to 4 on \_Zinfandel\_,

20 to 1 \_Throwaway\_ (off). \_Sceptre\_ a shade heavier, 5 to 4 on

\_Zinfandel\_, 20 to 1 \_Throwaway\_ (off). \_Throwaway\_ and \_Zinfandel\_

stood close order. It was anybody's race then the rank outsider drew to

the fore, got long lead, beating lord Howard de Walden's chestnut

colt and Mr W. Bass's bay filly Sceptre on a 2 1/2 mile course. Winner

trained by Braime so that Lenehan's version of the business was all pure

buncombe. Secured the verdict cleverly by a length. 1000 sovs with

3000 in specie. Also ran: J de Bremond's (French horse Bantam Lyons was

anxiously inquiring after not in yet but expected any minute) \_Maximum

II\_. Different ways of bringing off a coup. Lovemaking damages. Though

that halfbaked Lyons ran off at a tangent in his impetuosity to get

left. Of course gambling eminently lent itself to that sort of thing

though as the event turned out the poor fool hadn't much reason to

congratulate himself on his pick, the forlorn hope. Guesswork it reduced

itself to eventually.

--There was every indication they would arrive at that, he, Bloom, said.

--Who? the other, whose hand by the way was hurt, said.

One morning you would open the paper, the cabman affirmed, and read:

\_Return of Parnell\_. He bet them what they liked. A Dublin fusilier was

in that shelter one night and said he saw him in South Africa. Pride it

was killed him. He ought to have done away with himself or lain low for

a time after committee room no 15 until he was his old self again with

no-one to point a finger at him. Then they would all to a man have gone

down on their marrowbones to him to come back when he had recovered

his senses. Dead he wasn't. Simply absconded somewhere. The coffin they

brought over was full of stones. He changed his name to De Wet, the Boer

general. He made a mistake to fight the priests. And so forth and so on.

All the same Bloom (properly so dubbed) was rather surprised at their

memories for in nine cases out of ten it was a case of tarbarrels and

not singly but in their thousands and then complete oblivion because it

was twenty odd years. Highly unlikely of course there was even a shadow

of truth in the stones and, even supposing, he thought a return highly

inadvisable, all things considered. Something evidently riled them in

his death. Either he petered out too tamely of acute pneumonia just when

his various different political arrangements were nearing completion

or whether it transpired he owed his death to his having neglected to

change his boots and clothes-after a wetting when a cold resulted and

failing to consult a specialist he being confined to his room till he

eventually died of it amid widespread regret before a fortnight was at

an end or quite possibly they were distressed to find the job was taken

out of their hands. Of course nobody being acquainted with his movements

even before there was absolutely no clue as to his whereabouts which

were decidedly of the \_Alice, where art thou\_ order even prior to his

starting to go under several aliases such as Fox and Stewart so the

remark which emanated from friend cabby might be within the bounds of

possibility. Naturally then it would prey on his mind as a born leader

of men which undoubtedly he was and a commanding figure, a sixfooter

or at any rate five feet ten or eleven in his stockinged feet, whereas

Messrs So and So who, though they weren't even a patch on the former

man, ruled the roost after their redeeming features were very few and

far between. It certainly pointed a moral, the idol with feet of clay,

and then seventytwo of his trusty henchmen rounding on him with mutual

mudslinging. And the identical same with murderers. You had to come

back. That haunting sense kind of drew you. To show the understudy in

the title \_rÃ´le\_ how to. He saw him once on the auspicious occasion

when they broke up the type in the \_Insuppressible\_ or was it \_United

Ireland\_, a privilege he keenly appreciated, and, in point of fact,

handed him his silk hat when it was knocked off and he said \_Thank you\_,

excited as he undoubtedly was under his frigid exterior notwithstanding

the little misadventure mentioned between the cup and the lip: what's

bred in the bone. Still as regards return. You were a lucky dog if

they didn't set the terrier at you directly you got back. Then a lot of

shillyshally usually followed, Tom for and Dick and Harry against. And

then, number one, you came up against the man in possession and had to

produce your credentials like the claimant in the Tichborne case,

Roger Charles Tichborne, \_Bella\_ was the boat's name to the best of his

recollection he, the heir, went down in as the evidence went to show

and there was a tattoo mark too in Indian ink, lord Bellew was it, as he

might very easily have picked up the details from some pal on board ship

and then, when got up to tally with the description given, introduce

himself with: \_Excuse me, my name is So and So\_ or some such commonplace

remark. A more prudent course, as Bloom said to the not over effusive,

in fact like the distinguished personage under discussion beside him,

would have been to sound the lie of the land first.

--That bitch, that English whore, did for him, the shebeen proprietor

commented. She put the first nail in his coffin.

--Fine lump of a woman all the same, the \_soi-disant\_ townclerk Henry

Campbell remarked, and plenty of her. She loosened many a man's thighs.

I seen her picture in a barber's. The husband was a captain or an

officer.

--Ay, Skin-the-Goat amusingly added, he was and a cottonball one.

This gratuitous contribution of a humorous character occasioned a fair

amount of laughter among his \_entourage\_. As regards Bloom he, without

the faintest suspicion of a smile, merely gazed in the direction of

the door and reflected upon the historic story which had aroused

extraordinary interest at the time when the facts, to make matters

worse, were made public with the usual affectionate letters that passed

between them full of sweet nothings. First it was strictly Platonic till

nature intervened and an attachment sprang up between them till bit by

bit matters came to a climax and the matter became the talk of the town

till the staggering blow came as a welcome intelligence to not a few

evildisposed, however, who were resolved upon encompassing his downfall

though the thing was public property all along though not to anything

like the sensational extent that it subsequently blossomed into. Since

their names were coupled, though, since he was her declared favourite,

where was the particular necessity to proclaim it to the rank and file

from the housetops, the fact, namely, that he had shared her bedroom

which came out in the witnessbox on oath when a thrill went through the

packed court literally electrifying everybody in the shape of witnesses

swearing to having witnessed him on such and such a particular date in

the act of scrambling out of an upstairs apartment with the assistance

of a ladder in night apparel, having gained admittance in the same

fashion, a fact the weeklies, addicted to the lubric a little, simply

coined shoals of money out of. Whereas the simple fact of the case was

it was simply a case of the husband not being up to the scratch, with

nothing in common between them beyond the name, and then a real man

arriving on the scene, strong to the verge of weakness, falling a victim

to her siren charms and forgetting home ties, the usual sequel, to bask

in the loved one's smiles. The eternal question of the life connubial,

needless to say, cropped up. Can real love, supposing there happens to

be another chap in the case, exist between married folk? Poser.

Though it was no concern of theirs absolutely if he regarded her with

affection, carried away by a wave of folly. A magnificent specimen of

manhood he was truly augmented obviously by gifts of a high order, as

compared with the other military supernumerary that is (who was just the

usual everyday \_farewell, my gallant captain\_ kind of an individual in

the light dragoons, the 18th hussars to be accurate) and inflammable

doubtless (the fallen leader, that is, not the other) in his own

peculiar way which she of course, woman, quickly perceived as highly

likely to carve his way to fame which he almost bid fair to do till the

priests and ministers of the gospel as a whole, his erstwhile staunch

adherents, and his beloved evicted tenants for whom he had done yeoman

service in the rural parts of the country by taking up the cudgels on

their behalf in a way that exceeded their most sanguine expectations,

very effectually cooked his matrimonial goose, thereby heaping coals of

fire on his head much in the same way as the fabled ass's kick. Looking

back now in a retrospective kind of arrangement all seemed a kind of

dream. And then coming back was the worst thing you ever did because it

went without saying you would feel out of place as things always moved

with the times. Why, as he reflected, Irishtown strand, a locality he

had not been in for quite a number of years looked different somehow

since, as it happened, he went to reside on the north side. North or

south, however, it was just the wellknown case of hot passion, pure and

simple, upsetting the applecart with a vengeance and just bore out the

very thing he was saying as she also was Spanish or half so, types that

wouldn't do things by halves, passionate abandon of the south, casting

every shred of decency to the winds.

--Just bears out what I was saying, he, with glowing bosom said to

Stephen, about blood and the sun. And, if I don't greatly mistake she

was Spanish too.

--The king of Spain's daughter, Stephen answered, adding something or

other rather muddled about farewell and adieu to you Spanish onions and

the first land called the Deadman and from Ramhead to Scilly was so and

so many.

--Was she? Bloom ejaculated, surprised though not astonished by any

means, I never heard that rumour before. Possible, especially there, it

was as she lived there. So, Spain.

Carefully avoiding a book in his pocket \_Sweets of\_, which reminded him

by the by of that Cap l street library book out of date, he took out his

pocketbook and, turning over the various contents it contained rapidly

finally he.

--Do you consider, by the by, he said, thoughtfully selecting a faded

photo which he laid on the table, that a Spanish type?

Stephen, obviously addressed, looked down on the photo showing a large

sized lady with her fleshy charms on evidence in an open fashion as she

was in the full bloom of womanhood in evening dress cut ostentatiously

low for the occasion to give a liberal display of bosom, with more than

vision of breasts, her full lips parted and some perfect teeth, standing

near, ostensibly with gravity, a piano on the rest of which was \_In Old

Madrid\_, a ballad, pretty in its way, which was then all the vogue. Her

(the lady's) eyes, dark, large, looked at Stephen, about to smile about

something to be admired, Lafayette of Westmoreland street, Dublin's

premier photographic artist, being responsible for the esthetic

execution.

--Mrs Bloom, my wife the \_prima donna\_ Madam Marion Tweedy, Bloom

indicated. Taken a few years since. In or about ninety six. Very like

her then.

Beside the young man he looked also at the photo of the lady now his

1440 legal wife who, he intimated, was the accomplished daughter of

Major Brian Tweedy and displayed at an early age remarkable proficiency

as a singer having even made her bow to the public when her years

numbered barely sweet sixteen. As for the face it was a speaking

likeness in expression but it did not do justice to her figure which

came in for a lot of notice usually and which did not come out to the

best advantage in that getup. She could without difficulty, he said,

have posed for the ensemble, not to dwell on certain opulent curves of

the. He dwelt, being a bit of an artist in his spare time, on the female

form in general developmentally because, as it so happened, no later

than that afternoon he had seen those Grecian statues, 1450 perfectly

developed as works of art, in the National Museum. Marble could give

the original, shoulders, back, all the symmetry, all the rest. Yes,

puritanisme, it does though Saint Joseph's sovereign thievery alors

(Bandez!) Figne toi trop. Whereas no photo could because it simply

wasn't art in a word.

The spirit moving him he would much have liked to follow Jack Tar's good

example and leave the likeness there for a very few minutes to speak for

itself on the plea he so that the other could drink in the beauty for

himself, her stage presence being, frankly, a treat in itself which the

camera could not at all do justice to. But it was scarcely professional

etiquette so. Though it was a warm pleasant sort of a night now yet

wonderfully cool for the season considering, for sunshine after storm.

And he did feel a kind of need there and then to follow suit like a

kind of inward voice and satisfy a possible need by moving a motion.

Nevertheless he sat tight just viewing the slightly soiled photo creased

by opulent curves, none the worse for wear however, and looked away

thoughtfully with the intention of not further increasing the

other's possible embarrassment while gauging her symmetry of heaving

\_embonpoint\_. In fact the slight soiling was only an added charm like

the case of linen slightly soiled, good as new, much better in fact

with the starch out. Suppose she was gone when he? I looked for the lamp

which she told me came into his mind but merely as a passing fancy of

his because he then recollected the morning littered bed etcetera and

the book about Ruby with met him pike hoses (\_sic\_) in it which must

have fell down sufficiently appropriately beside the domestic chamberpot

with apologies to Lindley Murray.

The vicinity of the young man he certainly relished, educated,

\_distinguÃ©\_ and impulsive into the bargain, far and away the pick of the

bunch though you wouldn't think he had it in him yet you would. Besides

he said the picture was handsome which, say what you like, it was though

at the moment she was distinctly stouter. And why not? An awful lot of

makebelieve went on about that sort of thing involving a lifelong slur

with the usual splash page of gutterpress about the same old matrimonial

tangle alleging misconduct with professional golfer or the newest

stage favourite instead of being honest and aboveboard about the whole

business. How they were fated to meet and an attachment sprang up

between the two so that their names were coupled in the public eye

was told in court with letters containing the habitual mushy and

compromising expressions leaving no loophole to show that they openly

cohabited two or three times a week at some wellknown seaside hotel and

relations, when the thing ran its normal course, became in due course

intimate. Then the decree \_nisi\_ and the King's proctor tries to show

cause why and, he failing to quash it, \_nisi\_ was made absolute. But as

for that the two misdemeanants, wrapped up as they largely were in one

another, could safely afford to ignore it as they very largely did till

the matter was put in the hands of a solicitor who filed a petition for

the party wronged in due course. He, B, enjoyed the distinction of being

close to Erin's uncrowned king in the flesh when the thing occurred on

the historic \_fracas\_ when the fallen leader's, who notoriously stuck to

his guns to the last drop even when clothed in the mantle of adultery,

(leader's) trusty henchmen to the number of ten or a dozen or

possibly even more than that penetrated into the printing works of the

\_Insuppressible\_ or no it was \_United Ireland\_ (a by no means by the

by appropriate appellative) and broke up the typecases with hammers or

something like that all on account of some scurrilous effusions from

the facile pens of the O'Brienite scribes at the usual mudslinging

occupation reflecting on the erstwhile tribune's private morals. Though

palpably a radically altered man he was still a commanding figure though

carelessly garbed as usual with that look of settled purpose which went

a long way with the shillyshallyers till they discovered to their vast

discomfiture that their idol had feet of clay after placing him upon a

pedestal which she, however, was the first to perceive. As those were

particularly hot times in the general hullaballoo Bloom sustained a

minor injury from a nasty prod of some chap's elbow in the crowd that

of course congregated lodging some place about the pit of the stomach,

fortunately not of a grave character. His hat (Parnell's) a silk one was

inadvertently knocked off and, as a matter of strict history, Bloom was

the man who picked it up in the crush after witnessing the occurrence

meaning to return it to him (and return it to him he did with the utmost

celerity) who panting and hatless and whose thoughts were miles away

from his hat at the time all the same being a gentleman born with a

stake in the country he, as a matter of fact, having gone into it more

for the kudos of the thing than anything else, what's bred in the bone

instilled into him in infancy at his mother's knee in the shape of

knowing what good form was came out at once because he turned round to

the donor and thanked him with perfect \_aplomb\_, saying: \_Thank you,

sir\_, though in a very different tone of voice from the ornament of the

legal profession whose headgear Bloom also set to rights earlier in the

course of the day, history repeating itself with a difference, after

the burial of a mutual friend when they had left him alone in his glory

after the grim task of having committed his remains to the grave.

On the other hand what incensed him more inwardly was the blatant jokes

of the cabman and so on who passed it all off as a jest, laughing 1530

immoderately, pretending to understand everything, the why and the

wherefore, and in reality not knowing their own minds, it being a case

for the two parties themselves unless it ensued that the legitimate

husband happened to be a party to it owing to some anonymous letter from

the usual boy Jones, who happened to come across them at the crucial

moment in a loving position locked in one another's arms, drawing

attention to their illicit proceedings and leading up to a domestic

rumpus and the erring fair one begging forgiveness of her lord and

master upon her knees and promising to sever the connection and not

receive his visits any more if only the aggrieved husband would overlook

the matter and let bygones be bygones with tears in her eyes though

possibly with her tongue in her fair cheek at the same time as quite

possibly there were several others. He personally, being of a sceptical

bias, believed and didn't make the smallest bones about saying so either

that man or men in the plural were always hanging around on the waiting

list about a lady, even supposing she was the best wife in the world

and they got on fairly well together for the sake of argument, when,

neglecting her duties, she chose to be tired of wedded life and was on

for a little flutter in polite debauchery to press their attentions on

her with improper intent, the upshot being that her affections centred

on another, the cause of many \_liaisons\_ between still attractive

married women getting on for fair and forty and younger men, no doubt as

several famous cases of feminine infatuation proved up to the hilt.

It was a thousand pities a young fellow, blessed with an allowance of

brains as his neighbour obviously was, should waste his valuable time

with profligate women who might present him with a nice dose to last him

his lifetime. In the nature of single blessedness he would one day take

unto himself a wife when Miss Right came on the scene but in the interim

ladies' society was a \_conditio sine qua non\_ though he had the gravest

possible doubts, not that he wanted in the smallest to pump Stephen

about Miss Ferguson (who was very possibly the particular lodestar who

brought him down to Irishtown so early in the morning), as to whether he

would find much satisfaction basking in the boy and girl courtship idea

and the company of smirking misses without a penny to their names bi or

triweekly with the orthodox preliminary canter of complimentplaying and

walking out leading up to fond lovers' ways and flowers and chocs. To

think of him house and homeless, rooked by some landlady worse than any

stepmother, was really too bad at his age. The queer suddenly things

he popped out with attracted the elder man who was several years the

other's senior or like his father but something substantial he certainly

ought to eat even were it only an eggflip made on unadulterated maternal

nutriment or, failing that, the homely Humpty Dumpty boiled.

--At what o'clock did you dine? he questioned of the slim form and tired

though unwrinkled face.

--Some time yesterday, Stephen said.

--Yesterday! exclaimed Bloom till he remembered it was already tomorrow

Friday. Ah, you mean it's after twelve!

--The day before yesterday, Stephen said, improving on himself.

Literally astounded at this piece of intelligence Bloom reflected.

Though they didn't see eye to eye in everything a certain analogy there

somehow was as if both their minds were travelling, so to speak, in the

one train of thought. At his age when dabbling in politics roughly

some score of years previously when he had been a \_quasi\_ aspirant to

parliamentary honours in the Buckshot Foster days he too recollected in

retrospect (which was a source of keen satisfaction in itself) he had

a sneaking regard for those same ultra ideas. For instance when the

evicted tenants question, then at its first inception, bulked largely in

people's mind though, it goes without saying, not contributing a copper

or pinning his faith absolutely to its dictums, some of which wouldn't

exactly hold water, he at the outset in principle at all events was in

thorough sympathy with peasant possession as voicing the trend of modern

opinion (a partiality, however, which, realising his mistake, he was

subsequently partially cured of) and even was twitted with going a

step farther than Michael Davitt in the striking views he at one time

inculcated as a backtothelander, which was one reason he strongly

resented the innuendo put upon him in so barefaced a fashion by our

friend at the gathering of the clans in Barney Kiernan's so that he,

though often considerably misunderstood and the least pugnacious of

mortals, be it repeated, departed from his customary habit to give

him (metaphorically) one in the gizzard though, so far as politics

themselves were concerned, he was only too conscious of the casualties

invariably resulting from propaganda and displays of mutual animosity

and the misery and suffering it entailed as a foregone conclusion on

fine young fellows, chiefly, destruction of the fittest, in a word.

Anyhow upon weighing up the pros and cons, getting on for one, as it

was, it was high time to be retiring for the night. The crux was it

was a bit risky to bring him home as eventualities might possibly ensue

(somebody having a temper of her own sometimes) and spoil the hash

altogether as on the night he misguidedly brought home a dog (breed

unknown) with a lame paw (not that the cases were either identical or

the reverse though he had hurt his hand too) to Ontario Terrace as he

very distinctly remembered, having been there, so to speak. On the

other hand it was altogether far and away too late for the Sandymount

or Sandycove suggestion so that he was in some perplexity as to which of

the two alternatives. Everything pointed to the fact that it behoved him

to avail himself to the full of the opportunity, all things considered.

His initial impression was he was a shade standoffish or not over

effusive but it grew on him someway. For one thing he mightn't what you

call jump at the idea, if approached, and what mostly worried him was

he didn't know how to lead up to it or word it exactly, supposing he

did entertain the proposal, as it would afford him very great personal

pleasure if he would allow him to help to put coin in his way or some

wardrobe, if found suitable. At all events he wound up by concluding,

eschewing for the nonce hidebound precedent, a cup of Epps's cocoa and

a shakedown for the night plus the use of a rug or two and overcoat

doubled into a pillow at least he would be in safe hands and as warm as

a toast on a trivet he failed to perceive any very vast amount of harm

in that always with the proviso no rumpus of any sort was kicked up.

A move had to be made because that merry old soul, the grasswidower

in question who appeared to be glued to the spot, didn't appear in any

particular hurry to wend his way home to his dearly beloved Queenstown

and it was highly likely some sponger's bawdyhouse of retired beauties

where age was no bar off Sheriff street lower would be the best clue

to that equivocal character's whereabouts for a few days to come,

alternately racking their feelings (the mermaids') with sixchamber

revolver anecdotes verging on the tropical calculated to freeze

the marrow of anybody's bones and mauling their largesized charms

betweenwhiles with rough and tumble gusto to the accompaniment of large

potations of potheen and the usual blarney about himself for as to who

he in reality was let x equal my right name and address, as Mr Algebra

remarks \_passim\_. At the same time he inwardly chuckled over his gentle

repartee to the blood and ouns champion about his god being a jew.

People could put up with being bitten by a wolf but what properly riled

them was a bite from a sheep. The most vulnerable point too of tender

Achilles. Your god was a jew. Because mostly they appeared to imagine he

came from Carrick-on-Shannon or somewhereabouts in the county Sligo.

--I propose, our hero eventually suggested after mature reflection while

prudently pocketing her photo, as it's rather stuffy here you just come

home with me and talk things over. My diggings are quite close in the

vicinity. You can't drink that stuff. Do you like cocoa? Wait. I'll just

pay this lot.

The best plan clearly being to clear out, the remainder being plain

sailing, he beckoned, while prudently pocketing the photo, to the keeper

of the shanty who didn't seem to.

--Yes, that's the best, he assured Stephen to whom for the matter of

that Brazen Head or him or anywhere else was all more or less.

All kinds of Utopian plans were flashing through his (B's) busy brain,

education (the genuine article), literature, journalism, prize titbits,

up to date billing, concert tours in English watering resorts packed

with hydros and seaside theatres, turning money away, duets in Italian

with the accent perfectly true to nature and a quantity of other

things, no necessity, of course, to tell the world and his wife from the

housetops about it, and a slice of luck. An opening was all was wanted.

Because he more than suspected he had his father's voice to bank his

hopes on which it was quite on the cards he had so it would be just as

well, by the way no harm, to trail the conversation in the direction of

that particular red herring just to.

The cabby read out of the paper he had got hold of that the former

viceroy, earl Cadogan, had presided at the cabdrivers' association

dinner in London somewhere. Silence with a yawn or two accompanied this

thrilling announcement. Then the old specimen in the corner who appeared

to have some spark of vitality left read out that sir Anthony MacDonnell

had left Euston for the chief secretary's lodge or words to that effect.

To which absorbing piece of intelligence echo answered why.

--Give us a squint at that literature, grandfather, the ancient mariner

put in, manifesting some natural impatience.

--And welcome, answered the elderly party thus addressed.

The sailor lugged out from a case he had a pair of greenish goggles

which he very slowly hooked over his nose and both ears.

--Are you bad in the eyes? the sympathetic personage like the townclerk

queried.

--Why, answered the seafarer with the tartan beard, who seemingly was

a bit of a literary cove in his own small way, staring out of seagreen

portholes as you might well describe them as, I uses goggles reading.

Sand in the Red Sea done that. One time I could read a book in the dark,

manner of speaking. \_The Arabian Nights Entertainment\_ was my favourite

and \_Red as a Rose is She.\_

Hereupon he pawed the journal open and pored upon Lord only knows what,

found drowned or the exploits of King Willow, Iremonger having made a

hundred and something second wicket not out for Notts, during which

time (completely regardless of Ire) the keeper was intensely occupied

loosening an apparently new or secondhand boot which manifestly pinched

him as he muttered against whoever it was sold it, all of them who were

sufficiently awake enough to be picked out by their facial expressions,

that is to say, either simply looking on glumly or passing a trivial

remark.

To cut a long story short Bloom, grasping the situation, was the first

to rise from his seat so as not to outstay their welcome having first

and foremost, being as good as his word that he would foot the bill for

the occasion, taken the wise precaution to unobtrusively motion to mine

host as a parting shot a scarcely perceptible sign when the others were

not looking to the effect that the amount due was forthcoming, making a

grand total of fourpence (the amount he deposited unobtrusively in

four coppers, literally the last of the Mohicans), he having previously

spotted on the printed pricelist for all who ran to read opposite him

in unmistakable figures, coffee 2d, confectionery do, and honestly well

worth twice the money once in a way, as Wetherup used to remark.

--Come, he counselled to close the \_sÃ©ance\_.

Seeing that the ruse worked and the coast was clear they left the

shelter or shanty together and the \_Ã©lite\_ society of oilskin and

company whom nothing short of an earthquake would move out of their

\_dolce far niente\_. Stephen, who confessed to still feeling poorly and

fagged out, paused at the, for a moment, the door.

--One thing I never understood, he said to be original on the spur of

the moment. Why they put tables upside down at night, I mean chairs

upside down, on the tables in cafes. To which impromptu the neverfailing

Bloom replied without a moment's hesitation, saying straight off:

--To sweep the floor in the morning.

So saying he skipped around, nimbly considering, frankly at the same

time apologetic to get on his companion's right, a habit of his, by the

bye, his right side being, in classical idiom, his tender Achilles. The

night air was certainly now a treat to breathe though Stephen was a bit

weak on his pins.

--It will (the air) do you good, Bloom said, meaning also the walk, in

a moment. The only thing is to walk then you'll feel a different man.

Come. It's not far. Lean on me.

Accordingly he passed his left arm in Stephen's right and led him on

accordingly.

--Yes, Stephen said uncertainly because he thought he felt a strange

kind of flesh of a different man approach him, sinewless and wobbly and

all that.

Anyhow they passed the sentrybox with stones, brazier etc. where

the municipal supernumerary, ex Gumley, was still to all intents and

purposes wrapped in the arms of Murphy, as the adage has it, dreaming

of fresh fields and pastures new. And \_apropos\_ of coffin of stones the

analogy was not at all bad as it was in fact a stoning to death on the

part of seventytwo out of eighty odd constituencies that ratted at the

time of the split and chiefly the belauded peasant class, probably the

selfsame evicted tenants he had put in their holdings.

So they turned on to chatting about music, a form of art for which

Bloom, as a pure amateur, possessed the greatest love, as they made

tracks arm in arm across Beresford place. Wagnerian music, though

confessedly grand in its way, was a bit too heavy for Bloom and hard to

follow at the first go-off but the music of Mercadante's \_Huguenots\_,

Meyerbeer's \_Seven Last Words on the Cross\_ and Mozart's \_Twelfth Mass\_

he simply revelled in, the \_Gloria\_ in that being, to his mind, the acme

of first class music as such, literally knocking everything else into

a cocked hat. He infinitely preferred the sacred music of the catholic

church to anything the opposite shop could offer in that line such as

those Moody and Sankey hymns or \_Bid me to live and i will live

thy protestant to be\_. He also yielded to none in his admiration of

Rossini's \_Stabat Mater\_, a work simply abounding in immortal numbers,

in which his wife, Madam Marion Tweedy, made a hit, a veritable

sensation, he might safely say, greatly adding to her other laureis and

putting the others totally in the shade, in the jesuit fathers' church

in upper Gardiner street, the sacred edifice being thronged to the

doors to hear her with virtuosos, or \_virtuosi\_ rather. There was the

unanimous opinion that there was none to come up to her and suffice it

to say in a place of worship for music of a sacred character there was

a generally voiced desire for an encore. On the whole though favouring

preferably light opera of the \_Don Giovanni\_ description and \_Martha\_,

a gem in its line, he had a \_penchant\_, though with only a surface

knowledge, for the severe classical school such as Mendelssohn. And

talking of that, taking it for granted he knew all about the old

favourites, he mentioned \_par excellence\_ Lionel's air in \_Martha,

M'appari\_, which, curiously enough, he had heard or overheard, to be

more accurate, on yesterday, a privilege he keenly appreciated, from the

lips of Stephen's respected father, sung to perfection, a study of the

number, in fact, which made all the others take a back seat. Stephen, in

reply to a politely put query, said he didn't sing it but launched

out into praises of Shakespeare's songs, at least of in or about that

period, the lutenist Dowland who lived in Fetter lane near Gerard the

herbalist, who \_anno ludendo hausi, Doulandus\_, an instrument he was

contemplating purchasing from Mr Arnold Dolmetsch, whom B. did not quite

recall though the name certainly sounded familiar, for sixtyfive guineas

and Farnaby and son with their \_dux\_ and \_comes\_ conceits and Byrd

(William) who played the virginals, he said, in the Queen's chapel or

anywhere else he found them and one Tomkins who made toys or airs and

John Bull.

On the roadway which they were approaching whilst still speaking beyond

the swingchains a horse, dragging a sweeper, paced on the paven ground,

brushing a long swathe of mire up so that with the noise Bloom was not

perfectly certain whether he had caught aright the allusion to sixtyfive

guineas and John Bull. He inquired if it was John Bull the political

celebrity of that ilk, as it struck him, the two identical names, as a

striking coincidence.

By the chains the horse slowly swerved to turn, which perceiving, Bloom,

who was keeping a sharp lookout as usual, plucked the other's sleeve

gently, jocosely remarking:

--Our lives are in peril tonight. Beware of the steamroller.

They thereupon stopped. Bloom looked at the head of a horse not worth

anything like sixtyfive guineas, suddenly in evidence in the dark quite

near so that it seemed new, a different grouping of bones and even flesh

because palpably it was a fourwalker, a hipshaker, a blackbuttocker, a

taildangler, a headhanger putting his hind foot foremost the while the

lord of his creation sat on the perch, busy with his thoughts. But such

a good poor brute he was sorry he hadn't a lump of sugar but, as he

wisely reflected, you could scarcely be prepared for every emergency

that might crop up. He was just a big nervous foolish noodly kind of a

horse, without a second care in the world. But even a dog, he reflected,

take that mongrel in Barney Kiernan's, of the same size, would be a holy

horror to face. But it was no animal's fault in particular if he was

built that way like the camel, ship of the desert, distilling grapes

into potheen in his hump. Nine tenths of them all could be caged or

trained, nothing beyond the art of man barring the bees. Whale with a

harpoon hairpin, alligator tickle the small of his back and he sees the

joke, chalk a circle for a rooster, tiger my eagle eye. These timely

reflections anent the brutes of the field occupied his mind somewhat

distracted from Stephen's words while the ship of the street was

manoeuvring and Stephen went on about the highly interesting old.

--What's this I was saying? Ah, yes! My wife, he intimated, plunging

\_in medias res\_, would have the greatest of pleasure in making your

acquaintance as she is passionately attached to music of any kind.

He looked sideways in a friendly fashion at the sideface of Stephen,

image of his mother, which was not quite the same as the usual handsome

blackguard type they unquestionably had an insatiable hankering after as

he was perhaps not that way built.

Still, supposing he had his father's gift as he more than suspected,

it opened up new vistas in his mind such as Lady Fingall's Irish

industries, concert on the preceding Monday, and aristocracy in general.

Exquisite variations he was now describing on an air \_Youth here has

End\_ by Jans Pieter Sweelinck, a Dutchman of Amsterdam where the frows

come from. Even more he liked an old German song of \_Johannes Jeep\_

about the clear sea and the voices of sirens, sweet murderers of men,

which boggled Bloom a bit:

\_Von der Sirenen Listigkeit

Tun die Poeten dichten.\_

These opening bars he sang and translated \_extempore\_. Bloom, nodding,

said he perfectly understood and begged him to go on by all means which

he did.

A phenomenally beautiful tenor voice like that, the rarest of boons,

which Bloom appreciated at the very first note he got out, could easily,

if properly handled by some recognised authority on voice production

such as Barraclough and being able to read music into the bargain,

command its own price where baritones were ten a penny and procure for

its fortunate possessor in the near future an \_entrÃ©e\_ into fashionable

houses in the best residential quarters of financial magnates in a large

way of business and titled people where with his university degree of

B. A. (a huge ad in its way) and gentlemanly bearing to all the more

influence the good impression he would infallibly score a distinct

success, being blessed with brains which also could be utilised for the

purpose and other requisites, if his clothes were properly attended

to so as to the better worm his way into their good graces as he, a

youthful tyro in--society's sartorial niceties, hardly understood how a

little thing like that could militate against you. It was in fact only a

matter of months and he could easily foresee him participating in their

musical and artistic \_conversaziones\_ during the festivities of the

Christmas season, for choice, causing a slight flutter in the dovecotes

of the fair sex and being made a lot of by ladies out for sensation,

cases of which, as he happened to know, were on record--in fact, without

giving the show away, he himself once upon a time, if he cared to, could

easily have. Added to which of course would be the pecuniary emolument

by no means to be sneezed at, going hand in hand with his tuition

fees. Not, he parenthesised, that for the sake of filthy lucre he need

necessarily embrace the lyric platform as a walk in life for any lengthy

space of time. But a step in the required direction it was beyond yea or

nay and both monetarily and mentally it contained no reflection on his

dignity in the smallest and it often turned in uncommonly handy to

be handed a cheque at a muchneeded moment when every little helped.

Besides, though taste latterly had deteriorated to a degree, original

music like that, different from the conventional rut, would rapidly

have a great vogue as it would be a decided novelty for Dublin's musical

world after the usual hackneyed run of catchy tenor solos foisted on a

confiding public by Ivan St Austell and Hilton St Just and their \_genus

omne\_. Yes, beyond a shadow of a doubt he could with all the cards in

his hand and he had a capital opening to make a name for himself and win

a high place in the city's esteem where he could command a stiff figure

and, booking ahead, give a grand concert for the patrons of the King

street house, given a backerup, if one were forthcoming to kick him

upstairs, so to speak, a big \_if\_, however, with some impetus of the

goahead sort to obviate the inevitable procrastination which often

tripped-up a too much fÃªted prince of good fellows. And it need not

detract from the other by one iota as, being his own master, he would

have heaps of time to practise literature in his spare moments when

desirous of so doing without its clashing with his vocal career or

containing anything derogatory whatsoever as it was a matter for himself

alone. In fact, he had the ball at his feet and that was the very reason

why the other, possessed of a remarkably sharp nose for smelling a rat

of any sort, hung on to him at all.

The horse was just then. And later on at a propitious opportunity he

purposed (Bloom did), without anyway prying into his private affairs on

the \_fools step in where angels\_ principle, advising him to sever his

connection with a certain budding practitioner who, he noticed, was

prone to disparage and even to a slight extent with some hilarious

pretext when not present, deprecate him, or whatever you like to call it

which in Bloom's humble opinion threw a nasty sidelight on that side of

a person's character, no pun intended.

The horse having reached the end of his tether, so to speak, halted and,

rearing high a proud feathering tail, added his quota by letting fall on

the floor which the brush would soon brush up and polish, three smoking

globes of turds. Slowly three times, one after another, from a full

crupper he mired. And humanely his driver waited till he (or she) had

ended, patient in his scythed car.

Side by side Bloom, profiting by the \_contretemps\_, with Stephen passed

through the gap of the chains, divided by the upright, and, stepping

over a strand of mire, went across towards Gardiner street lower,

Stephen singing more boldly, but not loudly, the end of the ballad.

\_Und alle Schiffe brÃ¼cken.\_

The driver never said a word, good, bad or indifferent, but merely

watched the two figures, as he sat on his lowbacked car, both black,

one full, one lean, walk towards the railway bridge, \_to be married by

Father Maher\_. As they walked they at times stopped and walked again

continuing their \_tÃªte-Ã -tÃªte\_ (which, of course, he was utterly out

of) about sirens enemies of man's reason, mingled with a number of other

topics of the same category, usurpers, historical cases of the kind

while the man in the sweeper car or you might as well call it in the

sleeper car who in any case couldn't possibly hear because they were too

far simply sat in his seat near the end of lower Gardiner street \_and

looked after their lowbacked car\_.

What parallel courses did Bloom and Stephen follow returning?

Starting united both at normal walking pace from Beresford place they

followed in the order named Lower and Middle Gardiner streets and

Mountjoy square, west: then, at reduced pace, each bearing left,

Gardiner's place by an inadvertence as far as the farther corner of

Temple street: then, at reduced pace with interruptions of halt, bearing

right, Temple street, north, as far as Hardwicke place. Approaching,

disparate, at relaxed walking pace they crossed both the circus before

George's church diametrically, the chord in any circle being less than

the arc which it subtends.

Of what did the duumvirate deliberate during their itinerary?

Music, literature, Ireland, Dublin, Paris, friendship, woman,

prostitution, diet, the influence of gaslight or the light of arc and

glowlamps on the growth of adjoining paraheliotropic trees, exposed

corporation emergency dustbuckets, the Roman catholic church,

ecclesiastical celibacy, the Irish nation, jesuit education, careers,

the study of medicine, the past day, the maleficent influence of the

presabbath, Stephen's collapse.

Did Bloom discover common factors of similarity between their respective

like and unlike reactions to experience?

Both were sensitive to artistic impressions, musical in preference to

plastic or pictorial. Both preferred a continental to an insular manner

of life, a cisatlantic to a transatlantic place of residence. Both

indurated by early domestic training and an inherited tenacity of

heterodox resistance professed their disbelief in many orthodox

religious, national, social and ethical doctrines. Both admitted

the alternately stimulating and obtunding influence of heterosexual

magnetism.

Were their views on some points divergent?

Stephen dissented openly from Bloom's views on the importance of dietary

and civic selfhelp while Bloom dissented tacitly from Stephen's views

on the eternal affirmation of the spirit of man in literature. Bloom

assented covertly to Stephen's rectification of the anachronism

involved in assigning the date of the conversion of the Irish nation to

christianity from druidism by Patrick son of Calpornus, son of Potitus,

son of Odyssus, sent by pope Celestine I in the year 432 in the reign of

Leary to the year 260 or thereabouts in the reign of Cormac MacArt (died

266 A.D.), suffocated by imperfect deglutition of aliment at Sletty

and interred at Rossnaree. The collapse which Bloom ascribed to

gastric inanition and certain chemical compounds of varying degrees of

adulteration and alcoholic strength, accelerated by mental exertion and

the velocity of rapid circular motion in a relaxing atmosphere, Stephen

attributed to the reapparition of a matutinal cloud (perceived by both

from two different points of observation Sandycove and Dublin) at first

no bigger than a woman's hand.

Was there one point on which their views were equal and negative?

The influence of gaslight or electric light on the growth of adjoining

paraheliotropic trees.

Had Bloom discussed similar subjects during nocturnal perambulations in

the past?

In 1884 with Owen Goldberg and Cecil Turnbull at night on public

thoroughfares between Longwood avenue and Leonard's corner and Leonard's

corner and Synge street and Synge street and Bloomfield avenue.

In 1885 with Percy Apjohn in the evenings, reclined against the wall

between Gibraltar villa and Bloomfield house in Crumlin, barony

of Uppercross. In 1886 occasionally with casual acquaintances and

prospective purchasers on doorsteps, in front parlours, in third class

railway carriages of suburban lines. In 1888 frequently with major Brian

Tweedy and his daughter Miss Marion Tweedy, together and separately on

the lounge in Matthew Dillon's house in Roundtown. Once in 1892 and once

in 1893 with Julius (Juda) Mastiansky, on both occasions in the parlour

of his (Bloom's) house in Lombard street, west.

What reflection concerning the irregular sequence of dates 1884, 1885,

1886, 1888, 1892, 1893, 1904 did Bloom make before their arrival at

their destination?

He reflected that the progressive extension of the field of individual

development and experience was regressively accompanied by a restriction

of the converse domain of interindividual relations.

As in what ways?

From inexistence to existence he came to many and was as one received:

existence with existence he was with any as any with any: from existence

to nonexistence gone he would be by all as none perceived.

What act did Bloom make on their arrival at their destination?

At the housesteps of the 4th Of the equidifferent uneven numbers, number

7 Eccles street, he inserted his hand mechanically into the back pocket

of his trousers to obtain his latchkey.

Was it there?

It was in the corresponding pocket of the trousers which he had worn on

the day but one preceding.

Why was he doubly irritated?

Because he had forgotten and because he remembered that he had reminded

himself twice not to forget.

What were then the alternatives before the, premeditatedly

(respectively) and inadvertently, keyless couple?

To enter or not to enter. To knock or not to knock.

Bloom's decision?

A stratagem. Resting his feet on the dwarf wall, he climbed over the

area railings, compressed his hat on his head, grasped two points at

the lower union of rails and stiles, lowered his body gradually by its

length of five feet nine inches and a half to within two feet ten inches

of the area pavement and allowed his body to move freely in space by

separating himself from the railings and crouching in preparation for

the impact of the fall.

Did he fall?

By his body's known weight of eleven stone and four pounds in

avoirdupois measure, as certified by the graduated machine for

periodical selfweighing in the premises of Francis Froedman,

pharmaceutical chemist of 19 Frederick street, north, on the last feast

of the Ascension, to wit, the twelfth day of May of the bissextile year

one thousand nine hundred and four of the christian era (jewish era five

thousand six hundred and sixtyfour, mohammadan era one thousand three

hundred and twentytwo), golden number 5, epact 13, solar cycle 9,

dominical letters C B, Roman indiction 2, Julian period 6617, MCMIV.

Did he rise uninjured by concussion?

Regaining new stable equilibrium he rose uninjured though concussed by

the impact, raised the latch of the area door by the exertion of force

at its freely moving flange and by leverage of the first kind applied

at its fulcrum, gained retarded access to the kitchen through the

subadjacent scullery, ignited a lucifer match by friction, set free

inflammable coal gas by turningon the ventcock, lit a high flame which,

by regulating, he reduced to quiescent candescence and lit finally a

portable candle.

What discrete succession of images did Stephen meanwhile perceive?

Reclined against the area railings he perceived through the transparent

kitchen panes a man regulating a gasflame of 14 CP, a man lighting a

candle of 1 CP, a man removing in turn each of his two boots, a man

leaving the kitchen holding a candle.

Did the man reappear elsewhere?

After a lapse of four minutes the glimmer of his candle was discernible

through the semitransparent semicircular glass fanlight over the

halldoor. The halldoor turned gradually on its hinges. In the open space

of the doorway the man reappeared without his hat, with his candle.

Did Stephen obey his sign?

Yes, entering softly, he helped to close and chain the door and followed

softly along the hallway the man's back and listed feet and lighted

candle past a lighted crevice of doorway on the left and carefully down

a turning staircase of more than five steps into the kitchen of Bloom's

house.

What did Bloom do?

He extinguished the candle by a sharp expiration of breath upon its

flame, drew two spoonseat deal chairs to the hearthstone, one for

Stephen with its back to the area window, the other for himself when

necessary, knelt on one knee, composed in the grate a pyre of crosslaid

resintipped sticks and various coloured papers and irregular polygons

of best Abram coal at twentyone shillings a ton from the yard of Messrs

Flower and M'Donald of 14 D'Olier street, kindled it at three projecting

points of paper with one ignited lucifer match, thereby releasing

the potential energy contained in the fuel by allowing its carbon and

hydrogen elements to enter into free union with the oxygen of the air.

Of what similar apparitions did Stephen think?

Of others elsewhere in other times who, kneeling on one knee or on two,

had kindled fires for him, of Brother Michael in the infirmary of the

college of the Society of Jesus at Clongowes Wood, Sallins, in the

county of Kildare: of his father, Simon Dedalus, in an unfurnished room

of his first residence in Dublin, number thirteen Fitzgibbon street:

of his godmother Miss Kate Morkan in the house of her dying sister Miss

Julia Morkan at 15 Usher's Island: of his aunt Sara, wife of Richie

(Richard) Goulding, in the kitchen of their lodgings at 62 Clanbrassil

street: of his mother Mary, wife of Simon Dedalus, in the kitchen of

number twelve North Richmond street on the morning of the feast of

Saint Francis Xavier 1898: of the dean of studies, Father Butt, in the

physics' theatre of university College, 16 Stephen's Green, north: of

his sister Dilly (Delia) in his father's house in Cabra.

What did Stephen see on raising his gaze to the height of a yard from

the fire towards the opposite wall?

Under a row of five coiled spring housebells a curvilinear rope,

stretched between two holdfasts athwart across the recess beside the

chimney pier, from which hung four smallsized square handkerchiefs

folded unattached consecutively in adjacent rectangles and one pair of

ladies' grey hose with Lisle suspender tops and feet in their habitual

position clamped by three erect wooden pegs two at their outer

extremities and the third at their point of junction.

What did Bloom see on the range?

On the right (smaller) hob a blue enamelled saucepan: on the left

(larger) hob a black iron kettle.

What did Bloom do at the range?

He removed the saucepan to the left hob, rose and carried the iron

kettle to the sink in order to tap the current by turning the faucet to

let it flow.

Did it flow?

Yes. From Roundwood reservoir in county Wicklow of a cubic capacity of

2400 million gallons, percolating through a subterranean aqueduct of

filter mains of single and double pipeage constructed at an initial

plant cost of 5 pounds per linear yard by way of the Dargle, Rathdown,

Glen of the Downs and Callowhill to the 26 acre reservoir at Stillorgan,

a distance of 22 statute miles, and thence, through a system of

relieving tanks, by a gradient of 250 feet to the city boundary at

Eustace bridge, upper Leeson street, though from prolonged summer drouth

and daily supply of 12 1/2 million gallons the water had fallen below

the sill of the overflow weir for which reason the borough surveyor and

waterworks engineer, Mr Spencer Harty, C. E., on the instructions of

the waterworks committee had prohibited the use of municipal water for

purposes other than those of consumption (envisaging the possibility of

recourse being had to the impotable water of the Grand and Royal canals

as in 1893) particularly as the South Dublin Guardians, notwithstanding

their ration of 15 gallons per day per pauper supplied through a 6 inch

meter, had been convicted of a wastage of 20,000 gallons per night by

a reading of their meter on the affirmation of the law agent of

the corporation, Mr Ignatius Rice, solicitor, thereby acting to the

detriment of another section of the public, selfsupporting taxpayers,

solvent, sound.

What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier,

returning to the range, admire?

Its universality: its democratic equality and constancy to its nature

in seeking its own level: its vastness in the ocean of Mercator's

projection: its unplumbed profundity in the Sundam trench of the Pacific

exceeding 8000 fathoms: the restlessness of its waves and surface

particles visiting in turn all points of its seaboard: the independence

of its units: the variability of states of sea: its hydrostatic

quiescence in calm: its hydrokinetic turgidity in neap and spring tides:

its subsidence after devastation: its sterility in the circumpolar

icecaps, arctic and antarctic: its climatic and commercial significance:

its preponderance of 3 to 1 over the dry land of the globe: its

indisputable hegemony extending in square leagues over all the region

below the subequatorial tropic of Capricorn: the multisecular stability

of its primeval basin: its luteofulvous bed: its capacity to dissolve

and hold in solution all soluble substances including millions of

tons of the most precious metals: its slow erosions of peninsulas and

islands, its persistent formation of homothetic islands, peninsulas

and downwardtending promontories: its alluvial deposits: its weight and

volume and density: its imperturbability in lagoons and highland tarns:

its gradation of colours in the torrid and temperate and frigid zones:

its vehicular ramifications in continental lakecontained streams and

confluent oceanflowing rivers with their tributaries and transoceanic

currents, gulfstream, north and south equatorial courses: its violence

in seaquakes, waterspouts, Artesian wells, eruptions, torrents, eddies,

freshets, spates, groundswells, watersheds, waterpartings, geysers,

cataracts, whirlpools, maelstroms, inundations, deluges, cloudbursts:

its vast circumterrestrial ahorizontal curve: its secrecy in springs and

latent humidity, revealed by rhabdomantic or hygrometric instruments

and exemplified by the well by the hole in the wall at Ashtown

gate, saturation of air, distillation of dew: the simplicity of its

composition, two constituent parts of hydrogen with one constituent part

of oxygen: its healing virtues: its buoyancy in the waters of the Dead

Sea: its persevering penetrativeness in runnels, gullies, inadequate

dams, leaks on shipboard: its properties for cleansing, quenching thirst

and fire, nourishing vegetation: its infallibility as paradigm and

paragon: its metamorphoses as vapour, mist, cloud, rain, sleet, snow,

hail: its strength in rigid hydrants: its variety of forms in loughs

and bays and gulfs and bights and guts and lagoons and atolls and

archipelagos and sounds and fjords and minches and tidal estuaries and

arms of sea: its solidity in glaciers, icebergs, icefloes: its docility

in working hydraulic millwheels, turbines, dynamos, electric power

stations, bleachworks, tanneries, scutchmills: its utility in canals,

rivers, if navigable, floating and graving docks: its potentiality

derivable from harnessed tides or watercourses falling from level

to level: its submarine fauna and flora (anacoustic, photophobe),

numerically, if not literally, the inhabitants of the globe: its

ubiquity as constituting 90 percent of the human body: the noxiousness

of its effluvia in lacustrine marshes, pestilential fens, faded

flowerwater, stagnant pools in the waning moon.

Having set the halffilled kettle on the now burning coals, why did he

return to the stillflowing tap?

To wash his soiled hands with a partially consumed tablet of

Barrington's lemonflavoured soap, to which paper still adhered, (bought

thirteen hours previously for fourpence and still unpaid for), in fresh

cold neverchanging everchanging water and dry them, face and hands, in a

long redbordered holland cloth passed over a wooden revolving roller.

What reason did Stephen give for declining Bloom's offer?

That he was hydrophobe, hating partial contact by immersion or total by

submersion in cold water, (his last bath having taken place in the month

of October of the preceding year), disliking the aqueous substances of

glass and crystal, distrusting aquacities of thought and language.

What impeded Bloom from giving Stephen counsels of hygiene and

prophylactic to which should be added suggestions concerning a

preliminary wetting of the head and contraction of the muscles with

rapid splashing of the face and neck and thoracic and epigastric region

in case of sea or river bathing, the parts of the human anatomy most

sensitive to cold being the nape, stomach and thenar or sole of foot?

The incompatibility of aquacity with the erratic originality of genius.

What additional didactic counsels did he similarly repress?

Dietary: concerning the respective percentage of protein and caloric

energy in bacon, salt ling and butter, the absence of the former in the

lastnamed and the abundance of the latter in the firstnamed.

Which seemed to the host to be the predominant qualities of his guest?

Confidence in himself, an equal and opposite power of abandonment and

recuperation.

What concomitant phenomenon took place in the vessel of liquid by the

agency of fire?

The phenomenon of ebullition. Fanned by a constant updraught of

ventilation between the kitchen and the chimneyflue, ignition was

communicated from the faggots of precombustible fuel to polyhedral

masses of bituminous coal, containing in compressed mineral form the

foliated fossilised decidua of primeval forests which had in turn

derived their vegetative existence from the sun, primal source of heat

(radiant), transmitted through omnipresent luminiferous diathermanous

ether. Heat (convected), a mode of motion developed by such

combustion, was constantly and increasingly conveyed from the source

of calorification to the liquid contained in the vessel, being radiated

through the uneven unpolished dark surface of the metal iron, in part

reflected, in part absorbed, in part transmitted, gradually raising

the temperature of the water from normal to boiling point, a rise in

temperature expressible as the result of an expenditure of 72 thermal

units needed to raise 1 pound of water from 50 degrees to 212 degrees

Fahrenheit.

What announced the accomplishment of this rise in temperature?

A double falciform ejection of water vapour from under the kettlelid at

both sides simultaneously.

For what personal purpose could Bloom have applied the water so boiled?

To shave himself.

What advantages attended shaving by night?

A softer beard: a softer brush if intentionally allowed to remain from

shave to shave in its agglutinated lather: a softer skin if unexpectedly

encountering female acquaintances in remote places at incustomary hours:

quiet reflections upon the course of the day: a cleaner sensation when

awaking after a fresher sleep since matutinal noises, premonitions and

perturbations, a clattered milkcan, a postman's double knock, a paper

read, reread while lathering, relathering the same spot, a shock, a

shoot, with thought of aught he sought though fraught with nought might

cause a faster rate of shaving and a nick on which incision plaster with

precision cut and humected and applied adhered: which was to be done.

Why did absence of light disturb him less than presence of noise?

Because of the surety of the sense of touch in his firm full masculine

feminine passive active hand.

What quality did it (his hand) possess but with what counteracting

influence?

The operative surgical quality but that he was reluctant to shed human

blood even when the end justified the means, preferring, in their

natural order, heliotherapy, psychophysicotherapeutics, osteopathic

surgery.

What lay under exposure on the lower, middle and upper shelves of the

kitchen dresser, opened by Bloom?

On the lower shelf five vertical breakfast plates, six horizontal

breakfast saucers on which rested inverted breakfast cups, a

moustachecup, uninverted, and saucer of Crown Derby, four white

goldrimmed eggcups, an open shammy purse displaying coins, mostly

copper, and a phial of aromatic (violet) comfits. On the middle shelf

a chipped eggcup containing pepper, a drum of table salt, four

conglomerated black olives in oleaginous paper, an empty pot of

Plumtree's potted meat, an oval wicker basket bedded with fibre and

containing one Jersey pear, a halfempty bottle of William Gilbey and

Co's white invalid port, half disrobed of its swathe of coralpink tissue

paper, a packet of Epps's soluble cocoa, five ounces of Anne Lynch's

choice tea at 2/- per lb in a crinkled leadpaper bag, a cylindrical

canister containing the best crystallised lump sugar, two onions, one,

the larger, Spanish, entire, the other, smaller, Irish, bisected with

augmented surface and more redolent, a jar of Irish Model Dairy's cream,

a jug of brown crockery containing a naggin and a quarter of soured

adulterated milk, converted by heat into water, acidulous serum and

semisolidified curds, which added to the quantity subtracted for Mr

Bloom's and Mrs Fleming's breakfasts, made one imperial pint, the total

quantity originally delivered, two cloves, a halfpenny and a small dish

containing a slice of fresh ribsteak. On the upper shelf a battery of

jamjars (empty) of various sizes and proveniences.

What attracted his attention lying on the apron of the dresser?

Four polygonal fragments of two lacerated scarlet betting tickets,

numbered 8 87, 88 6.

What reminiscences temporarily corrugated his brow?

Reminiscences of coincidences, truth stranger than fiction,

preindicative of the result of the Gold Cup flat handicap, the official

and definitive result of which he had read in the \_Evening Telegraph\_,

late pink edition, in the cabman's shelter, at Butt bridge.

Where had previous intimations of the result, effected or projected,

been received by him?

In Bernard Kiernan's licensed premises 8, 9 and 10 little Britain

street: in David Byrne's licensed premises, 14 Duke street: in O'Connell

street lower, outside Graham Lemon's when a dark man had placed in

his hand a throwaway (subsequently thrown away), advertising Elijah,

restorer of the church in Zion: in Lincoln place outside the premises of

F. W. Sweny and Co (Limited), dispensing chemists, when, when Frederick

M. (Bantam) Lyons had rapidly and successively requested, perused and

restituted the copy of the current issue of the \_Freeman's Journal and

National Press\_ which he had been about to throw away (subsequently

thrown away), he had proceeded towards the oriental edifice of

the Turkish and Warm Baths, 11 Leinster street, with the light of

inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the

secret of the race, graven in the language of prediction.

What qualifying considerations allayed his perturbations?

The difficulties of interpretation since the significance of any event

followed its occurrence as variably as the acoustic report followed the

electrical discharge and of counterestimating against an actual loss

by failure to interpret the total sum of possible losses proceeding

originally from a successful interpretation.

His mood?

He had not risked, he did not expect, he had not been disappointed, he

was satisfied.

What satisfied him?

To have sustained no positive loss. To have brought a positive gain to

others. Light to the gentiles.

How did Bloom prepare a collation for a gentile?

He poured into two teacups two level spoonfuls, four in all, of Epps's

soluble cocoa and proceeded according to the directions for use printed

on the label, to each adding after sufficient time for infusion the

prescribed ingredients for diffusion in the manner and in the quantity

prescribed.

What supererogatory marks of special hospitality did the host show his

guest?

Relinquishing his symposiarchal right to the moustache cup of imitation

Crown Derby presented to him by his only daughter, Millicent (Milly),

he substituted a cup identical with that of his guest and served

extraordinarily to his guest and, in reduced measure, to himself the

viscous cream ordinarily reserved for the breakfast of his wife Marion

(Molly).

Was the guest conscious of and did he acknowledge these marks of

hospitality?

His attention was directed to them by his host jocosely, and he accepted

them seriously as they drank in jocoserious silence Epps's massproduct,

the creature cocoa.

Were there marks of hospitality which he contemplated but suppressed,

reserving them for another and for himself on future occasions to

complete the act begun?

The reparation of a fissure of the length of 1 1/2 inches in the right

side of his guest's jacket. A gift to his guest of one of the four

lady's handkerchiefs, if and when ascertained to be in a presentable

condition.

Who drank more quickly?

Bloom, having the advantage of ten seconds at the initiation and taking,

from the concave surface of a spoon along the handle of which a steady

flow of heat was conducted, three sips to his opponent's one, six to

two, nine to three.

What cerebration accompanied his frequentative act?

Concluding by inspection but erroneously that his silent companion was

engaged in mental composition he reflected on the pleasures derived from

literature of instruction rather than of amusement as he himself had

applied to the works of William Shakespeare more than once for the

solution of difficult problems in imaginary or real life.

Had he found their solution?

In spite of careful and repeated reading of certain classical passages,

aided by a glossary, he had derived imperfect conviction from the text,

the answers not bearing in all points.

What lines concluded his first piece of original verse written by him,

potential poet, at the age of 11 in 1877 on the occasion of the offering

of three prizes of 10/-, 5/- and 2/6 respectively for competition by the

\_Shamrock\_, a weekly newspaper?

\_An ambition to squint

At my verses in print

Makes me hope that for these you'll find room?.

If you so condescend

Then please place at the end

The name of yours truly, L. Bloom.\_

Did he find four separating forces between his temporary guest and him?

Name, age, race, creed.

What anagrams had he made on his name in youth?

Leopold Bloom

Ellpodbomool

Molldopeloob

Bollopedoom

Old Ollebo, M. P.

What acrostic upon the abbreviation of his first name had he (kinetic

poet) sent to Miss Marion (Molly) Tweedy on the 14 February 1888?

\_Poets oft have sung in rhyme

Of music sweet their praise divine.

Let them hymn it nine times nine.

Dearer far than song or wine.

You are mine. The world is mine.\_

What had prevented him from completing a topical song (music by R. G.

Johnston) on the events of the past, or fixtures for the actual, years,

entitled \_If Brian Boru could but come back and see old Dublin now\_,

commissioned by Michael Gunn, lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, 46, 47, 48,

49 South King street, and to be introduced into the sixth scene, the

valley of diamonds, of the second edition (30 January 1893) of the grand

annual Christmas pantomime \_Sinbad the Sailor\_ (produced by R Shelton

26 December 1892, written by Greenleaf Whittier, scenery by George

A. Jackson and Cecil Hicks, costumes by Mrs and Miss Whelan under

the personal supervision of Mrs Michael Gunn, ballets by Jessie Noir,

harlequinade by Thomas Otto) and sung by Nelly Bouverist, principal

girl?

Firstly, oscillation between events of imperial and of local interest,

the anticipated diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria (born 1820, acceded

1837) and the posticipated opening of the new municipal fish market:

secondly, apprehension of opposition from extreme circles on the

questions of the respective visits of Their Royal Highnesses the

duke and duchess of York (real) and of His Majesty King Brian Boru

(imaginary): thirdly, a conflict between professional etiquette and

professional emulation concerning the recent erections of the Grand

Lyric Hall on Burgh Quay and the Theatre Royal in Hawkins street:

fourthly, distraction resultant from compassion for Nelly Bouverist's

non-intellectual, non-political, non-topical expression of countenance

and concupiscence caused by Nelly Bouverist's revelations of white

articles of non-intellectual, non-political, non-topical underclothing

while she (Nelly Bouverist) was in the articles: fifthly, the

difficulties of the selection of appropriate music and humorous

allusions from \_Everybody's Book of Jokes\_ (1000 pages and a laugh in

every one): sixthly, the rhymes, homophonous and cacophonous, associated

with the names of the new lord mayor, Daniel Tallon, the new high

sheriff, Thomas Pile and the new solicitorgeneral, Dunbar Plunket

Barton.

What relation existed between their ages?

16 years before in 1888 when Bloom was of Stephen's present age Stephen

was 6. 16 years after in 1920 when Stephen would be of Bloom's present

age Bloom would be 54. In 1936 when Bloom would be 70 and Stephen 54

their ages initially in the ratio of 16 to 0 would be as 17 1/2 to 13

1/2, the proportion increasing and the disparity diminishing according

as arbitrary future years were added, for if the proportion existing in

1883 had continued immutable, conceiving that to be possible, till then

1904 when Stephen was 22 Bloom would be 374 and in 1920 when Stephen

would be 38, as Bloom then was, Bloom would be 646 while in 1952 when

Stephen would have attained the maximum postdiluvian age of 70 Bloom,

being 1190 years alive having been born in the year 714, would have

surpassed by 221 years the maximum antediluvian age, that of Methusalah,

969 years, while, if Stephen would continue to live until he would

attain that age in the year 3072 A.D., Bloom would have been obliged to

have been alive 83,300 years, having been obliged to have been born in

the year 81,396 B.C.

What events might nullify these calculations?

The cessation of existence of both or either, the inauguration of a

new era or calendar, the annihilation of the world and consequent

extermination of the human species, inevitable but impredictable.

How many previous encounters proved their preexisting acquaintance?

Two. The first in the lilacgarden of Matthew Dillon's house, Medina

Villa, Kimmage road, Roundtown, in 1887, in the company of Stephen's

mother, Stephen being then of the age of 5 and reluctant to give his

hand in salutation. The second in the coffeeroom of Breslin's hotel on a

rainy Sunday in the January of 1892, in the company of Stephen's father

and Stephen's granduncle, Stephen being then 5 years older.

Did Bloom accept the invitation to dinner given then by the son and

afterwards seconded by the father?

Very gratefully, with grateful appreciation, with sincere appreciative

gratitude, in appreciatively grateful sincerity of regret, he declined.

Did their conversation on the subject of these reminiscences reveal a

third connecting link between them?

Mrs Riordan (Dante), a widow of independent means, had resided in the

house of Stephen's parents from 1 September 1888 to 29 December 1891 and

had also resided during the years 1892, 1893 and 1894 in the City Arms

Hotel owned by Elizabeth O'Dowd of 54 Prussia street where, during parts

of the years 1893 and 1894, she had been a constant informant of Bloom

who resided also in the same hotel, being at that time a clerk in the

employment of Joseph Cuffe of 5 Smithfield for the superintendence of

sales in the adjacent Dublin Cattle market on the North Circular road.

Had he performed any special corporal work of mercy for her?

He had sometimes propelled her on warm summer evenings, an infirm widow

of independent, if limited, means, in her convalescent bathchair

with slow revolutions of its wheels as far as the corner of the North

Circular road opposite Mr Gavin Low's place of business where she had

remained for a certain time scanning through his onelensed binocular

fieldglasses unrecognisable citizens on tramcars, roadster bicycles

equipped with inflated pneumatic tyres, hackney carriages, tandems,

private and hired landaus, dogcarts, ponytraps and brakes passing from

the city to the Phoenix Park and vice versa.

Why could he then support that his vigil with the greater equanimity?

Because in middle youth he had often sat observing through a rondel

of bossed glass of a multicoloured pane the spectacle offered with

continual changes of the thoroughfare without, pedestrians, quadrupeds,

velocipedes, vehicles, passing slowly, quickly, evenly, round and round

and round the rim of a round and round precipitous globe.

What distinct different memories had each of her now eight years

deceased?

The older, her bezique cards and counters, her Skye terrier, her

suppositious wealth, her lapses of responsiveness and incipient

catarrhal deafness: the younger, her lamp of colza oil before the statue

of the Immaculate Conception, her green and maroon brushes for Charles

Stewart Parnell and for Michael Davitt, her tissue papers.

Were there no means still remaining to him to achieve the rejuvenation

which these reminiscences divulged to a younger companion rendered the

more desirable?

The indoor exercises, formerly intermittently practised, subsequently

abandoned, prescribed in Eugen Sandow's \_Physical Strength and How to

Obtain It\_ which, designed particularly for commercial men engaged in

sedentary occupations, were to be made with mental concentration in

front of a mirror so as to bring into play the various families of

muscles and produce successively a pleasant rigidity, a more pleasant

relaxation and the most pleasant repristination of juvenile agility.

Had any special agility been his in earlier youth?

Though ringweight lifting had been beyond his strength and the full

circle gyration beyond his courage yet as a High school scholar he

had excelled in his stable and protracted execution of the half lever

movement on the parallel bars in consequence of his abnormally developed

abdominal muscles.

Did either openly allude to their racial difference?

Neither.

What, reduced to their simplest reciprocal form, were Bloom's thoughts

about Stephen's thoughts about Bloom and about Stephen's thoughts about

Bloom's thoughts about Stephen?

He thought that he thought that he was a jew whereas he knew that he

knew that he knew that he was not.

What, the enclosures of reticence removed, were their respective

parentages?

Bloom, only born male transubstantial heir of Rudolf Virag (subsequently

Rudolph Bloom) of Szombathely, Vienna, Budapest, Milan, London and

Dublin and of Ellen Higgins, second daughter of Julius Higgins (born

Karoly) and Fanny Higgins (born Hegarty). Stephen, eldest surviving male

consubstantial heir of Simon Dedalus of Cork and Dublin and of Mary,

daughter of Richard and Christina Goulding (born Grier).

Had Bloom and Stephen been baptised, and where and by whom, cleric or

layman?

Bloom (three times), by the reverend Mr Gilmer Johnston M. A., alone,

in the protestant church of Saint Nicholas Without, Coombe, by James

O'Connor, Philip Gilligan and James Fitzpatrick, together, under a pump

in the village of Swords, and by the reverend Charles Malone C. C., in

the church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar. Stephen (once) by the reverend

Charles Malone C. C., alone, in the church of the Three Patrons,

Rathgar.

Did they find their educational careers similar?

Substituting Stephen for Bloom Stoom would have passed successively

through a dame's school and the high school. Substituting Bloom for

Stephen Blephen would have passed successively through the preparatory,

junior, middle and senior grades of the intermediate and through the

matriculation, first arts, second arts and arts degree courses of the

royal university.

Why did Bloom refrain from stating that he had frequented the university

of life?

Because of his fluctuating incertitude as to whether this observation

had or had not been already made by him to Stephen or by Stephen to him.

What two temperaments did they individually represent?

The scientific. The artistic.

What proofs did Bloom adduce to prove that his tendency was towards

applied, rather than towards pure, science?

Certain possible inventions of which he had cogitated when reclining

in a state of supine repletion to aid digestion, stimulated by his

appreciation of the importance of inventions now common but once

revolutionary, for example, the aeronautic parachute, the reflecting

telescope, the spiral corkscrew, the safety pin, the mineral water

siphon, the canal lock with winch and sluice, the suction pump.

Were these inventions principally intended for an improved scheme of

kindergarten?

Yes, rendering obsolete popguns, elastic airbladders, games of hazard,

catapults. They comprised astronomical kaleidoscopes exhibiting the

twelve constellations of the zodiac from Aries to Pisces, miniature

mechanical orreries, arithmetical gelatine lozenges, geometrical

to correspond with zoological biscuits, globemap playing balls,

historically costumed dolls.

What also stimulated him in his cogitations?

The financial success achieved by Ephraim Marks and Charles A. James,

the former by his 1d bazaar at 42 George's street, south, the latter

at his 6 1/2d shop and world's fancy fair and waxwork exhibition at 30

Henry street, admission 2d, children 1d: and the infinite possibilities

hitherto unexploited of the modern art of advertisement if condensed

in triliteral monoideal symbols, vertically of maximum visibility

(divined), horizontally of maximum legibility (deciphered) and of

magnetising efficacy to arrest involuntary attention, to interest, to

convince, to decide.

Such as?

K. II. Kino's 11/- Trousers. House of Keys. Alexander J. Keyes.

Such as not?

Look at this long candle. Calculate when it burns out and you receive

gratis 1 pair of our special non-compo boots, guaranteed 1 candle power.

Address: Barclay and Cook, 18 Talbot street.

Bacilikil (Insect Powder). Veribest (Boot Blacking). Uwantit (Combined

pocket twoblade penknife with corkscrew, nailfile and pipecleaner).

Such as never?

What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat?

Incomplete.

With it an abode of bliss.

Manufactured by George Plumtree, 23 Merchants' quay, Dublin, put up in

4 oz pots, and inserted by Councillor Joseph P. Nannetti, M. P., Rotunda

Ward, 19 Hardwicke street, under the obituary notices and anniversaries

of deceases. The name on the label is Plumtree. A plumtree in a meatpot,

registered trade mark. Beware of imitations. Peatmot. Trumplee. Moutpat.

Plamtroo.

Which example did he adduce to induce Stephen to deduce that

originality, though producing its own reward, does not invariably

conduce to success?

His own ideated and rejected project of an illuminated showcart, drawn

by a beast of burden, in which two smartly dressed girls were to be

seated engaged in writing.

What suggested scene was then constructed by Stephen?

Solitary hotel in mountain pass. Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit. In dark

corner young man seated. Young woman enters. Restless. Solitary. She

sits. She goes to window. She stands. She sits. Twilight. She thinks.

On solitary hotel paper she writes. She thinks. She writes. She sighs.

Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out. He comes from his dark corner. He

seizes solitary paper. He holds it towards fire. Twilight. He reads.

Solitary.

What?

In sloping, upright and backhands: Queen's Hotel, Queen's Hotel, Queen's

Hotel. Queen's Ho...

What suggested scene was then reconstructed by Bloom?

The Queen's Hotel, Ennis, county Clare, where Rudolph Bloom (Rudolf

Virag) died on the evening of the 27 June 1886, at some hour unstated,

in consequence of an overdose of monkshood (aconite) selfadministered in

the form of a neuralgic liniment composed of 2 parts of aconite liniment

to I of chloroform liniment (purchased by him at 10.20 a.m. on the

morning of 27 June 1886 at the medical hall of Francis Dennehy, 17

Church street, Ennis) after having, though not in consequence of having,

purchased at 3.15 p.m. on the afternoon of 27 June 1886 a new boater

straw hat, extra smart (after having, though not in consequence of

having, purchased at the hour and in the place aforesaid, the toxin

aforesaid), at the general drapery store of James Cullen, 4 Main street,

Ennis.

Did he attribute this homonymity to information or coincidence or

intuition?

Coincidence.

Did he depict the scene verbally for his guest to see?

He preferred himself to see another's face and listen to another's

words by which potential narration was realised and kinetic temperament

relieved.

Did he see only a second coincidence in the second scene narrated to

him, described by the narrator as \_A Pisgah Sight of Palestine or The

Parable of the Plums\_?

It, with the preceding scene and with others unnarrated but existent by

implication, to which add essays on various subjects or moral apothegms

(e.g. \_My Favourite Hero or Procrastination is the Thief of Time\_)

composed during schoolyears, seemed to him to contain in itself and

in conjunction with the personal equation certain possibilities of

financial, social, personal and sexual success, whether specially

collected and selected as model pedagogic themes (of cent per cent

merit) for the use of preparatory and junior grade students or

contributed in printed form, following the precedent of Philip Beaufoy

or Doctor Dick or Heblon's \_Studies in Blue\_, to a publication of

certified circulation and solvency or employed verbally as intellectual

stimulation for sympathetic auditors, tacitly appreciative of successful

narrative and confidently augurative of successful achievement, during

the increasingly longer nights gradually following the summer solstice

on the day but three following, videlicet, Tuesday, 21 June (S. Aloysius

Gonzaga), sunrise 3.33 a.m., sunset 8.29 p.m.

Which domestic problem as much as, if not more than, any other

frequently engaged his mind?

What to do with our wives.

What had been his hypothetical singular solutions?

Parlour games (dominos, halma, tiddledywinks, spilikins, cup and ball,

nap, spoil five, bezique, twentyfive, beggar my neighbour, draughts,

chess or backgammon): embroidery, darning or knitting for the

policeaided clothing society: musical duets, mandoline and guitar, piano

and flute, guitar and piano: legal scrivenery or envelope addressing:

biweekly visits to variety entertainments: commercial activity as

pleasantly commanding and pleasingly obeyed mistress proprietress in

a cool dairy shop or warm cigar divan: the clandestine satisfaction of

erotic irritation in masculine brothels, state inspected and medically

controlled: social visits, at regular infrequent prevented intervals

and with regular frequent preventive superintendence, to and from female

acquaintances of recognised respectability in the vicinity: courses of

evening instruction specially designed to render liberal instruction

agreeable.

What instances of deficient mental development in his wife inclined him

in favour of the lastmentioned (ninth) solution?

In disoccupied moments she had more than once covered a sheet of paper

with signs and hieroglyphics which she stated were Greek and Irish and

Hebrew characters. She had interrogated constantly at varying intervals

as to the correct method of writing the capital initial of the name of

a city in Canada, Quebec. She understood little of political

complications, internal, or balance of power, external. In calculating

the addenda of bills she frequently had recourse to digital aid.

After completion of laconic epistolary compositions she abandoned

the implement of calligraphy in the encaustic pigment, exposed to

the corrosive action of copperas, green vitriol and nutgall. Unusual

polysyllables of foreign origin she interpreted phonetically or by false

analogy or by both: metempsychosis (met him pike hoses), \_alias\_ (a

mendacious person mentioned in sacred scripture).

What compensated in the false balance of her intelligence for these and

such deficiencies of judgment regarding persons, places and things?

The false apparent parallelism of all perpendicular arms of all

balances, proved true by construction. The counterbalance of her

proficiency of judgment regarding one person, proved true by experiment.

How had he attempted to remedy this state of comparative ignorance?

Variously. By leaving in a conspicuous place a certain book open at a

certain page: by assuming in her, when alluding explanatorily, latent

knowledge: by open ridicule in her presence of some absent other's

ignorant lapse.

With what success had he attempted direct instruction?

She followed not all, a part of the whole, gave attention with interest

comprehended with surprise, with care repeated, with greater difficulty

remembered, forgot with ease, with misgiving reremembered, rerepeated

with error.

What system had proved more effective?

Indirect suggestion implicating selfinterest.

Example?

She disliked umbrella with rain, he liked woman with umbrella, she

disliked new hat with rain, he liked woman with new hat, he bought new

hat with rain, she carried umbrella with new hat.

Accepting the analogy implied in his guest's parable which examples of

postexilic eminence did he adduce?

Three seekers of the pure truth, Moses of Egypt, Moses Maimonides,

author of \_More Nebukim\_ (Guide of the Perplexed) and Moses Mendelssohn

of such eminence that from Moses (of Egypt) to Moses (Mendelssohn) there

arose none like Moses (Maimonides).

What statement was made, under correction, by Bloom concerning a fourth

seeker of pure truth, by name Aristotle, mentioned, with permission, by

Stephen?

That the seeker mentioned had been a pupil of a rabbinical philosopher,

name uncertain.

Were other anapocryphal illustrious sons of the law and children of a

selected or rejected race mentioned?

Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn (composer), Baruch Spinoza (philosopher),

Mendoza (pugilist), Ferdinand Lassalle (reformer, duellist).

What fragments of verse from the ancient Hebrew and ancient Irish

languages were cited with modulations of voice and translation of texts

by guest to host and by host to guest?

By Stephen: \_suil, suil, suil arun, suil go siocair agus suil go cuin\_

(walk, walk, walk your way, walk in safety, walk with care).

By Bloom: \_Kkifeloch, harimon rakatejch m'baad l'zamatejch\_ (thy temple

amid thy hair is as a slice of pomegranate).

How was a glyphic comparison of the phonic symbols of both languages

made in substantiation of the oral comparison?

By juxtaposition. On the penultimate blank page of a book of inferior

literary style, entituled \_Sweets of Sin\_ (produced by Bloom and so

manipulated that its front cover came in contact with the surface of

the table) with a pencil (supplied by Stephen) Stephen wrote the Irish

characters for gee, eh, dee, em, simple and modified, and Bloom in turn

wrote the Hebrew characters ghimel, aleph, daleth and (in the absence of

mem) a substituted qoph, explaining their arithmetical values as ordinal

and cardinal numbers, videlicet 3, 1, 4, and 100.

Was the knowledge possessed by both of each of these languages, the

extinct and the revived, theoretical or practical?

Theoretical, being confined to certain grammatical rules of accidence

and syntax and practically excluding vocabulary.

What points of contact existed between these languages and between the

peoples who spoke them?

The presence of guttural sounds, diacritic aspirations, epenthetic and

servile letters in both languages: their antiquity, both having been

taught on the plain of Shinar 242 years after the deluge in the seminary

instituted by Fenius Farsaigh, descendant of Noah, progenitor of Israel,

and ascendant of Heber and Heremon, progenitors of Ireland: their

archaeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical, homiletic,

toponomastic, historical and religious literatures comprising the works

of rabbis and culdees, Torah, Talmud (Mischna and Ghemara), Massor,

Pentateuch, Book of the Dun Cow, Book of Ballymote, Garland of Howth,

Book of Kells: their dispersal, persecution, survival and revival: the

isolation of their synagogical and ecclesiastical rites in ghetto (S.

Mary's Abbey) and masshouse (Adam and Eve's tavern): the proscription

of their national costumes in penal laws and jewish dress acts: the

restoration in Chanah David of Zion and the possibility of Irish

political autonomy or devolution.

What anthem did Bloom chant partially in anticipation of that multiple,

ethnically irreducible consummation?

\_Kolod balejwaw pnimah

Nefesch, jehudi, homijah.\_

Why was the chant arrested at the conclusion of this first distich?

In consequence of defective mnemotechnic.

How did the chanter compensate for this deficiency?

By a periphrastic version of the general text.

In what common study did their mutual reflections merge?

The increasing simplification traceable from the Egyptian epigraphic

hieroglyphs to the Greek and Roman alphabets and the anticipation of

modern stenography and telegraphic code in the cuneiform inscriptions

(Semitic) and the virgular quinquecostate ogham writing (Celtic). Did

the guest comply with his host's request?

Doubly, by appending his signature in Irish and Roman characters.

What was Stephen's auditive sensation?

He heard in a profound ancient male unfamiliar melody the accumulation

of the past.

What was Bloom's visual sensation?

He saw in a quick young male familiar form the predestination of a

future.

What were Stephen's and Bloom's quasisimultaneous volitional

quasisensations of concealed identities?

Visually, Stephen's: The traditional figure of hypostasis, depicted

by Johannes Damascenus, Lentulus Romanus and Epiphanius Monachus as

leucodermic, sesquipedalian with winedark hair. Auditively, Bloom's: The

traditional accent of the ecstasy of catastrophe.

What future careers had been possible for Bloom in the past and with

what exemplars?

In the church, Roman, Anglican or Nonconformist: exemplars, the very

reverend John Conmee S. J., the reverend T. Salmon, D. D., provost of

Trinity college, Dr Alexander J. Dowie. At the bar, English or Irish:

exemplars, Seymour Bushe, K. C., Rufus Isaacs, K. C. On the stage modern

or Shakespearean: exemplars, Charles Wyndham, high comedian Osmond

Tearle (died 1901), exponent of Shakespeare.

Did the host encourage his guest to chant in a modulated voice a strange

legend on an allied theme?

Reassuringly, their place, where none could hear them talk, being

secluded, reassured, the decocted beverages, allowing for subsolid

residual sediment of a mechanical mixture, water plus sugar plus cream

plus cocoa, having been consumed.

Recite the first (major) part of this chanted legend.

\_Little Harry Hughes and his schoolfellows all

Went out for to play ball.

And the very first ball little Harry Hughes played

He drove it o'er the jew's garden wall.

And the very second ball little Harry Hughes played

He broke the jew's windows all.\_

How did the son of Rudolph receive this first part?

With unmixed feeling. Smiling, a jew he heard with pleasure and saw the

unbroken kitchen window.

Recite the second part (minor) of the legend.

\_Then out there came the jew's daughter

And she all dressed in green.

"Come back, come back, you pretty little boy,

And play your ball again."

"I can't come back and I won't come back

Without my schoolfellows all.

For if my master he did hear

He'd make it a sorry ball."

She took him by the lilywhite hand

And led him along the hall

Until she led him to a room

Where none could hear him call.

She took a penknife out of her pocket

And cut off his little head.

And now he'll play his ball no more

For he lies among the dead.\_

How did the father of Millicent receive this second part?

With mixed feelings. Unsmiling, he heard and saw with wonder a jew's

daughter, all dressed in green.

Condense Stephen's commentary.

One of all, the least of all, is the victim predestined. Once by

inadvertence twice by design he challenges his destiny. It comes when he

is abandoned and challenges him reluctant and, as an apparition of hope

and youth, holds him unresisting. It leads him to a strange habitation,

to a secret infidel apartment, and there, implacable, immolates him,

consenting.

Why was the host (victim predestined) sad?

He wished that a tale of a deed should be told of a deed not by him

should by him not be told.

Why was the host (reluctant, unresisting) still?

In accordance with the law of the conservation of energy.

Why was the host (secret infidel) silent?

He weighed the possible evidences for and against ritual murder: the

incitations of the hierarchy, the superstition of the populace, the

propagation of rumour in continued fraction of veridicity, the envy of

opulence, the influence of retaliation, the sporadic reappearance of

atavistic delinquency, the mitigating circumstances of fanaticism,

hypnotic suggestion and somnambulism.

From which (if any) of these mental or physical disorders was he not

totally immune?

From hypnotic suggestion: once, waking, he had not recognised his

sleeping apartment: more than once, waking, he had been for an

indefinite time incapable of moving or uttering sounds. From

somnambulism: once, sleeping, his body had risen, crouched and

crawled in the direction of a heatless fire and, having attained

its destination, there, curled, unheated, in night attire had lain,

sleeping.

Had this latter or any cognate phenomenon declared itself in any member

of his family?

Twice, in Holles street and in Ontario terrace, his daughter Millicent

(Milly) at the ages of 6 and 8 years had uttered in sleep an exclamation

of terror and had replied to the interrogations of two figures in night

attire with a vacant mute expression.

What other infantile memories had he of her?

15 June 1889. A querulous newborn female infant crying to cause and

lessen congestion. A child renamed Padney Socks she shook with shocks

her moneybox: counted his three free moneypenny buttons, one, tloo,

tlee: a doll, a boy, a sailor she cast away: blond, born of two dark,

she had blond ancestry, remote, a violation, Herr Hauptmann Hainau,

Austrian army, proximate, a hallucination, lieutenant Mulvey, British

navy.

What endemic characteristics were present?

Conversely the nasal and frontal formation was derived in a direct

line of lineage which, though interrupted, would continue at distant

intervals to more distant intervals to its most distant intervals.

What memories had he of her adolescence?

She relegated her hoop and skippingrope to a recess. On the duke's lawn,

entreated by an English visitor, she declined to permit him to make and

take away her photographic image (objection not stated). On the South

Circular road in the company of Elsa Potter, followed by an individual

of sinister aspect, she went half way down Stamer street and turned

abruptly back (reason of change not stated). On the vigil of the 15th

anniversary of her birth she wrote a letter from Mullingar, county

Westmeath, making a brief allusion to a local student (faculty and year

not stated).

Did that first division, portending a second division, afflict him?

Less than he had imagined, more than he had hoped.

What second departure was contemporaneously perceived by him similarly,

if differently?

A temporary departure of his cat.

Why similarly, why differently?

Similarly, because actuated by a secret purpose the quest of a new male

(Mullingar student) or of a healing herb (valerian). Differently,

because of different possible returns to the inhabitants or to the

habitation.

In other respects were their differences similar?

In passivity, in economy, in the instinct of tradition, in

unexpectedness.

As?

Inasmuch as leaning she sustained her blond hair for him to ribbon it

for her (cf neckarching cat). Moreover, on the free surface of the lake

in Stephen's green amid inverted reflections of trees her uncommented

spit, describing concentric circles of waterrings, indicated by the

constancy of its permanence the locus of a somnolent prostrate fish (cf

mousewatching cat).

Again, in order to remember the date, combatants, issue and consequences

of a famous military engagement she pulled a plait of her hair (cf

earwashing cat). Furthermore, silly Milly, she dreamed of having had

an unspoken unremembered conversation with a horse whose name had been

Joseph to whom (which) she had offered a tumblerful of lemonade which

it (he) had appeared to have accepted (cf hearthdreaming cat). Hence, in

passivity, in economy, in the instinct of tradition, in unexpectedness,

their differences were similar.

In what way had he utilised gifts (1) an owl, (2) a clock, given as

matrimonial auguries, to interest and to instruct her?

As object lessons to explain: 1) the nature and habits of oviparous

animals, the possibility of aerial flight, certain abnormalities of

vision, the secular process of imbalsamation: 2) the principle of the

pendulum, exemplified in bob, wheelgear and regulator, the translation

in terms of human or social regulation of the various positions of

clockwise moveable indicators on an unmoving dial, the exactitude of the

recurrence per hour of an instant in each hour when the longer and the

shorter indicator were at the same angle of inclination, \_videlicet\_, 5

5/11 minutes past each hour per hour in arithmetical progression.

In what manners did she reciprocate?

She remembered: on the 27th anniversary of his birth she presented to

him a breakfast moustachecup of imitation Crown Derby porcelain ware.

She provided: at quarter day or thereabouts if or when purchases

had been made by him not for her she showed herself attentive to his

necessities, anticipating his desires. She admired: a natural phenomenon

having been explained by him to her she expressed the immediate desire

to possess without gradual acquisition a fraction of his science, the

moiety, the quarter, a thousandth part.

What proposal did Bloom, diambulist, father of Milly, somnambulist, make

to Stephen, noctambulist?

To pass in repose the hours intervening between Thursday (proper) and

Friday (normal) on an extemporised cubicle in the apartment immediately

above the kitchen and immediately adjacent to the sleeping apartment of

his host and hostess.

What various advantages would or might have resulted from a prolongation

of such an extemporisation?

For the guest: security of domicile and seclusion of study. For the

host: rejuvenation of intelligence, vicarious satisfaction. For the

hostess: disintegration of obsession, acquisition of correct Italian

pronunciation.

Why might these several provisional contingencies between a guest and

a hostess not necessarily preclude or be precluded by a permanent

eventuality of reconciliatory union between a schoolfellow and a jew's

daughter?

Because the way to daughter led through mother, the way to mother

through daughter.

To what inconsequent polysyllabic question of his host did the guest

return a monosyllabic negative answer?

If he had known the late Mrs Emily Sinico, accidentally killed at Sydney

Parade railway station, 14 October 1903.

What inchoate corollary statement was consequently suppressed by the

host?

A statement explanatory of his absence on the occasion of the interment

of Mrs Mary Dedalus (born Goulding), 26 June 1903, vigil of the

anniversary of the decease of Rudolph Bloom (born Virag).

Was the proposal of asylum accepted?

Promptly, inexplicably, with amicability, gratefully it was declined.

What exchange of money took place between host and guest?

The former returned to the latter, without interest, a sum of money

(1-7-0), one pound seven shillings sterling, advanced by the latter to

the former.

What counterproposals were alternately advanced, accepted, modified,

declined, restated in other terms, reaccepted, ratified, reconfirmed?

To inaugurate a prearranged course of Italian instruction, place

the residence of the instructed. To inaugurate a course of vocal

instruction, place the residence of the instructress. To inaugurate

a series of static semistatic and peripatetic intellectual dialogues,

places the residence of both speakers (if both speakers were resident in

the same place), the Ship hotel and tavern, 6 Lower Abbey street (W. and

E. Connery, proprietors), the National Library of Ireland, 10 Kildare

street, the National Maternity Hospital, 29, 30 and 31 Holles street, a

public garden, the vicinity of a place of worship, a conjunction of two

or more public thoroughfares, the point of bisection of a right line

drawn between their residences (if both speakers were resident in

different places).

What rendered problematic for Bloom the realisation of these mutually

selfexcluding propositions?

The irreparability of the past: once at a performance of Albert

Hengler's circus in the Rotunda, Rutland square, Dublin, an intuitive

particoloured clown in quest of paternity had penetrated from the ring

to a place in the auditorium where Bloom, solitary, was seated and had

publicly declared to an exhilarated audience that he (Bloom) was his

(the clown's) papa. The imprevidibility of the future: once in the

summer of 1898 he (Bloom) had marked a florin (2/-) with three notches

on the milled edge and tendered it m payment of an account due to and

received by J. and T. Davy, family grocers, 1 Charlemont Mall, Grand

Canal, for circulation on the waters of civic finance, for possible,

circuitous or direct, return.

Was the clown Bloom's son?

No.

Had Bloom's coin returned?

Never.

Why would a recurrent frustration the more depress him?

Because at the critical turningpoint of human existence he desired to

amend many social conditions, the product of inequality and avarice and

international animosity. He believed then that human life was infinitely

perfectible, eliminating these conditions?

There remained the generic conditions imposed by natural, as distinct

from human law, as integral parts of the human whole: the necessity of

destruction to procure alimentary sustenance: the painful character of

the ultimate functions of separate existence, the agonies of birth and

death: the monotonous menstruation of simian and (particularly) human

females extending from the age of puberty to the menopause: inevitable

accidents at sea, in mines and factories: certain very painful maladies

and their resultant surgical operations, innate lunacy and congenital

criminality, decimating epidemics: catastrophic cataclysms which make

terror the basis of human mentality: seismic upheavals the epicentres

of which are located in densely populated regions: the fact of vital

growth, through convulsions of metamorphosis, from infancy through

maturity to decay.

Why did he desist from speculation?

Because it was a task for a superior intelligence to substitute other

more acceptable phenomena in the place of the less acceptable phenomena

to be removed.

Did Stephen participate in his dejection?

He affirmed his significance as a conscious rational animal proceeding

syllogistically from the known to the unknown and a conscious rational

reagent between a micro and a macrocosm ineluctably constructed upon the

incertitude of the void.

Was this affirmation apprehended by Bloom?

Not verbally. Substantially.

What comforted his misapprehension?

That as a competent keyless citizen he had proceeded energetically from

the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void.

In what order of precedence, with what attendant ceremony was the exodus

from the house of bondage to the wilderness of inhabitation effected?

Lighted Candle in Stick borne by

BLOOM

Diaconal Hat on Ashplant borne by

STEPHEN:

With what intonation secreto of what commemorative psalm?

The 113th, \_modus peregrinus: In exitu Israel de Egypto: domus Jacob de

populo barbaro\_.

What did each do at the door of egress?

Bloom set the candlestick on the floor. Stephen put the hat on his head.

For what creature was the door of egress a door of ingress?

For a cat.

What spectacle confronted them when they, first the host, then the

guest, emerged silently, doubly dark, from obscurity by a passage from

the rere of the house into the penumbra of the garden?

The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.

With what meditations did Bloom accompany his demonstration to his

companion of various constellations?

Meditations of evolution increasingly vaster: of the moon invisible in

incipient lunation, approaching perigee: of the infinite lattiginous

scintillating uncondensed milky way, discernible by daylight by an

observer placed at the lower end of a cylindrical vertical shaft 5000

ft deep sunk from the surface towards the centre of the earth: of Sirius

(alpha in Canis Maior) 10 lightyears (57,000,000,000,000 miles) distant

and in volume 900 times the dimension of our planet: of Arcturus: of the

precession of equinoxes: of Orion with belt and sextuple sun theta and

nebula in which 100 of our solar systems could be contained: of moribund

and of nascent new stars such as Nova in 1901: of our system plunging

towards the constellation of Hercules: of the parallax or parallactic

drift of socalled fixed stars, in reality evermoving wanderers from

immeasurably remote eons to infinitely remote futures in comparison with

which the years, threescore and ten, of allotted human life formed a

parenthesis of infinitesimal brevity.

Were there obverse meditations of involution increasingly less vast?

Of the eons of geological periods recorded in the stratifications of the

earth: of the myriad minute entomological organic existences concealed

in cavities of the earth, beneath removable stones, in hives and mounds,

of microbes, germs, bacteria, bacilli, spermatozoa: of the incalculable

trillions of billions of millions of imperceptible molecules contained

by cohesion of molecular affinity in a single pinhead: of the universe

of human serum constellated with red and white bodies, themselves

universes of void space constellated with other bodies, each, in

continuity, its universe of divisible component bodies of which each was

again divisible in divisions of redivisible component bodies, dividends

and divisors ever diminishing without actual division till, if the

progress were carried far enough, nought nowhere was never reached.

Why did he not elaborate these calculations to a more precise result?

Because some years previously in 1886 when occupied with the problem

of the quadrature of the circle he had learned of the existence of a

number computed to a relative degree of accuracy to be of such magnitude

and of so many places, e.g., the 9th power of the 9th power of 9, that,

the result having been obtained, 33 closely printed volumes of 1000

pages each of innumerable quires and reams of India paper would have to

be requisitioned in order to contain the complete tale of its printed

integers of units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,

hundreds of thousands, millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions,

billions, the nucleus of the nebula of every digit of every series

containing succinctly the potentiality of being raised to the utmost

kinetic elaboration of any power of any of its powers.

Did he find the problems of the inhabitability of the planets and their

satellites by a race, given in species, and of the possible social and

moral redemption of said race by a redeemer, easier of solution?

Of a different order of difficulty. Conscious that the human organism,

normally capable of sustaining an atmospheric pressure of 19 tons,

when elevated to a considerable altitude in the terrestrial atmosphere

suffered with arithmetical progression of intensity, according as

the line of demarcation between troposphere and stratosphere was

approximated from nasal hemorrhage, impeded respiration and vertigo,

when proposing this problem for solution, he had conjectured as a

working hypothesis which could not be proved impossible that a more

adaptable and differently anatomically constructed race of beings might

subsist otherwise under Martian, Mercurial, Veneral, Jovian, Saturnian,

Neptunian or Uranian sufficient and equivalent conditions, though

an apogean humanity of beings created in varying forms with finite

differences resulting similar to the whole and to one another would

probably there as here remain inalterably and inalienably attached to

vanities, to vanities of vanities and to all that is vanity.

And the problem of possible redemption?

The minor was proved by the major.

Which various features of the constellations were in turn considered?

The various colours significant of various degrees of vitality (white,

yellow, crimson, vermilion, cinnabar): their degrees of brilliancy:

their magnitudes revealed up to and including the 7th: their positions:

the waggoner's star: Walsingham way: the chariot of David: the annular

cinctures of Saturn: the condensation of spiral nebulae into suns: the

interdependent gyrations of double suns: the independent synchronous

discoveries of Galileo, Simon Marius, Piazzi, Le Verrier, Herschel,

Galle: the systematisations attempted by Bode and Kepler of cubes

of distances and squares of times of revolution: the almost infinite

compressibility of hirsute comets and their vast elliptical egressive

and reentrant orbits from perihelion to aphelion: the sidereal origin of

meteoric stones: the Libyan floods on Mars about the period of the birth

of the younger astroscopist: the annual recurrence of meteoric showers

about the period of the feast of S. Lawrence (martyr, lo August): the

monthly recurrence known as the new moon with the old moon in her arms:

the posited influence of celestial on human bodies: the appearance of a

star (1st magnitude) of exceeding brilliancy dominating by night and

day (a new luminous sun generated by the collision and amalgamation in

incandescence of two nonluminous exsuns) about the period of the

birth of William Shakespeare over delta in the recumbent neversetting

constellation of Cassiopeia and of a star (2nd magnitude) of similar

origin but of lesser brilliancy which had appeared in and disappeared

from the constellation of the Corona Septentrionalis about the period

of the birth of Leopold Bloom and of other stars of (presumably) similar

origin which had (effectively or presumably) appeared in and disappeared

from the constellation of Andromeda about the period of the birth of

Stephen Dedalus, and in and from the constellation of Auriga some years

after the birth and death of Rudolph Bloom, junior, and in and from

other constellations some years before or after the birth or death of

other persons: the attendant phenomena of eclipses, solar and lunar,

from immersion to emersion, abatement of wind, transit of shadow,

taciturnity of winged creatures, emergence of nocturnal or crepuscular

animals, persistence of infernal light, obscurity of terrestrial waters,

pallor of human beings.

His (Bloom's) logical conclusion, having weighed the matter and allowing

for possible error?

That it was not a heaventree, not a heavengrot, not a heavenbeast, not

a heavenman. That it was a Utopia, there being no known method from

the known to the unknown: an infinity renderable equally finite by the

suppositious apposition of one or more bodies equally of the same and of

different magnitudes: a mobility of illusory forms immobilised in space,

remobilised in air: a past which possibly had ceased to exist as a

present before its probable spectators had entered actual present

existence.

Was he more convinced of the esthetic value of the spectacle?

Indubitably in consequence of the reiterated examples of poets in the

delirium of the frenzy of attachment or in the abasement of rejection

invoking ardent sympathetic constellations or the frigidity of the

satellite of their planet.

Did he then accept as an article of belief the theory of astrological

influences upon sublunary disasters?

It seemed to him as possible of proof as of confutation and the

nomenclature employed in its selenographical charts as attributable to

verifiable intuition as to fallacious analogy: the lake of dreams, the

sea of rains, the gulf of dews, the ocean of fecundity.

What special affinities appeared to him to exist between the moon and

woman?

Her antiquity in preceding and surviving successive tellurian

generations: her nocturnal predominance: her satellitic dependence:

her luminary reflection: her constancy under all her phases, rising

and setting by her appointed times, waxing and waning: the forced

invariability of her aspect: her indeterminate response to inaffirmative

interrogation: her potency over effluent and refluent waters: her power

to enamour, to mortify, to invest with beauty, to render insane, to

incite to and aid delinquency: the tranquil inscrutability of her

visage: the terribility of her isolated dominant implacable resplendent

propinquity: her omens of tempest and of calm: the stimulation of her

light, her motion and her presence: the admonition of her craters, her

arid seas, her silence: her splendour, when visible: her attraction,

when invisible.

What visible luminous sign attracted Bloom's, who attracted Stephen's,

gaze?

In the second storey (rere) of his (Bloom's) house the light of a

paraffin oil lamp with oblique shade projected on a screen of roller

blind supplied by Frank O'Hara, window blind, curtain pole and revolving

shutter manufacturer, 16 Aungier street.

How did he elucidate the mystery of an invisible attractive person, his

wife Marion (Molly) Bloom, denoted by a visible splendid sign, a lamp?

With indirect and direct verbal allusions or affirmations: with subdued

affection and admiration: with description: with impediment: with

suggestion.

Both then were silent?

Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal

flesh of theirhisnothis fellowfaces.

Were they indefinitely inactive?

At Stephen's suggestion, at Bloom's instigation both, first Stephen,

then Bloom, in penumbra urinated, their sides contiguous, their organs

of micturition reciprocally rendered invisible by manual circumposition,

their gazes, first Bloom's, then Stephen's, elevated to the projected

luminous and semiluminous shadow.

Similarly?

The trajectories of their, first sequent, then simultaneous, urinations

were dissimilar: Bloom's longer, less irruent, in the incomplete form of

the bifurcated penultimate alphabetical letter, who in his ultimate

year at High School (1880) had been capable of attaining the point

of greatest altitude against the whole concurrent strength of the

institution, 210 scholars: Stephen's higher, more sibilant, who in the

ultimate hours of the previous day had augmented by diuretic consumption

an insistent vesical pressure.

What different problems presented themselves to each concerning the

invisible audible collateral organ of the other?

To Bloom: the problems of irritability, tumescence, rigidity,

reactivity, dimension, sanitariness, pilosity.

To Stephen: the problem of the sacerdotal integrity of Jesus circumcised

(I January, holiday of obligation to hear mass and abstain from

unnecessary servile work) and the problem as to whether the divine

prepuce, the carnal bridal ring of the holy Roman catholic apostolic

church, conserved in Calcata, were deserving of simple hyperduly or of

the fourth degree of latria accorded to the abscission of such divine

excrescences as hair and toenails.

What celestial sign was by both simultaneously observed?

A star precipitated with great apparent velocity across the firmament

from Vega in the Lyre above the zenith beyond the stargroup of the Tress

of Berenice towards the zodiacal sign of Leo.

How did the centripetal remainer afford egress to the centrifugal

departer?

By inserting the barrel of an arruginated male key in the hole of an

unstable female lock, obtaining a purchase on the bow of the key and

turning its wards from right to left, withdrawing a bolt from its

staple, pulling inward spasmodically an obsolescent unhinged door and

revealing an aperture for free egress and free ingress.

How did they take leave, one of the other, in separation?

Standing perpendicular at the same door and on different sides of its

base, the lines of their valedictory arms, meeting at any point and

forming any angle less than the sum of two right angles.

What sound accompanied the union of their tangent, the disunion of their

(respectively) centrifugal and centripetal hands?

The sound of the peal of the hour of the night by the chime of the bells

in the church of Saint George.

What echoes of that sound were by both and each heard?

By Stephen:

\_Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet. Iubilantium te virginum. Chorus

excipiat.\_

By Bloom:

\_Heigho, heigho,

Heigho, heigho.\_

Where were the several members of the company which with Bloom that day

at the bidding of that peal had travelled from Sandymount in the south

to Glasnevin in the north?

Martin Cunningham (in bed), Jack Power (in bed), Simon Dedalus (in bed),

Ned Lambert (in bed), Tom Kernan (in bed), Joe Hynes (in bed), John

Henry Menton (in bed), Bernard Corrigan (in bed), Patsy Dignam (in bed),

Paddy Dignam (in the grave).

Alone, what did Bloom hear?

The double reverberation of retreating feet on the heavenborn earth, the

double vibration of a jew's harp in the resonant lane.

Alone, what did Bloom feel?

The cold of interstellar space, thousands of degrees below freezing

point or the absolute zero of Fahrenheit, Centigrade or Reaumur: the

incipient intimations of proximate dawn.

Of what did bellchime and handtouch and footstep and lonechill remind

him?

Of companions now in various manners in different places defunct: Percy

Apjohn (killed in action, Modder River), Philip Gilligan (phthisis,

Jervis Street hospital), Matthew F. Kane (accidental drowning, Dublin

Bay), Philip Moisel (pyemia, Heytesbury street), Michael Hart (phthisis,

Mater Misericordiae hospital), Patrick Dignam (apoplexy, Sandymount).

What prospect of what phenomena inclined him to remain?

The disparition of three final stars, the diffusion of daybreak, the

apparition of a new solar disk.

Had he ever been a spectator of those phenomena?

Once, in 1887, after a protracted performance of charades in the house

of Luke Doyle, Kimmage, he had awaited with patience the apparition

of the diurnal phenomenon, seated on a wall, his gaze turned in the

direction of Mizrach, the east.

He remembered the initial paraphenomena?

More active air, a matutinal distant cock, ecclesiastical clocks at

various points, avine music, the isolated tread of an early wayfarer,

the visible diffusion of the light of an invisible luminous body, the

first golden limb of the resurgent sun perceptible low on the horizon.

Did he remain?

With deep inspiration he returned, retraversing the garden, reentering

the passage, reclosing the door. With brief suspiration he reassumed the

candle, reascended the stairs, reapproached the door of the front room,

hallfloor, and reentered.

What suddenly arrested his ingress?

The right temporal lobe of the hollow sphere of his cranium came into

contact with a solid timber angle where, an infinitesimal but sensible

fraction of a second later, a painful sensation was located in

consequence of antecedent sensations transmitted and registered.

Describe the alterations effected in the disposition of the articles of

furniture.

A sofa upholstered in prune plush had been translocated from opposite

the door to the ingleside near the compactly furled Union Jack (an

alteration which he had frequently intended to execute): the blue and

white checker inlaid majolicatopped table had been placed opposite the

door in the place vacated by the prune plush sofa: the walnut sideboard

(a projecting angle of which had momentarily arrested his ingress) had

been moved from its position beside the door to a more advantageous but

more perilous position in front of the door: two chairs had been moved

from right and left of the ingleside to the position originally occupied

by the blue and white checker inlaid majolicatopped table.

Describe them.

One: a squat stuffed easychair, with stout arms extended and back

slanted to the rere, which, repelled in recoil, had then upturned an

irregular fringe of a rectangular rug and now displayed on its amply

upholstered seat a centralised diffusing and diminishing discolouration.

The other: a slender splayfoot chair of glossy cane curves, placed

directly opposite the former, its frame from top to seat and from seat

to base being varnished dark brown, its seat being a bright circle of

white plaited rush.

What significances attached to these two chairs?

Significances of similitude, of posture, of symbolism, of circumstantial

evidence, of testimonial supermanence.

What occupied the position originally occupied by the sideboard?

A vertical piano (Cadby) with exposed keyboard, its closed coffin

supporting a pair of long yellow ladies' gloves and an emerald ashtray

containing four consumed matches, a partly consumed cigarette and two

discoloured ends of cigarettes, its musicrest supporting the music in

the key of G natural for voice and piano of \_Love's Old Sweet Song\_

(words by G. Clifton Bingham, composed by J. L. Molloy, sung by Madam

Antoinette Sterling) open at the last page with the final indications

\_ad libitum, forte\_, pedal, \_animato\_, sustained pedal, \_ritirando\_,

close.

With what sensations did Bloom contemplate in rotation these objects?

With strain, elevating a candlestick: with pain, feeling on his right

temple a contused tumescence: with attention, focussing his gaze on

a large dull passive and a slender bright active: with solicitation,

bending and downturning the upturned rugfringe: with amusement,

remembering Dr Malachi Mulligan's scheme of colour containing the

gradation of green: with pleasure, repeating the words and antecedent

act and perceiving through various channels of internal sensibility

the consequent and concomitant tepid pleasant diffusion of gradual

discolouration.

His next proceeding?

From an open box on the majolicatopped table he extracted a black

diminutive cone, one inch in height, placed it on its circular base on

a small tin plate, placed his candlestick on the right corner of the

mantelpiece, produced from his waistcoat a folded page of prospectus

(illustrated) entitled Agendath Netaim, unfolded the same, examined

it superficially, rolled it into a thin cylinder, ignited it in the

candleflame, applied it when ignited to the apex of the cone till the

latter reached the stage of rutilance, placed the cylinder in the basin

of the candlestick disposing its unconsumed part in such a manner as to

facilitate total combustion.

What followed this operation?

The truncated conical crater summit of the diminutive volcano emitted a

vertical and serpentine fume redolent of aromatic oriental incense.

What homothetic objects, other than the candlestick, stood on the

mantelpiece?

A timepiece of striated Connemara marble, stopped at the hour of 4.46

a.m. on the 21 March 1896, matrimonial gift of Matthew Dillon: a dwarf

tree of glacial arborescence under a transparent bellshade, matrimonial

gift of Luke and Caroline Doyle: an embalmed owl, matrimonial gift of

Alderman John Hooper.

What interchanges of looks took place between these three objects and

Bloom?

In the mirror of the giltbordered pierglass the undecorated back of the

dwarf tree regarded the upright back of the embalmed owl. Before

the mirror the matrimonial gift of Alderman John Hooper with a clear

melancholy wise bright motionless compassionate gaze regarded Bloom

while Bloom with obscure tranquil profound motionless compassionated

gaze regarded the matrimonial gift of Luke and Caroline Doyle.

What composite asymmetrical image in the mirror then attracted his

attention?

The image of a solitary (ipsorelative) mutable (aliorelative) man.

Why solitary (ipsorelative)?

\_Brothers and sisters had he none. Yet that man's father was his

grandfather's son.\_

Why mutable (aliorelative)?

From infancy to maturity he had resembled his maternal procreatrix.

From maturity to senility he would increasingly resemble his paternal

procreator.

What final visual impression was communicated to him by the mirror?

The optical reflection of several inverted volumes improperly arranged

and not in the order of their common letters with scintillating titles

on the two bookshelves opposite.

Catalogue these books.

\_Thom's Dublin Post Office Directory, 1886\_. Denis Florence M'Carthy's

\_Poetical Works\_ (copper beechleaf bookmark at p. 5). Shakespeare's

\_Works\_ (dark crimson morocco, goldtooled).

\_The Useful Ready Reckoner\_ (brown cloth).

\_The Secret History of the Court of Charles II\_ (red cloth, tooled

binding). \_The Child's Guide\_ (blue cloth).

\_The Beauties of Killarney\_ (wrappers).

\_When We Were Boys\_ by William O'Brien M. P. (green cloth, slightly

faded, envelope bookmark at p. 217).

\_Thoughts from Spinoza\_ (maroon leather).

\_The Story of the Heavens\_ by Sir Robert Ball (blue cloth). Ellis's

\_Three Trips to Madagascar\_ (brown cloth, title obliterated).

\_The Stark-Munro Letters\_ by A. Conan Doyle, property of the City of

Dublin Public Library, 106 Capel street, lent 21 May (Whitsun Eve) 1904,

due 4 June 1904, 13 days overdue (black cloth binding, bearing white

letternumber ticket).

\_Voyages in China\_ by "Viator" (recovered with brown paper, red ink

title).

\_Philosophy of the Talmud\_ (sewn pamphlet). Lockhart's \_Life of

Napoleon\_ (cover wanting, marginal annotations, minimising victories,

aggrandising defeats of the protagonist).

\_Soll und Haben\_ by Gustav Freytag (black boards, Gothic characters,

cigarette coupon bookmark at p. 24). Hozier's \_History of the

Russo-Turkish War\_ (brown cloth, a volumes, with gummed label, Garrison

Library, Governor's Parade, Gibraltar, on verso of cover).

\_Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland\_ by William Allingham (second edition,

green cloth, gilt trefoil design, previous owner's name on recto of

flyleaf erased).

\_A Handbook of Astronomy\_ (cover, brown leather, detached, S plates,

antique letterpress long primer, author's footnotes nonpareil, marginal

clues brevier, captions small pica).

\_The Hidden Life of Christ\_ (black boards).

\_In the Track of the Sun\_ (yellow cloth, titlepage missing, recurrent

title intestation).

\_Physical Strength and How to Obtain It\_ by Eugen Sandow (red cloth).

\_Short but yet Plain Elements of Geometry\_ written in French by F.

Ignat. Pardies and rendered into English by John Harris D. D. London,

printed for R. Knaplock at the Bifhop's Head, MDCCXI, with dedicatory

epiftle to his worthy friend Charles Cox, efquire, Member of Parliament

for the burgh of Southwark and having ink calligraphed statement on the

flyleaf certifying that the book was the property of Michael Gallagher,

dated this 10th day of May 1822 and requefting the perfon who should

find it, if the book should be loft or go aftray, to reftore it to

Michael Gallagher, carpenter, Dufery Gate, Ennifcorthy, county Wicklow,

the fineft place in the world.

What reflections occupied his mind during the process of reversion of

the inverted volumes?

The necessity of order, a place for everything and everything in its

place: the deficient appreciation of literature possessed by females:

the incongruity of an apple incuneated in a tumbler and of an umbrella

inclined in a closestool: the insecurity of hiding any secret document

behind, beneath or between the pages of a book.

Which volume was the largest in bulk?

Hozier's \_History of the Russo-Turkish war.\_

What among other data did the second volume of the work in question

contain?

The name of a decisive battle (forgotten), frequently remembered by a

decisive officer, major Brian Cooper Tweedy (remembered).

Why, firstly and secondly, did he not consult the work in question?

Firstly, in order to exercise mnemotechnic: secondly, because after an

interval of amnesia, when, seated at the central table, about to consult

the work in question, he remembered by mnemotechnic the name of the

military engagement, Plevna.

What caused him consolation in his sitting posture?

The candour, nudity, pose, tranquility, youth, grace, sex, counsel of a

statue erect in the centre of the table, an image of Narcissus purchased

by auction from P. A. Wren, 9 Bachelor's Walk.

What caused him irritation in his sitting posture? Inhibitory pressure

of collar (size 17) and waistcoat (5 buttons), two articles of clothing

superfluous in the costume of mature males and inelastic to alterations

of mass by expansion.

How was the irritation allayed?

He removed his collar, with contained black necktie and collapsible

stud, from his neck to a position on the left of the table. He

unbuttoned successively in reversed direction waistcoat, trousers, shirt

and vest along the medial line of irregular incrispated black hairs

extending in triangular convergence from the pelvic basin over the

circumference of the abdomen and umbilicular fossicle along the medial

line of nodes to the intersection of the sixth pectoral vertebrae,

thence produced both ways at right angles and terminating in circles

described about two equidistant points, right and left, on the summits

of the mammary prominences. He unbraced successively each of six minus

one braced trouser buttons, arranged in pairs, of which one incomplete.

What involuntary actions followed?

He compressed between 2 fingers the flesh circumjacent to a cicatrice in

the left infracostal region below the diaphragm resulting from a sting

inflicted 2 weeks and 3 days previously (23 May 1904) by a bee.

He scratched imprecisely with his right hand, though insensible of

prurition, various points and surfaces of his partly exposed, wholly

abluted skin. He inserted his left hand into the left lower pocket of

his waistcoat and extracted and replaced a silver coin (I shilling),

placed there (presumably) on the occasion (17 October 1903) of the

interment of Mrs Emily Sinico, Sydney Parade.

Compile the budget for 16 June 1904. DEBIT

1 Pork Kidney

1 Copy FREEMAN'S JOURNAL

1 Bath And Gratification

Tramfare

1 In Memoriam Patrick Dignam

2 Banbury cakes

1 Lunch

1 Renewal fee for book

1 Packet Notepaper and Envelopes

1 Dinner and Gratification

1 Postal Order and Stamp

Tramfare

1 Pig's Foot

1 Sheep's Trotter

1 Cake Fry's Plain Chocolate

1 Square Soda Bread

1 Coffee and Bun

Loan (Stephen Dedalus) refunded

BALANCE

L. s. d.

0--0--3

0--0--1

0--1--6

0--0--1

0--5--0

0--0--1

0--0--7

0--1--0

0--0--2

0--2--0

0--2--8

0--0--1

0--0--4

0--0--3

0--0--1

0--0--4

0--0--4

1--7--0

0-17--5

2-19--3

CREDIT

Cash in hand

Commission recd. \_Freeman's Journal\_

Loan (Stephen Dedalus)

L. s. d.

0--4--9

1--7--6

1--7--0

2-19--3

Did the process of divestiture continue?

Sensible of a benignant persistent ache in his footsoles he extended

his foot to one side and observed the creases, protuberances and salient

points caused by foot pressure in the course of walking repeatedly in

several different directions, then, inclined, he disnoded the laceknots,

unhooked and loosened the laces, took off each of his two boots for the

second time, detached the partially moistened right sock through the

fore part of which the nail of his great toe had again effracted, raised

his right foot and, having unhooked a purple elastic sock suspender,

took off his right sock, placed his unclothed right foot on the margin

of the seat of his chair, picked at and gently lacerated the protruding

part of the great toenail, raised the part lacerated to his nostrils and

inhaled the odour of the quick, then, with satisfaction, threw away the

lacerated ungual fragment.

Why with satisfaction?

Because the odour inhaled corresponded to other odours inhaled of other

ungual fragments, picked and lacerated by Master Bloom, pupil of Mrs

Ellis's juvenile school, patiently each night in the act of brief

genuflection and nocturnal prayer and ambitious meditation.

In what ultimate ambition had all concurrent and consecutive ambitions

now coalesced?

Not to inherit by right of primogeniture, gavelkind or borough English,

or possess in perpetuity an extensive demesne of a sufficient number of

acres, roods and perches, statute land measure (valuation 42 pounds), of

grazing turbary surrounding a baronial hall with gatelodge and carriage

drive nor, on the other hand, a terracehouse or semidetached villa,

described as \_Rus in Urbe\_ or \_Qui si sana\_, but to purchase by private

treaty in fee simple a thatched bungalowshaped 2 storey dwellinghouse of

southerly aspect, surmounted by vane and lightning conductor, connected

with the earth, with porch covered by parasitic plants (ivy or Virginia

creeper), halldoor, olive green, with smart carriage finish and neat

doorbrasses, stucco front with gilt tracery at eaves and gable, rising,

if possible, upon a gentle eminence with agreeable prospect from balcony

with stone pillar parapet over unoccupied and unoccupyable interjacent

pastures and standing in 5 or 6 acres of its own ground, at such

a distance from the nearest public thoroughfare as to render its

houselights visible at night above and through a quickset hornbeam hedge

of topiary cutting, situate at a given point not less than 1 statute

mile from the periphery of the metropolis, within a time limit of not

more than 15 minutes from tram or train line (e.g., Dundrum, south, or

Sutton, north, both localities equally reported by trial to resemble the

terrestrial poles in being favourable climates for phthisical subjects),

the premises to be held under feefarm grant, lease 999 years, the

messuage to consist of 1 drawingroom with baywindow (2 lancets),

thermometer affixed, 1 sittingroom, 4 bedrooms, 2 servants' rooms, tiled

kitchen with close range and scullery, lounge hall fitted with linen

wallpresses, fumed oak sectional bookcase containing the Encyclopaedia

Britannica and New Century Dictionary, transverse obsolete medieval and

oriental weapons, dinner gong, alabaster lamp, bowl pendant, vulcanite

automatic telephone receiver with adjacent directory, handtufted

Axminster carpet with cream ground and trellis border, loo table with

pillar and claw legs, hearth with massive firebrasses and ormolu mantel

chronometer clock, guaranteed timekeeper with cathedral chime, barometer

with hygrographic chart, comfortable lounge settees and corner fitments,

upholstered in ruby plush with good springing and sunk centre, three

banner Japanese screen and cuspidors (club style, rich winecoloured

leather, gloss renewable with a minimum of labour by use of linseed

oil and vinegar) and pyramidically prismatic central chandelier lustre,

bentwood perch with fingertame parrot (expurgated language), embossed

mural paper at 10/- per dozen with transverse swags of carmine floral

design and top crown frieze, staircase, three continuous flights at

successive right angles, of varnished cleargrained oak, treads and

risers, newel, balusters and handrail, with steppedup panel dado,

dressed with camphorated wax: bathroom, hot and cold supply, reclining

and shower: water closet on mezzanine provided with opaque singlepane

oblong window, tipup seat, bracket lamp, brass tierod and brace,

armrests, footstool and artistic oleograph on inner face of door:

ditto, plain: servants' apartments with separate sanitary and hygienic

necessaries for cook, general and betweenmaid (salary, rising by

biennial unearned increments of 2 pounds, with comprehensive fidelity

insurance, annual bonus (1 pound) and retiring allowance (based on

the 65 system) after 30 years' service), pantry, buttery, larder,

refrigerator, outoffices, coal and wood cellarage with winebin (still

and sparkling vintages) for distinguished guests, if entertained to

dinner (evening dress), carbon monoxide gas supply throughout.

What additional attractions might the grounds contain?

As addenda, a tennis and fives court, a shrubbery, a glass summerhouse

with tropical palms, equipped in the best botanical manner, a rockery

with waterspray, a beehive arranged on humane principles, oval

flowerbeds in rectangular grassplots set with eccentric ellipses of

scarlet and chrome tulips, blue scillas, crocuses, polyanthus, sweet

William, sweet pea, lily of the valley (bulbs obtainable from sir James

W. Mackey (Limited) wholesale and retail seed and bulb merchants and

nurserymen, agents for chemical manures, 23 Sackville street, upper), an

orchard, kitchen garden and vinery protected against illegal trespassers

by glasstopped mural enclosures, a lumbershed with padlock for various

inventoried implements.

As?

Eeltraps, lobsterpots, fishingrods, hatchet, steelyard, grindstone,

clodcrusher, swatheturner, carriagesack, telescope ladder, 10 tooth

rake, washing clogs, haytedder, tumbling rake, billhook, paintpot,

brush, hoe and so on.

What improvements might be subsequently introduced?

A rabbitry and fowlrun, a dovecote, a botanical conservatory, 2 hammocks

(lady's and gentleman's), a sundial shaded and sheltered by laburnum

or lilac trees, an exotically harmonically accorded Japanese tinkle

gatebell affixed to left lateral gatepost, a capacious waterbutt,

a lawnmower with side delivery and grassbox, a lawnsprinkler with

hydraulic hose.

What facilities of transit were desirable?

When citybound frequent connection by train or tram from their

respective intermediate station or terminal. When countrybound

velocipedes, a chainless freewheel roadster cycle with side basketcar

attached, or draught conveyance, a donkey with wicker trap or smart

phaeton with good working solidungular cob (roan gelding, 14 h).

What might be the name of this erigible or erected residence?

Bloom Cottage. Saint Leopold's. Flowerville.

Could Bloom of 7 Eccles street foresee Bloom of Flowerville?

In loose allwool garments with Harris tweed cap, price 8/6, and useful

garden boots with elastic gussets and wateringcan, planting aligned

young firtrees, syringing, pruning, staking, sowing hayseed, trundling a

weedladen wheelbarrow without excessive fatigue at sunset amid the scent

of newmown hay, ameliorating the soil, multiplying wisdom, achieving

longevity.

What syllabus of intellectual pursuits was simultaneously possible?

Snapshot photography, comparative study of religions, folklore relative

to various amatory and superstitious practices, contemplation of the

celestial constellations.

What lighter recreations?

Outdoor: garden and fieldwork, cycling on level macadamised causeways

ascents of moderately high hills, natation in secluded fresh water and

unmolested river boating in secure wherry or light curricle with kedge

anchor on reaches free from weirs and rapids (period of estivation),

vespertinal perambulation or equestrian circumprocession with inspection

of sterile landscape and contrastingly agreeable cottagers' fires of

smoking peat turves (period of hibernation). Indoor: discussion in

tepid security of unsolved historical and criminal problems: lecture of

unexpurgated exotic erotic masterpieces: house carpentry with toolbox

containing hammer, awl nails, screws, tintacks, gimlet, tweezers,

bullnose plane and turnscrew. Might he become a gentleman farmer of

field produce and live stock?

Not impossibly, with 1 or 2 stripper cows, 1 pike of upland hay and

requisite farming implements, e.g., an end-to-end churn, a turnip pulper

etc.

What would be his civic functions and social status among the county

families and landed gentry?

Arranged successively in ascending powers of hierarchical order, that

of gardener, groundsman, cultivator, breeder, and at the zenith of his

career, resident magistrate or justice of the peace with a family crest

and coat of arms and appropriate classical motto \_(Semper paratus\_),

duly recorded in the court directory (Bloom, Leopold P., M. P., P. C.,

K. P., L. L. D. (\_honoris causa\_), Bloomville, Dundrum) and mentioned in

court and fashionable intelligence (Mr and Mrs Leopold Bloom have left

Kingstown for England).

What course of action did he outline for himself in such capacity?

A course that lay between undue clemency and excessive rigour:

the dispensation in a heterogeneous society of arbitrary classes,

incessantly rearranged in terms of greater and lesser social inequality,

of unbiassed homogeneous indisputable justice, tempered with mitigants

of the widest possible latitude but exactable to the uttermost farthing

with confiscation of estate, real and personal, to the crown. Loyal to

the highest constituted power in the land, actuated by an innate love of

rectitude his aims would be the strict maintenance of public order,

the repression of many abuses though not of all simultaneously (every

measure of reform or retrenchment being a preliminary solution to be

contained by fluxion in the final solution), the upholding of the letter

of the law (common, statute and law merchant) against all traversers in

covin and trespassers acting in contravention of bylaws and regulations,

all resuscitators (by trespass and petty larceny of kindlings) of

venville rights, obsolete by desuetude, all orotund instigators

of international persecution, all perpetuators of international

animosities, all menial molestors of domestic conviviality, all

recalcitrant violators of domestic connubiality.

Prove that he had loved rectitude from his earliest youth.

To Master Percy Apjohn at High School in 1880 he had divulged his

disbelief in the tenets of the Irish (protestant) church (to which his

father Rudolf Virag (later Rudolph Bloom) had been converted from the

Israelitic faith and communion in 1865 by the Society for promoting

Christianity among the jews) subsequently abjured by him in favour of

Roman catholicism at the epoch of and with a view to his matrimony

in 1888. To Daniel Magrane and Francis Wade in 1882 during a juvenile

friendship (terminated by the premature emigration of the former) he

had advocated during nocturnal perambulations the political theory of

colonial (e.g. Canadian) expansion and the evolutionary theories of

Charles Darwin, expounded in \_The Descent of Man\_ and \_The Origin

of Species\_. In 1885 he had publicly expressed his adherence to the

collective and national economic programme advocated by James Fintan

Lalor, John Fisher Murray, John Mitchel, J. F. X. O'Brien and others,

the agrarian policy of Michael Davitt, the constitutional agitation of

Charles Stewart Parnell (M. P. for Cork City), the programme of

peace, retrenchment and reform of William Ewart Gladstone (M. P. for

Midlothian, N. B.) and, in support of his political convictions, had

climbed up into a secure position amid the ramifications of a tree

on Northumberland road to see the entrance (2 February 1888) into the

capital of a demonstrative torchlight procession of 20,000 torchbearers,

divided into 120 trade corporations, bearing 2000 torches in escort of

the marquess of Ripon and (honest) John Morley.

How much and how did he propose to pay for this country residence?

As per prospectus of the Industrious Foreign Acclimatised Nationalised

Friendly Stateaided Building Society (incorporated 1874), a maximum

of 60 pounds per annum, being 1/6 of an assured income, derived from

giltedged securities, representing at 5 % simple interest on capital of

1200 pounds (estimate of price at 20 years' purchase), of which to be

paid on acquisition and the balance in the form of annual rent, viz. 800

pounds plus 2 1/2 % interest on the same, repayable quarterly in equal

annual instalments until extinction by amortisation of loan advanced for

purchase within a period of 20 years, amounting to an annual rental of

64 pounds, headrent included, the titledeeds to remain in possession

of the lender or lenders with a saving clause envisaging forced sale,

foreclosure and mutual compensation in the event of protracted failure

to pay the terms assigned, otherwise the messuage to become the absolute

property of the tenant occupier upon expiry of the period of years

stipulated.

What rapid but insecure means to opulence might facilitate immediate

purchase?

A private wireless telegraph which would transmit by dot and dash system

the result of a national equine handicap (flat or steeplechase) of I or

more miles and furlongs won by an outsider at odds of 50 to 1 at 3 hr

8 m p.m. at Ascot (Greenwich time), the message being received and

available for betting purposes in Dublin at 2.59 p.m. (Dunsink time).

The unexpected discovery of an object of great monetary value (precious

stone, valuable adhesive or impressed postage stamps (7 schilling,

mauve, imperforate, Hamburg, 1866: 4 pence, rose, blue paper, perforate,

Great Britain, 1855: 1 franc, stone, official, rouletted, diagonal

surcharge, Luxemburg, 1878), antique dynastical ring, unique relic) in

unusual repositories or by unusual means: from the air (dropped by an

eagle in flight), by fire (amid the carbonised remains of an incendiated

edifice), in the sea (amid flotsam, jetsam, lagan and derelict), on

earth (in the gizzard of a comestible fowl). A Spanish prisoner's

donation of a distant treasure of valuables or specie or bullion lodged

with a solvent banking corporation loo years previously at 5% compound

interest of the collective worth of 5,000,000 pounds stg (five million

pounds sterling). A contract with an inconsiderate contractee for the

delivery of 32 consignments of some given commodity in consideration of

cash payment on delivery per delivery at the initial rate of 1/4d to be

increased constantly in the geometrical progression of 2 (1/4d, 1/2d,

1d, 2d, 4d, 8d, 1s 4d, 2s 8d to 32 terms). A prepared scheme

based on a study of the laws of probability to break the bank at Monte

Carlo. A solution of the secular problem of the quadrature of the

circle, government premium 1,000,000 pounds sterling.

Was vast wealth acquirable through industrial channels?

The reclamation of dunams of waste arenary soil, proposed in the

prospectus of Agendath Netaim, Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W. 15, by the

cultivation of orange plantations and melonfields and reafforestation.

The utilisation of waste paper, fells of sewer rodents, human excrement

possessing chemical properties, in view of the vast production of the

first, vast number of the second and immense quantity of the third,

every normal human being of average vitality and appetite producing

annually, cancelling byproducts of water, a sum total of 80 lbs. (mixed

animal and vegetable diet), to be multiplied by 4,386,035, the total

population of Ireland according to census returns of 1901.

Were there schemes of wider scope?

A scheme to be formulated and submitted for approval to the harbour

commissioners for the exploitation of white coal (hydraulic power),

obtained by hydroelectric plant at peak of tide at Dublin bar or at

head of water at Poulaphouca or Powerscourt or catchment basins of main

streams for the economic production of 500,000 W. H. P. of electricity.

A scheme to enclose the peninsular delta of the North Bull at Dollymount

and erect on the space of the foreland, used for golf links and rifle

ranges, an asphalted esplanade with casinos, booths, shooting galleries,

hotels, boardinghouses, readingrooms, establishments for mixed bathing.

A scheme for the use of dogvans and goatvans for the delivery of early

morning milk. A scheme for the development of Irish tourist traffic in

and around Dublin by means of petrolpropelled riverboats, plying in the

fluvial fairway between Island bridge and Ringsend, charabancs, narrow

gauge local railways, and pleasure steamers for coastwise navigation

(10/- per person per day, guide (trilingual) included). A scheme for

the repristination of passenger and goods traffics over Irish waterways,

when freed from weedbeds. A scheme to connect by tramline the Cattle

Market (North Circular road and Prussia street) with the quays (Sheriff

street, lower, and East Wall), parallel with the Link line railway

laid (in conjunction with the Great Southern and Western railway line)

between the cattle park, Liffey junction, and terminus of Midland Great

Western Railway 43 to 45 North

Wall, in proximity to the terminal stations or Dublin branches of Great

Central Railway, Midland Railway of England, City of Dublin Steam Packet

Company, Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, Dublin and Glasgow

Steam Packet Company, Glasgow, Dublin and Londonderry Steam Packet

Company (Laird line), British and Irish Steam Packet Company, Dublin

and Morecambe Steamers, London and North Western Railway Company, Dublin

Port and Docks Board Landing Sheds and transit sheds of Palgrave, Murphy

and Company, steamship owners, agents for steamers from Mediterranean,

Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium and Holland and for Liverpool

Underwriters' Association, the cost of acquired rolling stock for

animal transport and of additional mileage operated by the Dublin United

Tramways Company, limited, to be covered by graziers' fees.

Positing what protasis would the contraction for such several schemes

become a natural and necessary apodosis?

Given a guarantee equal to the sum sought, the support, by deed of

gift and transfer vouchers during donor's lifetime or by bequest

after donor's painless extinction, of eminent financiers (Blum Pasha,

Rothschild Guggenheim, Hirsch, Montefiore, Morgan, Rockefeller)

possessing fortunes in 6 figures, amassed during a successful life, and

joining capital with opportunity the thing required was done.

What eventuality would render him independent of such wealth?

The independent discovery of a goldseam of inexhaustible ore.

For what reason did he meditate on schemes so difficult of realisation?

It was one of his axioms that similar meditations or the automatic

relation to himself of a narrative concerning himself or tranquil

recollection of the past when practised habitually before retiring for

the night alleviated fatigue and produced as a result sound repose and

renovated vitality.

His justifications?

As a physicist he had learned that of the 70 years of complete human

life at least 2/7, viz. 20 years are passed in sleep. As a philosopher

he knew that at the termination of any allotted life only an

infinitesimal part of any person's desires has been realised. As a

physiologist he believed in the artificial placation of malignant

agencies chiefly operative during somnolence.

What did he fear?

The committal of homicide or suicide during sleep by an aberration

of the light of reason, the incommensurable categorical intelligence

situated in the cerebral convolutions.

What were habitually his final meditations?

Of some one sole unique advertisement to cause passers to stop in

wonder, a poster novelty, with all extraneous accretions excluded,

reduced to its simplest and most efficient terms not exceeding the span

of casual vision and congruous with the velocity of modern life.

What did the first drawer unlocked contain?

A Vere Foster's handwriting copybook, property of Milly (Millicent)

Bloom, certain pages of which bore diagram drawings, marked \_Papli\_,

which showed a large globular head with 5 hairs erect, 2 eyes in

profile, the trunk full front with 3 large buttons, 1 triangular foot: 2

fading photographs of queen Alexandra of England and of Maud Branscombe,

actress and professional beauty: a Yuletide card, bearing on it a

pictorial representation of a parasitic plant, the legend \_Mizpah\_, the

date Xmas 1892, the name of the senders: from Mr + Mrs M. Comerford, the

versicle: \_May this Yuletide bring to thee, Joy and peace and welcome

glee\_: a butt of red partly liquefied sealing wax, obtained from the

stores department of Messrs Hely's, Ltd., 89, 90, and 91 Dame street:

a box containing the remainder of a gross of gilt "J" pennibs, obtained

from same department of same firm: an old sandglass which rolled

containing sand which rolled: a sealed prophecy (never unsealed) written

by Leopold Bloom in 1886 concerning the consequences of the passing into

law of William Ewart Gladstone's Home Rule bill of 1886 (never passed

into law): a bazaar ticket, no 2004, of S. Kevin's Charity Fair, price

6d, 100 prizes: an infantile epistle, dated, small em monday, reading:

capital pee Papli comma capital aitch How are you note of interrogation

capital eye I am very well full stop new paragraph signature with

flourishes capital em Milly no stop: a cameo brooch, property of Ellen

Bloom (born Higgins), deceased: a cameo scarfpin, property of Rudolph

Bloom (born Virag), deceased: 3 typewritten letters, addressee, Henry

Flower, c/o. P. O. Westland Row, addresser, Martha Clifford, c/o. P. O.

Dolphin's Barn: the transliterated name and address of the addresser

of the 3 letters in reversed alphabetic boustrophedonic punctated

quadrilinear cryptogram (vowels suppressed) N. IGS./WI. UU. OX/W. OKS.

MH/Y. IM: a press cutting from an English weekly periodical \_Modern

Society\_, subject corporal chastisement in girls' schools: a pink ribbon

which had festooned an Easter egg in the year 1899: two partly uncoiled

rubber preservatives with reserve pockets, purchased by post from Box

32, P. O., Charing Cross, London, W. C.: 1 pack of 1 dozen creamlaid

envelopes and feintruled notepaper, watermarked, now reduced by 3: some

assorted Austrian-Hungarian coins: 2 coupons of the Royal and Privileged

Hungarian Lottery: a lowpower magnifying glass: 2 erotic photocards

showing a) buccal coition between nude senorita (rere presentation,

superior position) and nude torero (fore presentation, inferior

position) b) anal violation by male religious (fully clothed, eyes

abject) of female religious (partly clothed, eyes direct), purchased by

post from Box 32, P. O., Charing Cross, London, W. C.: a press cutting

of recipe for renovation of old tan boots: a Id adhesive stamp,

lavender, of the reign of Queen Victoria: a chart of the measurements

of Leopold Bloom compiled before, during and after 2 months' consecutive

use of Sandow-Whiteley's pulley exerciser (men's 15/-, athlete's 20/-)

viz. chest 28 in and 29 1/2 in, biceps 9 in and 10 in, forearm 8 1/2 in

and 9 in, thigh 10 in and 12 in, calf 11 in and 12 in: 1 prospectus of

The Wonderworker, the world's greatest remedy for rectal complaints,

direct from Wonderworker, Coventry House, South Place, London E C,

addressed (erroneously) to Mrs L. Bloom with brief accompanying note

commencing (erroneously): Dear Madam.

Quote the textual terms in which the prospectus claimed advantages for

this thaumaturgic remedy.

It heals and soothes while you sleep, in case of trouble in breaking

wind, assists nature in the most formidable way, insuring instant relief

in discharge of gases, keeping parts clean and free natural action, an

initial outlay of 7/6 making a new man of you and life worth living.

Ladies find Wonderworker especially useful, a pleasant surprise when

they note delightful result like a cool drink of fresh spring water on

a sultry summer's day. Recommend it to your lady and gentlemen friends,

lasts a lifetime. Insert long round end. Wonderworker.

Were there testimonials?

Numerous. From clergyman, British naval officer, wellknown author, city

man, hospital nurse, lady, mother of five, absentminded beggar.

How did absentminded beggar's concluding testimonial conclude?

What a pity the government did not supply our men with wonderworkers

during the South African campaign! What a relief it would have been!

What object did Bloom add to this collection of objects?

A 4th typewritten letter received by Henry Flower (let H. F. be L. B.)

from Martha Clifford (find M. C.).

What pleasant reflection accompanied this action?

The reflection that, apart from the letter in question, his magnetic

face, form and address had been favourably received during the course of

the preceding day by a wife (Mrs Josephine Breen, born Josie Powell),

a nurse, Miss Callan (Christian name unknown), a maid, Gertrude (Gerty,

family name unknown).

What possibility suggested itself?

The possibility of exercising virile power of fascination in the not

immediate future after an expensive repast in a private apartment in

the company of an elegant courtesan, of corporal beauty, moderately

mercenary, variously instructed, a lady by origin.

What did the 2nd drawer contain?

Documents: the birth certificate of Leopold Paula Bloom: an endowment

assurance policy of 500 pounds in the Scottish Widows' Assurance

Society, intestated Millicent (Milly) Bloom, coming into force at 25

years as with profit policy of 430 pounds, 462/10/0 and 500 pounds at

60 years or death, 65 years or death and death, respectively, or

with profit policy (paidup) of 299/10/0 together with cash payment of

133/10/0, at option: a bank passbook issued by the Ulster Bank, College

Green branch showing statement of a/c for halfyear ending 31 December

1903, balance in depositor's favour: 18/14/6 (eighteen pounds, fourteen

shillings and sixpence, sterling), net personalty: certificate of

possession of 900 pounds, Canadian 4 percent (inscribed) government

stock (free of stamp duty): dockets of the Catholic Cemeteries'

(Glasnevin) Committee, relative to a graveplot purchased: a local press

cutting concerning change of name by deedpoll.

Quote the textual terms of this notice.

I, Rudolph Virag, now resident at no 52 Clanbrassil street, Dublin,

formerly of Szombathely in the kingdom of Hungary, hereby give notice

that I have assumed and intend henceforth upon all occasions and at all

times to be known by the name of Rudolph Bloom.

What other objects relative to Rudolph Bloom (born Virag) were in the

2nd drawer?

An indistinct daguerreotype of Rudolf Virag and his father Leopold

Virag executed in the year 1852 in the portrait atelier of their

(respectively) 1st and 2nd cousin, Stefan Virag of Szesfehervar,

Hungary. An ancient haggadah book in which a pair of hornrimmed convex

spectacles inserted marked the passage of thanksgiving in the ritual

prayers for Pessach (Passover): a photocard of the Queen's Hotel,

Ennis, proprietor, Rudolph Bloom: an envelope addressed: \_To My Dear Son

Leopold\_.

What fractions of phrases did the lecture of those five whole words

evoke?

Tomorrow will be a week that I received... it is no use Leopold to be

... with your dear mother... that is not more to stand... to her...

all for me is out... be kind to Athos, Leopold... my dear son...

always... of me... \_das Herz... Gott... dein\_...

What reminiscences of a human subject suffering from progressive

melancholia did these objects evoke in Bloom?

An old man, widower, unkempt of hair, in bed, with head covered,

sighing: an infirm dog, Athos: aconite, resorted to by increasing doses

of grains and scruples as a palliative of recrudescent neuralgia: the

face in death of a septuagenarian, suicide by poison.

Why did Bloom experience a sentiment of remorse?

Because in immature impatience he had treated with disrespect certain

beliefs and practices.

As?

The prohibition of the use of fleshmeat and milk at one meal: the

hebdomadary symposium of incoordinately abstract, perfervidly concrete

mercantile coexreligionist excompatriots: the circumcision of

male infants: the supernatural character of Judaic scripture: the

ineffability of the tetragrammaton: the sanctity of the sabbath.

How did these beliefs and practices now appear to him?

Not more rational than they had then appeared, not less rational than

other beliefs and practices now appeared.

What first reminiscence had he of Rudolph Bloom (deceased)?

Rudolph Bloom (deceased) narrated to his son Leopold Bloom (aged 6) a

retrospective arrangement of migrations and settlements in and between

Dublin, London, Florence, Milan, Vienna, Budapest, Szombathely with

statements of satisfaction (his grandfather having seen Maria Theresia,

empress of Austria, queen of Hungary), with commercial advice (having

taken care of pence, the pounds having taken care of themselves).

Leopold Bloom (aged 6) had accompanied these narrations by constant

consultation of a geographical map of Europe (political) and by

suggestions for the establishment of affiliated business premises in the

various centres mentioned.

Had time equally but differently obliterated the memory of these

migrations in narrator and listener?

In narrator by the access of years and in consequence of the use of

narcotic toxin: in listener by the access of years and in consequence of

the action of distraction upon vicarious experiences.

What idiosyncracies of the narrator were concomitant products of

amnesia?

Occasionally he ate without having previously removed his hat.

Occasionally he drank voraciously the juice of gooseberry fool from an

inclined plate. Occasionally he removed from his lips the traces of food

by means of a lacerated envelope or other accessible fragment of paper.

What two phenomena of senescence were more frequent?

The myopic digital calculation of coins, eructation consequent upon

repletion.

What object offered partial consolation for these reminiscences?

The endowment policy, the bank passbook, the certificate of the

possession of scrip.

Reduce Bloom by cross multiplication of reverses of fortune, from which

these supports protected him, and by elimination of all positive values

to a negligible negative irrational unreal quantity.

Successively, in descending helotic order: Poverty: that of the outdoor

hawker of imitation jewellery, the dun for the recovery of bad and

doubtful debts, the poor rate and deputy cess collector. Mendicancy:

that of the fraudulent bankrupt with negligible assets paying 1s. 4d.

in the pound, sandwichman, distributor of throwaways, nocturnal vagrant,

insinuating sycophant, maimed sailor, blind stripling, superannuated

bailiffs man, marfeast, lickplate, spoilsport, pickthank, eccentric

public laughingstock seated on bench of public park under discarded

perforated umbrella. Destitution: the inmate of Old Man's House (Royal

Hospital) Kilmainham, the inmate of Simpson's Hospital for reduced but

respectable men permanently disabled by gout or want of sight. Nadir of

misery: the aged impotent disfranchised ratesupported moribund lunatic

pauper.

With which attendant indignities?

The unsympathetic indifference of previously amiable females, the

contempt of muscular males, the acceptance of fragments of bread,

the simulated ignorance of casual acquaintances, the latration of

illegitimate unlicensed vagabond dogs, the infantile discharge of

decomposed vegetable missiles, worth little or nothing, nothing or less

than nothing.

By what could such a situation be precluded?

By decease (change of state): by departure (change of place).

Which preferably?

The latter, by the line of least resistance.

What considerations rendered departure not entirely undesirable?

Constant cohabitation impeding mutual toleration of personal defects.

The habit of independent purchase increasingly cultivated. The necessity

to counteract by impermanent sojourn the permanence of arrest.

What considerations rendered departure not irrational?

The parties concerned, uniting, had increased and multiplied, which

being done, offspring produced and educed to maturity, the parties, if

not disunited were obliged to reunite for increase and multiplication,

which was absurd, to form by reunion the original couple of uniting

parties, which was impossible.

What considerations rendered departure desirable?

The attractive character of certain localities in Ireland and abroad,

as represented in general geographical maps of polychrome design or

in special ordnance survey charts by employment of scale numerals and

hachures.

In Ireland?

The cliffs of Moher, the windy wilds of Connemara, lough Neagh with

submerged petrified city, the Giant's Causeway, Fort Camden and Fort

Carlisle, the Golden Vale of Tipperary, the islands of Aran, the

pastures of royal Meath, Brigid's elm in Kildare, the Queen's Island

shipyard in Belfast, the Salmon Leap, the lakes of Killarney.

Abroad?

Ceylon (with spicegardens supplying tea to Thomas Kernan, agent for

Pulbrook, Robertson and Co, 2 Mincing Lane, London, E. C., 5 Dame

street, Dublin), Jerusalem, the holy city (with mosque of Omar and gate

of Damascus, goal of aspiration), the straits of Gibraltar (the unique

birthplace of Marion Tweedy), the Parthenon (containing statues of nude

Grecian divinities), the Wall street money market (which controlled

international finance), the Plaza de Toros at La Linea, Spain (where

O'Hara of the Camerons had slain the bull), Niagara (over which no human

being had passed with impunity), the land of the Eskimos (eaters

of soap), the forbidden country of Thibet (from which no traveller

returns), the bay of Naples (to see which was to die), the Dead Sea.

Under what guidance, following what signs?

At sea, septentrional, by night the polestar, located at the point of

intersection of the right line from beta to alpha in Ursa Maior produced

and divided externally at omega and the hypotenuse of the rightangled

triangle formed by the line alpha omega so produced and the line alpha

delta of Ursa Maior. On land, meridional, a bispherical moon, revealed

in imperfect varying phases of lunation through the posterior interstice

of the imperfectly occluded skirt of a carnose negligent perambulating

female, a pillar of the cloud by day.

What public advertisement would divulge the occultation of the departed?

5 pounds reward, lost, stolen or strayed from his residence 7 Eccles

street, missing gent about 40, answering to the name of Bloom, Leopold

(Poldy), height 5 ft 9 1/2 inches, full build, olive complexion, may

have since grown a beard, when last seen was wearing a black suit. Above

sum will be paid for information leading to his discovery.

What universal binomial denominations would be his as entity and

nonentity?

Assumed by any or known to none. Everyman or Noman.

What tributes his?

Honour and gifts of strangers, the friends of Everyman. A nymph

immortal, beauty, the bride of Noman.

Would the departed never nowhere nohow reappear?

Ever he would wander, selfcompelled, to the extreme limit of his

cometary orbit, beyond the fixed stars and variable suns and telescopic

planets, astronomical waifs and strays, to the extreme boundary of

space, passing from land to land, among peoples, amid events. Somewhere

imperceptibly he would hear and somehow reluctantly, suncompelled, obey

the summons of recall. Whence, disappearing from the constellation of

the Northern Crown he would somehow reappear reborn above delta in the

constellation of Cassiopeia and after incalculable eons of peregrination

return an estranged avenger, a wreaker of justice on malefactors, a dark

crusader, a sleeper awakened, with financial resources (by supposition)

surpassing those of Rothschild or the silver king.

What would render such return irrational?

An unsatisfactory equation between an exodus and return in time through

reversible space and an exodus and return in space through irreversible

time.

What play of forces, inducing inertia, rendered departure undesirable?

The lateness of the hour, rendering procrastinatory: the obscurity

of the night, rendering invisible: the uncertainty of thoroughfares,

rendering perilous: the necessity for repose, obviating movement: the

proximity of an occupied bed, obviating research: the anticipation of

warmth (human) tempered with coolness (linen), obviating desire and

rendering desirable: the statue of Narcissus, sound without echo,

desired desire.

What advantages were possessed by an occupied, as distinct from an

unoccupied bed?

The removal of nocturnal solitude, the superior quality of human

(mature female) to inhuman (hotwaterjar) calefaction, the stimulation of

matutinal contact, the economy of mangling done on the premises in the

case of trousers accurately folded and placed lengthwise between the

spring mattress (striped) and the woollen mattress (biscuit section).

What past consecutive causes, before rising preapprehended, of

accumulated fatigue did Bloom, before rising, silently recapitulate?

The preparation of breakfast (burnt offering): intestinal congestion and

premeditative defecation (holy of holies): the bath (rite of John): the

funeral (rite of Samuel): the advertisement of Alexander Keyes (Urim and

Thummim): the unsubstantial lunch (rite of Melchisedek): the visit to

museum and national library (holy place): the bookhunt along Bedford

row, Merchants' Arch, Wellington Quay (Simchath Torah): the music in the

Ormond Hotel (Shira Shirim): the altercation with a truculent troglodyte

in Bernard Kiernan's premises (holocaust): a blank period of time

including a cardrive, a visit to a house of mourning, a leavetaking

(wilderness): the eroticism produced by feminine exhibitionism (rite of

Onan): the prolonged delivery of Mrs Mina Purefoy (heave offering):

the visit to the disorderly house of Mrs Bella Cohen, 82 Tyrone

street, lower and subsequent brawl and chance medley in Beaver street

(Armageddon)--nocturnal perambulation to and from the cabman's shelter,

Butt Bridge (atonement).

What selfimposed enigma did Bloom about to rise in order to go so as to

conclude lest he should not conclude involuntarily apprehend?

The cause of a brief sharp unforeseen heard loud lone crack emitted by

the insentient material of a strainveined timber table.

What selfinvolved enigma did Bloom risen, going, gathering multicoloured

multiform multitudinous garments, voluntarily apprehending, not

comprehend?

Who was M'Intosh?

What selfevident enigma pondered with desultory constancy during 30

years did Bloom now, having effected natural obscurity by the extinction

of artificial light, silently suddenly comprehend?

Where was Moses when the candle went out?

What imperfections in a perfect day did Bloom, walking, charged with

collected articles of recently disvested male wearing apparel, silently,

successively, enumerate?

A provisional failure to obtain renewal of an advertisement: to obtain

a certain quantity of tea from Thomas Kernan (agent for Pulbrook,

Robertson and Co, 5 Dame Street, Dublin, and 2 Mincing Lane, London E.

C.): to certify the presence or absence of posterior rectal orifice in

the case of Hellenic female divinities: to obtain admission (gratuitous

or paid) to the performance of Leah by Mrs Bandmann Palmer at the Gaiety

Theatre, 46, 47, 48, 49 South King street.

What impression of an absent face did Bloom, arrested, silently recall?

The face of her father, the late Major Brian Cooper Tweedy, Royal Dublin

Fusiliers, of Gibraltar and Rehoboth, Dolphin's Barn.

What recurrent impressions of the same were possible by hypothesis?

Retreating, at the terminus of the Great Northern Railway, Amiens

street, with constant uniform acceleration, along parallel lines

meeting at infinity, if produced: along parallel lines, reproduced from

infinity, with constant uniform retardation, at the terminus of the

Great Northern Railway, Amiens street, returning.

What miscellaneous effects of female personal wearing apparel were

perceived by him?

A pair of new inodorous halfsilk black ladies' hose, a pair of new

violet garters, a pair of outsize ladies' drawers of India mull, cut on

generous lines, redolent of opoponax, jessamine and Muratti's Turkish

cigarettes and containing a long bright steel safety pin, folded

curvilinear, a camisole of batiste with thin lace border, an accordion

underskirt of blue silk moirette, all these objects being disposed

irregularly on the top of a rectangular trunk, quadruple battened,

having capped corners, with multicoloured labels, initialled on its fore

side in white lettering B. C. T. (Brian Cooper Tweedy).

What impersonal objects were perceived?

A commode, one leg fractured, totally covered by square cretonne

cutting, apple design, on which rested a lady's black straw hat.

Orangekeyed ware, bought of Henry Price, basket, fancy goods, chinaware

and ironmongery manufacturer, 21, 22, 23 Moore street, disposed

irregularly on the washstand and floor and consisting of basin, soapdish

and brushtray (on the washstand, together), pitcher and night article

(on the floor, separate).

Bloom's acts?

He deposited the articles of clothing on a chair, removed his remaining

articles of clothing, took from beneath the bolster at the head of the

bed a folded long white nightshirt, inserted his head and arms into the

proper apertures of the nightshirt, removed a pillow from the head to

the foot of the bed, prepared the bedlinen accordingly and entered the

bed.

How?

With circumspection, as invariably when entering an abode (his own or

not his own): with solicitude, the snakespiral springs of the mattress

being old, the brass quoits and pendent viper radii loose and tremulous

under stress and strain: prudently, as entering a lair or ambush of

lust or adders: lightly, the less to disturb: reverently, the bed of

conception and of birth, of consummation of marriage and of breach of

marriage, of sleep and of death.

What did his limbs, when gradually extended, encounter?

New clean bedlinen, additional odours, the presence of a human form,

female, hers, the imprint of a human form, male, not his, some crumbs,

some flakes of potted meat, recooked, which he removed.

If he had smiled why would he have smiled?

To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to

enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if

the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first,

last, only and alone whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor

alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity.

What preceding series?

Assuming Mulvey to be the first term of his series, Penrose, Bartell

d'Arcy, professor Goodwin, Julius Mastiansky, John Henry Menton, Father

Bernard Corrigan, a farmer at the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show,

Maggot O'Reilly, Matthew Dillon, Valentine Blake Dillon (Lord Mayor

of Dublin), Christopher Callinan, Lenehan, an Italian organgrinder,

an unknown gentleman in the Gaiety Theatre, Benjamin Dollard, Simon

Dedalus, Andrew (Pisser) Burke, Joseph Cuffe, Wisdom Hely, Alderman John

Hooper, Dr Francis Brady, Father Sebastian of Mount Argus, a bootblack

at the General Post Office, Hugh E. (Blazes) Boylan and so each and so

on to no last term.

What were his reflections concerning the last member of this series and

late occupant of the bed?

Reflections on his vigour (a bounder), corporal proportion (a

billsticker), commercial ability (a bester), impressionability (a

boaster).

Why for the observer impressionability in addition to vigour, corporal

proportion and commercial ability?

Because he had observed with augmenting frequency in the preceding

members of the same series the same concupiscence, inflammably

transmitted, first with alarm, then with understanding, then with

desire, finally with fatigue, with alternating symptoms of epicene

comprehension and apprehension.

With what antagonistic sentiments were his subsequent reflections

affected?

Envy, jealousy, abnegation, equanimity.

Envy?

Of a bodily and mental male organism specially adapted for the

superincumbent posture of energetic human copulation and energetic

piston and cylinder movement necessary for the complete satisfaction of

a constant but not acute concupiscence resident in a bodily and mental

female organism, passive but not obtuse.

Jealousy?

Because a nature full and volatile in its free state, was alternately

the agent and reagent of attraction. Because attraction between agent(s)

and reagent(s) at all instants varied, with inverse proportion of

increase and decrease, with incessant circular extension and radial

reentrance. Because the controlled contemplation of the fluctuation of

attraction produced, if desired, a fluctuation of pleasure.

Abnegation?

In virtue of a) acquaintance initiated in September 1903 in the

establishment of George Mesias, merchant tailor and outfitter, 5 Eden

Quay, b) hospitality extended and received in kind, reciprocated and

reappropriated in person, c) comparative youth subject to impulses of

ambition and magnanimity, colleagual altruism and amorous egoism, d)

extraracial attraction, intraracial inhibition, supraracial prerogative,

e) an imminent provincial musical tour, common current expenses, net

proceeds divided.

Equanimity?

As as natural as any and every natural act of a nature expressed or

understood executed in natured nature by natural creatures in accordance

with his, her and their natured natures, of dissimilar similarity.

As not so calamitous as a cataclysmic annihilation of the planet in

consequence of a collision with a dark sun. As less reprehensible than

theft, highway robbery, cruelty to children and animals, obtaining money

under false pretences, forgery, embezzlement, misappropriation of public

money, betrayal of public trust, malingering, mayhem, corruption of

minors, criminal libel, blackmail, contempt of court, arson, treason,

felony, mutiny on the high seas, trespass, burglary, jailbreaking,

practice of unnatural vice, desertion from armed forces in the field,

perjury, poaching, usury, intelligence with the king's enemies,

impersonation, criminal assault, manslaughter, wilful and premeditated

murder. As not more abnormal than all other parallel processes of

adaptation to altered conditions of existence, resulting in a reciprocal

equilibrium between the bodily organism and its attendant circumstances,

foods, beverages, acquired habits, indulged inclinations, significant

disease. As more than inevitable, irreparable.

Why more abnegation than jealousy, less envy than equanimity?

From outrage (matrimony) to outrage (adultery) there arose nought but

outrage (copulation) yet the matrimonial violator of the matrimonially

violated had not been outraged by the adulterous violator of the

adulterously violated.

What retribution, if any?

Assassination, never, as two wrongs did not make one right. Duel by

combat, no. Divorce, not now. Exposure by mechanical artifice (automatic

bed) or individual testimony (concealed ocular witnesses), not yet. Suit

for damages by legal influence or simulation of assault with evidence of

injuries sustained (selfinflicted), not impossibly. Hushmoney by moral

influence possibly. If any, positively, connivance, introduction of

emulation (material, a prosperous rival agency of publicity: moral,

a successful rival agent of intimacy), depreciation, alienation,

humiliation, separation protecting the one separated from the other,

protecting the separator from both.

By what reflections did he, a conscious reactor against the void of

incertitude, justify to himself his sentiments?

The preordained frangibility of the hymen: the presupposed intangibility

of the thing in itself: the incongruity and disproportion between

the selfprolonging tension of the thing proposed to be done and the

selfabbreviating relaxation of the thing done; the fallaciously inferred

debility of the female: the muscularity of the male: the variations of

ethical codes: the natural grammatical transition by inversion involving

no alteration of sense of an aorist preterite proposition (parsed as

masculine subject, monosyllabic onomatopoeic transitive verb with direct

feminine object) from the active voice into its correlative aorist

preterite proposition (parsed as feminine subject, auxiliary verb

and quasimonosyllabic onomatopoeic past participle with complementary

masculine agent) in the passive voice: the continued product of

seminators by generation: the continual production of semen by

distillation: the futility of triumph or protest or vindication: the

inanity of extolled virtue: the lethargy of nescient matter: the apathy

of the stars.

In what final satisfaction did these antagonistic sentiments and

reflections, reduced to their simplest forms, converge?

Satisfaction at the ubiquity in eastern and western terrestrial

hemispheres, in all habitable lands and islands explored or unexplored

(the land of the midnight sun, the islands of the blessed, the isles of

Greece, the land of promise), of adipose anterior and posterior female

hemispheres, redolent of milk and honey and of excretory sanguine and

seminal warmth, reminiscent of secular families of curves of amplitude,

insusceptible of moods of impression or of contrarieties of expression,

expressive of mute immutable mature animality.

The visible signs of antesatisfaction?

An approximate erection: a solicitous adversion: a gradual elevation: a

tentative revelation: a silent contemplation.

Then?

He kissed the plump mellow yellow smellow melons of her rump, on each

plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow, with obscure

prolonged provocative melonsmellonous osculation.

The visible signs of postsatisfaction?

A silent contemplation: a tentative velation: a gradual abasement: a

solicitous aversion: a proximate erection.

What followed this silent action?

Somnolent invocation, less somnolent recognition, incipient excitation,

catechetical interrogation.

With what modifications did the narrator reply to this interrogation?

Negative: he omitted to mention the clandestine correspondence between

Martha Clifford and Henry Flower, the public altercation at, in and

in the vicinity of the licensed premises of Bernard Kiernan and Co,

Limited, 8, 9 and 10 Little Britain street, the erotic provocation

and response thereto caused by the exhibitionism of Gertrude (Gerty),

surname unknown. Positive: he included mention of a performance by Mrs

Bandmann Palmer of LEAH at the Gaiety Theatre, 46, 47, 48, 49 South King

street, an invitation to supper at Wynn's (Murphy's) Hotel, 35, 36 and

37 Lower Abbey street, a volume of peccaminous pornographical tendency

entituled SWEETS OF SIN, anonymous author a gentleman of fashion, a

temporary concussion caused by a falsely calculated movement in the

course of a postcenal gymnastic display, the victim (since completely

recovered) being Stephen Dedalus, professor and author, eldest surviving

son of Simon Dedalus, of no fixed occupation, an aeronautical feat

executed by him (narrator) in the presence of a witness, the professor

and author aforesaid, with promptitude of decision and gymnastic

flexibility.

Was the narration otherwise unaltered by modifications?

Absolutely.

Which event or person emerged as the salient point of his narration?

Stephen Dedalus, professor and author.

What limitations of activity and inhibitions of conjugal rights were

perceived by listener and narrator concerning themselves during the

course of this intermittent and increasingly more laconic narration?

By the listener a limitation of fertility inasmuch as marriage had been

celebrated 1 calendar month after the 18th anniversary of her birth (8

September 1870), viz. 8 October, and consummated on the same date with

female issue born 15 June 1889, having been anticipatorily consummated

on the lo September of the same year and complete carnal intercourse,

with ejaculation of semen within the natural female organ, having last

taken place 5 weeks previous, viz. 27 November 1893, to the birth on 29

December 1893 of second (and only male) issue, deceased 9 January 1894,

aged 11 days, there remained a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days

during which carnal intercourse had been incomplete, without ejaculation

of semen within the natural female organ. By the narrator a limitation

of activity, mental and corporal, inasmuch as complete mental

intercourse between himself and the listener had not taken place since

the consummation of puberty, indicated by catamenic hemorrhage, of the

female issue of narrator and listener, 15 September 1903, there remained

a period of 9 months and 1 day during which, in consequence of a

preestablished natural comprehension in incomprehension between the

consummated females (listener and issue), complete corporal liberty of

action had been circumscribed.

How?

By various reiterated feminine interrogation concerning the masculine

destination whither, the place where, the time at which, the duration

for which, the object with which in the case of temporary absences,

projected or effected.

What moved visibly above the listener's and the narrator's invisible

thoughts?

The upcast reflection of a lamp and shade, an inconstant series of

concentric circles of varying gradations of light and shadow.

In what directions did listener and narrator lie?

Listener, S. E. by E.: Narrator, N. W. by W.: on the 53rd parallel

of latitude, N., and 6th meridian of longitude, W.: at an angle of 45

degrees to the terrestrial equator.

In what state of rest or motion?

At rest relatively to themselves and to each other. In motion being each

and both carried westward, forward and rereward respectively, by the

proper perpetual motion of the earth through everchanging tracks of

neverchanging space.

In what posture?

Listener: reclined semilaterally, left, left hand under head, right

leg extended in a straight line and resting on left leg, flexed, in the

attitude of Gea-Tellus, fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed. Narrator:

reclined laterally, left, with right and left legs flexed, the index

finger and thumb of the right hand resting on the bridge of the nose, in

the attitude depicted in a snapshot photograph made by Percy Apjohn, the

childman weary, the manchild in the womb.

Womb? Weary?

He rests. He has travelled.

With?

Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and

Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad the Failer and

Binbad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Minbad the Mailer and Hinbad

the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the

Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer.

When?

Going to dark bed there was a square round Sinbad the Sailor roc's auk's

egg in the night of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Darkinbad the

Brightdayler.

Where?

Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his

breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs since the \_City Arms\_ hotel

when he used to be pretending to be laid up with a sick voice doing his

highness to make himself interesting for that old faggot Mrs Riordan

that he thought he had a great leg of and she never left us a farthing

all for masses for herself and her soul greatest miser ever was actually

afraid to lay out 4d for her methylated spirit telling me all her

ailments she had too much old chat in her about politics and earthquakes

and the end of the world let us have a bit of fun first God help the

world if all the women were her sort down on bathingsuits and lownecks

of course nobody wanted her to wear them I suppose she was pious because

no man would look at her twice I hope Ill never be like her a wonder

she didnt want us to cover our faces but she was a welleducated woman

certainly and her gabby talk about Mr Riordan here and Mr Riordan there

I suppose he was glad to get shut of her and her dog smelling my fur and

always edging to get up under my petticoats especially then still I like

that in him polite to old women like that and waiters and beggars too

hes not proud out of nothing but not always if ever he got anything

really serious the matter with him its much better for them to go into

a hospital where everything is clean but I suppose Id have to dring it

into him for a month yes and then wed have a hospital nurse next thing

on the carpet have him staying there till they throw him out or a nun

maybe like the smutty photo he has shes as much a nun as Im not yes

because theyre so weak and puling when theyre sick they want a woman

to get well if his nose bleeds youd think it was O tragic and that

dyinglooking one off the south circular when he sprained his foot at

the choir party at the sugarloaf Mountain the day I wore that dress

Miss Stack bringing him flowers the worst old ones she could find at the

bottom of the basket anything at all to get into a mans bedroom with

her old maids voice trying to imagine he was dying on account of her to

never see thy face again though he looked more like a man with his beard

a bit grown in the bed father was the same besides I hate bandaging and

dosing when he cut his toe with the razor paring his corns afraid hed

get bloodpoisoning but if it was a thing I was sick then wed see what

attention only of course the woman hides it not to give all the trouble

they do yes he came somewhere Im sure by his appetite anyway love its

not or hed be off his feed thinking of her so either it was one of those

night women if it was down there he was really and the hotel story he

made up a pack of lies to hide it planning it Hynes kept me who did I

meet ah yes I met do you remember Menton and who else who let me see

that big babbyface I saw him and he not long married flirting with a

young girl at Pooles Myriorama and turned my back on him when he slinked

out looking quite conscious what harm but he had the impudence to make

up to me one time well done to him mouth almighty and his boiled eyes of

all the big stupoes I ever met and thats called a solicitor only for

I hate having a long wrangle in bed or else if its not that its some

little bitch or other he got in with somewhere or picked up on the

sly if they only knew him as well as I do yes because the day before

yesterday he was scribbling something a letter when I came into the

front room to show him Dignams death in the paper as if something told

me and he covered it up with the blottingpaper pretending to be thinking

about business so very probably that was it to somebody who thinks

she has a softy in him because all men get a bit like that at his age

especially getting on to forty he is now so as to wheedle any money she

can out of him no fool like an old fool and then the usual kissing my

bottom was to hide it not that I care two straws now who he does it with

or knew before that way though Id like to find out so long as I dont

have the two of them under my nose all the time like that slut that Mary

we had in Ontario terrace padding out her false bottom to excite him bad

enough to get the smell of those painted women off him once or twice

I had a suspicion by getting him to come near me when I found the

long hair on his coat without that one when I went into the kitchen

pretending he was drinking water 1 woman is not enough for them it was

all his fault of course ruining servants then proposing that she could

eat at our table on Christmas day if you please O no thank you not in my

house stealing my potatoes and the oysters 2/6 per doz going out to see

her aunt if you please common robbery so it was but I was sure he had

something on with that one it takes me to find out a thing like that he

said you have no proof it was her proof O yes her aunt was very fond of

oysters but I told her what I thought of her suggesting me to go out to

be alone with her I wouldnt lower myself to spy on them the garters I

found in her room the Friday she was out that was enough for me a little

bit too much her face swelled up on her with temper when I gave her her

weeks notice I saw to that better do without them altogether do out the

rooms myself quicker only for the damn cooking and throwing out the dirt

I gave it to him anyhow either she or me leaves the house I couldnt even

touch him if I thought he was with a dirty barefaced liar and sloven

like that one denying it up to my face and singing about the place in

the W C too because she knew she was too well off yes because he couldnt

possibly do without it that long so he must do it somewhere and the last

time he came on my bottom when was it the night Boylan gave my hand a

great squeeze going along by the Tolka in my hand there steals another

I just pressed the back of his like that with my thumb to squeeze back

singing the young May moon shes beaming love because he has an idea

about him and me hes not such a fool he said Im dining out and going to

the Gaiety though Im not going to give him the satisfaction in any case

God knows hes a change in a way not to be always and ever wearing the

same old hat unless I paid some nicelooking boy to do it since I cant do

it myself a young boy would like me Id confuse him a little alone with

him if we were Id let him see my garters the new ones and make him turn

red looking at him seduce him I know what boys feel with that down

on their cheek doing that frigging drawing out the thing by the hour

question and answer would you do this that and the other with the

coalman yes with a bishop yes I would because I told him about some dean

or bishop was sitting beside me in the jews temples gardens when I was

knitting that woollen thing a stranger to Dublin what place was it and

so on about the monuments and he tired me out with statues encouraging

him making him worse than he is who is in your mind now tell me who are

you thinking of who is it tell me his name who tell me who the german

Emperor is it yes imagine Im him think of him can you feel him trying to

make a whore of me what he never will he ought to give it up now at this

age of his life simply ruination for any woman and no satisfaction in it

pretending to like it till he comes and then finish it off myself anyway

and it makes your lips pale anyhow its done now once and for all with

all the talk of the world about it people make its only the first time

after that its just the ordinary do it and think no more about it why

cant you kiss a man without going and marrying him first you sometimes

love to wildly when you feel that way so nice all over you you cant help

yourself I wish some man or other would take me sometime when hes there

and kiss me in his arms theres nothing like a kiss long and hot down to

your soul almost paralyses you then I hate that confession when I used

to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and what harm if he did

where and I said on the canal bank like a fool but whereabouts on your

person my child on the leg behind high up was it yes rather high up was

it where you sit down yes O Lord couldnt he say bottom right out and

have done with it what has that got to do with it and did you whatever

way he put it I forget no father and I always think of the real father

what did he want to know for when I already confessed it to God he had

a nice fat hand the palm moist always I wouldnt mind feeling it neither

would he Id say by the bullneck in his horsecollar I wonder did he know

me in the box I could see his face he couldnt see mine of course hed

never turn or let on still his eyes were red when his father died theyre

lost for a woman of course must be terrible when a man cries let alone

them Id like to be embraced by one in his vestments and the smell of

incense off him like the pope besides theres no danger with a priest if

youre married hes too careful about himself then give something to H

H the pope for a penance I wonder was he satisfied with me one thing I

didnt like his slapping me behind going away so familiarly in the hall

though I laughed Im not a horse or an ass am I I suppose he was thinking

of his fathers I wonder is he awake thinking of me or dreaming am I in

it who gave him that flower he said he bought he smelt of some kind of

drink not whisky or stout or perhaps the sweety kind of paste they stick

their bills up with some liqueur Id like to sip those richlooking green

and yellow expensive drinks those stagedoor johnnies drink with the

opera hats I tasted once with my finger dipped out of that American that

had the squirrel talking stamps with father he had all he could do to

keep himself from falling asleep after the last time after we took the

port and potted meat it had a fine salty taste yes because I felt lovely

and tired myself and fell asleep as sound as a top the moment I popped

straight into bed till that thunder woke me up God be merciful to us

I thought the heavens were coming down about us to punish us when I

blessed myself and said a Hail Mary like those awful thunderbolts in

Gibraltar as if the world was coming to an end and then they come and

tell you theres no God what could you do if it was running and rushing

about nothing only make an act of contrition the candle I lit that

evening in Whitefriars street chapel for the month of May see it brought

its luck though hed scoff if he heard because he never goes to church

mass or meeting he says your soul you have no soul inside only grey

matter because he doesnt know what it is to have one yes when I lit the

lamp because he must have come 3 or 4 times with that tremendous big red

brute of a thing he has I thought the vein or whatever the dickens they

call it was going to burst though his nose is not so big after I took

off all my things with the blinds down after my hours dressing and

perfuming and combing it like iron or some kind of a thick crowbar

standing all the time he must have eaten oysters I think a few dozen he

was in great singing voice no I never in all my life felt anyone had

one the size of that to make you feel full up he must have eaten a whole

sheep after whats the idea making us like that with a big hole in the

middle of us or like a Stallion driving it up into you because thats all

they want out of you with that determined vicious look in his eye I had

to halfshut my eyes still he hasnt such a tremendous amount of spunk in

him when I made him pull out and do it on me considering how big it is

so much the better in case any of it wasnt washed out properly the last

time I let him finish it in me nice invention they made for women for

him to get all the pleasure but if someone gave them a touch of it

themselves theyd know what I went through with Milly nobody would

believe cutting her teeth too and Mina Purefoys husband give us a swing

out of your whiskers filling her up with a child or twins once a year

as regular as the clock always with a smell of children off her the one

they called budgers or something like a nigger with a shock of hair on

it Jesusjack the child is a black the last time I was there a squad of

them falling over one another and bawling you couldnt hear your ears

supposed to be healthy not satisfied till they have us swollen out like

elephants or I dont know what supposing I risked having another not off

him though still if he was married Im sure hed have a fine strong child

but I dont know Poldy has more spunk in him yes thatd be awfully jolly

I suppose it was meeting Josie Powell and the funeral and thinking about

me and Boylan set him off well he can think what he likes now if thatll

do him any good I know they were spooning a bit when I came on the scene

he was dancing and sitting out with her the night of Georgina Simpsons

housewarming and then he wanted to ram it down my neck it was on account

of not liking to see her a wallflower that was why we had the standup

row over politics he began it not me when he said about Our Lord being a

carpenter at last he made me cry of course a woman is so sensitive about

everything I was fuming with myself after for giving in only for I knew

he was gone on me and the first socialist he said He was he annoyed me

so much I couldnt put him into a temper still he knows a lot of mixedup

things especially about the body and the inside I often wanted to study

up that myself what we have inside us in that family physician I could

always hear his voice talking when the room was crowded and watch him

after that I pretended I had a coolness on with her over him because he

used to be a bit on the jealous side whenever he asked who are you going

to and I said over to Floey and he made me the present of Byron's poems

and the three pairs of gloves so that finished that I could quite easily

get him to make it up any time I know how Id even supposing he got in

with her again and was going out to see her somewhere Id know if he

refused to eat the onions I know plenty of ways ask him to tuck down the

collar of my blouse or touch him with my veil and gloves on going out I

kiss then would send them all spinning however alright well see then let

him go to her she of course would only be too delighted to pretend shes

mad in love with him that I wouldnt so much mind Id just go to her and

ask her do you love him and look her square in the eyes she couldnt fool

me but he might imagine he was and make a declaration to her with his

plabbery kind of a manner like he did to me though I had the devils own

job to get it out of him though I liked him for that it showed he could

hold in and wasnt to be got for the asking he was on the pop of asking

me too the night in the kitchen I was rolling the potato cake theres

something I want to say to you only for I put him off letting on I was

in a temper with my hands and arms full of pasty flour in any case I let

out too much the night before talking of dreams so I didnt want to let

him know more than was good for him she used to be always embracing me

Josie whenever he was there meaning him of course glauming me over and

when I said I washed up and down as far as possible asking me and did

you wash possible the women are always egging on to that putting it on

thick when hes there they know by his sly eye blinking a bit putting on

the indifferent when they come out with something the kind he is what

spoils him I dont wonder in the least because he was very handsome at

that time trying to look like Lord Byron I said I liked though he

was too beautiful for a man and he was a little before we got engaged

afterwards though she didnt like it so much the day I was in fits of

laughing with the giggles I couldnt stop about all my hairpins falling

out one after another with the mass of hair I had youre always in great

humour she said yes because it grigged her because she knew what it

meant because I used to tell her a good bit of what went on between us

not all but just enough to make her mouth water but that wasnt my fault

she didnt darken the door much after we were married I wonder what shes

got like now after living with that dotty husband of hers she had her

face beginning to look drawn and run down the last time I saw her she

must have been just after a row with him because I saw on the moment she

was edging to draw down a conversation about husbands and talk about him

to run him down what was it she told me O yes that sometimes he used to

go to bed with his muddy boots on when the maggot takes him just imagine

having to get into bed with a thing like that that might murder you

any moment what a man well its not the one way everyone goes mad Poldy

anyhow whatever he does always wipes his feet on the mat when he comes

in wet or shine and always blacks his own boots too and he always takes

off his hat when he comes up in the street like then and now hes going

about in his slippers to look for 10000 pounds for a postcard U p up

O sweetheart May wouldnt a thing like that simply bore you stiff to

extinction actually too stupid even to take his boots off now what

could you make of a man like that Id rather die 20 times over than marry

another of their sex of course hed never find another woman like me to

put up with him the way I do know me come sleep with me yes and he knows

that too at the bottom of his heart take that Mrs Maybrick that poisoned

her husband for what I wonder in love with some other man yes it was

found out on her wasnt she the downright villain to go and do a thing

like that of course some men can be dreadfully aggravating drive you mad

and always the worst word in the world what do they ask us to marry them

for if were so bad as all that comes to yes because they cant get on

without us white Arsenic she put in his tea off flypaper wasnt it I

wonder why they call it that if I asked him hed say its from the Greek

leave us as wise as we were before she must have been madly in love with

the other fellow to run the chance of being hanged O she didnt care if

that was her nature what could she do besides theyre not brutes enough

to go and hang a woman surely are they

theyre all so different Boylan talking about the shape of my foot he

noticed at once even before he was introduced when I was in the D B C

with Poldy laughing and trying to listen I was waggling my foot we both

ordered 2 teas and plain bread and butter I saw him looking with his

two old maids of sisters when I stood up and asked the girl where it was

what do I care with it dropping out of me and that black closed breeches

he made me buy takes you half an hour to let them down wetting all

myself always with some brandnew fad every other week such a long one I

did I forgot my suede gloves on the seat behind that I never got after

some robber of a woman and he wanted me to put it in the Irish times

lost in the ladies lavatory D B C Dame street finder return to Mrs

Marion Bloom and I saw his eyes on my feet going out through the turning

door he was looking when I looked back and I went there for tea 2 days

after in the hope but he wasnt now how did that excite him because I was

crossing them when we were in the other room first he meant the shoes

that are too tight to walk in my hand is nice like that if I only had a

ring with the stone for my month a nice aquamarine Ill stick him for one

and a gold bracelet I dont like my foot so much still I made him spend

once with my foot the night after Goodwins botchup of a concert so cold

and windy it was well we had that rum in the house to mull and the fire

wasnt black out when he asked to take off my stockings lying on the

hearthrug in Lombard street west and another time it was my muddy boots

hed like me to walk in all the horses dung I could find but of course

hes not natural like the rest of the world that I what did he say I

could give 9 points in 10 to Katty Lanner and beat her what does that

mean I asked him I forget what he said because the stoppress edition

just passed and the man with the curly hair in the Lucan dairy thats so

polite I think I saw his face before somewhere I noticed him when I was

tasting the butter so I took my time Bartell dArcy too that he used to

make fun of when he commenced kissing me on the choir stairs after I

sang Gounods \_Ave Maria\_ what are we waiting for O my heart kiss me

straight on the brow and part which is my brown part he was pretty hot

for all his tinny voice too my low notes he was always raving about if

you can believe him I liked the way he used his mouth singing then he

said wasnt it terrible to do that there in a place like that I dont see

anything so terrible about it Ill tell him about that some day not now

and surprise him ay and Ill take him there and show him the very place

too we did it so now there you are like it or lump it he thinks nothing

can happen without him knowing he hadnt an idea about my mother till we

were engaged otherwise hed never have got me so cheap as he did he was

lo times worse himself anyhow begging me to give him a tiny bit cut off

my drawers that was the evening coming along Kenilworth square he kissed

me in the eye of my glove and I had to take it off asking me questions

is it permitted to enquire the shape of my bedroom so I let him keep it

as if I forgot it to think of me when I saw him slip it into his pocket

of course hes mad on the subject of drawers thats plain to be seen

always skeezing at those brazenfaced things on the bicycles with their

skirts blowing up to their navels even when Milly and I were out with

him at the open air fete that one in the cream muslin standing right

against the sun so he could see every atom she had on when he saw me

from behind following in the rain I saw him before he saw me however

standing at the corner of the Harolds cross road with a new raincoat on

him with the muffler in the Zingari colours to show off his complexion

and the brown hat looking slyboots as usual what was he doing there

where hed no business they can go and get whatever they like from

anything at all with a skirt on it and were not to ask any questions but

they want to know where were you where are you going I could feel him

coming along skulking after me his eyes on my neck he had been keeping

away from the house he felt it was getting too warm for him so I

halfturned and stopped then he pestered me to say yes till I took off my

glove slowly watching him he said my openwork sleeves were too cold for

the rain anything for an excuse to put his hand anear me drawers drawers

the whole blessed time till I promised to give him the pair off my doll

to carry about in his waistcoat pocket \_O Maria Santisima\_ he did look

a big fool dreeping in the rain splendid set of teeth he had made me

hungry to look at them and beseeched of me to lift the orange petticoat

I had on with the sunray pleats that there was nobody he said hed kneel

down in the wet if I didnt so persevering he would too and ruin his new

raincoat you never know what freak theyd take alone with you theyre so

savage for it if anyone was passing so I lifted them a bit and touched

his trousers outside the way I used to Gardner after with my ring hand

to keep him from doing worse where it was too public I was dying to find

out was he circumcised he was shaking like a jelly all over they want

to do everything too quick take all the pleasure out of it and father

waiting all the time for his dinner he told me to say I left my purse in

the butchers and had to go back for it what a Deceiver then he wrote me

that letter with all those words in it how could he have the face to any

woman after his company manners making it so awkward after when we met

asking me have I offended you with my eyelids down of course he saw I

wasnt he had a few brains not like that other fool Henny Doyle he was

always breaking or tearing something in the charades I hate an unlucky

man and if I knew what it meant of course I had to say no for form sake

dont understand you I said and wasnt it natural so it is of course

it used to be written up with a picture of a womans on that wall in

Gibraltar with that word I couldnt find anywhere only for children

seeing it too young then writing every morning a letter sometimes twice

a day I liked the way he made love then he knew the way to take a woman

when he sent me the 8 big poppies because mine was the 8th then I wrote

the night he kissed my heart at Dolphins barn I couldnt describe it

simply it makes you feel like nothing on earth but he never knew how to

embrace well like Gardner I hope hell come on Monday as he said at the

same time four I hate people who come at all hours answer the door you

think its the vegetables then its somebody and you all undressed or

the door of the filthy sloppy kitchen blows open the day old frostyface

Goodwin called about the concert in Lombard street and I just after

dinner all flushed and tossed with boiling old stew dont look at me

professor I had to say Im a fright yes but he was a real old gent in his

way it was impossible to be more respectful nobody to say youre out you

have to peep out through the blind like the messengerboy today I thought

it was a putoff first him sending the port and the peaches first and I

was just beginning to yawn with nerves thinking he was trying to make a

fool of me when I knew his tattarrattat at the door he must have been

a bit late because it was l/4 after 3 when I saw the 2 Dedalus girls

coming from school I never know the time even that watch he gave me

never seems to go properly Id want to get it looked after when I threw

the penny to that lame sailor for England home and beauty when I was

whistling there is a charming girl I love and I hadnt even put on my

clean shift or powdered myself or a thing then this day week were to go

to Belfast just as well he has to go to Ennis his fathers anniversary

the 27th it wouldnt be pleasant if he did suppose our rooms at the hotel

were beside each other and any fooling went on in the new bed I couldnt

tell him to stop and not bother me with him in the next room or perhaps

some protestant clergyman with a cough knocking on the wall then hed

never believe the next day we didnt do something its all very well a

husband but you cant fool a lover after me telling him we never did

anything of course he didnt believe me no its better hes going where

he is besides something always happens with him the time going to the

Mallow concert at Maryborough ordering boiling soup for the two of

us then the bell rang out he walks down the platform with the soup

splashing about taking spoonfuls of it hadnt he the nerve and the waiter

after him making a holy show of us screeching and confusion for the

engine to start but he wouldnt pay till he finished it the two gentlemen

in the 3rd class carriage said he was quite right so he was too hes so

pigheaded sometimes when he gets a thing into his head a good job he was

able to open the carriage door with his knife or theyd have taken us on

to Cork I suppose that was done out of revenge on him O I love jaunting

in a train or a car with lovely soft cushions I wonder will he take

a 1st class for me he might want to do it in the train by tipping the

guard well O I suppose therell be the usual idiots of men gaping at

us with their eyes as stupid as ever they can possibly be that was an

exceptional man that common workman that left us alone in the carriage

that day going to Howth Id like to find out something about him l or 2

tunnels perhaps then you have to look out of the window all the nicer

then coming back suppose I never came back what would they say eloped

with him that gets you on on the stage the last concert I sang at where

its over a year ago when was it St Teresas hall Clarendon St little

chits of missies they have now singing Kathleen Kearney and her like

on account of father being in the army and my singing the absentminded

beggar and wearing a brooch for Lord Roberts when I had the map of it

all and Poldy not Irish enough was it him managed it this time I wouldnt

put it past him like he got me on to sing in the \_Stabat Mater\_ by going

around saying he was putting Lead Kindly Light to music I put him up to

that till the jesuits found out he was a freemason thumping the piano

lead Thou me on copied from some old opera yes and he was going about

with some of them Sinner Fein lately or whatever they call themselves

talking his usual trash and nonsense he says that little man he showed

me without the neck is very intelligent the coming man Griffiths is he

well he doesnt look it thats all I can say still it must have been him

he knew there was a boycott I hate the mention of their politics after

the war that Pretoria and Ladysmith and Bloemfontein where Gardner lieut

Stanley G 8th Bn 2nd East Lancs Rgt of enteric fever he was a lovely

fellow in khaki and just the right height over me Im sure he was brave

too he said I was lovely the evening we kissed goodbye at the canal lock

my Irish beauty he was pale with excitement about going away or wed be

seen from the road he couldnt stand properly and I so hot as I never

felt they could have made their peace in the beginning or old oom Paul

and the rest of the other old Krugers go and fight it out between them

instead of dragging on for years killing any finelooking men there were

with their fever if he was even decently shot it wouldnt have been so

bad I love to see a regiment pass in review the first time I saw the

Spanish cavalry at La Roque it was lovely after looking across the bay

from Algeciras all the lights of the rock like fireflies or those sham

battles on the 15 acres the Black Watch with their kilts in time at the

march past the 10th hussars the prince of Wales own or the lancers O the

lancers theyre grand or the Dublins that won Tugela his father made his

money over selling the horses for the cavalry well he could buy me a

nice present up in Belfast after what I gave him theyve lovely linen up

there or one of those nice kimono things I must buy a mothball like I

had before to keep in the drawer with them it would be exciting going

round with him shopping buying those things in a new city better leave

this ring behind want to keep turning and turning to get it over the

knuckle there or they might bell it round the town in their papers or

tell the police on me but theyd think were married O let them all go and

smother themselves for the fat lot I care he has plenty of money and hes

not a marrying man so somebody better get it out of him if I could find

out whether he likes me I looked a bit washy of course when I looked

close in the handglass powdering a mirror never gives you the expression

besides scrooching down on me like that all the time with his big

hipbones hes heavy too with his hairy chest for this heat always having

to lie down for them better for him put it into me from behind the way

Mrs Mastiansky told me her husband made her like the dogs do it and

stick out her tongue as far as ever she could and he so quiet and mild

with his tingating cither can you ever be up to men the way it takes

them lovely stuff in that blue suit he had on and stylish tie and socks

with the skyblue silk things on them hes certainly well off I know by

the cut his clothes have and his heavy watch but he was like a perfect

devil for a few minutes after he came back with the stoppress tearing up

the tickets and swearing blazes because he lost 20 quid he said he lost

over that outsider that won and half he put on for me on account of

Lenehans tip cursing him to the lowest pits that sponger he was making

free with me after the Glencree dinner coming back that long joult over

the featherbed mountain after the lord Mayor looking at me with his

dirty eyes Val Dillon that big heathen I first noticed him at dessert

when I was cracking the nuts with my teeth I wished I could have picked

every morsel of that chicken out of my fingers it was so tasty

and browned and as tender as anything only for I didnt want to eat

everything on my plate those forks and fishslicers were hallmarked

silver too I wish I had some I could easily have slipped a couple into

my muff when I was playing with them then always hanging out of them for

money in a restaurant for the bit you put down your throat we have to

be thankful for our mangy cup of tea itself as a great compliment to be

noticed the way the world is divided in any case if its going to go on I

want at least two other good chemises for one thing and but I dont know

what kind of drawers he likes none at all I think didnt he say yes and

half the girls in Gibraltar never wore them either naked as God made

them that Andalusian singing her Manola she didnt make much secret of

what she hadnt yes and the second pair of silkette stockings is laddered

after one days wear I could have brought them back to Lewers this

morning and kicked up a row and made that one change them only not to

upset myself and run the risk of walking into him and ruining the whole

thing and one of those kidfitting corsets Id want advertised cheap in

the Gentlewoman with elastic gores on the hips he saved the one I have

but thats no good what did they say they give a delightful figure line

11/6 obviating that unsightly broad appearance across the lower back to

reduce flesh my belly is a bit too big Ill have to knock off the

stout at dinner or am I getting too fond of it the last they sent from

ORourkes was as flat as a pancake he makes his money easy Larry they

call him the old mangy parcel he sent at Xmas a cottage cake and a

bottle of hogwash he tried to palm off as claret that he couldnt get

anyone to drink God spare his spit for fear hed die of the drouth or

I must do a few breathing exercises I wonder is that antifat any good

might overdo it the thin ones are not so much the fashion now garters

that much I have the violet pair I wore today thats all he bought me

out of the cheque he got on the first O no there was the face lotion

I finished the last of yesterday that made my skin like new I told him

over and over again get that made up in the same place and dont forget

it God only knows whether he did after all I said to him 111 know by

the bottle anyway if not I suppose 111 only have to wash in my piss like

beeftea or chickensoup with some of that opoponax and violet I thought

it was beginning to look coarse or old a bit the skin underneath is much

finer where it peeled off there on my finger after the burn its a pity

it isnt all like that and the four paltry handkerchiefs about 6/- in all

sure you cant get on in this world without style all going in food and

rent when I get it Ill lash it around I tell you in fine style I always

want to throw a handful of tea into the pot measuring and mincing if

I buy a pair of old brogues itself do you like those new shoes yes how

much were they Ive no clothes at all the brown costume and the skirt and

jacket and the one at the cleaners 3 whats that for any woman cutting

up this old hat and patching up the other the men wont look at you and

women try to walk on you because they know youve no man then with all

the things getting dearer every day for the 4 years more I have of life

up to 35 no Im what am I at all 111 be 33 in September will I what O

well look at that Mrs Galbraith shes much older than me I saw her when

I was out last week her beautys on the wane she was a lovely woman

magnificent head of hair on her down to her waist tossing it back like

that like Kitty OShea in Grantham street 1st thing I did every morning

to look across see her combing it as if she loved it and was full of it

pity I only got to know her the day before we left and that Mrs Langtry

the jersey lily the prince of Wales was in love with I suppose hes like

the first man going the roads only for the name of a king theyre all

made the one way only a black mans Id like to try a beauty up to what

was she 45 there was some funny story about the jealous old husband what

was it at all and an oyster knife he went no he made her wear a kind

of a tin thing round her and the prince of Wales yes he had the oyster

knife cant be true a thing like that like some of those books he brings

me the works of Master Francois Somebody supposed to be a priest about

a child born out of her ear because her bumgut fell out a nice word for

any priest to write and her a--e as if any fool wouldnt know what that

meant I hate that pretending of all things with that old blackguards

face on him anybody can see its not true and that Ruby and Fair Tyrants

he brought me that twice I remember when I came to page 5 o the part

about where she hangs him up out of a hook with a cord flagellate

sure theres nothing for a woman in that all invention made up about he

drinking the champagne out of her slipper after the ball was over like

the infant Jesus in the crib at Inchicore in the Blessed Virgins arms

sure no woman could have a child that big taken out of her and I thought

first it came out of her side because how could she go to the chamber

when she wanted to and she a rich lady of course she felt honoured H R H

he was in Gibraltar the year I was born I bet he found lilies there too

where he planted the tree he planted more than that in his time he might

have planted me too if hed come a bit sooner then I wouldnt be here as

I am he ought to chuck that Freeman with the paltry few shillings

he knocks out of it and go into an office or something where hed get

regular pay or a bank where they could put him up on a throne to count

the money all the day of course he prefers plottering about the house

so you cant stir with him any side whats your programme today I wish hed

even smoke a pipe like father to get the smell of a man or pretending

to be mooching about for advertisements when he could have been in Mr

Cuffes still only for what he did then sending me to try and patch it up

I could have got him promoted there to be the manager he gave me a great

mirada once or twice first he was as stiff as the mischief really and

truly Mrs Bloom only I felt rotten simply with the old rubbishy dress

that I lost the leads out of the tails with no cut in it but theyre

coming into fashion again I bought it simply to please him I knew it was

no good by the finish pity I changed my mind of going to Todd and Bums

as I said and not Lees it was just like the shop itself rummage sale a

lot of trash I hate those rich shops get on your nerves nothing kills me

altogether only he thinks he knows a great lot about a womans dress and

cooking mathering everything he can scour off the shelves into it if

I went by his advices every blessed hat I put on does that suit me yes

take that thats alright the one like a weddingcake standing up miles

off my head he said suited me or the dishcover one coming down on my

backside on pins and needles about the shopgirl in that place in Grafton

street I had the misfortune to bring him into and she as insolent as

ever she could be with her smirk saying Im afraid were giving you too

much trouble what shes there for but I stared it out of her yes he was

awfully stiff and no wonder but he changed the second time he looked

Poldy pigheaded as usual like the soup but I could see him looking very

hard at my chest when he stood up to open the door for me it was nice of

him to show me out in any case Im extremely sorry Mrs Bloom believe me

without making it too marked the first time after him being insulted and

me being supposed to be his wife I just half smiled I know my chest was

out that way at the door when he said Im extremely sorry and Im sure you

were

yes I think he made them a bit firmer sucking them like that so long he

made me thirsty titties he calls them I had to laugh yes this one anyhow

stiff the nipple gets for the least thing Ill get him to keep that up

and Ill take those eggs beaten up with marsala fatten them out for him

what are all those veins and things curious the way its made 2 the same

in case of twins theyre supposed to represent beauty placed up there

like those statues in the museum one of them pretending to hide it with

her hand are they so beautiful of course compared with what a man looks

like with his two bags full and his other thing hanging down out of

him or sticking up at you like a hatrack no wonder they hide it with a

cabbageleaf that disgusting Cameron highlander behind the meat market or

that other wretch with the red head behind the tree where the statue

of the fish used to be when I was passing pretending he was pissing

standing out for me to see it with his babyclothes up to one side the

Queens own they were a nice lot its well the Surreys relieved them

theyre always trying to show it to you every time nearly I passed

outside the mens greenhouse near the Harcourt street station just to

try some fellow or other trying to catch my eye as if it was I of the

7 wonders of the world O and the stink of those rotten places the night

coming home with Poldy after the Comerfords party oranges and lemonade

to make you feel nice and watery I went into r of them it was so biting

cold I couldnt keep it when was that 93 the canal was frozen yes it was

a few months after a pity a couple of the Camerons werent there to see

me squatting in the mens place meadero I tried to draw a picture of

it before I tore it up like a sausage or something I wonder theyre not

afraid going about of getting a kick or a bang of something there the

woman is beauty of course thats admitted when he said I could pose for a

picture naked to some rich fellow in Holles street when he lost the

job in Helys and I was selling the clothes and strumming in the coffee

palace would I be like that bath of the nymph with my hair down yes only

shes younger or Im a little like that dirty bitch in that Spanish photo

he has nymphs used they go about like that I asked him about her and

that word met something with hoses in it and he came out with some

jawbreakers about the incarnation he never can explain a thing simply

the way a body can understand then he goes and burns the bottom out of

the pan all for his Kidney this one not so much theres the mark of his

teeth still where he tried to bite the nipple I had to scream out arent

they fearful trying to hurt you I had a great breast of milk with Milly

enough for two what was the reason of that he said I could have got a

pound a week as a wet nurse all swelled out the morning that delicate

looking student that stopped in no 28 with the Citrons Penrose nearly

caught me washing through the window only for I snapped up the towel to

my face that was his studenting hurt me they used to weaning her till he

got doctor Brady to give me the belladonna prescription I had to get him

to suck them they were so hard he said it was sweeter and thicker than

cows then he wanted to milk me into the tea well hes beyond everything I

declare somebody ought to put him in the budget if I only could remember

the I half of the things and write a book out of it the works of Master

Poldy yes and its so much smoother the skin much an hour he was at them

Im sure by the clock like some kind of a big infant I had at me they

want everything in their mouth all the pleasure those men get out of a

woman I can feel his mouth O Lord I must stretch myself I wished he was

here or somebody to let myself go with and come again like that I feel

all fire inside me or if I could dream it when he made me spend the 2nd

time tickling me behind with his finger I was coming for about 5 minutes

with my legs round him I had to hug him after O Lord I wanted to shout

out all sorts of things fuck or shit or anything at all only not to look

ugly or those lines from the strain who knows the way hed take it you

want to feel your way with a man theyre not all like him thank God some

of them want you to be so nice about it I noticed the contrast he does

it and doesnt talk I gave my eyes that look with my hair a bit loose

from the tumbling and my tongue between my lips up to him the savage

brute Thursday Friday one Saturday two Sunday three O Lord I cant wait

till Monday

frseeeeeeeefronnnng train somewhere whistling the strength those engines

have in them like big giants and the water rolling all over and out of

them all sides like the end of Loves old sweeeetsonnnng the poor men

that have to be out all the night from their wives and families in those

roasting engines stifling it was today Im glad I burned the half of

those old Freemans and Photo Bits leaving things like that lying about

hes getting very careless and threw the rest of them up in the W C 111

get him to cut them tomorrow for me instead of having them there for

the next year to get a few pence for them have him asking wheres last

Januarys paper and all those old overcoats I bundled out of the hall

making the place hotter than it is that rain was lovely and refreshing

just after my beauty sleep I thought it was going to get like Gibraltar

my goodness the heat there before the levanter came on black as night

and the glare of the rock standing up in it like a big giant compared

with their 3 Rock mountain they think is so great with the red sentries

here and there the poplars and they all whitehot and the smell of the

rainwater in those tanks watching the sun all the time weltering down on

you faded all that lovely frock fathers friend Mrs Stanhope sent me from

the B Marche paris what a shame my dearest Doggerina she wrote on it

she was very nice whats this her other name was just a p c to tell you I

sent the little present have just had a jolly warm bath and feel a very

clean dog now enjoyed it wogger she called him wogger wd give anything

to be back in Gib and hear you sing Waiting and in old Madrid Concone

is the name of those exercises he bought me one of those new some word

I couldnt make out shawls amusing things but tear for the least thing

still there lovely I think dont you will always think of the lovely teas

we had together scrumptious currant scones and raspberry wafers I adore

well now dearest Doggerina be sure and write soon kind she left out

regards to your father also captain Grove with love yrs affly Hester x

x x x x she didnt look a bit married just like a girl he was years older

than her wogger he was awfully fond of me when he held down the wire

with his foot for me to step over at the bullfight at La Linea when

that matador Gomez was given the bulls ear these clothes we have to wear

whoever invented them expecting you to walk up Killiney hill then for

example at that picnic all staysed up you cant do a blessed thing in

them in a crowd run or jump out of the way thats why I was afraid when

that other ferocious old Bull began to charge the banderilleros with

the sashes and the 2 things in their hats and the brutes of men shouting

bravo toro sure the women were as bad in their nice white mantillas

ripping all the whole insides out of those poor horses I never heard of

such a thing in all my life yes he used to break his heart at me taking

off the dog barking in bell lane poor brute and it sick what became

of them ever I suppose theyre dead long ago the 2 of them its like all

through a mist makes you feel so old I made the scones of course I had

everything all to myself then a girl Hester we used to compare our hair

mine was thicker than hers she showed me how to settle it at the back

when I put it up and whats this else how to make a knot on a thread with

the one hand we were like cousins what age was I then the night of the

storm I slept in her bed she had her arms round me then we were fighting

in the morning with the pillow what fun he was watching me whenever he

got an opportunity at the band on the Alameda esplanade when I was with

father and captain Grove I looked up at the church first and then at the

windows then down and our eyes met I felt something go through me like

all needles my eyes were dancing I remember after when I looked

at myself in the glass hardly recognised myself the change he was

attractive to a girl in spite of his being a little bald intelligent

looking disappointed and gay at the same time he was like Thomas in

the shadow of Ashlydyat I had a splendid skin from the sun and the

excitement like a rose I didnt get a wink of sleep it wouldnt have been

nice on account of her but I could have stopped it in time she gave me

the Moonstone to read that was the first I read of Wilkie Collins East

Lynne I read and the shadow of Ashlydyat Mrs Henry Wood Henry Dunbar by

that other woman I lent him afterwards with Mulveys photo in it so as he

see I wasnt without and Lord Lytton Eugene Aram Molly bawn she gave me

by Mrs Hungerford on account of the name I dont like books with a Molly

in them like that one he brought me about the one from Flanders a whore

always shoplifting anything she could cloth and stuff and yards of it

O this blanket is too heavy on me thats better I havent even one decent

nightdress this thing gets all rolled under me besides him and his

fooling thats better I used to be weltering then in the heat my shift

drenched with the sweat stuck in the cheeks of my bottom on the chair

when I stood up they were so fattish and firm when I got up on the sofa

cushions to see with my clothes up and the bugs tons of them at night

and the mosquito nets I couldnt read a line Lord how long ago it seems

centuries of course they never came back and she didnt put her address

right on it either she may have noticed her wogger people were always

going away and we never I remember that day with the waves and the

boats with their high heads rocking and the smell of ship those Officers

uniforms on shore leave made me seasick he didnt say anything he was

very serious I had the high buttoned boots on and my skirt was blowing

she kissed me six or seven times didnt I cry yes I believe I did or near

it my lips were taittering when I said goodbye she had a Gorgeous wrap

of some special kind of blue colour on her for the voyage made very

peculiarly to one side like and it was extremely pretty it got as dull

as the devil after they went I was almost planning to run away mad out

of it somewhere were never easy where we are father or aunt or marriage

waiting always waiting to guiiiide him toooo me waiting nor speeeed

his flying feet their damn guns bursting and booming all over the shop

especially the Queens birthday and throwing everything down in all

directions if you didnt open the windows when general Ulysses Grant

whoever he was or did supposed to be some great fellow landed off the

ship and old Sprague the consul that was there from before the flood

dressed up poor man and he in mourning for the son then the same old

bugles for reveille in the morning and drums rolling and the unfortunate

poor devils of soldiers walking about with messtins smelling the place

more than the old longbearded jews in their jellibees and levites

assembly and sound clear and gunfire for the men to cross the lines and

the warden marching with his keys to lock the gates and the bagpipes and

only captain Groves and father talking about Rorkes drift and Plevna and

sir Garnet Wolseley and Gordon at Khartoum lighting their pipes for

them everytime they went out drunken old devil with his grog on the

windowsill catch him leaving any of it picking his nose trying to think

of some other dirty story to tell up in a corner but he never forgot

himself when I was there sending me out of the room on some blind excuse

paying his compliments the Bushmills whisky talking of course but hed

do the same to the next woman that came along I suppose he died of

galloping drink ages ago the days like years not a letter from a living

soul except the odd few I posted to myself with bits of paper in them so

bored sometimes I could fight with my nails listening to that old Arab

with the one eye and his heass of an instrument singing his heah heah

aheah all my compriments on your hotchapotch of your heass as bad as now

with the hands hanging off me looking out of the window if there was a

nice fellow even in the opposite house that medical in Holles street the

nurse was after when I put on my gloves and hat at the window to show

I was going out not a notion what I meant arent they thick never

understand what you say even youd want to print it up on a big poster

for them not even if you shake hands twice with the left he didnt

recognise me either when I half frowned at him outside Westland row

chapel where does their great intelligence come in Id like to know

grey matter they have it all in their tail if you ask me those country

gougers up in the City Arms intelligence they had a damn sight less than

the bulls and cows they were selling the meat and the coalmans bell that

noisy bugger trying to swindle me with the wrong bill he took out of his

hat what a pair of paws and pots and pans and kettles to mend any broken

bottles for a poor man today and no visitors or post ever except his

cheques or some advertisement like that wonderworker they sent him

addressed dear Madam only his letter and the card from Milly this

morning see she wrote a letter to him who did I get the last letter from

O Mrs Dwenn now what possessed her to write from Canada after so many

years to know the recipe I had for pisto madrileno Floey Dillon since

she wrote to say she was married to a very rich architect if Im to

believe all I hear with a villa and eight rooms her father was an

awfully nice man he was near seventy always goodhumoured well now Miss

Tweedy or Miss Gillespie theres the piannyer that was a solid silver

coffee service he had too on the mahogany sideboard then dying so far

away I hate people that have always their poor story to tell everybody

has their own troubles that poor Nancy Blake died a month ago of acute

neumonia well I didnt know her so well as all that she was Floeys friend

more than mine poor Nancy its a bother having to answer he always tells

me the wrong things and no stops to say like making a speech your sad

bereavement symphathy I always make that mistake and newphew with 2

double yous in I hope hell write me a longer letter the next time if its

a thing he really likes me O thanks be to the great God I got somebody

to give me what I badly wanted to put some heart up into me youve no

chances at all in this place like you used long ago I wish somebody

would write me a loveletter his wasnt much and I told him he could write

what he liked yours ever Hugh Boylan in old Madrid stuff silly women

believe love is sighing I am dying still if he wrote it I suppose thered

be some truth in it true or no it fills up your whole day and life

always something to think about every moment and see it all round you

like a new world I could write the answer in bed to let him imagine me

short just a few words not those long crossed letters Atty Dillon used

to write to the fellow that was something in the four courts that jilted

her after out of the ladies letterwriter when I told her to say a few

simple words he could twist how he liked not acting with precipat precip

itancy with equal candour the greatest earthly happiness answer to a

gentlemans proposal affirmatively my goodness theres nothing else its

all very fine for them but as for being a woman as soon as youre old

they might as well throw you out in the bottom of the ashpit.

Mulveys was the first when I was in bed that morning and Mrs Rubio

brought it in with the coffee she stood there standing when I asked her

to hand me and I pointing at them I couldnt think of the word a hairpin

to open it with ah horquilla disobliging old thing and it staring her

in the face with her switch of false hair on her and vain about her

appearance ugly as she was near 80 or a loo her face a mass of wrinkles

with all her religion domineering because she never could get over the

Atlantic fleet coming in half the ships of the world and the Union Jack

flying with all her carabineros because 4 drunken English sailors took

all the rock from them and because I didnt run into mass often enough in

Santa Maria to please her with her shawl up on her except when there was

a marriage on with all her miracles of the saints and her black blessed

virgin with the silver dress and the sun dancing 3 times on Easter

Sunday morning and when the priest was going by with the bell bringing

the vatican to the dying blessing herself for his Majestad an admirer

he signed it I near jumped out of my skin I wanted to pick him up when

I saw him following me along the Calle Real in the shop window then

he tipped me just in passing but I never thought hed write making an

appointment I had it inside my petticoat bodice all day reading it up

in every hole and corner while father was up at the drill instructing to

find out by the handwriting or the language of stamps singing I remember

shall I wear a white rose and I wanted to put on the old stupid clock to

near the time he was the first man kissed me under the Moorish wall my

sweetheart when a boy it never entered my head what kissing meant till

he put his tongue in my mouth his mouth was sweetlike young I put my

knee up to him a few times to learn the way what did I tell him I was

engaged for for fun to the son of a Spanish nobleman named Don Miguel de

la Flora and he believed me that I was to be married to him in 3 years

time theres many a true word spoken in jest there is a flower that

bloometh a few things I told him true about myself just for him to be

imagining the Spanish girls he didnt like I suppose one of them wouldnt

have him I got him excited he crushed all the flowers on my bosom he

brought me he couldnt count the pesetas and the perragordas till I

taught him Cappoquin he came from he said on the black water but it was

too short then the day before he left May yes it was May when the infant

king of Spain was born Im always like that in the spring Id like a new

fellow every year up on the tiptop under the rockgun near OHaras tower

I told him it was struck by lightning and all about the old Barbary apes

they sent to Clapham without a tail careering all over the show on each

others back Mrs Rubio said she was a regular old rock scorpion robbing

the chickens out of Inces farm and throw stones at you if you went anear

he was looking at me I had that white blouse on open in the front to

encourage him as much as I could without too openly they were just

beginning to be plump I said I was tired we lay over the firtree cove

a wild place I suppose it must be the highest rock in existence the

galleries and casemates and those frightful rocks and Saint Michaels

cave with the icicles or whatever they call them hanging down and

ladders all the mud plotching my boots Im sure thats the way down the

monkeys go under the sea to Africa when they die the ships out far like

chips that was the Malta boat passing yes the sea and the sky you could

do what you liked lie there for ever he caressed them outside they love

doing that its the roundness there I was leaning over him with my white

ricestraw hat to take the newness out of it the left side of my face the

best my blouse open for his last day transparent kind of shirt he had I

could see his chest pink he wanted to touch mine with his for a moment

but I wouldnt lee him he was awfully put out first for fear you never

know consumption or leave me with a child embarazada that old servant

Ines told me that one drop even if it got into you at all after I tried

with the Banana but I was afraid it might break and get lost up in me

somewhere because they once took something down out of a woman that was

up there for years covered with limesalts theyre all mad to get in there

where they come out of youd think they could never go far enough up and

then theyre done with you in a way till the next time yes because theres

a wonderful feeling there so tender all the time how did we finish it

off yes O yes I pulled him off into my handkerchief pretending not to

be excited but I opened my legs I wouldnt let him touch me inside my

petticoat because I had a skirt opening up the side I tormented the

life out of him first tickling him I loved rousing that dog in the hotel

rrrsssstt awokwokawok his eyes shut and a bird flying below us he was

shy all the same I liked him like that moaning I made him blush a little

when I got over him that way when I unbuttoned him and took his out and

drew back the skin it had a kind of eye in it theyre all Buttons men

down the middle on the wrong side of them Molly darling he called me

what was his name Jack Joe Harry Mulvey was it yes I think a lieutenant

he was rather fair he had a laughing kind of a voice so I went round to

the whatyoucallit everything was whatyoucallit moustache had he he said

hed come back Lord its just like yesterday to me and if I was married

hed do it to me and I promised him yes faithfully Id let him block me

now flying perhaps hes dead or killed or a captain or admiral its nearly

20 years if I said firtree cove he would if he came up behind me and

put his hands over my eyes to guess who I might recognise him hes young

still about 40 perhaps hes married some girl on the black water and is

quite changed they all do they havent half the character a woman has she

little knows what I did with her beloved husband before he ever dreamt

of her in broad daylight too in the sight of the whole world you might

say they could have put an article about it in the Chronicle I was a bit

wild after when I blew out the old bag the biscuits were in from Benady

Bros and exploded it Lord what a bang all the woodcocks and pigeons

screaming coming back the same way that we went over middle hill round

by the old guardhouse and the jews burialplace pretending to read out

the Hebrew on them I wanted to fire his pistol he said he hadnt one he

didnt know what to make of me with his peak cap on that he always wore

crooked as often as I settled it straight H M S Calypso swinging my hat

that old Bishop that spoke off the altar his long preach about womans

higher functions about girls now riding the bicycle and wearing peak

caps and the new woman bloomers God send him sense and me more money I

suppose theyre called after him I never thought that would be my

name Bloom when I used to write it in print to see how it looked on a

visiting card or practising for the butcher and oblige M Bloom youre

looking blooming Josie used to say after I married him well its better

than Breen or Briggs does brig or those awful names with bottom in them

Mrs Ramsbottom or some other kind of a bottom Mulvey I wouldnt go mad

about either or suppose I divorced him Mrs Boylan my mother whoever she

was might have given me a nicer name the Lord knows after the lovely

one she had Lunita Laredo the fun we had running along Williss road to

Europa point twisting in and out all round the other side of Jersey they

were shaking and dancing about in my blouse like Millys little ones now

when she runs up the stairs I loved looking down at them I was jumping

up at the pepper trees and the white poplars pulling the leaves off and

throwing them at him he went to India he was to write the voyages those

men have to make to the ends of the world and back its the least they

might get a squeeze or two at a woman while they can going out to be

drowned or blown up somewhere I went up Windmill hill to the flats

that Sunday morning with captain Rubios that was dead spyglass like the

sentry had he said hed have one or two from on board I wore that frock

from the B Marche paris and the coral necklace the straits shining I

could see over to Morocco almost the bay of Tangier white and the Atlas

mountain with snow on it and the straits like a river so clear Harry

Molly darling I was thinking of him on the sea all the time after at

mass when my petticoat began to slip down at the elevation weeks and

weeks I kept the handkerchief under my pillow for the smell of him there

was no decent perfume to be got in that Gibraltar only that cheap peau

dEspagne that faded and left a stink on you more than anything else I

wanted to give him a memento he gave me that clumsy Claddagh ring for

luck that I gave Gardner going to south Africa where those Boers killed

him with their war and fever but they were well beaten all the same as

if it brought its bad luck with it like an opal or pearl still it must

have been pure 18 carrot gold because it was very heavy but what could

you get in a place like that the sandfrog shower from Africa and that

derelict ship that came up to the harbour Marie the Marie whatyoucallit

no he hadnt a moustache that was Gardner yes I can see his face

cleanshaven Frseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefrong that train again weeping tone

once in the dear deaead days beyondre call close my eyes breath my lips

forward kiss sad look eyes open piano ere oer the world the mists began

I hate that istsbeg comes loves sweet sooooooooooong Ill let that out

full when I get in front of the footlights again Kathleen Kearney

and her lot of squealers Miss This Miss That Miss Theother lot of

sparrowfarts skitting around talking about politics they know as much

about as my backside anything in the world to make themselves someway

interesting Irish homemade beauties soldiers daughter am I ay and whose

are you bootmakers and publicans I beg your pardon coach I thought you

were a wheelbarrow theyd die down dead off their feet if ever they got

a chance of walking down the Alameda on an officers arm like me on the

bandnight my eyes flash my bust that they havent passion God help their

poor head I knew more about men and life when I was I S than theyll all

know at 50 they dont know how to sing a song like that Gardner said no

man could look at my mouth and teeth smiling like that and not think of

it I was afraid he mightnt like my accent first he so English all father

left me in spite of his stamps Ive my mothers eyes and figure anyhow

he always said theyre so snotty about themselves some of those cads he

wasnt a bit like that he was dead gone on my lips let them get a husband

first thats fit to be looked at and a daughter like mine or see if they

can excite a swell with money that can pick and choose whoever he wants

like Boylan to do it 4 or 5 times locked in each others arms or the

voice either I could have been a prima donna only I married him comes

looooves old deep down chin back not too much make it double My Ladys

Bower is too long for an encore about the moated grange at twilight and

vaunted rooms yes Ill sing Winds that blow from the south that he gave

after the choirstairs performance Ill change that lace on my black dress

to show off my bubs and Ill yes by God Ill get that big fan mended make

them burst with envy my hole is itching me always when I think of him I

feel I want to I feel some wind in me better go easy not wake him have

him at it again slobbering after washing every bit of myself back belly

and sides if we had even a bath itself or my own room anyway I wish hed

sleep in some bed by himself with his cold feet on me give us room even

to let a fart God or do the least thing better yes hold them like that

a bit on my side piano quietly sweeeee theres that train far away

pianissimo eeeee one more song

that was a relief wherever you be let your wind go free who knows if

that pork chop I took with my cup of tea after was quite good with the

heat I couldnt smell anything off it Im sure that queerlooking man in

the porkbutchers is a great rogue I hope that lamp is not smoking fill

my nose up with smuts better than having him leaving the gas on all

night I couldnt rest easy in my bed in Gibraltar even getting up to see

why am I so damned nervous about that though I like it in the winter its

more company O Lord it was rotten cold too that winter when I was

only about ten was I yes I had the big doll with all the funny clothes

dressing her up and undressing that icy wind skeeting across from those

mountains the something Nevada sierra nevada standing at the fire with

the little bit of a short shift I had up to heat myself I loved dancing

about in it then make a race back into bed Im sure that fellow opposite

used to be there the whole time watching with the lights out in the

summer and I in my skin hopping around I used to love myself then

stripped at the washstand dabbing and creaming only when it came to the

chamber performance I put out the light too so then there were 2 of us

goodbye to my sleep for this night anyhow I hope hes not going to get in

with those medicals leading him astray to imagine hes young again coming

in at 4 in the morning it must be if not more still he had the manners

not to wake me what do they find to gabber about all night squandering

money and getting drunker and drunker couldnt they drink water then he

starts giving us his orders for eggs and tea and Findon haddy and hot

buttered toast I suppose well have him sitting up like the king of

the country pumping the wrong end of the spoon up and down in his egg

wherever he learned that from and I love to hear him falling up the

stairs of a morning with the cups rattling on the tray and then play

with the cat she rubs up against you for her own sake I wonder has she

fleas shes as bad as a woman always licking and lecking but I hate their

claws I wonder do they see anything that we cant staring like that when

she sits at the top of the stairs so long and listening as I wait always

what a robber too that lovely fresh place I bought I think Ill get a bit

of fish tomorrow or today is it Friday yes I will with some blancmange

with black currant jam like long ago not those 2 lb pots of mixed plum

and apple from the London and Newcastle Williams and Woods goes twice as

far only for the bones I hate those eels cod yes Ill get a nice piece

of cod Im always getting enough for 3 forgetting anyway Im sick of that

everlasting butchers meat from Buckleys loin chops and leg beef and rib

steak and scrag of mutton and calfs pluck the very name is enough or

a picnic suppose we all gave 5/- each and or let him pay it and invite

some other woman for him who Mrs Fleming and drove out to the furry glen

or the strawberry beds wed have him examining all the horses toenails

first like he does with the letters no not with Boylan there yes with

some cold veal and ham mixed sandwiches there are little houses down

at the bottom of the banks there on purpose but its as hot as blazes he

says not a bank holiday anyhow I hate those ruck of Mary Ann coalboxes

out for the day Whit Monday is a cursed day too no wonder that bee bit

him better the seaside but Id never again in this life get into a boat

with him after him at Bray telling the boatman he knew how to row if

anyone asked could he ride the steeplechase for the gold cup hed say

yes then it came on to get rough the old thing crookeding about and the

weight all down my side telling me pull the right reins now pull the

left and the tide all swamping in floods in through the bottom and his

oar slipping out of the stirrup its a mercy we werent all drowned he can

swim of course me no theres no danger whatsoever keep yourself calm in

his flannel trousers Id like to have tattered them down off him before

all the people and give him what that one calls flagellate till he was

black and blue do him all the good in the world only for that longnosed

chap I dont know who he is with that other beauty Burke out of the City

Arms hotel was there spying around as usual on the slip always where he

wasnt wanted if there was a row on youd vomit a better face there was no

love lost between us thats 1 consolation I wonder what kind is that book

he brought me Sweets of Sin by a gentleman of fashion some other Mr de

Kock I suppose the people gave him that nickname going about with his

tube from one woman to another I couldnt even change my new white shoes

all ruined with the saltwater and the hat I had with that feather all

blowy and tossed on me how annoying and provoking because the smell of

the sea excited me of course the sardines and the bream in Catalan bay

round the back of the rock they were fine all silver in the fishermens

baskets old Luigi near a hundred they said came from Genoa and the tall

old chap with the earrings I dont like a man you have to climb up to to

get at I suppose theyre all dead and rotten long ago besides I dont like

being alone in this big barracks of a place at night I suppose Ill have

to put up with it I never brought a bit of salt in even when we moved

in the confusion musical academy he was going to make on the first floor

drawingroom with a brassplate or Blooms private hotel he suggested go

and ruin himself altogether the way his father did down in Ennis like

all the things he told father he was going to do and me but I saw

through him telling me all the lovely places we could go for the

honeymoon Venice by moonlight with the gondolas and the lake of Como he

had a picture cut out of some paper of and mandolines and lanterns O

how nice I said whatever I liked he was going to do immediately if

not sooner will you be my man will you carry my can he ought to get a

leather medal with a putty rim for all the plans he invents then leaving

us here all day youd never know what old beggar at the door for a crust

with his long story might be a tramp and put his foot in the way to

prevent me shutting it like that picture of that hardened criminal he

was called in Lloyds Weekly news 20 years in jail then he comes out and

murders an old woman for her money imagine his poor wife or mother or

whoever she is such a face youd run miles away from I couldnt rest easy

till I bolted all the doors and windows to make sure but its worse again

being locked up like in a prison or a madhouse they ought to be all shot

or the cat of nine tails a big brute like that that would attack a poor

old woman to murder her in her bed Id cut them off him so I would not

that hed be much use still better than nothing the night I was sure

I heard burglars in the kitchen and he went down in his shirt with a

candle and a poker as if he was looking for a mouse as white as a sheet

frightened out of his wits making as much noise as he possibly could

for the burglars benefit there isnt much to steal indeed the Lord knows

still its the feeling especially now with Milly away such an idea for

him to send the girl down there to learn to take photographs on account

of his grandfather instead of sending her to Skerrys academy where shed

have to learn not like me getting all IS at school only hed do a thing

like that all the same on account of me and Boylan thats why he did

it Im certain the way he plots and plans everything out I couldnt turn

round with her in the place lately unless I bolted the door first gave

me the fidgets coming in without knocking first when I put the chair

against the door just as I was washing myself there below with the glove

get on your nerves then doing the loglady all day put her in a glasscase

with two at a time to look at her if he knew she broke off the hand off

that little gimcrack statue with her roughness and carelessness before

she left that I got that little Italian boy to mend so that you cant

see the join for 2 shillings wouldnt even teem the potatoes for you of

course shes right not to ruin her hands I noticed he was always talking

to her lately at the table explaining things in the paper and she

pretending to understand sly of course that comes from his side of the

house he cant say I pretend things can he Im too honest as a matter of

fact and helping her into her coat but if there was anything wrong with

her its me shed tell not him I suppose he thinks Im finished out and

laid on the shelf well Im not no nor anything like it well see well see

now shes well on for flirting too with Tom Devans two sons imitating

me whistling with those romps of Murray girls calling for her can Milly

come out please shes in great demand to pick what they can out of her

round in Nelson street riding Harry Devans bicycle at night its as well

he sent her where she is she was just getting out of bounds wanting to

go on the skatingrink and smoking their cigarettes through their nose I

smelt it off her dress when I was biting off the thread of the button

I sewed on to the bottom of her jacket she couldnt hide much from me I

tell you only I oughtnt to have stitched it and it on her it brings a

parting and the last plumpudding too split in 2 halves see it comes out

no matter what they say her tongue is a bit too long for my taste

your blouse is open too low she says to me the pan calling the kettle

blackbottom and I had to tell her not to cock her legs up like that on

show on the windowsill before all the people passing they all look at

her like me when I was her age of course any old rag looks well on

you then a great touchmenot too in her own way at the Only Way in the

Theatre royal take your foot away out of that I hate people touching

me afraid of her life Id crush her skirt with the pleats a lot of that

touching must go on in theatres in the crush in the dark theyre always

trying to wiggle up to you that fellow in the pit at the Gaiety for

Beerbohm Tree in Trilby the last time Ill ever go there to be squashed

like that for any Trilby or her barebum every two minutes tipping me

there and looking away hes a bit daft I think I saw him after trying to

get near two stylishdressed ladies outside Switzers window at the same

little game I recognised him on the moment the face and everything but

he didnt remember me yes and she didnt even want me to kiss her at the

Broadstone going away well I hope shell get someone to dance attendance

on her the way I did when she was down with the mumps and her glands

swollen wheres this and wheres that of course she cant feel anything

deep yet I never came properly till I was what 22 or so it went into the

wrong place always only the usual girls nonsense and giggling that

Conny Connolly writing to her in white ink on black paper sealed with

sealingwax though she clapped when the curtain came down because he

looked so handsome then we had Martin Harvey for breakfast dinner and

supper I thought to myself afterwards it must be real love if a man

gives up his life for her that way for nothing I suppose there are a

few men like that left its hard to believe in it though unless it really

happened to me the majority of them with not a particle of love in their

natures to find two people like that nowadays full up of each other that

would feel the same way as you do theyre usually a bit foolish in the

head his father must have been a bit queer to go and poison himself

after her still poor old man I suppose he felt lost shes always making

love to my things too the few old rags I have wanting to put her hair up

at I S my powder too only ruin her skin on her shes time enough for that

all her life after of course shes restless knowing shes pretty with her

lips so red a pity they wont stay that way I was too but theres no use

going to the fair with the thing answering me like a fishwoman when

I asked to go for a half a stone of potatoes the day we met Mrs Joe

Gallaher at the trottingmatches and she pretended not to see us in her

trap with Friery the solicitor we werent grand enough till I gave her 2

damn fine cracks across the ear for herself take that now for answering

me like that and that for your impudence she had me that exasperated of

course contradicting I was badtempered too because how was it there was

a weed in the tea or I didnt sleep the night before cheese I ate was it

and I told her over and over again not to leave knives crossed like that

because she has nobody to command her as she said herself well if he

doesnt correct her faith I will that was the last time she turned on the

teartap I was just like that myself they darent order me about the place

its his fault of course having the two of us slaving here instead of

getting in a woman long ago am I ever going to have a proper servant

again of course then shed see him coming Id have to let her know or shed

revenge it arent they a nuisance that old Mrs Fleming you have to be

walking round after her putting the things into her hands sneezing and

farting into the pots well of course shes old she cant help it a good

job I found that rotten old smelly dishcloth that got lost behind the

dresser I knew there was something and opened the area window to let out

the smell bringing in his friends to entertain them like the night he

walked home with a dog if you please that might have been mad especially

Simon Dedalus son his father such a criticiser with his glasses up with

his tall hat on him at the cricket match and a great big hole in his

sock one thing laughing at the other and his son that got all those

prizes for whatever he won them in the intermediate imagine climbing

over the railings if anybody saw him that knew us I wonder he didnt tear

a big hole in his grand funeral trousers as if the one nature gave wasnt

enough for anybody hawking him down into the dirty old kitchen now is he

right in his head I ask pity it wasnt washing day my old pair of drawers

might have been hanging up too on the line on exhibition for all hed

ever care with the ironmould mark the stupid old bundle burned on them

he might think was something else and she never even rendered down the

fat I told her and now shes going such as she was on account of her

paralysed husband getting worse theres always something wrong with them

disease or they have to go under an operation or if its not that its

drink and he beats her Ill have to hunt around again for someone every

day I get up theres some new thing on sweet God sweet God well when Im

stretched out dead in my grave I suppose 111 have some peace I want to

get up a minute if Im let wait O Jesus wait yes that thing has come on

me yes now wouldnt that afflict you of course all the poking and rooting

and ploughing he had up in me now what am I to do Friday Saturday Sunday

wouldnt that pester the soul out of a body unless he likes it some men

do God knows theres always something wrong with us 5 days every 3 or 4

weeks usual monthly auction isnt it simply sickening that night it came

on me like that the one and only time we were in a box that Michael Gunn

gave him to see Mrs Kendal and her husband at the Gaiety something he

did about insurance for him in Drimmies I was fit to be tied though I

wouldnt give in with that gentleman of fashion staring down at me with

his glasses and him the other side of me talking about Spinoza and his

soul thats dead I suppose millions of years ago I smiled the best I

could all in a swamp leaning forward as if I was interested having to

sit it out then to the last tag I wont forget that wife of Scarli in

a hurry supposed to be a fast play about adultery that idiot in the

gallery hissing the woman adulteress he shouted I suppose he went and

had a woman in the next lane running round all the back ways after

to make up for it I wish he had what I had then hed boo I bet the cat

itself is better off than us have we too much blood up in us or what O

patience above its pouring out of me like the sea anyhow he didnt make

me pregnant as big as he is I dont want to ruin the clean sheets I just

put on I suppose the clean linen I wore brought it on too damn it damn

it and they always want to see a stain on the bed to know youre a virgin

for them all thats troubling them theyre such fools too you could be a

widow or divorced 40 times over a daub of red ink would do or blackberry

juice no thats too purply O Jamesy let me up out of this pooh sweets of

sin whoever suggested that business for women what between clothes and

cooking and children this damned old bed too jingling like the dickens

I suppose they could hear us away over the other side of the park till I

suggested to put the quilt on the floor with the pillow under my bottom

I wonder is it nicer in the day I think it is easy I think Ill cut

all this hair off me there scalding me I might look like a young girl

wouldnt he get the great suckin the next time he turned up my clothes on

me Id give anything to see his face wheres the chamber gone easy Ive a

holy horror of its breaking under me after that old commode I wonder

was I too heavy sitting on his knee I made him sit on the easychair

purposely when I took off only my blouse and skirt first in the other

room he was so busy where he oughtnt to be he never felt me I hope my

breath was sweet after those kissing comfits easy God I remember one

time I could scout it out straight whistling like a man almost easy O

Lord how noisy I hope theyre bubbles on it for a wad of money from some

fellow 111 have to perfume it in the morning dont forget I bet he

never saw a better pair of thighs than that look how white they are the

smoothest place is right there between this bit here how soft like a

peach easy God I wouldnt mind being a man and get up on a lovely woman

O Lord what a row youre making like the jersey lily easy easy O how the

waters come down at Lahore

who knows is there anything the matter with my insides or have I

something growing in me getting that thing like that every week when was

it last I Whit Monday yes its only about 3 weeks I ought to go to the

doctor only it would be like before I married him when I had that white

thing coming from me and Floey made me go to that dry old stick Dr

Collins for womens diseases on Pembroke road your vagina he called it I

suppose thats how he got all the gilt mirrors and carpets getting round

those rich ones off Stephens green running up to him for every little

fiddlefaddle her vagina and her cochinchina theyve money of course so

theyre all right I wouldnt marry him not if he was the last man in

the world besides theres something queer about their children always

smelling around those filthy bitches all sides asking me if what I did

had an offensive odour what did he want me to do but the one thing gold

maybe what a question if I smathered it all over his wrinkly old face

for him with all my compriments I suppose hed know then and could you

pass it easily pass what I thought he was talking about the rock of

Gibraltar the way he put it thats a very nice invention too by the

way only I like letting myself down after in the hole as far as I can

squeeze and pull the chain then to flush it nice cool pins and needles

still theres something in it I suppose I always used to know by Millys

when she was a child whether she had worms or not still all the same

paying him for that how much is that doctor one guinea please and asking

me had I frequent omissions where do those old fellows get all the words

they have omissions with his shortsighted eyes on me cocked sideways I

wouldnt trust him too far to give me chloroform or God knows what else

still I liked him when he sat down to write the thing out frowning so

severe his nose intelligent like that you be damned you lying strap O

anything no matter who except an idiot he was clever enough to spot

that of course that was all thinking of him and his mad crazy letters

my Precious one everything connected with your glorious Body everything

underlined that comes from it is a thing of beauty and of joy for ever

something he got out of some nonsensical book that he had me always at

myself 4 and 5 times a day sometimes and I said I hadnt are you sure

O yes I said I am quite sure in a way that shut him up I knew what was

coming next only natural weakness it was he excited me I dont know how

the first night ever we met when I was living in Rehoboth terrace we

stood staring at one another for about lo minutes as if we met somewhere

I suppose on account of my being jewess looking after my mother he used

to amuse me the things he said with the half sloothering smile on him

and all the Doyles said he was going to stand for a member of Parliament

O wasnt I the born fool to believe all his blather about home rule

and the land league sending me that long strool of a song out of the

Huguenots to sing in French to be more classy O beau pays de la Touraine

that I never even sang once explaining and rigmaroling about religion

and persecution he wont let you enjoy anything naturally then might he

as a great favour the very 1st opportunity he got a chance in Brighton

square running into my bedroom pretending the ink got on his hands to

wash it off with the Albion milk and sulphur soap I used to use and the

gelatine still round it O I laughed myself sick at him that day I better

not make an alnight sitting on this affair they ought to make chambers a

natural size so that a woman could sit on it properly he kneels down to

do it I suppose there isnt in all creation another man with the habits

he has look at the way hes sleeping at the foot of the bed how can he

without a hard bolster its well he doesnt kick or he might knock out

all my teeth breathing with his hand on his nose like that Indian god

he took me to show one wet Sunday in the museum in Kildare street all

yellow in a pinafore lying on his side on his hand with his ten toes

sticking out that he said was a bigger religion than the jews and

Our Lords both put together all over Asia imitating him as hes always

imitating everybody I suppose he used to sleep at the foot of the bed

too with his big square feet up in his wifes mouth damn this stinking

thing anyway wheres this those napkins are ah yes I know I hope the old

press doesnt creak ah I knew it would hes sleeping hard had a good time

somewhere still she must have given him great value for his money of

course he has to pay for it from her O this nuisance of a thing I hope

theyll have something better for us in the other world tying ourselves

up God help us thats all right for tonight now the lumpy old jingly

bed always reminds me of old Cohen I suppose he scratched himself in it

often enough and he thinks father bought it from Lord Napier that I used

to admire when I was a little girl because I told him easy piano O

I like my bed God here we are as bad as ever after 16 years how many

houses were we in at all Raymond terrace and Ontario terrace and Lombard

street and Holles street and he goes about whistling every time were on

the run again his huguenots or the frogs march pretending to help the

men with our 4 sticks of furniture and then the City Arms hotel worse

and worse says Warden Daly that charming place on the landing always

somebody inside praying then leaving all their stinks after them

always know who was in there last every time were just getting on right

something happens or he puts his big foot in it Thoms and Helys and Mr

Cuffes and Drimmies either hes going to be run into prison over his old

lottery tickets that was to be all our salvations or he goes and gives

impudence well have him coming home with the sack soon out of the

Freeman too like the rest on account of those Sinner Fein or the

freemasons then well see if the little man he showed me dribbling

along in the wet all by himself round by Coadys lane will give him much

consolation that he says is so capable and sincerely Irish he is indeed

judging by the sincerity of the trousers I saw on him wait theres

Georges church bells wait 3 quarters the hour l wait 2 oclock well

thats a nice hour of the night for him to be coming home at to anybody

climbing down into the area if anybody saw him Ill knock him off that

little habit tomorrow first Ill look at his shirt to see or Ill see if

he has that French letter still in his pocketbook I suppose he thinks I

dont know deceitful men all their 20 pockets arent enough for their lies

then why should we tell them even if its the truth they dont believe you

then tucked up in bed like those babies in the Aristocrats Masterpiece

he brought me another time as if we hadnt enough of that in real life

without some old Aristocrat or whatever his name is disgusting you more

with those rotten pictures children with two heads and no legs thats the

kind of villainy theyre always dreaming about with not another thing in

their empty heads they ought to get slow poison the half of them then

tea and toast for him buttered on both sides and newlaid eggs I suppose

Im nothing any more when I wouldnt let him lick me in Holles street one

night man man tyrant as ever for the one thing he slept on the floor

half the night naked the way the jews used when somebody dies belonged

to them and wouldnt eat any breakfast or speak a word wanting to be

petted so I thought I stood out enough for one time and let him he does

it all wrong too thinking only of his own pleasure his tongue is too

flat or I dont know what he forgets that wethen I dont Ill make him do

it again if he doesnt mind himself and lock him down to sleep in the

coalcellar with the blackbeetles I wonder was it her Josie off her head

with my castoffs hes such a born liar too no hed never have the courage

with a married woman thats why he wants me and Boylan though as for her

Denis as she calls him that forlornlooking spectacle you couldnt call

him a husband yes its some little bitch hes got in with even when I was

with him with Milly at the College races that Hornblower with the childs

bonnet on the top of his nob let us into by the back way he was throwing

his sheeps eyes at those two doing skirt duty up and down I tried to

wink at him first no use of course and thats the way his money goes this

is the fruits of Mr Paddy Dignam yes they were all in great style at the

grand funeral in the paper Boylan brought in if they saw a real officers

funeral thatd be something reversed arms muffled drums the poor horse

walking behind in black L Boom and Tom Kernan that drunken little

barrelly man that bit his tongue off falling down the mens W C drunk

in some place or other and Martin Cunningham and the two Dedaluses and

Fanny MCoys husband white head of cabbage skinny thing with a turn in

her eye trying to sing my songs shed want to be born all over again and

her old green dress with the lowneck as she cant attract them any other

way like dabbling on a rainy day I see it all now plainly and they call

that friendship killing and then burying one another and they all with

their wives and families at home more especially Jack Power keeping that

barmaid he does of course his wife is always sick or going to be sick

or just getting better of it and hes a goodlooking man still though

hes getting a bit grey over the ears theyre a nice lot all of them well

theyre not going to get my husband again into their clutches if I can

help it making fun of him then behind his back I know well when he goes

on with his idiotics because he has sense enough not to squander every

penny piece he earns down their gullets and looks after his wife and

family goodfornothings poor Paddy Dignam all the same Im sorry in a

way for him what are his wife and 5 children going to do unless he was

insured comical little teetotum always stuck up in some pub corner and

her or her son waiting Bill Bailey wont you please come home her widows

weeds wont improve her appearance theyre awfully becoming though if

youre goodlooking what men wasnt he yes he was at the Glencree dinner

and Ben Dollard base barreltone the night he borrowed the swallowtail

to sing out of in Holles street squeezed and squashed into them and

grinning all over his big Dolly face like a wellwhipped childs botty

didnt he look a balmy ballocks sure enough that must have been a

spectacle on the stage imagine paying 5/- in the preserved seats for

that to see him trotting off in his trowlers and Simon Dedalus too he

was always turning up half screwed singing the second verse first the

old love is the new was one of his so sweetly sang the maiden on the

hawthorn bough he was always on for flirtyfying too when I sang Maritana

with him at Freddy Mayers private opera he had a delicious glorious

voice Phoebe dearest goodbye \_sweet\_heart sweetheart he always sang it

not like Bartell Darcy sweet tart goodbye of course he had the gift of

the voice so there was no art in it all over you like a warm showerbath

O Maritana wildwood flower we sang splendidly though it was a bit too

high for my register even transposed and he was married at the time to

May Goulding but then hed say or do something to knock the good out of

it hes a widower now I wonder what sort is his son he says hes an author

and going to be a university professor of Italian and Im to take lessons

what is he driving at now showing him my photo its not good of me I

ought to have got it taken in drapery that never looks out of fashion

still I look young in it I wonder he didnt make him a present of it

altogether and me too after all why not I saw him driving down to the

Kingsbridge station with his father and mother I was in mourning thats

11 years ago now yes hed be 11 though what was the good in going into

mourning for what was neither one thing nor the other the first cry was

enough for me I heard the deathwatch too ticking in the wall of course

he insisted hed go into mourning for the cat I suppose hes a man now by

this time he was an innocent boy then and a darling little fellow in his

lord Fauntleroy suit and curly hair like a prince on the stage when I

saw him at Mat Dillons he liked me too I remember they all do wait by

God yes wait yes hold on he was on the cards this morning when I laid

out the deck union with a young stranger neither dark nor fair you met

before I thought it meant him but hes no chicken nor a stranger either

besides my face was turned the other way what was the 7th card after

that the 10 of spades for a journey by land then there was a letter on

its way and scandals too the 3 queens and the 8 of diamonds for a rise

in society yes wait it all came out and 2 red 8s for new garments look

at that and didnt I dream something too yes there was something about

poetry in it I hope he hasnt long greasy hair hanging into his eyes or

standing up like a red Indian what do they go about like that for only

getting themselves and their poetry laughed at I always liked poetry

when I was a girl first I thought he was a poet like lord Byron and not

an ounce of it in his composition I thought he was quite different I

wonder is he too young hes about wait 88 I was married 88 Milly is 15

yesterday 89 what age was he then at Dillons 5 or 6 about 88 I suppose

hes 20 or more Im not too old for him if hes 23 or 24 I hope hes not

that stuckup university student sort no otherwise he wouldnt go sitting

down in the old kitchen with him taking Eppss cocoa and talking of

course he pretended to understand it all probably he told him he was

out of Trinity college hes very young to be a professor I hope hes not

a professor like Goodwin was he was a potent professor of John Jameson

they all write about some woman in their poetry well I suppose he wont

find many like me where softly sighs of love the light guitar where

poetry is in the air the blue sea and the moon shining so beautifully

coming back on the nightboat from Tarifa the lighthouse at Europa point

the guitar that fellow played was so expressive will I ever go back

there again all new faces two glancing eyes a lattice hid Ill sing that

for him theyre my eyes if hes anything of a poet two eyes as darkly

bright as loves own star arent those beautiful words as loves young star

itll be a change the Lord knows to have an intelligent person to talk

to about yourself not always listening to him and Billy Prescotts ad

and Keyess ad and Tom the Devils ad then if anything goes wrong in their

business we have to suffer Im sure hes very distinguished Id like to

meet a man like that God not those other ruck besides hes young those

fine young men I could see down in Margate strand bathingplace from the

side of the rock standing up in the sun naked like a God or something

and then plunging into the sea with them why arent all men like that

thered be some consolation for a woman like that lovely little statue he

bought I could look at him all day long curly head and his shoulders

his finger up for you to listen theres real beauty and poetry for you

I often felt I wanted to kiss him all over also his lovely young cock

there so simple I wouldnt mind taking him in my mouth if nobody was

looking as if it was asking you to suck it so clean and white he looks

with his boyish face I would too in 1/2 a minute even if some of it went

down what its only like gruel or the dew theres no danger besides hed

be so clean compared with those pigs of men I suppose never dream of

washing it from I years end to the other the most of them only thats

what gives the women the moustaches Im sure itll be grand if I can only

get in with a handsome young poet at my age Ill throw them the 1st thing

in the morning till I see if the wishcard comes out or Ill try pairing

the lady herself and see if he comes out Ill read and study all I can

find or learn a bit off by heart if I knew who he likes so he wont think

me stupid if he thinks all women are the same and I can teach him the

other part Ill make him feel all over him till he half faints under

me then hell write about me lover and mistress publicly too with our 2

photographs in all the papers when he becomes famous O but then what am

I going to do about him though

no thats no way for him has he no manners nor no refinement nor no

nothing in his nature slapping us behind like that on my bottom because

I didnt call him Hugh the ignoramus that doesnt know poetry from a

cabbage thats what you get for not keeping them in their proper place

pulling off his shoes and trousers there on the chair before me so

barefaced without even asking permission and standing out that vulgar

way in the half of a shirt they wear to be admired like a priest or a

butcher or those old hypocrites in the time of Julius Caesar of course

hes right enough in his way to pass the time as a joke sure you might

as well be in bed with what with a lion God Im sure hed have something

better to say for himself an old Lion would O well I suppose its because

they were so plump and tempting in my short petticoat he couldnt resist

they excite myself sometimes its well for men all the amount of pleasure

they get off a womans body were so round and white for them always I

wished I was one myself for a change just to try with that thing they

have swelling up on you so hard and at the same time so soft when you

touch it my uncle John has a thing long I heard those cornerboys saying

passing the comer of Marrowbone lane my aunt Mary has a thing hairy

because it was dark and they knew a girl was passing it didnt make me

blush why should it either its only nature and he puts his thing long

into my aunt Marys hairy etcetera and turns out to be you put the handle

in a sweepingbrush men again all over they can pick and choose what they

please a married woman or a fast widow or a girl for their different

tastes like those houses round behind Irish street no but were to be

always chained up theyre not going to be chaining me up no damn fear

once I start I tell you for their stupid husbands jealousy why cant we

all remain friends over it instead of quarrelling her husband found it

out what they did together well naturally and if he did can he undo it

hes coronado anyway whatever he does and then he going to the other

mad extreme about the wife in Fair Tyrants of course the man never even

casts a 2nd thought on the husband or wife either its the woman he wants

and he gets her what else were we given all those desires for Id like to

know I cant help it if Im young still can I its a wonder Im not an old

shrivelled hag before my time living with him so cold never embracing

me except sometimes when hes asleep the wrong end of me not knowing I

suppose who he has any man thatd kiss a womans bottom Id throw my hat at

him after that hed kiss anything unnatural where we havent I atom of any

kind of expression in us all of us the same 2 lumps of lard before ever

Id do that to a man pfooh the dirty brutes the mere thought is enough

I kiss the feet of you senorita theres some sense in that didnt he kiss

our halldoor yes he did what a madman nobody understands his cracked

ideas but me still of course a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day

almost to make her look young no matter by who so long as to be in love

or loved by somebody if the fellow you want isnt there sometimes by the

Lord God I was thinking would I go around by the quays there some dark

evening where nobodyd know me and pick up a sailor off the sea thatd be

hot on for it and not care a pin whose I was only do it off up in a gate

somewhere or one of those wildlooking gipsies in Rathfarnham had their

camp pitched near the Bloomfield laundry to try and steal our things if

they could I only sent mine there a few times for the name model

laundry sending me back over and over some old ones odd stockings that

blackguardlooking fellow with the fine eyes peeling a switch attack me

in the dark and ride me up against the wall without a word or a murderer

anybody what they do themselves the fine gentlemen in their silk hats

that K C lives up somewhere this way coming out of Hardwicke lane the

night he gave us the fish supper on account of winning over the boxing

match of course it was for me he gave it I knew him by his gaiters and

the walk and when I turned round a minute after just to see there was

a woman after coming out of it too some filthy prostitute then he goes

home to his wife after that only I suppose the half of those sailors are

rotten again with disease O move over your big carcass out of that for

the love of Mike listen to him the winds that waft my sighs to thee so

well he may sleep and sigh the great Suggester Don Poldo de la Flora if

he knew how he came out on the cards this morning hed have something to

sigh for a dark man in some perplexity between 2 7s too in prison for

Lord knows what he does that I dont know and Im to be slooching around

down in the kitchen to get his lordship his breakfast while hes rolled

up like a mummy will I indeed did you ever see me running Id just like

to see myself at it show them attention and they treat you like dirt

I dont care what anybody says itd be much better for the world to be

governed by the women in it you wouldnt see women going and killing one

another and slaughtering when do you ever see women rolling around drunk

like they do or gambling every penny they have and losing it on horses

yes because a woman whatever she does she knows where to stop sure they

wouldnt be in the world at all only for us they dont know what it is to

be a woman and a mother how could they where would they all of them be

if they hadnt all a mother to look after them what I never had thats

why I suppose hes running wild now out at night away from his books

and studies and not living at home on account of the usual rowy house I

suppose well its a poor case that those that have a fine son like that

theyre not satisfied and I none was he not able to make one it wasnt my

fault we came together when I was watching the two dogs up in her behind

in the middle of the naked street that disheartened me altogether I

suppose I oughtnt to have buried him in that little woolly jacket I

knitted crying as I was but give it to some poor child but I knew well

Id never have another our 1st death too it was we were never the same

since O Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any

more I wonder why he wouldnt stay the night I felt all the time it was

somebody strange he brought in instead of roving around the city meeting

God knows who nightwalkers and pickpockets his poor mother wouldnt

like that if she was alive ruining himself for life perhaps still its a

lovely hour so silent I used to love coming home after dances the air of

the night they have friends they can talk to weve none either he wants

what he wont get or its some woman ready to stick her knife in you I

hate that in women no wonder they treat us the way they do we are a

dreadful lot of bitches I suppose its all the troubles we have makes us

so snappy Im not like that he could easy have slept in there on the sofa

in the other room I suppose he was as shy as a boy he being so young

hardly 20 of me in the next room hed have heard me on the chamber arrah

what harm Dedalus I wonder its like those names in Gibraltar Delapaz

Delagracia they had the devils queer names there father Vilaplana of

Santa Maria that gave me the rosary Rosales y OReilly in the Calle las

Siete Revueltas and Pisimbo and Mrs Opisso in Governor street O what a

name Id go and drown myself in the first river if I had a name like

her O my and all the bits of streets Paradise ramp and Bedlam ramp and

Rodgers ramp and Crutchetts ramp and the devils gap steps well small

blame to me if I am a harumscarum I know I am a bit I declare to God I

dont feel a day older than then I wonder could I get my tongue round

any of the Spanish como esta usted muy bien gracias y usted see I havent

forgotten it all I thought I had only for the grammar a noun is the

name of any person place or thing pity I never tried to read that novel

cantankerous Mrs Rubio lent me by Valera with the questions in it all

upside down the two ways I always knew wed go away in the end I can

tell him the Spanish and he tell me the Italian then hell see Im not

so ignorant what a pity he didnt stay Im sure the poor fellow was dead

tired and wanted a good sleep badly I could have brought him in his

breakfast in bed with a bit of toast so long as I didnt do it on

the knife for bad luck or if the woman was going her rounds with the

watercress and something nice and tasty there are a few olives in the

kitchen he might like I never could bear the look of them in Abrines

I could do the criada the room looks all right since I changed it the

other way you see something was telling me all the time Id have to

introduce myself not knowing me from Adam very funny wouldnt it Im his

wife or pretend we were in Spain with him half awake without a Gods

notion where he is dos huevos estrellados senor Lord the cracked things

come into my head sometimes itd be great fun supposing he stayed with us

why not theres the room upstairs empty and Millys bed in the back room

he could do his writing and studies at the table in there for all the

scribbling he does at it and if he wants to read in bed in the morning

like me as hes making the breakfast for I he can make it for 2 Im sure

Im not going to take in lodgers off the street for him if he takes

a gesabo of a house like this Id love to have a long talk with an

intelligent welleducated person Id have to get a nice pair of red

slippers like those Turks with the fez used to sell or yellow and a

nice semitransparent morning gown that I badly want or a peachblossom

dressing jacket like the one long ago in Walpoles only 8/6 or 18/6 Ill

just give him one more chance Ill get up early in the morning Im sick of

Cohens old bed in any case I might go over to the markets to see all

the vegetables and cabbages and tomatoes and carrots and all kinds of

splendid fruits all coming in lovely and fresh who knows whod be the 1st

man Id meet theyre out looking for it in the morning Mamy Dillon used

to say they are and the night too that was her massgoing Id love a

big juicy pear now to melt in your mouth like when I used to be in the

longing way then Ill throw him up his eggs and tea in the moustachecup

she gave him to make his mouth bigger I suppose hed like my nice cream

too I know what Ill do Ill go about rather gay not too much singing a

bit now and then mi fa pieta Masetto then Ill start dressing myself to

go out presto non son piu forte Ill put on my best shift and drawers let

him have a good eyeful out of that to make his micky stand for him Ill

let him know if thats what he wanted that his wife is I s l o fucked yes

and damn well fucked too up to my neck nearly not by him 5 or 6 times

handrunning theres the mark of his spunk on the clean sheet I wouldnt

bother to even iron it out that ought to satisfy him if you dont believe

me feel my belly unless I made him stand there and put him into me Ive a

mind to tell him every scrap and make him do it out in front of me serve

him right its all his own fault if I am an adulteress as the thing in

the gallery said O much about it if thats all the harm ever we did in

this vale of tears God knows its not much doesnt everybody only they

hide it I suppose thats what a woman is supposed to be there for or

He wouldnt have made us the way He did so attractive to men then if he

wants to kiss my bottom Ill drag open my drawers and bulge it right out

in his face as large as life he can stick his tongue 7 miles up my hole

as hes there my brown part then Ill tell him I want LI or perhaps 30/-

Ill tell him I want to buy underclothes then if he gives me that well he

wont be too bad I dont want to soak it all out of him like other women

do I could often have written out a fine cheque for myself and write his

name on it for a couple of pounds a few times he forgot to lock it up

besides he wont spend it Ill let him do it off on me behind provided he

doesnt smear all my good drawers O I suppose that cant be helped Ill do

the indifferent l or 2 questions Ill know by the answers when hes like

that he cant keep a thing back I know every turn in him Ill tighten my

bottom well and let out a few smutty words smellrump or lick my shit or

the first mad thing comes into my head then Ill suggest about yes O wait

now sonny my turn is coming Ill be quite gay and friendly over it O

but I was forgetting this bloody pest of a thing pfooh you wouldnt know

which to laugh or cry were such a mixture of plum and apple no Ill have

to wear the old things so much the better itll be more pointed hell

never know whether he did it or not there thats good enough for you

any old thing at all then Ill wipe him off me just like a business his

omission then Ill go out Ill have him eying up at the ceiling where is

she gone now make him want me thats the only way a quarter after what an

unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing out

their pigtails for the day well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus

theyve nobody coming in to spoil their sleep except an odd priest or two

for his night office or the alarmclock next door at cockshout clattering

the brains out of itself let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5 what

kind of flowers are those they invented like the stars the wallpaper

in Lombard street was much nicer the apron he gave me was like that

something only I only wore it twice better lower this lamp and try again

so as I can get up early Ill go to Lambes there beside Findlaters and

get them to send us some flowers to put about the place in case he

brings him home tomorrow today I mean no no Fridays an unlucky day first

I want to do the place up someway the dust grows in it I think while Im

asleep then we can have music and cigarettes I can accompany him first I

must clean the keys of the piano with milk whatll I wear shall I wear

a white rose or those fairy cakes in Liptons I love the smell of a rich

big shop at 7 1/2d a lb or the other ones with the cherries in them

and the pinky sugar I Id a couple of lbs of those a nice plant for the

middle of the table Id get that cheaper in wait wheres this I saw them

not long ago I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming in

roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature the wild mountains then

the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with the fields

of oats and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going

about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers

all sorts of shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the

ditches primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no

God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why

dont they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever

they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then

they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because theyre

afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them

well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody

that made it all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you

are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun

shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on

Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to

propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth

and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long

kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain

yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he

said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I

liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew

I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could

leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldnt answer first

only looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many

things he didnt know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and

old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop

and washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front

of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil

half roasted and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their

tall combs and the auctions in the morning the Greeks and the jews and

the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all the ends of Europe and

Duke street and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby Sharons

and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the

cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts

of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those

handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit

down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the

posadas 2 glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron

and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and the night we

missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his

lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson

sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the

Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and the pink

and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and

geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower

of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian

girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the

Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked

him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to

say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and

drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his

heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

Trieste-Zurich-Paris 1914-1921