

'Telemachus'

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.

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.

'Cyclops'

--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 MERE, 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 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.

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.

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 forty-five degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green street like a shot off a shovel.

'Nausicaa'

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 skirdancers 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 DESHABILLE. 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!

'Circe'

(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: (STRANGLING 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 DEATH RATTLE) Have mercy on Stephen, Lord, for my sake! Inexpressible was my anguish when expiring with love, grief and agony on Mount Calvary.

STEPHEN: NOTHING!

(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: Pwfunng!

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.