

weak music-hall jingle after Stravinsky; it evinces a sort of mental masturbation current with the back-boneless voluptuary, the senile type of person who disgusts us in most art-coteries.

"THE GOOD-HUMORED LADIES" is like nothing on earth except the dream of a German artist after a visit to Moscow, and a mixed diet of Verlaine, Kunst und Dekoration, and some essays on Russian art by an American living in Paris. It is a sort of amorous General Post, in which everyone gets as hopelessly mixed up as the various couples in a Hampstead "rag." It is supposed to be founded on a theme by Goldoni; it has nothing to do with Goldoni, choreography, or anything but slavery *chiare di luna*. One would expect the characters to drink wine, being in Venice; they ostentatiously display their cosmopolitanism by imbibing vodka, with consequent effect on the dances, which

are all rather unkind to the Dolmetschy crowd, who have tried to convince us that Scarlatti and the clavicord masters are all purity, innocence, simplicity, and what-not. One is glad when one gets out of the theatre to even the foggy London air. The people in the stalls about me were naturally very comfortable. Constanza gives us a very nice imitation, as a dying duck, of Pavlova's Dying Swan; but I think it would be really more interesting to a gathering of physicians than a general audience; it is so very palpable what is the matter with her. In fact the whole of the "Carnival spirit" incorporated in this "ballet" offers food for physiological investigation and thought.

But there are better things to come, and at least (or rather most, proportionately) we have had the rare stimulus of the music of Stravinsky.

LEIGH HENRY

ULYSSES

BY JAMES JOYCE

VI

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM, first, poked his silk-hatted 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 tight till it shut tight. He passed an arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Then getting it ready. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and the hair. Grow all the same after.

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 th-at. 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 ten 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 of both windows.

— Through 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. 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 lurched round a corner and, swerving back to the tramtrack, rolled on noisily with chattering wheels. Mr Dedalus fell back, saying:

— Was that Mulligan cad with him?

— No, Mr Bloom said. He was alone.

— Down with his aunt Sally, I suppose, Mr Dedalus said, and 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, Colles 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. Thinks he'll cure it with pills. All bread-crumbs they are. About six hundred per cent profit.

— He's in with a lowdown crowd, Mr Dedalus snarled. That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody ruffian. His name stinks all over Dublin. But with the help of God and his blessed mother I am going 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 counter jumper'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. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the warder 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 oath. O jumping Jupiter! 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, 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.

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. Shame really. Dogs' home over there. Poor old Athos! Be good to Athos, Leopold, is my last wish. 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.

— 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 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 flowers of Mary. Month's mind Quinlan.

*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 waistcoat pocket. 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 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 armet. Not much grief there. 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. Or the Lily of Killarney? 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.

— 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: 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 she sees? 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.

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. I am not sure, that is. You see the idea is to tour the chief towns. What you lose on one you can make up 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 have all top-nobbers. J. C. Doyle and John MacCormack 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. The carriage wheeling by Smith O'Brien'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. Has that silk hat ever since. Mourning too. Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Relics of old decency.

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 throistle. There is a word throistle that expresses that.

His eyes passed lightly over Mr Power's good-looking face: greyish over the ears, Madame: smiling, I smiled back. 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?

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 carriage window.

— 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 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 J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the isle of Man boat and the young chisell 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. 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. Fight for a penny.

— We had better look a little serious, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Dedalus sighed.

— Ah the 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 that I'd be driving after him like this.

— 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.

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.

No-one spoke.

Horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner, galloping. A tiny coffin flashed by. A mourning coach.

— 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 box. Meant nothing. Mistake of nature.

— Poor little thing, Mr Dedalus said. It's well out of it.

The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square.

— In the midst of life, Martin Cunningham said.

— But the worst of all, Mr Power said, is the suicide.

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. And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him. Wear out a man's heart. 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.

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 blinds. The coroner's ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Verdict: overdose. The letter. For my son Leopold.

No more pain. Wake no more.

The carriage rattled swiftly along Berkeley road.

— 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 to-morrow in Germany. The Gordon Bennett.

— Yes, by Jove, Mr Dedalus said. That will be worth seeing, faith.

The carriage galloped round a corner: stopped.

— What's wrong now?

A divided drove of cattle passed the windows, lowing, slouching by on padded hoofs, whisking their tails slowly on their clotted bony croups.

— Emigrants, Mr Power said.

— HUUU! the drover's voice cried, his switch sounding on their flanks. HUUU! out of that!

Thursday of course. Springers. Cuffe sold them about twenty-seven quid each. For Liverpool probably. Roast beef 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. 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 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.

— 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.

— 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. Seal up all.

— Dunphy's, Mr Power announced as the carriage turned right.

Dunphy's corner. Mourning coaches drawn up, drowning their grief. Tiptop position for a pub. Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to drink his health.

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. Athlone, Mullingar, Moyvalley, I could make a walking tour to see Milly by the canal 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. 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.

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. Thos. H. Dennany, monumental builder and sculptor.

Passed.

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 queer 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 said. That's the maxim of the law. Better for ninety-nine guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned.

They looked. Murderer's ground. It passed darkly. Wrongfully condemned.

Cramped in this carriage. She mightn't like me to come that way without letting her know. Must be careful about women. 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. Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit. Simnel cakes those are, stuck together: cakes for the dead. Who ate them? Mourners coming out.

(To be continued)