

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode VIII, (continued)

Mr. Bloom walked towards Dawson street, his tongue brushing his teeth smooth. Something green it would have to be: spinach say. Then with those Röntgen rays searchlight you could.

At Duke lane a terrier choked up a sick knuckly cud on the cobblestones and lapped it with new zest. Mr. Bloom coasted warily. Ruminants. 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 closetools, waiting, in the window of William Miller, plumber, turned back his thoughts. They could: and watch it all the way down 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 rundum,

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. Presscott's dyeworks van over there. If I get Billy Presscott'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.*

He 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.* Bird's nest women run him. They say they used to give pauper children soup to change to protestants. *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 dye works' 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 draught.

— 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. Pass a remark.

— The rain kept off.

No answer.

Stains on his coat. Slobbers his food I suppose. Like a child's hand his hand. Like Milly's was. Sensitive. Sizing me up I daresay from my hand. 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 him. Poor young fellow! How on earth did he know that van was there? Must have felt it. See things in their foreheads 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. Of course the other senses are more. Embroider. Plait baskets. People ought to help. Work basket I could buy 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. Also smoke in the dark they say get no pleasure.

And with a woman, for instance. Must be strange not to see her. Kind of a form in his mind's eye. The voice temperature 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 toady. 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. Dawny 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 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. 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 pikehoses. Dear, dear, dear. Pity of course: but somehow you can't cotton on to them someway.

Sir Frederick Falkiner going into the freemason's hall. Solemn as Troy. After his good lunch in Earlsfort terrace. I suppose he'd turn up his nose at that wine I drank. 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. Grumpy old toppers in wigs. 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. 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? Yes, it is. The walk. Not see. Not see. Get on.

Making for the museum gate with long windy strides 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 for.

He thrust back quickly 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!

(to be continued)

That International Episode

Edgar Jepson, London:

With regard to the letters of Miss Harriet Monroe, the editress of *Poetry*, I wrote to her at the end of 1917 to ask her if she would like an appreciation of recent United States poetry. She wrote that she would, sent me twenty-eight numbers of her magazine, ranging over three years, and in those numbers marked the typically United States poems. So much for the "uninvited and undesired" invasion. I read those marked poems and taking three of them to which *Poetry* had awarded a prize in each of those three years, as typical of the typical, I dealt chiefly with them. I said, as politely as my outraged aesthetic sensibilities would allow, that they were punk; I quoted enough of them to demonstrate that they were punk; and punk they are.

Neither Miss Harriet Monroe nor any of her supporters made any attempt whatever to counter a single one of my criticisms, to demonstrate that the punk I said was punk was not punk. They burst into a storm of irrelevant abuse of me. Miss Harriet Monroe's article in *Poetry* was just abuse of me. Mr. Austin Harrison told me that the article she sent to the *English Review* was just abuse of me. A Mr. Burton Roscoe's article in the *Chicago Tribune* was just abuse of me. That is merely silly.