

## ULYSSES

James Joyce

### Episode VII.

GROSSBOOTED draymen rolled barrels dullhudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float. Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullhudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float.

— There it is, John 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.

John Murray's long shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean strokes.

— I'll go through the printing works, Mr. Bloom said, taking the cut square.

— Of course, if he wants a par, John Murray said earnestly, we can do him one.

— Right, Mr. Bloom said with a nod. I'll rub that in.

We.

John 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 from Prince's street. Dullthudding Guinness's barrels. It passed stately up the stair case, 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. Fat folds of neck, fat, neck, fat, neck.

— Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour? John Murray whispered.

The door of Ruttledge's office whispered: ee: cree.

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, John 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!*

— His grace phoned down twice this morning, John Murray said gravely.

They watched the knees, legs, boots vanish Neck.

Mr. Bloom said slowly:

— Well, he is one of our saviours also.

A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counter-flap, as he passed in through the sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage, along the now reverberating boards. 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.

Hynes here too: account of the funeral probably. Thumping thump. This morning the remains of the late Mr. Patrick Dignam. Machines. 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.

Mr. Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body, admiring the glossy crown.

Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for College green. He ran that workaday worker tack for all it was worth.

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.

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 row they make. 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 the huge webs of paper. Clank it. Clank it. Miles of it unreeled. What becomes of it after? O, wrap up meat, parcels: various uses, one thing or another.

Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred woodwork.

— 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 parliment. 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 month's renewal.

A typesetter brought him a limp galley page. He began to check it silently. Mr. Bloom stood by, hearing the loud throbs of cranks, watching the silent typesetters at their cases.

Want to be sure of his spelling. 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 of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall. Silly isn't it? Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry.

I could 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.

Silt. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with silt the first batch of quirefolded papers. Silt. Almost human the way it silt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too silt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Silt.

The foreman handed back the galley page 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?

— 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 month's 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.

He walked on through the caserom, 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 savings bank I'd say. Wife a good cook and washer. Daughter working the machine in the parlour. Plain Jane, no damn nonsense.

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 haggadah 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 Egypt *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 then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and 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. 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? Same as Citron's house. Twentyeight. Twentyeight double four.

He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over these walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works.

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.

— 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:

— Agonizing Christ, would'nt it give you a heartburn on your arse?

Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

— *Or follow the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way to Neptune's blue domain, mid mossy banks, played on by the glorious sunlight or among the shadows cast upon 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.

— Changing his drink, Mr. Dedalus said.

Ned Lambert, laughing, struck the newspaper on his knees repeating:

— *The pensive bosom and the overarching leafage.* O boys! O boys!

— 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 made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand.

High falutin stuff. 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. Ninetyfive they say. The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton. Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two.

— Just another spasm, Ned Lambert said.

— What is it? Mr. Bloom asked.

— A recently discovered fragment of Cicero's, professor MacHugh answered with pomp of tone. *Our lovely land.*

— 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.

Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be. Decline, poor chap. Touch and go with him.

— *Or again if we but climb the towering mountain peaks.*

— You're looking as fit as a fiddle.

— 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. Losing heart. Used to get good retainers from D. and T. Fitzgerald. Believe he does some literary work for the *Express* with Gabriel Conroy. Well-read fellow. Myles Crawford began on the *Independent*. Funny the way they veer about. Go for one another baldheaded in the papers and then hail fellow well met the next moment.

— Ah, listen to this for God's sake, Ned Lambert pleaded. *Or*

again if we but climb the towering mountain peaks . . . .

— Bombast! the professor broke in testily. Enough of the windbag!

— *Peaks*, Ned Lambert went on, *to bathe our souls, as it were . . . .*

— Bathe his lips, Mr. Dedalus said. Yes?

— *As it were, in the peerless panorama of besky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland, steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight. . . .*

— The moon, professor MacHugh said. He forgot Hamlet.

— *That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the moon shines forth to irradiate her silver effulgence . . . .*

— O! Mr. Dedalus groaned helplessly. Onions! That'll do, Ned. Life is too short.

He took off his silk hat and, blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache, began to rake through his hair with his fingers.

Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside, chuckling with delight. An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's unshaven blackspectaled face.

— Doughy Daw! he cried.

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. 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.

— Getouthat, 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.

— Drrink! the editor cried. No drink 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.

— North Cork militia! the editor cried, striding to the mantel-piece. 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.

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.

— 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.

— Twenty eight. . . No, twenty. . . Doublefour. . . Yes.

Lenahan came out of the inner office with tissues.

— Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup? he asked. Scpectre 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. 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, the editor said. What does he want?

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 Mullins shoved me in, sir.

He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe.

—Him, sir.

— Out of this with you, professor MacHugh said gruffly.

He thrust the boy out and banged the door to.

— 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.

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. 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.*

—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.

— Go, 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 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.

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 guttersnipes behind him, Lenehan said, and you'll kick. Taking off his flat spaug and the walk. Steal upon larks.

He began to mazurka swiftly 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.

— Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Wher's my hat?

He walked jerkily into the office behind, jingling his keys in his 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 cigarette case. Who has the most matches?

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.

— Wait a moment, professor MacHugh said, raising two quiet claws. We musn't be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome imperial, imperious, imperative.

He extended his arms, pausing:

— What was their civilization? Vast, I allow: but vile.

*Cloacac*: sewer. 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 h'm in his toga and he said: It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset.

— Our old ancient ancestors, Lenehan said, 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'Molly asked.

— First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready?

Mr. O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey, 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.

— 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 phantom,  
Mouth to my mouth.*

— Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their shoulders. Foot and mouth. ? Are you turned. . . ?

Bullockbefriending bard.

— Good day, sir, Stephen answered, blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr. Garret Deasy asked me to . . . . .

— O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and 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 Greek's. O'Rourke's wife, prince of Breffni.

— Is he a widower? Stephen asked.

—Ay, a grass one, Myles Crawford said. Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna. Don't you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell, graf von Tirconnel in Ireland. Wild geese. O, yes, every time. Don't you forget that!

—The point is did he forget it. J. J. O'Molloy said quietly. Saving princes is a thankyou 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. . .

— 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!

A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes, his long lips.

— The Greek! he said again. *Kyrios!* Shining word! *Kyrie!* The radiance of the intellect. I ought to profess Greek, the lan-

guage of the mind. *Kyrie eleison!* The closetmaker and the cloacemaker 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.

— *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 my 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 vague face repeated.

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.

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 Bastille, 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.

- 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 favorite.
- Lenehan gave a loud cough.
- Ahem! he said very softly. I caught a cold in the park. The gate was open.
- 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.
- See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer.
- Foot and mouth disease! the editor cried scornfully. Great nationalist meeting in Borris-in-Ossory. All balls! Bulldozing the public. Give them something with a bite in it. Put us all into it, damn its soul. Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
- 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'Malley said.
- 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 shaughranun. That was pressman for you. You know how he made his mark? I'll tell you. That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known. That was in eightytwo, time of the invincibles, murder in Phoenix park, before the you were born. 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.
- The *New York World*, the editor said, excitedly pushing back his straw hat. Where it took place. 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 Gumly is down there too, he told me minding stones for the corporation. A nightwatchman.

Stephen turned in surprise.

— Gumly? he said. A friend of my father's, is he?

— Never mind Gumly, Myles Crawford cried angrily. Let Gumly 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 Bransom's coffee, let us say. Have you got that? Right.

The telephone whirred,

— 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 the murder took place. K. is Knockmaroon gate.

The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles. An illstarved dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his waiscoat.

— Hello? *Evening Telegraph* here. . . Hello? . . . Who's there? . . . Yes. . . Yes. . . Yes.

— F to P is the route Skin-the-goat drove the car. F. A. B. P. Got that? X is Burke's publichouse in Baggot street.

The professor came to the inner door.

— Bloom is at the telephone, he said.

— Tell him to go to hell, the editor said promptly. X is Burke's publichouse, see?

— Clever, Lenchan said.

— 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 and myself. Out of an advertisement. That gave him the leg up. Then Tay Pay took him on to the Star. Now he's got in with Blumenfeld. That's press. That's talent.



— Hello? . . . Are you there? . . . Yes, he's here still. Come across your self.

— Where do you find a pressman like that now, eh? the editor cried.

He flung the pages down.

— Clever idea, 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 and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin. And it turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady 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! 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?

Mouth, south. Is the mouth south someway?— Or the south a mouth? Must be some. South, pout, out, shout, drouth. Rymes: two men dressed the same, looking the same, two by two.

..... *la tua pace*

..... *che parlar ti piace*

..... *Mentreche 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*, in gold of oriflamme, *di rimirar se piu ardenti*. But I old men, penitent, leadenfooted: mouth, south: tomb womb.

— Speak up for yourself, Mr. O'Madden Burke said.

J. J. O'Molloy, smiling palely, took up the gage.

— My dear Myles, he said, flinging his cigarette aside, 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 Chapelized boss, Harmsworth of the farthing press, and his American cousin of the Bowery gutter-sheet. Why bring in a master of forensic eloquence like Whiteside? Sufficient for the day is the newspaper thereof.

— Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper, the editor cried in his face. Irish volunteers. Where are you now? Dr. Lucas. Who have you now like John Philpot Curran? Psha!

— Well, J. J. O'Molloy said, Seymour Bushe, 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.

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.

— 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 spoke of the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican.

— Ha.

Pause. J. J. O'Molloy took out his cigarettcase.

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, the striking of a match, that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives.

J. J. O'Molloy resumed, moulding his words:

— He said of it: *that stony effigy, horned and terrible, that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soul-transfigured 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.

— 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 helped himself.

— 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 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 cigarette-case 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 on the Trinity college estates commission.

— He is sitting with a sweet thing in a child's frock, Myles Crawford said. Go on. Well?

— It was the speech, mark you, the professor said, of a finished orator, full of courteous haughtiness and pouring 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.

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.

In ferial tone he addressed J. J. O'Molloy:

— Taylor had come there, you must know, from a sick bed. That he had prepared his speech I do not believe. His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it. He wore a loose neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man.

His gaze turned at once 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. 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: 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, 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.*

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 herdsman 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 of merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe. You have but emerged from primitive condition: we have a literature, a priesthood, an age-long 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. 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 silence.

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 previousy-expectorated-demise, Lenehan said. 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. Dead noise. Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was.

I have money.

— Gentlemen, Stephen said. May I suggest that the house do now adjourn?

— It is not a French compliment? Mr. O'Madden Burke asked.

— All who are in favour say ay, Lenehan announced. The contrary no. I declare it carried. To which particular boosing-shed . . ? Mooney's?

He led the way.

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, slapping Stephen on the shoulder. Let us go. Where are those bloody 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?

He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office.

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.

The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into the street, yelling:

— Racing special!

Dublin.

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!

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 glistening. tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts. Akasic records. Quicker, darlint!

On now. 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 threepenny bits and a sixpence 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.

— They buy oneandfourpenceworth 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. I can see them. What's keeping our friend?

He turned.

A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps, scamp-ering 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.

— Yes, he said, I see them.

Mr. Bloom, caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the steps, 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!

— Just this ad, Mr. Bloom said, pushing through 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 if it's not too late. I told councillor Nannetti from the *Kilkenny People*. I can get 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 says he'll give the renewal. But he wants the par. What will I tell him, Mr. Crawford?

— 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. All off for a drink. Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond. Wonder is that young Dedalus standing. 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 . . . .

— 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.

— *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. With a heart and a half if I could.

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 the railings.

— Something for you. the professor explained to Myles Crawford. Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson's pillar.

— That's new, Myles Crawford said. 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 . . . .

— Easy all, Myles Crawford said. We're in the archdiocese here.

— And settle down on their striped petticoats, peering up at the statue of the onehanded adulterer.

— Onehanded adulterer! the professor cried. I like that. I see the idea. I see what you mean.

— 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 railways.

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.

— 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.

— But what do you call it? Myles Crawford asked. Where did they get the plums?

— 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*.

— 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.

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.

— Onehanded adulterer, he said grimly. That tickles me I must say.

— Ticked the old ones too, Myles Crawford said, if the truth was known.

(To be continued)

## ALBERT MOCKEL AND "LA WALLONIE"

Ezra Pound

**A**MONG the "rewards" for our February number is a letter from Albert Mockel written with a graciousness not often employed by English and American writers in communication to their juniors. Indeed the present elder generation of American "respectable" authors having all their lives approached so nearly to death, have always been rather annoyed that American letters did not die utterly in their personal dessications. Signs of vitality; signs of interest in, or cognizance of, other sections of this troubled planet have been steadily and papier-mâchéedly deprecated. The rubbish bins of *Harpers* and the *Century* have opened their lids not to new movements but only to the diluted imitations of new movers, etc.

*La Wallonie*, beginning as *L'Elan Littéraire* in 1885, endured seven years. It announced for a full year on its covers that its seventh year was its last. Albert Mockel has been gracious enough to call it "Notre *Little Review* à nous", and to commend the motto on our cover, in the letter here following :

109, Avenue de Paris

8 mai 1918

La Malmaison Rueil

Monsieur et cher confrere,

Merci de votre aimable envoi. *La Little Review* m'est sympathique à l'extrême. En la feuilletant j'ai cru voir renaître ce temps doré de ferveur et de belle confiance où, adolescent encore, et tâtonnant un peu dans les neves régions de l'Art, je fondai à Liège notre *Little Review* à nous, *La Wallonie*. Je retrouve justement quelques