

ULYSSES

by James Joyce

E p i s o d e XII (continued)

SO Bob Doran comes lurching around asking Bloom to tell Mrs. Dignam he was sorry for her trouble and he was very sorry about the funeral and to tell her that he said and everyone who knew him said that there was never a truer, a finer than poor little Willie that's dead to tell her. Choking with bloody foolery. And shaking Bloom's hand doing the tragic to tell her that. Shake hands brother. You're a rogue and I'm another.

—Let me, said he, so far presume upon our acquaintance which, however slight it may appear if judged by the standard of mere time, is founded, as I hope and believe, on a sentiment of mutual esteem as to request of you this favour. But, should I have overstepped the limits of reserve let the sincerity of my feelings be the excuse for my boldness.

—No, rejoined the other, I appreciate to the full the motives which actuate your conduct and I shall discharge the office you entrust to me consoled by the reflection that, though the errand be one of sorrow, this proof of your confidence sweetens in some measure the bitterness of the cup.

—Then suffer me to take your hand, said he. The goodness of your heart, I feel sure, will dictate to you better than my inadequate words the expressions which are most suitable to convey an emotion whose poignancy were I to give vent to my feelings, would deprive me even of speech.

And off with him and out trying to walk straight. Boosed at five o'clock. Night he was near being lagged only Paddy Leonard knew the bobby. Boosed up in a shebeen in Bride street after closing time with two shawls and a bully on guard drinking porter out of teacups. And calling himself a Frenchy, for the shawls, Joseph Manuo, and talking against the catholic religion who wrote the new testament and the old testament and hugging and smuggling. And the two shawls killed with the laughing, picking his pockets the bloody fool and he spilling the porter all over the bed and the two shawls screeching laughing at one another. *How is*

your testament? Have you got an old testament? Only Paddy was passing there, I tell you what. Then see him of a Sunday with his little wife, and she wagging her tail up the aisle of the chapel, with her patent boots on her no less, and her violets, nice as pie, doing the little lady. Jack Mooney's sister. And the old prostitute of a mother letting rooms to street couples. Bob, Jack made him toe the line. Told him if he didn't patch up the pot, Jesus, he'd kick the guts out of him.

So Terry brought the three pints.

—Here, says Joe, doing the honours. Here, citizen.

—*Slan leat*, says he.

—Fortune, Joe, says I. Good health, citizen.

Gob, he had his mouth half way down the tumbler already.

Want a small fortune to keep him in drinks.

—Who is the long fellow running for the mayoralty, Alf? says Joe.

—Friend of yours, says Alf.

—Nan, Nan? says Joe.

—I won't mention names, says Alf.

—I thought so, says Joe, I saw him up at that meeting now with William Field, M. P., the cattle trader.

—Hairy Iopas, says the citizen, the darling of all countries and the idol of his own.

So Joe starts telling the citizen about the foot and mouth disease and the cattle traders and taking action in the matter and the citizen sending them all the rightabout and Bloom coming out with his guaranteed remedy for timber tongue in calves. Because he was up one time in a knacker's yard. Walking about with his book and pencil here's my head and my heels are coming till Joe Cuffe gave him the order of the boot for giving lip to a grazier. Mister Knowall. Teach your grandmother how to milk ducks. Pisser Burke was telling me in the hotel the wife used to be in rivers of tears some times with Mrs. O'Dowd. Couldn't loosen her . . . strings but old codseye was walking around her showing her how to do it. Ay. Humane methods. Because the poor animals suffer and experts say and the best known remedy that doesn't cause pain to the animal and on the sore spot administer gently. Gob, he'd have a soft hand under a hen.

Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Black Liz is our hen. She lays eggs for us. When she lays her eggs she is so glad. Ga-ga. Klook Klook Klook. Then comes good uncle Leo. He puts his hand under black Liz and takes her fresh egg, Ga ga Gara Klook Klook Klook.

—Anyhow, says Joe, Field and Nannetti are going over tonight to London to ask about it in the House of Commons.

—Are you sure, says Bloom, the councillor is going. I wanted to see him, as it happens.

—Well, he's going off by the mailboat, says Joe, tonight.

—That's too bad, says Bloom. I wanted particularly. Perhaps only Mr. Field is going. I couldn't phone. No. You're sure?

—Nan Nan's going too, says Joe. The league told him to ask a question tomorrow about the commissioner of police forbidding Irish games in the park. What do you think of that, citizen.

The Sluagh na h-Eireann.

Mr. Cowe Conacre (Multifarnham. Nat.): Arising out of the question of my honourable friend may I ask the right honourable gentleman whether the government has issued orders that these animals shall be slaughtered though no medical evidence is forthcoming as to their pathological condition?

Mr. Allfours (Tamoshant. Con.): Honourable members are already in possession of the evidence. The answer to the honourable member's question is in the affirmative.

Mr. Orelli O'Reilly (Montenotte. Nat.): Have similar orders been issued for the slaughter of human animals who dare to play Irish games in the phoenix park?

Mr. Allfours: The answer is in the negative.

Mr. Cowe Canocre: Has the right honourable gentleman's famous Mitchelstown telegram inspired the policy of gentlemen on the treasury bench? (O! O!)

Mr. Allfours: I must have notice of that question.

Mr. Staylewit: (Buncombe. Ind.): Don't hesitate to shoot. (Ironical opposition cheers)

The speaker: Order! Order!

—There's the man, says Joe, that made the Gaelic sports revival. There he is sitting there. The man that got away James Stephens. The champion of all Ireland at putting the 56 pound shot. What was your best throw, citizen?

—*Na bacleis*, says the citizen, letting on to be modest. I was as good as the next fellow anyhow.

—You were, says Joe, and a bloody sight better.

—Is that really a fact? says Alf.

—Yes, says Bloom. That's well known. Do you not know that?

So off they started about Irish support and Shoneen games the like of the lawn tennis and about hurley and putting the stone and racy of the soil and building up a nation once again.

And of course Bloom had to have his say too about if a fellow had a weak heart violent exercise was bad. I declare to God if you took up a straw from the floor and if you said to Bloom: *Look at Bloom, do you see that straw? that's a straw.* Declare to my aunt he'd talk about it for an hour so he would and talk steady.

A most interesting discussion took place in the ancient hall of the O'Kiernan's under the auspices of *Sluagh na h-Eireann*, on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports and the importance of physical culture, as understood in ancient Greece and ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for the development of the race. The venerable president of this noble order was in the chair, and the attendance was of large dimensions. After an instructive discourse by the chairman a most interesting and instructive discussion ensued as to the desirability of the revivability of the ancient games and sports of our ancient high forefathers. The wellknown and highly respected worker in the cause of our old tongue Mr. Joseph Carthy Hynes made an eloquent appeal for the resuscitation of the ancient Gaelic sports and pastimes as calculated to revive the best traditions of manly strength and powers handed down to us from ancient ages. L. Bloom having espoused the negative the chairman brought the discussion to a close, in response to repeated requests and hearty plaudits from all parts of the house, by a remarkably noteworthy rendering of Thomas Osborne Davis' immortal verses. *A nation once again* in the execution of which the veteran patriot champion may be said without fear of contradiction to have fairly excelled himself. His stentorian notes were heard to the greatest advantage in the timehonoured anthem and and his superb highclass vocalism was vociferously applauded by the large audience amongst which were to be noticed many prominent members of the clergy as well as representatives of the press and the bar and the other learned professions. The proceedings then terminated.

—Talking about violent exercise, says Alf, were you at that Keogh-Bennett match?

—No, says Joe.

—I heard Boylan made a cool hundred quid over it, says Alf.

—Who? Blazes? says Joe.

And says Bloom:

—What I meant about tennis, for example, is the agility and training of the eye.

—Ay, Blazes, says Alf. He let out that Myler was on the beer to

run up the odds and he swatting all the time.

—We know him, says the citizen. The traitor's son. We know what put english gold in his pocket.

—True for you, says Joe.

And Bloom cuts in again about lawn tennis and the circulation of the blood, asking Alf:

—Now don't you think, Bergan?

—Myler dusted the floor with him, says Alf. Heenan & Sayers was only a bloody fool to it. See the little kipper not up to his navel and the big fellow swiping. God, he gave him one last pucker in the wind, Queensberry rules and all, made him puke what he never ate.

It was a historic battle. Handicapped as he was by lack of poundage Dublin's pet lamb made up for it by superlative skill in ringcraft. The final bout of fireworks was a gruelling for both champions. Bennett had tapped some lively claret in the previous mixup and Myler came on looking groggy. The soldier got to business leading off with a powerful left jab to which Myler retaliated by shooting out a stiff one to Bennett's face. The latter ducked but the Dubliner lifted him with a left hook the punch being a fine one. The men came to handgrips and the bout ended with Bennett on the ropes Myler punishing him. The Englishman was liberally drenched with water and when the bell went came on gamey and full of pluck. It was a fight to a finish and the best man for it. The two fought like tigers and excitement ran fever high. After a brisk exchange of courtesies during which a smart upper cut of the military man brought blood freely from his opponent's mouth the lamb suddenly landed a terrific left to Bennett's stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout clean and clever. Amid tense expectation the Portobello bruiser was counted out and Myler declared victor to the frenzied cheers of the public who broke through the ringropes and fairly mobbed him with delight.

—He knows which side his bread is buttered, says Alf. I hear he's running a concert tour now up in the north.

—He is, says Joe. Isn't he?

—Who? says Bloom, ah, yes. That's quite true. Yes, a kind of summer tour, you see. Just a holiday.

—Mrs. B. is th bright particular star, isn't she? says Joe.

—My wife? says Bloom. She's singing, yes. I think it will be a success too. He's an excellent man to organize. Excellent.

Hoho begob says I to myself says I. That explains the milk in the cocoanut and absence of hair on the animal's chest. Blazes doing the tootle on the flute. Concert tour. Dirty Dan the dodger's son that sold the same horses twice over to the government to fight the Boers. That's the bucko that'll organize her take my tip. Twixt me and you Caddereesh.

Pride of Calpe's rocky mount, the ravenhaired daughter of Tweedy. There grew she to peerless beauty where loquat and almond scent the air. The gardens of Alameda knew her step: the garths of olives knew and bowed. The chaste spouse of Leopold is she: Marion of the bountiful bosoms.

And lo, there entered one of the clan of the O'Molloy's a comely hero of white face yet withal somewhat ruddy, his majesty's counsel learned in the law and with him the prince and heir of the noble line of Lambert.

—Hello, Ned.

—Hello, Alf.

—Hello, Jack.

—Hello, Joe.

—God save you, says the citizen.

—Save you kindly, says J. J. What'll it be, Ned?

—Half one, says Ned.

So J. J. ordered the drinks.

—Were you round at the court? says Joe.

—Yes, says J. J. He'll square that, Ned, says he.

—Hope so, says Ned.

Now what were those two at? J. J. getting him off the jury list and the other give him a leg over the stile. With his name in Stubb's. Playing cards, hobnobbing with flash toffs, drinking fizz and he half smothered in writs and garnishee orders. Gob, he'll come home by weeping, cross one of these days I'm thinking.

—Did you see that bloody lunatic Breen round there, says Alf.

U. p. up—

—Yes, says J. J. Looking for a private detective.

—Ay, says Ned, and he wanted right go wrong to address the court, only Corny Kelleher got round him telling him to get the handwriting examined first.

—Ten thousand pounds says Alf, laughing. God I'd give anything to hear him before a judge and jury.

—Was it you did it? Alf? says Joe. The truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Jimmy Johnson.

—Me? says Alf. Don't cast your nasturtiums on my character.

—Whatever statement you make, says Joe, will be taken down in evidence against you.

—Of course an action would lie, says J. J. It implies that he is not *compos mentis*. U. p. up.

—Compos what? says Alf, laughing. Do you know that he's balmy?

Look at his head. Do you know that some mornings he has to get his hat on with a shoehorn.

—Yes, says J. J., but the truth of a libel is no defence to an indictment for publishing it in the eye of the law.

—Ha, ha, Alf, says Joe.

—Still, says Bloom, on account of the poor woman, I mean his wife.

—Pity about her, says the citizen. Or any other woman marries a half and half.

—How half and half? says Bloom. Do you mean he. . . .

—Half and half I mean says the citizen. A fellow that's neither fish nor flesh.

—Nor good red herring, says Joe.

—That's what's I mean, says the citizen, a pishogue, if you know what that is.

Begob I saw there was trouble coming. And Bloom explained he meant on account of it being cruel for the wife having to go round after the old stuttering fool. Cruelty to animals so it is to let that bloody Breen out on grass with his beard out tripping him. And she with her nose cocked up after she married him because a cousin of his old fellow's was pew opener to the Pope. Picture of him on the wall with his Turk's moustaches, the signor from summer hill, two pair back and passages, and he covered with all kinds of breastplates bidding defiance to the world.

—And moreover, says J. J., a postcard is publication. It was held to be sufficient evidence of malice in the testcase Sadgrove V. Hole. In my opinion an action might lie.

Six and eightpence, please. Who wants your opinion? Let us drink our pints in peace. Gob, we want be let even do that much.

—Well good health, Jack, says Ned.

—Good health, Ned, says J. J.

—There he is again, says Joe.

—Where? says Alf.

And begob there he was passing the door with his books un-

der his oxtter and the wife beside him and Corny Kelleher with his wall eye looking in as they went past, talking to him like a father, trying to sell him a second hand coffin.

—How did that Canada swindle case go off? says Joe.

—Remanded, says J. J.

One of the bottlenosed tribe it was went by the name of James Wought alias Saphiro alias Spark and Spiro put an ad in the papers saying he'd give a passage to Canada for twenty bob. What? Course it was a bloody barney. What? Swindled them all, skivvies and badbacks from the country Meath, ay, and his own Kidney too. J. J. was telling us there was an ancient Hebrew Zaretsky or something weeping in th witness box with his hat on him swearing by the holy Moses he was stuck for two quid.

—Who tried the case? says Joe.

—Recorder, says Ned.

—Poor old Sir Frederick Falkiner, says Alf, you can cod him up to the two eyes.

—Heart as big as a lion, says Ned. Tell him a tale of woe about arrears of rent and a sick wife and a squad of kids and, faith, he'll dissolve in tears on the bench.

—Ay, says Alf. Reuben J. was bloody lucky he didn't clap him in the dock the other day for suing poor little Gumly that's mind-ing stones for the corporation there near Butt bridge.

And he starts taking off the old recorder letting on to cry:

—A most scandalous thing! This poor hardworking man! How many children? Ten, did you say?

—Yes, your worship. And my wife has the typhoid!

—And a wife with the typhoid fever! Scandalous! Leave the court immediately, Sir. No, sir, I'll make no order for payment. How dare you, sir, come up before me and ask me to make an order! A poor hardworking industrious man! I dismiss the case.

And on the sixteenth day of the month of the oxeyed goddess the daughter of the skies, the virgin moon, being then in her first quarter those learned judges repaired them to the halls of law. There master Courtenay, sitting in his own chamber, gave his rede and master Justice Andrews, sitting without a jury in the probate court, weighed well and pondered the claims of the first chargeant upon the property in the matter of the will propounded and final testamentary disposition of the real and personal estate of the late lamented Jacob Halliday, vintner, deceased, versus Livingstone, of unsound mind, and another. And to the solemn

court of Green street there came Sir Frederick the Falconer. And he sat him there to administer the law of the bretons at the commission to be holden in and for the county of the city of Dublin. And there sat with him the high sinhedrium of the twelve tribes of Iar, for every tribe one man, of the tribe of Patrick and of the tribe of Hugh and of the tribe of Owen and of the tribe of Conn and of the tribe Oscar and of the tribe of Fergus and of the tribe of Finn and of the tribe of Dermot and of the tribe of Cormac and of the tribe of Kevin and of the tribe of Caolte and of the tribe of Ossian, there being in all twelve good men and true. And he conjured them by him who died on rood that they should well and truly try and true deliverance make in the issue joined between their sovereign lord the king and the prisoner at the bar and true verdict give according to the evidence so help them God and kiss the book. And they rose in their seats, those twelve of Iar, and they swore by the name of him who is everlasting that they'd do His rightwiseness. And straightway the minions of the law led forth from their Donjon keep one whom the sleuthhounds of justice had apprehended in consequence of information received. And they shackled him hand and foot and would take of him ne bail ne mainprise but perferred a charge against him for he was a malefactor. —Those are nice things, says the citizen, coming over here to Ireland filling the country with bugs.

So Bloom let on he heard nothing and he starts talking with Joe, telling him he needn't trouble about that little matter till the first but if he would just say a word to Mr. Crawford. And so Joe swore high and holy he'd do the devil and all.

—Because you see, says Bloom, for an advertisement you must have repetition. That's the whole secret.

—Rely on me, says Joe.

—Swindling the peasants, says the citizen, and the poor of Ireland. We want no more strangers in our house.

—O I'm sure that will be all right, Hynes, says Bloom. It's just that Keyes, you see.

—Consider that done, says Joe.

—Very kind of you, says Bloom.

—The strangers, says the citizen. Our own fault. We let them come in. We brought them in. The adulteress and her paramour brought the Saxon robbers here.

—Decree *nisi*, says J. J.

And Bloom letting on to be awfully deeply interested in nothing, a spider's web in the corner behind the barrel and the citizen scowling after him and the old dog at his feet looking up to know who to bite and when.

—A dishonoured wife, says the citizen, that what the cause of all our misfortunes.

—And here she is, says Alf, that was giggling over the *Police Gazette* with Terry on the counter, in all her warpaint.

—Give us a squint at her, says I.

—O, jakers, Jenny, says Joe, how short your shirt is!

—There's hair, Joe, says I. Get a queer old sirloin off that one, what?

So anyhow in came John Wyse Nolan and Lenehan with him with a face on him as long as a late breakfast.

—Well, says the citizen, what did these tinkers in the cityhall decide about the Irish language?

O'Nolan, clad in shining armour, low bending made obeisance to the puissant chief of Erin and did him to wit of that which had befallen, how that the grave elders of the most obedient city, second of the realm, had met them in the tholsel, and there, after due prayers to the gods who dwell in an ether supernal, had taken solemn counsel whereby they might, if so be it might be, bring once more into honour among mortal men the winged speech of the seadivided Gael.

—It's on the march, says the citizen. To hell with the bloody brutal Sassenachs and their language.

So J. J. puts in a word doing the toff, and Bloom trying to back him up. Moderation and botheration.

—To hell with them, says the citizen. The curse of a good for nothing God light sideways on the bloody thicklugged sons of whores gets! Any civilisation they have they stole from us. Tonguetied sons of bastards' ghosts.

—The European family, says J. J. . . .

—There're not European, says the citizen. I was in Europe with Kevin Egan of Paris. You woudn't see a trace of them or their language anywhere in Europe except in a *cabinet d'aisance*.

And says John Wyse:

—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

And says Lenchan, that knows a bit of the lingo:

—*Conspuez les Anglais! Perfide Albion!*

Then lifted he in his rude great brawny strengthly hands the

medher of dark strong foamy ale and he drank to the undoing of his foes, a race of mighty valorous heroes, rulers of the waves, who sit on thronns of alabaster silent as the deathless gods.

—What's up with you, says I to Lenehan. You look like a fellow that had lost a bob and found a tanner.

—Gold cup, says he.

—Who won, Mr. Lenehan? says Terry.

—*Throwaway*, says he, at twenty to one. A rank outsider.

—And Bass's mare? says Terry.

—Still running, says he. We'er all in a cart. Boylan plunged two quid on my tip *Sceptre* for himself and a lady friend.

—I had half a crown myself, says Terry, on *Zinjandel* that Mr. Flynn gave me. Lord Howard de Walden's.

—Twenty to one, says Lenehan. Such is life in an outhouse. *Throwaway*, says he. Takes the biscuit and talking about bunions. Frailty, thy name is *Sceptre*.

So he went over to the biscuit tin Bob Doran left to see if there was anything he could lift on the nod the old cur after him backing his luck with his mangy snout up. Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.

—Not there, my child, says he.

—Keep your pecker up, says Joe. She'd have won the money only for the other dog.

And J. J. and the citizen arguing about law and history with Bloom sticking in an odd word.

—Some people, says Bloom, can see the mote in others' eyes but they can't see the beam in their own.

—*Raimeis*, says the citizen. Where are the twenty millions of Irish should be here today instead of four? And our potteries and textiles, the nest in the world! And the beds of the Barrow and Shannon they won't deepen with a million acres of marsh and bog to make us all die of consumptoin.

—As treeless as Portugal we'l be soon, says John Wyse, if something is not to reafforest the .and. Larches, firs, all the trees of the conifer family are going fast. I was reading a report.

—Save them, says the citizen, save the trees of Irland for the future men of Ireland on the fair hills of Eire, O.

—Europe has its eyes on you, says Lenehan.

(to be continued)