

## ULYSSES

by James Joyce

## Episode XII (continued)

THE fashionable international world attended en masse this afternoon at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Nolan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley. The bride looked exquisitely charming in a creation of green mercerised silk, moulded on an underslip of gloaming grey, sashed with a yoke of broad emerald and finished with a triple flounce of darker hued fringe, the scheme being relieved by bretelles and hip insertions of acorn bronze. The maids of honour, Miss Larch Conifer and Miss Spruce Conifer, sisters of the bride, wore very becoming costumes in the same tone, a dainty *motif* of plume rose being worked into the pleats in a pin-stripe and repeated capriciously in the jadegreen toques in the form of heron feathers of paletinted coral.

—And our eyes are on Europe, says the citizen. We had our trade with Spain and the French and with the Flemings before those mongrels were pupped, Spanish ale in Galway, the winebark on the winedark waterway.

—And will again, says Joe.

—And with the help of the holy mother of God we will again, says the citizen. Our harbours that are empty will be full again, Queens-town, Kinsale, Galway, Killybegs, the third largest harbour in the wide world. And will again, says he, when the first Irish battleship is seen breasting the waves with the green flag to the fore.

And he took the last swig out of the pint, Moya. Cows in Connacht have long horns. Ought to go down and address the multitude in Shanagolden where he daren't show his nose fear the Molly Maguires would let daylight through him for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant.

—Hear, hear to that, says John Wyse. What will you have?

—An imperial yeomanry, says Lenehan, to celebrate the occasion

—Half one, Terry, says John Wyse, and a hands up. Terry! Are you asleep?

—Yes, sir, says Terry. Small whisky and bottle of Allsop. Right, sir.

Hanging over the bloody paper with Alf looking for spicy bits instead of attending to the general public. Picture of a butting

match, trying to crack their bloody skulls, one chap going for the other with his head down like a bull at a gate. And another one: *Black Beast Burned in Omaha. Ga.* A lot of Deadwood Dicks in slouch hats and they firing at a sambo strung up on a tree with his tongue out and a bonfire under him. Gob, they ought to drown him in the sea, after, and electrocute and crucify to make sure of the job.

—But what about the fighting navy, says Ned, that keeps our foes at bay?

—I'll tell you what about it, says the citizen. Hell upon earth it is. Read the revelations that's going on in the papers about flogging on the training ships at Portsmouth. A fellow writes that calls himself *Disgusted One*.

So he starts telling us about corporal punishment and about the crew of tars and officers and rearadmirals drawn up in cocked hats and the parson with his protestant bible to witness punishment and a young lad brought out, howling for his ma, and they tie him down on the buttend of a gun.

—A rump and dozen, says the citizen, was what that old ruffian Sir John Beresford called it but the modern God's Englishman calls it caning on the breech.

And says John Wyse:

—'Tis a custom more honoured in the breech than in the observance.

Then he was telling us the master at arms comes along with a long cane and he draws out and he flogs the bloody backside off of the poor lad till he yells meila murder.

—That's your glorious British navy, says the citizen, that bosses the earth. The fellows that never will be slaves, with the only hereditary chamber in Europe and their land in the hands of a dozen gamehogs and cottonball barons. That's the great empire they boast about of drudges and whipped serfs.

—On which the sun never rises, says Joe.

—And the tragedy of it is, says the citizen, they believe it. The unfortunate Yahoos believe it.

They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast, born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was scarified, flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day he arose from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beamend till further orders when he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid.

—But, says Bloom, isn't discipline the same everywhere. I mean

wouldn't it be the same here if you put force against force?

Didn't I tell you? As true as I'm drinking this porter if he was at his last gasp he'd try to downface you that dying was living.

—We'll put force against force, says the citizen. We have our greater Ireland beyond the sea. They were driven out of house and home in the black 47. Their mudcabins by the roadsire were laid low by the batteringram and the *Times* rubbed its hands and told the whitelivered Saxons there would soon be as few Irish in Ireland as redskins in America. Even the Turks sent us help. But the Sassenach tried to starve the nation at home while the land was full of crops that the British hyenas bought and sold in Rio de Janeiro. Ay, they drove out the peasants in hordes. Twenty thousand of them died in the coffin ships. But those that came to the land of the free remember the land of bondage. And they will come again and with a vengeance: the sons of Granuaile.

—Perfectly true, says Bloom. But my point was . . . . .

—We are a long time waiting for that day, citizen, says Ned. Since the French landed at Killala.

—Ay, says John Wyse. We gave our best blood to France and Spain, the wild geese. Fontenoy, eh? And Sarsfield and O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan in Spain and Ulysses Browne of Camus that was field-marshal to Maria Teresa. But what did we ever get for it?

—The French! says the citizen. Set of dancing masters! Do you know what it is? They were never worth a roasted fart to Ireland. Aren't they trying to make an Entente cordial now with perfidious Albion? Firebrands of Europe and they always were.

—*Conspuez les francais*, says Lenehan, nobbling his beer.

—And as for the Germans, says Joe, haven't we had enough of those sausageeating bastards on the throne from George the elector down to the flatulent old bitch that's dead?

Jesus, I had to laugh at the way he came out with that about the old one with the winkers on her blind drunk in her royal palace every night with her jorum of mountain dew and her coachman carrying her up body and bones to roll into bed and she pulling him by the whiskers and singing him old bits of songs about *Ehren on the Rhine* and come where the boose is cheaper.

—Well! says J. J. We have Edward the peacemaker now.

—Tell that to a fool, says the citizen. There's a bloody sight more pox than pax about that boyo.

—And what do you think, says Joe, of the holy boys, the priests and bishops of Ireland doing up his room in Maynooth in his racing colours and sticking up pictures of all the horses his jockeys

rode.

—They ought to have stuck up all the women he rode, says little Alf. And says J. J. :

—Considerations of space influenced their lordships' decision.

—Will you try another, citizen? says Joe.

—Yes, sir, says he, I will.

—You? says Joe.

—Thank you, Joe, says I.

—Repeat that dose, says Joe.

Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse and he quite excited with his old plumeyes rolling about.

—Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

—But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.

—Yes, says Bloom.

—What is it? says John Wyse.

—A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.

—By God, then says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

So of course everyone had a laugh at Bloom and says he, trying to muck out of it:

—Or also living in different places.

—That covers my case, says Joe.

—What is your nation if I may ask, says the citizen.

—Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland.

The citizen said nothing only cleared the spit out of his gullet and, gob, he spat an oyster out of him right in the corner.

—After you with the push, Joe, says he.

—Here you are, citizen, says Joe. Take that in your right hand and repeat after me the following words.

—Which is which? says I.

—That's mine, says Joe, as the devil said to the dead policeman.

—And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant.

Gob, he near burnt his fingers with the butt of his old cigar.

—Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist.

—Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen.

—I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.

—Right, says John Wyse. Stand up to it then with force like men.

That's an almanac picture for you. Old lardyface standing

up to the business end of a gun. Gob, he'd adorn a sweeping brush, so he would, if he only had a nurse's apron on him. And then he collapses all off a sudden, twisting around all the opposite, as limp as a wet rag.

—But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

—What? says Alf.

—Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now, says he to John Wyse. Just round to the court a moment to see if Martin is there. If he comes just say I'll be back in a second. Just a moment.

And off he pops.

—A new apostle, to the gentiles, says the citizen. Universal love.

—Well, says John Wyse. Isn't that what we're told. Love your neighbours.

—That chap? says the citizen. Beggar my neighbour is his motto. Love, Moya He's a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet.

Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist. Constable 25 A loves Mary Kelly. Gertie Mac Dowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M. B. loves a fair gentleman. Li chi Han lovey up kissy Cha Pu Chow. Jumbo, the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant. Old Mr. Verschoyle with the ear trumpet loves old Mrs. Verschoyle with the turned in eye. The man in the brown mackintosh loves a lady who is dead. His Majesty the King loves her majesty the Queen. Mrs. Norman W. Tupper loves officer Taylor. You love a certain person. And this person loves that other person because everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody.

—Well, Joe, says I, your very good health and song. More power, citizen.

—Hurrah, there, says Joe.

—The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick on you, says the citizen.

And he ups with his pint to wet his whistle.

—We know those canters, says he, preaching and piking your pocket. What about Cromwell that put the women and children of Drogheda to the sword with the bible texts *God is love* pasted round the mouth of his cannon. The bible! Did you read that skit in the *United Irishman* today about that Zulu chief that's visiting England?

—What's that? says Joe.

So the citizen takes up one of his papers and he starts reading

out:

—A delegation of the chief cotton magnates of Manchester was presented yesterday to his Majesty the Alaki of Abeakuta by Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Walkup of Walkup on Eggs, to tender to his majesty the heartfelt thanks of British traders for the facilities afforded them in his dominions. The dusky potentate, in the course of a gracious speech, freely translated by the British chaplain the reverend Ananias Praise-god Barebones, tendered his best thanks to Massa Walkup and emphasized the cordial relations existing between Abeakuta and the British Empire, stating that he treasured as one of his dearest possessions an illuminated bible presented to him by the white chief woman, the great squaw Victoria. The Alaki then drank a loving cup to the toast *black and white* from the skull of his immediate predecessor in the dynasty Kakachakachak, surnamed Forty Warts.

—Widow woman, says Ned, I wouldn't doubt her. Wonder did he put that bible to the same use as I would.

—Same only more so, says Lenehan. And thereafter in that fruitful the broadleaved mango flourished exceedingly.

—Is that by Griffith? says John Wyse.

—No, says the citizen. It's not signed Shanganagh. It's only initialled: P.

—And a very good initial too, says Joe.

—That's how it's worked, says the citizen. Trade follows the flag.

—Well, says J. J., if they're any worse than those Belgians in the Congo Free State they must be bad. Did you read that report by a man what's this his name is?

—Casement, says the citizen. He's an Irishman.

—Yes, that's the man, says J. J. Raping the women and girls and flogging the natives on the belly to squeeze all the red rubber they can out of them.

—I know where he's gone, says Lenehan, cracking his fingers.

—Who? says I.

—Bloom, says he. The courthouse is a blind. He had a few bob on *Throwaway* and he's gone to gather in the shekels.

—Is it that Kaffir? says the citizen, that never backed a horse in anger in his life.

—That's where he's gone, says Lenehan. I met Bantam Lyons going to back that horse only I put him off it and he told me Bloom gave him the tip. Bet you what you like he has a hundred shillings to five on. He's the only man in Dublin has it. A dark horse.

—He's a bloody dark horse himself, says Joe.

—Mind, Joe says I, show us the entrance out.

—There you are, says Terry.

So I just went round to the back of the yard and begob (hundred shillings to five) while I was letting off my (*Throwaway* twenty to) letting off my load gob says I to myself I knew he was uneasy in his (two pints off Joe and one in Slattery's off) in his mind to get off the mark to (Hundred shillings is five quid) and when they were in the (dark horse) Burke told me card party and letting on the child was sick (gob, must have done about a gallon) flabbyarse of a wife speaking down the tube *she's better* or *she's* (ow!) all a plan, so he could vamoose with the pool if he won or (Jesus, full up I was) trading without a licence (ow!) never be up to those bloody( there's the last of it) Jerusalem (ah!) cuckoos.

So anyhow when I got back they were at it dingdong, John Wyse saying it was Bloom gave the idea for Sinn Fein to Griffith t put in his paper all kinds of jerrymandering, packed juries and the world to walk about selling Irish industries. Robbing Peter to pay Paul. Gob, that puts the bloody Kybosh on it if old sloppy eyes is mucking up the show. God save Ireland from the likes of that bloody mouseabout. Mr. Bloom with his argol bargol; Gob, he's like Lanty MacHale's goat that'd go a piece of the road with every one.

—Well, it's a fact, says John Wyse. And there's the man now that'll tell you all about it, Martin Cunningham.

Sure enough the castle car drove up with Martin on it and Jack Power with him and a fellow named Crofter or Crofton pensioner out of the collector general's an orangeman Blackburn has on the registration and he drawing his pay, or Crawford jaunting around the country at the King's expense.

Our travellers reached the rustic hostelry and alighted from their palfreys.

—Ho, Varlet! cried he, who by his mien seemed the leader of the party. Saucy Knave. To us!

So saying he knocked loudly with his swordhilt upon the open lattice.

Mine host came forth at the summons girding him with his tabard.

—Give you good den, my masters, said he with an obsequious bow.

—Bestir thyself, sirah! cried he who had knocked. Look to our steeds. And for ourselves give us of your best for faith we need it.

—Lackaday, good masters, said the host, my poor house has but a bare larder. I know not what to offer your lordships.

—How now, fellow? cried the second of the party, a man of pleasant countenance, so serve you the King's messengers, Master

Taptun?

An instantaneous change overspread the landlord's visage.

—Cry you mercy, gentlemen, he said humbly. An you be the King's messengers (God shield his majesty!) You shall not want for aught. The kings friends (God bless his majesty!) Shall not go afasting in my house I warrant me.

—Then about! cried the traveller who had not spoken, a lusty trencherman, by his aspect. Hast aught to give us?

Mine host bowed again as he made answer:

—What say you, good masters, to a cold pigeon pasty, a boar's head with pistachios and a flagon of old Rhenish?

—Gadzooks! cried the last speaker. That likes me well. Pistachios!

—Aha! cried he of the pleasant countenance. A poor house, and a bare larder, quotha! 'Tis a merry rogue.

So in comes Martin asking where was Bloom.

—Where is he? says Lenehan. Defrauding widows and orphans.

—Isn't that a fact, says John Wyse, that I was telling the citizen about Bloom and the Sinn Fein.

—That's so, says Martin. Or so they allege.

—Who made those allegations says Alf.

—I, says Joe. I'm the alligator.

—And after all, says John Wyse, why can't a jew love his country like the next fellow?

—Why not? says J. J., when he's quite sure which country it is.

—Is he a jew or a gentile or what the hell is he? says Ned.

—He's a perverted jew, says Martin, from a place in Hungary and it was he drew up all the plans according to the Hungarian system. We know that in the castle.

—Isn't he a cousin of Bloom the dentist, says Jack Power.

—Not at all, says Martin. His name was Virag, the father's name that poisoned himself. He changed it by deedpoll, the father did.

—That's the new Messiah for Ireland! says the citizen. Island of saints and sages!

—Well, they're still waiting for their redeemer, says Martin. For that matter so are we.

—Yes, says J. J., and every male that's born they think it may be their Messiah. And every jew is in a tall state of excitement, I believe, till he knows if he's a father or a mother.

—Expecting every moment will be his next, says Lenehan.

—O, by God, says Ned, you should have seen Bloom before that son of his that died was born. I met him one day in the south city markets buying a tin of Neave's food six weeks before the wife



was delivered.

—En ventre sa mère, says J. J.

—Do you call that a man? says the citizen.

—I wonder did he ever put it out of sight, says Joe.

—Well, there were two children born anyhow, says Jack Power.

—And who does he suspect? says the citizen.

Gob, there's many a true word spoken in jest. One of those mixed middlings he is. Lying up in the hotel, Pisser Burke told me, once a month with headache like a totty with her courses. Why are things like that let live? Then sloping off with his five quid without putting up a pint like a man.

—Charity to the neighbour, says Martin. But where is he? We can't wait.

—A wolf in sheep's clothing, says the citizen. That's what he is.

Virag from Hungary! Ahasuerus I call him. Cursed by God.

—Have you time for a brief libation, Martin? says Ned.

—Only one, says Martin. We must be quick. John Jameson.

—You Jack? Crofton? Three half ones, Terry.

—Saint Patrick would want to come and convert us again, says the citizen, after allowing things like that to contaminate our shores.

—Well, says Martin, taking his glass. God bless all here is my prayer.

—Amen, says the citizen.

And I'm sure he will, says Joe.

*(To be continued)*