

comes a Midas tragedy.

He is tormented by the commonplace "beaten path" love-making of Robert and his wife. He asks her infinite questions; he directs the love-making to save his sensibilities. He says to Robert: "Not like this — this is not for people like us." Yet he wishes darkly that they had dishonoured him in a common, sneaking way. Not that he cares for either of them, not that he cares for honour or for conventions, but then he might have been free of them. They would have acted for once without his spirit having been the moving force.

We see Richard wearily contemplating his despair. There is much of the child in Richard. He has a need to create some hold on life, some connection with the experiences of other men. He chooses the least uncomplimentary to himself of those in the play as the symbol through which he can make his connection with love. He sees himself less handicapped intellectually in the music teacher, so he loves love through her. When they taunt him with her he answers "No, not even she would understand." He writes all night endless pages at this image of himself, and in the morning walks on the beach maddened by emptiness and despair. At the last curtain he falls on to a couch, worn and helpless, in need only of a "great sweet mother"; but he must be forever on the wheel: his wife kneels beside him babbling of her love.

ULYSSES

James Joyce

Episode VIII

PINEAPPLE rock, lemon platt, butter-scotch. A sugarsticky girl shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother. Some school treat. Bad for their tummies. Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His Majesty the King. God. Save. Our. Sitting on his throne, sucking jujubes.

A sombre young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr. Bloom.

Heart to heart talks.

Bloo . . . Me? No.

Blood of the Lamb.

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. All are washed in the blood of the lamb. Elijah is coming. Dr. John Alexander Dowie restorer of the church in Zion is coming.

Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!!

All heartily welcome.

Paying game. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix? Our saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. Pepper's ghost idea. Iron nails ran in.

Phosphorous it must be done with. If you leave a bit of cod-fish for instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain.

From Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk. Dedalus' daughter there still outside Dillon's auction rooms. Must be selling off some old furniture. Knew her eyes at once from the father. Lobbing about waiting for him. Home always breaks up when the mother goes. Fifteen children he had. Birth every year almost. That's in their theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? No families themselves to feed. Living on the fat of the land. A housekeeper of one of those fellows if you could pick it out of her. Never pick it out of her: his reverence: mum's the word.

Good Lord that poor child's dress is in flitters. Under fed she looks too. It's after they feel it. Undermines the constitution.

As he set foot on O'Connell bridge a puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet. Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it, I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery. Regular town in itself. Vats of porter wonderful. Rats get in too. Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on the porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking that! Rats: vats. Well of course if we knew all the things.

Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quaywalls, gulls. Rough weather outside. If I threw myself down? Reuben J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of

that sewage. One and eightpence too much. Hhmm. It's the droll way he comes out with the things.

They wheeled lower. Looking for grub. Wait.

He threw down among them a crumpled paper ball. Elijah thirtytwo feet per sec is come. Not a bit. The ball bobbed unheeded on the wake of swells, floated under by the bridgepiers. Not such damn fools. They wheeled, flapping.

The hungry famished gull

Flaps o'er the waters dull.

That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn.

Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit

Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth.

— Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

His gaze passed over the glazed apples serried on her stand. Australians they must be this time of year. Shiny peels: polishes them up with a rag or a handkerchief.

Wait. Those poor birds.

He halted again and bought from the old applewoman two Banbury cakes for a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down into the Liffey. See that? The gulls swooped silently, two, then all, from their heights, pouncing on prey. Gone. Every morsel.

Aware of their greed and cunning he shook the powdery crumb from his hands. They never expected that. Manna. Live on fish, fishy flesh they have, all seabirds, gulls, seagoose. Robinson Crusoe had to live on them.

They wheeled, flapping weakly. I'm not going to throw any more. Penny quite enough. Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw. If you fatten a turkey say on chesnut meal it tastes like that. But then why is it that saltwater fish are not salty? How is that?

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor on the treacly swells lazily its plastered board.

Hyam's

11/

Trousers.

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream,

never the same, which in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kinds of places are good for ads. That quackdoctor for the clap used to be stuck up in all the greenhouses. Never see it now. Strictly confidential. Dr. Hy Franks. Didn't cost him a red. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for that matter on the q. t., running in to loosen a button. Just the place too.

If he ?

O!

Eh?

No No

No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?

No, no.

Mr. Bloom moved forward, raising his troubled eyes. Think no more about that. After one. Timeball on the ballast-office is down. Dunsink time. Fascinating little book that is of sir Robert Ball's . Parallax. I never exactly understood. Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pikehoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks!

Mr. Bloom smiled O rocks at two windows of the ballast-office. She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound. She's not exactly witty. Still I don't know. She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit? They used to call him big Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. Powerful man he was at stowing away number one Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.

A procession of whitesmocked sandwich men marched slowly towards him along the gutter, scarlet sashes across their boards. Bargains. Like that priest they are this morning: we have sinned: we have suffered. He read the scarlet letters on their five tall white hats: H. E. L. Y. S. Wisdom Hely's. Y lagging behind drew a chunk of bread from under his foreboard, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked. Three bob a day, walking along the gutters, street after street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly. They are not Boyl: no: M'Glade's men. Doesn't bring in any business either. I suggested to him about a transparent showcart with two smart girls sitting inside writing letters, copybooks, envelopes, blottingpaper. I bet that would have

caught on. Smart girls writing something catch the eye at once. Everyone dying to know what she's writing. Wouldn't have it of course because he didn't think of it himself first. Well out of that ruck I am. Devil of a job it was collecting accounts of those convents. Tranquilla convent. That was a nice nun there, really sweet face. Sister? Sister? I am sure she was crossed in love by her eyes. Very hard to bargain with that sort of woman. I disturbed her at her devotions that morning. Our great day, she said. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Sweet name too: caramel. She knew I, I think she knew by the way she. If she had married she would have changed. I suppose they really were short of money. Fried everything in the best butter all the same. Sister? It was a nun they say invented barbed wire.

He crossed Westmoreland street when apostrophe S had plodded by. Rover cycleshop. Those races are on today. How long ago is that? Year Phil Gilligan died. We were in Lombard street west. Wait: was in Thom's. Got the job in Wisdom Hely's year we married. Six years. Ten years ago: ninetyfour he died, yes that's right the big fire at Arnott's. Val Dillon was lord mayor. Milly was a kiddy then. Molly had that elephant grey dress with the braided frogs. She didn't like it because I sprained my ankle first day she wore it, choir picnic at the Sugarloaf. As if that. Never put a dress on her back like it. Fitted her like a glove, shoulder and hips. Just beginning to plump it out well. Rabbitpie we had that day. People looking after her.

Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper. Milly's tubbing night. American soap I bought: elder flower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she looked soaped all over. Shapely too.

He walked along the curbstone.

Stream of life. What was the name of that priestly-looking chap was always squinting in when he passed? Stopped in Citron's saint Kevin's parade. Pen something. Pendennis? My memory is getting. Pen . . . ?

Bartell d'Arcy was the tenor, just coming out then. Seeing her home after practice. Conceited fellow with his waxedup moustache. Gave her that song *Winds that blow from the south*.

Windy night that was I went to fetch her, there was that lodge meeting on about those lottery tickets after Goodwin's con-

cert in the supperroom of the mansion house. He and I behind. Sheet of her music blew out of my hand against the high school railings. Lucky it didn't. Thing like that spoils the effect of a night for her. Professor Goodwin linking her in front. Shaky on his pins, poor old sot. Remember her laughing at the wind, her blizzard collar up. Corner of Harcourt road remember that gust? Brrrfool! Blew up all her skirts and her boa nearly smothered old Goodwin. She did get flushed in the wind. Remember when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton for her with the Chutney sauce she liked. And the mulled rum. Could see her in the bedroom from the hearth unclasping her stays. White.

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let herself out. Sitting there after till near two, taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy. That was the night

— O Mr. Bloom, how do you do?

— O how do you do, Mrs. Breen?

— No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages.

— In the pink, Mr. Bloom said gaily. Milly's down in Mullingar, you know.

— Is that so?

— Yes, in a photographer's there. Getting on like a house on fire. How are all your charges?

— All on the baker's list, Mrs. Breen said

How many has she? No other in sight.

— You're in black I see. You have no

— No Mr. Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral.

Going to crop up all day, I foresee.

— O dear me, Mrs. Breen said, I hope it wasn't any near relation.

May as well get her sympathy.

— Dignam, Mr Bloom said. An old friend of mine. He died quite suddenly poor fellow. Heart trouble, I believe. Funeral was this morning.

Your funeral's tomorrow

While you're coming through the rye.

Diddlediddle dumdum

Diddlediddle

— Sad to lose the old friends, Mrs Breen's womaneyes said melancholily.

Now that's quite enough about that. Just: quietly: husband.

— And your lord and master?

Mrs Breen turned up her two large eyes. Hasn't lost them anyhow.

—O, don't be talking, she said. He's a caution to rattle-snakes. He's in there now with his lawbooks finding out the law of libel. He has me heartscalded. Wait till I show you.

Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jampuffs poured out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr. Bloom's gullet. A barefoot arab stood over the grating breathing in the fumes. Deaden the gnaw of hunger that way,

Opening her handbag, chipped leather. Hatpin: ought to have a guard on those things. Stick it in a chap's eye in the tram. Rummaging. Soiled handkerchief: medicine bottle. What is she?

— There must be a new moon out, she said. He's always bad then. Do you know what he did last night?

Her hand ceased to rummage. Her eyes fixed themselves on him, wide in alarm, yet smiling.

— What? Mr Bloom asked.

Let her speak. Look straight in her eyes. I believe you. Trust me.

— Woke me up in the night, she said. Dream he had, a nightmare.

Indiges.

— Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs.

— The ace of spades! Mr Bloom said.

She took a folded postcard from her handbag.

— Read that, she said. He got it this morning.

— What is it? Mr Bloom asked, taking the card. U. P.?

— U. P: up, she said. Someone taking a rise out of him. It's a great shame for them whoever he is.

— Indeed it is, Mr Bloom said.

She took back the card sighing.

— And now he's going round to Mr Menton's office. He's going to take an action for ten thousand pounds, he says.

She folded the card into her untidy bag and snapped the catch.

Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its best days. Wispish hair over her ears. And that dowdy

toque, three old grapes to take the harm out of it. She used to be a smart dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than Molly.

See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel.

He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent. Pungent mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny. I'm hungry too. Flakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek. Josie Powell that was. U. P: up.

Change the subject.

— Do you ever see anything of Mrs. Beaufoy, Mr. Bloom asked.

— Mina Purefoy? she said.

Philip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers' club. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke. Did I pull the chain?

— Yes.

— I just called to ask on the way in is she over it. She's in the lying-in hospital in Holles street. Dr Horne got her in. She's three days bad now.

— O, Mr Bloom said. I'm sorry to hear that.

— Yes, Mrs Breen said. And a houseful of kids at home. It's a very stiff birth, the nurse told me.

— O, Mr. Bloom said.

His heavy pitying gaze absorbed her news. His tongue clacked in compassion. Dth! Dth!

— I'm sorry to hear that, he said. Poor thing! Three days! That's terrible for her.

Mrs Breen nodded.

— She was taken bad on the Tuesday

Mr Bloom touched her funnybone gently, warning her.

— Mind! Let this man pass.

A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river, staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavy-stringed glass. Tight as a skullpiece a tiny hat gripped his head.

From his arm a folded dustcoat, a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride.

— Watch him, Mr. Bloom said. He always walks outside the lampposts. Watch!

— Who is he when he's at home? Mrs Breen asked. Is he dotty?

— His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, Mr Bloom said, smiling. Watch!

— He has enough of them, she said. Denis will be like that one of these days.

She broke off suddenly.

— There he is, she said. I must go after him. Goodbye. Remember me to Molly, won't you?

— I will, Mr Bloom said.

He watched her dodge through passers towards the shop-fronts. Denis Breen in skimpy frockcoat and blue canvas shoes shuffled out of Harrison's, hugging two heavy tomes to his ribs. Like old times. He suffered her to overtake him without surprise and thrust his dull grey beard towards her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke earnestly.

Off his chump.

Mr Bloom walked on again easily, seeing ahead of him in sunlight the tight skullpiece, the dangling stickumbrelladustcoat. Going the two days. Watch him! Out he goes again. And that other old mosey lunatic. Hard time she must have with him.

U. P: up. I'll take my oath that's Alf Bergan or Richie Goulding. Wrote it for a lark in the Scotch house I bet anything. Round to Menton's office. His oyster eyes staring at the postcard. Be a feast for the gods.

He passed the *Irish Times*. There might be other answers lying there. At their lunch now. Clerk with the glasses there doesn't know me. O, let them stay there. Enough bother wading through fortyfour of them. Wanted smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work. I called you naughty darling because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the meaning. Please tell me what perfume your wife. Tell me who made the world. The way they spring those questions on you. And the other one Lizzie Twigg. My literary efforts have had the good fortune to meet with the approval of the eminent poet A. E. (Mr Geo. Russell). No time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry.

Best paper by long chalks for a small ad. James Carlisle made that. Six and a half per cent dividend. Cunning old Scotch fox. All the toady news. Our gracious and popular vicereine. Bought the *Irish Field* now. Lady Mountcashel has quite recovered after her confinement and rode out with the Meath hounds. Strong as a brood mare some of those horsey women. Toss off a glass of brandy

neat while you'd say knife. That one at the Grosvenor this morning. Up with her on the car: wishswish. Think that pugnosed driver did it out of spite.

Poor Mrs. Purefoy!

He stood at Fleet street crossing. A sixpenny at Rowe's? Must look up that ad in the national library. An eightpenny in the Burton. Better. On my way.

He walked on past Bolton's Westmoreland house. Tea. Tea. Tea. I forgot to tap Tom Kernan.

Sss. Dth, dth, dth! Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a vinegarded handkerchief round her forehead, her belly swollen out. Phew! Dreadful simply! Child's head too big: for- ceps. Doubled up inside her trying to butt its way out blindly, groping for the way out. Kill me that would. Lucky Molly got over hers lightly. They ought to invent something to stop that. Twilight sleep idea: queen Victoria was given that. Time someone thought about it instead of gassing about the what was it the pensive bosom of the silver effulgence. They could easily have big establishments whole thing quite painless out of all the taxes, give every child born five quid at compound interest up to twentyone five per cent is a hundred shillings and five tiresome pounds multiply by twenty decimal system encourage people to put by money save hundred and ten and a bit twentyone years want to work it out on paper come to a tidy sum more than you think.

Not stillborn of course. They are not even registered. Trouble for nothing.

How flat they look after all of a sudden! Peaceful eyes. Weight off their minds. Old Mrs Thornton was a jolly old soul. Snuffy Dr Brady. People knocking them up at all hours. For God' sake, doctor. Wife in her throes. Then keep them waiting months for their fee. No gratitude in people.

A squad of constables debouched from College street, marching in Indian file. Foodheated faces, sweating helmets, patting their truncheons. After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their belts. They split up into groups and scattered, saluting towards their beats. Let out to graze. A squad of others, marching irregularly, rounded Trinity railings, making for the station. Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive cavalry. Prepare to receive soup.

He crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger. They did right to put him up over a urinal: meeting of the waters. *There is not in this wide world a vallee.* Great song of Julia Morkan's. Kept her voice up to the very last. Pupil of Michael Balfe's, wasn't she?

He gazed after the last broad tunic. Nasty customers to tackle. Jack Power could tell a few tales; father a G man. If a fellow gives them trouble being lagged they let him have it hot and heavy in the bridewell. Can't blame them after all with the job they have. That horsepoliceman the day Joe Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity he got a run for his money. My word he did! His horses' hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street. Lucky I had the presence of mind to dive into Manning's. He did come a wallop, by George. Must have cracked his skull on the cobblestones. I oughtn't to have got myself swept along with those medicals. All skedaddled. Why he fixed on me. Right here it began.

— Up the Boers!

— Three cheers for De Wet!

— *We'll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree.*

Silly billies: mob of young cubc yelling their guts out. Few years time half of them magistrates and civil servants. War comes on: into the army helterskelter: same fellows used to: *whether on the scaffold high.*

Never know who you're talking to. Corny Kelleher he has Harvey Duff in his eye. Like that Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on the invincibles. Member of the corporation too. Egging raw youths on to get in the know all the time drawing secret service pay from the castle. Why those plainclothes men are always courting slaveys. Squarepushing up against a backdoor. Maul her a bit. And who is the gentleman does be visiting there? Was the young master saying anything? Peeping Tom through the key hole. Decoy duck. Hotblooded young student fooling round her fat arms ironing.

— Are those yours, Mary?

— I don't wear such things Stop or I'll tell the missus on you. Out half the night.

— There are great times coming, Mary. Wait till you see.

— Ah, golving with your great times coming.

Barmaids too. 'Tobaccoshopgirls.

James Stephens' idea was the best. He knew them. Circles of ten so that a fellow couldn't inform on more than his own ring. Turnkey's daughter got him out of Richmond, off from Lusk. Putting up in the Buckingham Palace hotel under their very noses. Garibaldi.

You must have a certain fascination: Parnell. Arthur Griffith is a squareheaded fellow but he has no go in him for the mob. Want to gas about our lovely land. Have your daughters inveigling them to your house. Stuff them up with meat and drink. The not far distant day. Homerule sun rising up in the nothwest.

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing Trinity's surly front. Trams passed one another, ingoing, outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on: same: day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her. One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three hundred born, washing the blood off, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaaa.

Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, pasing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piled up bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up in cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Babylon. Big stones left. Rest rubble, sprawling suburbs, jerry-built. Kerwan's houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the night.

No-one is anything.

„ This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.

Provost's house. The reverend Dr. Salmon: tinned salmon. Well tinned in there. Wouldn't live in it if they paid me. Hope they have liver and bacon today.

The sun freed itself slowly and lit glints of light among the silverware in Walter Sexton's window opposite by which John Howard Parnell passed, unseeing.

There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face.

Now that's a coincidence. Course hundreds of times you think of a person and don't meet him. Like a man walking in his sleep. No-one knows him. Must be a corporation meeting today. They say he never put on the city marshal's uniform since he got the job. Charley Kavanagh used to come out on his high horse, cocked hat, puffed, powdered and shaved. Look at the woebegone walk of him. Great man's brother: his brother's brother. Drop into the D. B. C. probably for his coffee, play chess there. Let them all go to pot. Afraid to pass a remark on him. Freeze them up with that eye of his. That's the fascination: the name. Still David Sheehy beat him for south Meath. Simon Dedalus said when they put him in parliament that Parnell would come back from the grave and lead him out of the house of commons by the arm.

Of the twoheaded octopus, one of whose heads is the head upon which the ends of the world have forgotten to come while the other speaks with a Scotch accent. The tentacles

They passed from behind Mr. Bloom along the curbstone. Beard and bicycle. Young woman.

And there he is too. Now that's really a coincidence: second time. With the approval of the eminent poet Mr. Geo. Russell. That might be Lizzie Twigg with him. A. E.: What does that mean? Initials perhaps. Albert Edward, Arthur Edmund, Alphonsus Eb Ed El Esquire. What was he saying? The end of the world with a Scotch accent. Tentacles: octopus. Something occult: symbolism. Holding forth. She's taking it all in. Not saying a word. To aid gentleman in literary work.

His eyes followed the high figure in homespun, beard and bicycle, a listening woman at his side. Coming from the vegetarian. Only wegebobbles and fruit. They say its healthier. Wind and watery though. Tried it. Why do they call that thing they gave me nutsteak? To give you the idea you are eating rumpsteak. Absurd.

Her stockings are loose over her ankles. I detest that: so tasteless. Those literary etereal people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic. Esthetes they are. I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical. For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even. Must be in a certain mood.

*The dreamy cloudy gull
Waves o'er the waters dull*

He crossed at Nassau street corner and stood before the window of Yeates and Son, pricing the fieldglasses. Or will I drop into old Harris's and have a chat with young Sinclair? Well mannered fellow. Probably at his lunch. Must get those old glasses of mine set right. Goerz lenses seven guineas. Germans making their way everywhere. Sell on easy terms to capture trade. Might chance on a pair in the railway lost property office. Astonishing the things people leave behind them in trains and cloakrooms. What do they be thinking about? Women too. Incredible. There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test those glasses by.

His lids came down on the lower rims of his irises. Can't see it. If you imagine it's there you can almost see it. Can't see it.

He faced about and, standing between the awnings, held out his right hand at arm's length towards the sun. Wanted to try that often. Yes: completely. The tip of his little finger blotted out the sun's disk. Must be the focus where the rays cross. If I had black glasses. Interesting. There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we were in Lombard street west. Terrific explosions they are. There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time.

Now that I come to think of it that ball falls at Greenwich time. It's the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink. Must go out there some first Saturday of the month. If I could get an introduction to professor Joly or learn up something about his family. That would do to: man always feels complimented.

Ah.

His hand fell again to his side.

Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdong always. Gas: then solid: then world: then cold: then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock. The moon. Must be a new moon out, she said. I believe there is.

He went on by la maison Claire.

Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon. Walking down by the Tolka. She was humming: *The young May moon she's beaming, love.* He other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. *Glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love.* Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.

Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must.

Mr. Bloom, quickbreathing, slower walking, passed Adam court.

With a deep quiet relief his eyes took note this is the street here middle of the day Bob Doran's bottle shoulders. On his annual bend, M'Coy said. Up in the Coombe with chummies and street-walkers and then the rest of the year as sober as a judge,

Yes. Thought so. Sloping into the Empire. Gone. Where Pat Kinsella had his Harp theatre. Broth of a boy Dion Boucicault business with his harvestmoon face in a poky bonnet. *Three Purty Maids from School*. How time flies, eh? Showing long red pantaloons under his skirts. Drinkers, drinking, laughed. More power, Pat. Coarse red: fun for drunkards: guffaw and smoke. His par-boiled eyes. Where is he now? Beggar somewhere. The harp that once did starve us all.

I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? Twenty eight I was. She twentythree. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand. Would you go back to then? Just beginning then. Would you? Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy? Wants to sew on buttons for me. I must answer. Write it in the library.

Grafton street gay with housed awnings lured his senses. Muslin prints, silkdames and dowagers, jingle of harnesses, hoof-thuds lowringing on the baking causeway. Thick feet that woman had in the white stockings. Countrybred. All the beef to the heels were in. Always gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of plumb.

He passed, dallying, the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that here. *Lacaus esant tara tara*. Great chorus that. *Taree tara*. Must be washed in rainwater. Meyerbeer. *Tara: bom bom bom*.

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. Sticks them all over the place.

He bared slightly his left forearm. Scrape: nearly gone. Not today anyhow. Must go back for that lotion. For her birthday perhaps. Junejulyaugseptember eighth. Nearly three months off. Then she mightn't ilke it. Women won't pick up pins. Say it cuts lo.

Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk stockings.

Useless to go back. Had to be. Tell me all.

High voices. Sunwarm silk. Jingling harnesses. All for a woman, home and houses, silkwebs, silver, rich fruits spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth of the world.

A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely he mutely craved to adore.

Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then.

He turned Combridge's corner, still pursued. Jingling hoof-thuds. Perfumed bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas, creaking beds.

— Jack, love!

— Darling!

— Kiss me, Reggie!

— My boy!

— Love!

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slush of greens.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. A man with an infant's napkin tucked round him spooned gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: gristle gums: no teeth to chew it. Chump chop he has. Sad booser's eyes.

— Roast beef and cabbage.

— One stew.

Smells of men. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, the stale of ferment.

His gorge rose.

Couldn't eat a morsel here. Get out of it.

He gazed round the stooled and tabled eaters, tightening the wings of his nose.

— Two stouts here.

— One corned and cabbage.

That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down. Give me the fidgets to look. Second nature to him. Born with a silver knife in his mouth. That's witty, I think. Or no. Silver means born rich. Born with a knife. But then the allusion is lost.

An illgirt server gathered sticky clattering plates. Rock, the bailiff, standing at the bar blew the foamy crown from his tankard. Well up: it splashed yellow near his boot.

Mr. Bloom raised two fingers doubtfully to his lips. His eyes said:

— Not here. Don't see him.

Out.

He backed towards the door. Get something light in Davy Byrne's. Keep me going. Had a good breakfast.

— Roast and mashed here.

— Pint of stout.

Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gulp.

He came out into clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat or be eaten.

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down with a porringer to be filled John Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every mother's son *don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity* women and children cabmen priest parsons fieldmarshals archbishops *Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all*. Want a souppot as big as the Phoenix park. Then who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids that time. Teeth getting worse and worse.

After all there's a lot in that vebetarian fine flavour of things from the earth garlic of course it stinks Italian organgrinders crisp of onions mushrooms truffles. Pain to the animal too. Wretched brutes there at the cattlemarket waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. Meh. Staggering bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers' buckets wobble lights. Give us that brisket off the hook. Plup. Flayed glasseyed sheephung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust. Top and lashers going out. Don't maul them pieces, young one.

Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Insidious. Lick it up smokinghot. Famished ghosts.

Ah, I'm hungry.

He entered Davy Byrne's.

What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now.

— Hello, Bloom, Nosey Flynn said from his nook.

— Hello, Flynn.

— How's things?

— Tiptop Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and . . . let me see.

Sardines on the shelves. Potted meats. *What is home without Plumtree's potted meat?* Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. Dignam's potted meat Cannibals would with lemon and rice. White men too salty. Like pickled pork. *With it an abode of bliss.* Lord knows what concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked up. Kosher. Hygiene that was what they call now.

— Have you a cheese sandwich?

— Yes sir.

Like a few olives too if they had them. Good glass of burgundy take away that. A cool salad. Tom Kernan can dress . . .

— Wife well?

— Quite well, thanks A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?

— Yes, sir.

Nosey Flynn sipped his grog.

— Doing any singing those times?

Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear. Flap ears to match. Music. Knows as much about it as my coachman. Still better tell him. Does no harm.

— She's engaged for a big tour end of this month. You may have heard perhaps.

—No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up?

The curate served.

— How much is that?

— Seven d., sir Thank you, sir.

Mr. Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips.

— Mustard, sir?

— Thank you.

He studded under each lifted strip yellow blobs.

— Getting it up? he said. Well, it's like a company idea, you see. Part shares and part profits.

— Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me?

Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

A warm shock of air heat of mustard haunched on Mr. Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet.

His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly.

Wine.

He smellsipped the cordial juice and, bidding his throat strongly to speed it, set his wineglass delicately down.

— Yes, he said. He's the organiser in point of fact.

No fear. No brains.

Nosey Flynn snuffled and scratched. Flea having a good square meal.

— He made a tidy bit, Jack Mooney was telling me over that boxing match Myler Keogh won against that soldier in the Portobello barracks. By God he had Myler down in the country Carlow he was telling me

Hope that dewdrop doesn't come down into his glass. No, snuffled it up.

— For near a month, man, before it came off. Sucking duck eggs by God till further orders. Keep him off the booze, see? O, by God, Blazes is a hairy chap.

Davy Byrne came forward from the hindbar in shirtsleeves, cleaning his lips with two wipes of his napkin. Herring's blush.

— And here's himself and pepper on him, Nosey Flynn said. Can you give us a good one for the Gold cup?

— I'm off that, Mr. Flynn, Davy Byrne answered. I never put anything on a horse.

— You're right there, Nosey Flynn said.

Mr. Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with relish of disgust, pungent mustard the feety savour of green cheese. Sips of his wine soothed his palate.

Nice quiet bar. Nice piece of wood in that counter. Nicely planed. Like the way it curves there.

— I wouldn't do anything at all in that line, Davy Byrne said. It ruined many a man the same horses.

Vintners' sweepstake. Licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises. Heads I win tails you lose.

— True for you, Nosey Flynn said. Unelss you're in the know. There's no straight sport going now. Lenehan gets some good ones. He's giving *Sceptre* today. *Zinjandel's* the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won at Epsom. Morny Cannon is riding him. I could have got seven to one against *Saint Amant* a fortnight before.

— That so? Davy Byrne said . . .

He went towards the window and, taking up the pettycash book, scanned its pages.

— I could, faith, Nosey Fylmn said, snuffling. That was a rare bit of horseflesh. She won in a thunderstorm, Rothschild's filly, with wadding in her ears. Bad luck to big Ben Dollard and his *John o' Gaunt*. He put me off it. Ay.

He drank resignedly from his tumbler, running his fingers down the flutes.

— Ay, he said, sighing.

Mr. Bloom, champing standing, looking upon his sigh. Nosey numbskull. Will I tell him that horse Lenehan? He knows already. Better let him forget. Go and lose more. Fool and his money. Dewdrop coming down again. Cold nose he'd have kissing a woman. Still they might like. Prickly beards they like. Dogs' cold noses. Old Mrs. Riordan with the rumbling stomach's Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. Molly fondling him in her lap. O the big doggybowwowsywowsy!

Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath of course does that. Just a light snack. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then. She . . .

Mild-fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so off colour. His eyes un hungrily saw shelves of tins, sardines, gaudy lobsters' claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing in a thousand years. If you didn't know risky thing putting anything into your mouth. Poisonous berries. One fellow told another and so on. Try it on the dog first. Led on by the smell or the look. Instinct. Orangegroves for instance. Need artificial irrigation. Bleibtreustrasse. Yes but what about oysters. Unsightly like a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. Devil to open them too. Who found them out? Garbage, sewage they feed on. Fizz and Red bank oysters. Effect on the sexual. Aphrodis. He was

in the Red bank this morning. Was he oysters old fish at table perhaps he young flesh in bed no June has no "r" no oysters. But there are people like tainted game that archduke Leopold was it, no, yes, or was it Otto one of those Habsbourgs, of course aristocrats, then the others copy to be in the fashion. Half the catch of oysters they throw back in the sea to keep up the price. Cheap no-one would buy. Caviare. Do the grand. Hock in green glasses. Swell blow out. Lady this. Powdered bosom pearls. May I tempt you to a little more filleted sole, miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And she did bedad. Huguenot name I expect that. A miss Dubedat lived in Killiney I remember. Du de la French. Still it's the same fish perhaps old Mickey Hanlon of Moore street ripped the guts out of making money hand over fist finger in fishes' gills can't write his name on a cheque think he was painting the landscape with his mouth twisted Moooi kill Aitcha Ha ignorant as a kish of brogues worth fifty thousand pounds.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winespress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth below us bay sleeping: sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion's head. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her nape° you'll toss me all. O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay full lips full open kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft warm sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were take me willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warm folded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her: eyes, her lips, her stretched neck beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.

Stuck, the flies buzzed.

His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty: it curves: curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires. Can see them museum library standing in the round hall, naked goddesses. They don't care what man looks. All to see. Never speaking. I mean to say to fellows like Flynn. Quaffing nectar at mess with gods golden dishes all ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton carrots and turnips bottle of Allsop. Nectar imagine it drinking electricity: god's food. Lovely forms of woman Junonian. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind. They have no. Never looked. I'll look today. Keeper won't see. Bend down let some thing fall see if she.

Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked to men too they gave themselves manly conscious lay with men lovers a youth enjoyed her to the yard.

When the sound of his boots had ceased Davy Byrne said from his book:

— What is this he is? Isn't he in the insurance line?

— He's out of that long ago, Nosey Flynn said. He does canvassing for the *Freeman*.

— I know him well to see, Davy Byrne said. Is he in trouble?

— Trouble? Nosey Flynn said. Not that I heard of. Why?

— I noticed he was in mourning.

— Was he? Nosey Flynn said. So he was, faith. I asked him how was all at home. You're right, by God. So he was.

— I never broach the subject, Davy Byrne said humanely, if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their minds.

— It's not the wife anyhow, Nosey Flynn said. I met him the day before yesterday and he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's wife has in Henry street with a jar of cream in his hand taking it home to his better half. She's well nourished, I tell you. Plovers on toast.

— And is he doing for the *Freeman*? Davy Byrne said.

Nosey Flynn pursed his lips.

— He doesn't buy cream on the ads he picks up. You may take that from me.

— How so? Davy Byrne asked, coming from his book.

Nosey Flynn made swift passes in the air with juggling fingers. He winked.

— He's in the craft, he said.

— Do you tell me so? Davy Byrne said.

— Very much so, Nosey Flynn said. Ancient free and accepted order. Light, life and love, by God. They give him a leg up. I was told that by a — well, I won't say who.

— Is that a fact?

— O, it's a fine order, Nosey Flynn said. They stick to you when you're down. I know a fellow was trying to get into it but they're as close as damn it. By God they did right to keep the women out of it.

Davy Byrne smiledyawnednodded all in one:

— Iiiiiichaaaaaach!

— There was one woman, Nosey Flynn said, hid herself in a clock to find out what they do be doing. But be damned but they smelt her out and swore her in on the spot a master mason. That was one of the Saint Legers of Doneraile.

Davy Byrne, sated after his yawn, said with tearwashed eyes.

— And is that a fact? Decent quiet man he is. I often saw him in here and I never once saw him — you know, over the line.

— God Almighty couldn't make him drunk, Nosey Flynn said firmly. Slips off when the fun gets too hot. Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah, you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he does.

— There are some like that, Davy Byrne said. He's a safe man, I'd say.

— He's not too bad, Nosey Flynn said, snuffing it up. He has been known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom has his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do.

His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.

— I know, Davy Byrne said

— Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said.

Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed, a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat.

— Day, Mr. Byrne.

— Day, gentlemen.

They paused at the counter.

- Who's standing? Paddy Leonard asked.
- I'm sitting anyhow, Nosey Flynn answered.
- Well, what'll it be? Paddy Leonard asked.
- I'll take a stone ginger, Bantam Lyons said.
- How much? Paddy Leonard cried. Since when, for God's sake? What's yours, Tom?
- How is the main drainage? Nosey Flynn asked, sipping.
- For answer Tom Rochford pressed his hand to his breastbone and hiccupped.
- Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water, Mr. Byrne? he said.
- Certainly, sir.
- Paddy Leonard eyed his alemates.
- Lord love a duck, he said, look at what I'm standing drinks to! Cold water and gingerpop! Two fellows that would suck whisky off a sore leg. He has some bloody horse up his sleeve for the Gold cup. A dead snip.
- Zinfandel is it? Nosey Flynn asked.
- Tom Rochford spilt powder from a twisted paper into the water set before him.
- That cursed dyspepsia, he said before drinking.
- Breadsoda is very good, Davy Byrne said.
- Tom Rochford nodded and drank.
- Is it *Zinfandel*?
- Say nothing, Bantam Lyons winked. I'm going to plunge five bob on my own.
- Tell us and be damned to you, Paddy Leonard said. Who gave it to you?
- Mr Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting.
- So long, Nosey Flynn said.
- The others turned.
- That's the man now that gave it to me, Bantam Lyons whispered.
- Prrwht! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. Mr. Byrne, sir, we'll take two of your small Jamesons after that and a
- Stone ginger, Davy Byrne added civilly.
- Ay, Paddy Leonard said. A suckingbottle for the baby.

(to be continued)