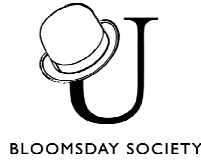


BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de Ulises, de James Joyce

Ateneo de Madrid
25 de noviembre de 2015

Episodio 10,
Las Rocas Errantes



ULYSSES by James Joyce

Episode 10, Wandering Rocks/ Episodio10, Las Rocas Errantes

Sección 1

The superior, the very reverend John Conmee S.J. reset his smooth watch in his interior pocket as he came down the presbytery steps. Five to three. Just nice time to walk to Artane. What was that boy's name again? Dignam. Yes. *Vere dignum et iustum est*. Brother Swan was the person to see. Mr Cunningham's letter. Yes. Oblige him, if possible. Good practical catholic: useful at mission time.

A onelegged sailor, swinging himself onward by lazy jerks of his crutches, growled some notes. He jerked short before the convent of the sisters of charity and held out a peaked cap for alms towards the very reverend John Conmee S. J. Father Conmee blessed him in the sun for his purse held, he knew, one silver crown.

Father Conmee crossed to Mountjoy square. He thought, but not for long, of soldiers and sailors, whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs, ending their days in some pauper ward, and of cardinal Wolsey's words: *If I had served my God as I have served my king He would not have abandoned me in my old days*. He walked by the treeshade of sunnywinking leaves: and towards him came the wife of Mr David Sheehy M.P.

—Very well, indeed, father. And you, father?

Father Conmee was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere? Was that so? Father Conmee was very glad indeed to hear that. And Mr Sheehy himself? Still in London. The house was still sitting, to be sure it was. Beautiful weather it was, delightful indeed. Yes, it was very probable that Father Bernard Vaughan would come again to preach. O, yes: a very great success. A wonderful man really.

Father Conmee was very glad to see the wife of Mr David Sheehy M.P. looking so well and he begged to be remembered to Mr David Sheehy M.P. Yes, he would certainly call.

—Good afternoon, Mrs Sheehy.

Father Conmee doffed his silk hat and smiled, as he took leave, at the jet beads of her mantilla inkshining in the sun. And smiled yet again, in going. He had cleaned his teeth, he knew, with arecanut paste.

Father Conmee walked and, walking, smiled for he thought on Father Bernard Vaughan's droll eyes and cockney voice.

—Pilate! Wy don't you old back that owlin mob?



A zealous man, however. Really he was. And really did great good in his way. Beyond a doubt. He loved Ireland, he said, and he loved the Irish. Of good family too would one think it? Welsh, were they not?

O, lest he forget. That letter to father provincial.

Father Conmee stopped three little schoolboys at the corner of Mountjoy square. Yes: they were from Belvedere. The little house. Aha. And were they good boys at school? O. That was very good now. And what was his name? Jack Sohan. And his name? Ger. Gallaher. And the other little man? His name was Brunny Lynam. O, that was a very nice name to have.

Father Conmee gave a letter from his breast to Master Brunny Lynam and pointed to the red pillarbox at the corner of Fitzgibbon street.

—But mind you don't post yourself into the box, little man, he said.

The boys sixeyed Father Conmee and laughed:

—O, sir.

—Well, let me see if you can post a letter, Father Conmee said.

Master Brunny Lynam ran across the road and put Father Conmee's letter to father provincial into the mouth of the bright red letterbox. Father Conmee smiled and nodded and smiled and walked along Mountjoy square east.

Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c, in silk hat, slate frockcoat with silk facings, white kerchief tie, tight lavender trousers, canary gloves and pointed patent boots, walking with grave deportment most respectfully took the curbstone as he passed lady Maxwell at the corner of Dignam's court.

Was that not Mrs M'Guinness?

Mrs M'Guinness, stately, silverhaired, bowed to Father Conmee from the farther footpath along which she sailed. And Father Conmee smiled and saluted. How did she do?

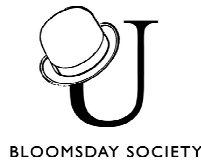
A fine carriage she had. Like Mary, queen of Scots, something. And to think that she was a pawnbroker! Well, now! Such a... what should he say?... such a queenly mien.

Father Conmee walked down Great Charles street and glanced at the shut up free church on his left. The reverend T. R. Greene B.A. will (D.V.) speak. The incumbent they called him. He felt it incumbent on him to say a few words. But one should be charitable. Invincible ignorance. They acted according to their lights.

Father Conmee turned the corner and walked along the North Circular road. It was a wonder that there was not a tramline in such an important thoroughfare. Surely, there ought to be.

A band of satchelled schoolboys crossed from Richmond street. All raised untidy caps. Father Conmee greeted them more than once benignly. Christian brother boys.

Father Conmee smelt incense on his right hand as he walked. Saint Joseph's church, Portland row. For aged and virtuous females. Father Conmee raised his hat to the Blessed Sacrament. Virtuous: but occasionally they were also badtempered.



Near Aldborough house Father Conmee thought of that spendthrift nobleman. And now it was an office or something.

Father Conmee began to walk along the North Strand road and was saluted by Mr William Gallagher who stood in the doorway of his shop. Father Conmee saluted Mr William Gallagher and perceived the odours that came from baconflitches and ample cools of butter. He passed Grogan's the Tobacconist against which newsboards leaned and told of a dreadful catastrophe in New York. In America those things were continually happening. Unfortunate people to die like that, unprepared. Still, an act of perfect contrition.

Father Conmee went by Daniel Bergin's publichouse against the window of which two unlabouring men lounged. They saluted him and were saluted.

Father Conmee passed H. J. O'Neill's funeral establishment where Corny Kelleher totted figures in the daybook while he chewed a blade of hay. A constable on his beat saluted Father Conmee and Father Conmee saluted the constable. In Youkstetter's, the porkbutcher's, Father Conmee observed pig's puddings, white and black and red, lie neatly curled in tubes.

Moored under the trees of Charleville Mall Father Conmee saw a turfbarge, a towhorse with pendent head, a bargeman with a hat of dirty straw seated amidships, smoking and staring at a branch of poplar above him. It was idyllic: and Father Conmee reflected on the providence of the Creator who had made turf to be in bogs whence men might dig it out and bring it to town and hamlet to make fires in the houses of poor people.

On Newcomen bridge the very reverend John Conmee S.J. of saint Francis Xavier's church, upper Gardiner street, stepped on to an outward bound tram.

Off an inward bound tram stepped the reverend Nicholas Dudley C. C. of saint Agatha's church, north William street, on to Newcomen bridge.

At Newcomen bridge Father Conmee stepped into an outward bound tram for he disliked to traverse on foot the dingy way past Mud Island.

Father Conmee sat in a corner of the tramcar, a blue ticket tucked with care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence and five pennies chuted from his other plump glovepalm into his purse. Passing the ivy church he reflected that the ticket inspector usually made his visit when one had carelessly thrown away the ticket. The solemnity of the occupants of the car seemed to Father Conmee excessive for a journey so short and cheap. Father Conmee liked cheerful decorum.

It was a peaceful day. The gentleman with the glasses opposite Father Conmee had finished explaining and looked down. His wife, Father Conmee supposed. A tiny yawn opened the mouth of the wife of the gentleman with the glasses. She raised her small gloved fist, yawned ever so gently, tiptapping her small gloved fist on her opening mouth and smiled tinely, sweetly.

Father Conmee perceived her perfume in the car. He perceived also that the awkward man at the other side of her was sitting on the edge of the seat.

Father Conmee at the altarrails placed the host with difficulty in the mouth of the awkward old man who had the shaky head.



At Annesley bridge the tram halted and, when it was about to go, an old woman rose suddenly from her place to alight. The conductor pulled the bellstrap to stay the car for her. She passed out with her basket and a marketnet: and Father Conmee saw the conductor help her and net and basket down: and Father Conmee thought that, as she had nearly passed the end of the penny fare, she was one of those good souls who had always to be told twice *bless you, my child*, that they have been absolved, *pray for me*. But they had so many worries in life, so many cares, poor creatures.

From the hoardings Mr Eugene Stratton grimaced with thick niggerlips at Father Conmee.

Father Conmee thought of the souls of black and brown and yellow men and of his sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African mission and of the propagation of the faith and of the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism of water when their last hour came like a thief in the night. That book by the Belgian jesuit, *Le Nombre des Élus*, seemed to Father Conmee a reasonable plea. Those were millions of human souls created by God in His Own likeness to whom the faith had not (D.V.) been brought. But they were God's souls, created by God. It seemed to Father Conmee a pity that they should all be lost, a waste, if one might say.

At the Howth road stop Father Conmee alighted, was saluted by the conductor and saluted in his turn.

The Malahide road was quiet. It pleased Father Conmee, road and name. The joybells were ringing in gay Malahide. Lord Talbot de Malahide, immediate hereditary lord admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining. Then came the call to arms and she was maid, wife and widow in one day. Those were old worldish days, loyal times in joyous townlands, old times in the barony.

Father Conmee, walking, thought of his little book *Old Times in the Barony* and of the book that might be written about jesuit houses and of Mary Rochfort, daughter of lord Molesworth, first countess of Belvedere.

A listless lady, no more young, walked alone the shore of lough Ennel, Mary, first countess of Belvedere, listlessly walking in the evening, not startled when an otter plunged. Who could know the truth? Not the jealous lord Belvedere and not her confessor if she had not committed adultery fully, *eiaculatio seminis inter vas naturale mulieris*, with her husband's brother? She would half confess if she had not all sinned as women did. Only God knew and she and he, her husband's brother.

Father Conmee thought of that tyrannous incontinence, needed however for man's race on earth, and of the ways of God which were not our ways.

Don John Conmee walked and moved in times of yore. He was humane and honoured there. He bore in mind secrets confessed and he smiled at smiling noble faces in a beeswaxed drawingroom, ceiled with full fruit clusters. And the hands of a bride and of a bridegroom, noble to noble, were impaled by Don John Conmee.

It was a charming day.

The lychgate of a field showed Father Conmee breadths of cabbages, curtseying to him with ample underleaves. The sky showed him a flock of small white clouds going slowly down the wind. *Moutonner*, the French said. A just and homely word.



Father Conmee, reading his office, watched a flock of muttonging clouds over Rathcoffey. His thinsocked ankles were tickled by the stubble of Clongowes field. He walked there, reading in the evening, and heard the cries of the boys' lines at their play, young cries in the quiet evening. He was their rector: his reign was mild.

Father Conmee drew off his gloves and took his rededged breviary out. An ivory bookmark told him the page.

Nones. He should have read that before lunch. But lady Maxwell had come.

Father Conmee read in secret *Pater* and *Ave* and crossed his breast. *Deus in adiutorium.*

He walked calmly and read mutely the nones, walking and reading till he came to *Res in Beati immaculati: Principium verborum tuorum veritas: in eternum omnia indicia iustitiae tuae.*

A flushed young man came from a gap of a hedge and after him came a young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. The young man raised his cap abruptly: the young woman abruptly bent and with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig.

Father Conmee blessed both gravely and turned a thin page of his breviary. *Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis formidavit cor meum.*

Sección 4

Kate y Boody Dedalus entraron dando un empujón a la puerta de la cocina cargada de vapor.

–¿Empeñaste los libros? preguntó Boody.

Maggy al fogón sumergió un par de veces con el mecedor una masa grisácea bajo las jabonaduras burbujeantes y se limpió la frente.

–No daban nada por ellos, dijo ella.

El Padre Conmee caminaba por los campos de Clongowes, los tobillos finamente calcetados cosquillados por el rastrojo.

–¿Dónde lo intentaste? preguntó Boody.

–En M'Guinness.

Boody dio una patada en el suelo y tiró la cartera encima de la mesa.

–¡Que la zurzan a esa cara de pandero! exclamó.



Katey fue al fogón y miró con ojos entrecerrados.

–¿Qué hay en la caldera? preguntó. –Camisas, dijo Maggy.

Boody protestó airada:

–Mecachis ¿es que no tenemos nada que comer?

Katey, levantando la tapadera de la cacerola con un pliegue de la falda manchada, preguntó:

–¿Y qué hay aquí?

Una humareda espesa salió impetuosamente cómo respuesta.

–Sopa de guisantes, dijo Maggy.

–¿Dónde te hiciste con ella? preguntó Katey.

–La Hermana Mary Patrick, dijo Maggy.

El portero tocó la campana.

–¡Talán!

Boody se sentó a la mesa y dijo hambrientamente:

–¡Trae para acá!

Maggy vertió sopa espesa amarilla de la cacerola en un cuenco. Katey, sentada enfrente de Boody, dijo quedamente, mientras que la punta de su dedo se llevaba a la boca migajas sueltas:

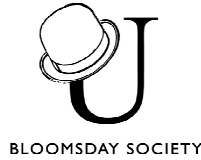
–Suerte que tenemos eso. ¿Dónde está Dilly?

–Fue a buscar a padre, dijo Maggy.

Boody, migando trozos grandes de pan en la sopa amarilla, añadió:

–Padre nuestro que no estás en los cielos.

Maggy, vertiendo sopa amarilla en el cuenco de Katey, prorrumpió:



—¡Boody! ¡Por Dios!

Un barquichuelo, un prospecto arrugado, Elías vuelve, surcaba suavemente el Liffey corriente abajo, por debajo del puente de la línea de circunvalación, disparado en los rápidos donde el agua lame contra los pilares del puente, navegando hacia el este dejando atrás cascos y capones, entre el viejo embarcadero de la Aduana y George's Quay.

Sección 5

The blond girl in Thornton's bedded the wicker basket with rustling fibre. Blazes Boylan handed her the bottle swathed in pink tissue paper and a small jar.

—Put these in first, will you? he said.

—Yes, sir, the blond girl said. And the fruit on top.

—That'll do, game ball, Blazes Boylan said.

She bestowed fat pears neatly, head by tail, and among them ripe shamefaced peaches.

Blazes Boylan walked here and there in new tan shoes about the fruitsmelling shop, lifting fruits, young juicy crinkled and plump red tomatoes, sniffing smells.

H. E. L. Y.'S filed before him, tallwhitehatted, past Tangier lane, plodding towards their goal.

He turned suddenly from a chip of strawberries, drew a gold watch from his fob and held it at its chain's length.

—Can you send them by tram? Now?

A darkbacked figure under Merchants' arch scanned books on the hawker's cart.

—Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?

—O, yes, Blazes Boylan said. Ten minutes.

The blond girl handed him a docket and pencil.

—Will you write the address, sir?

Blazes Boylan at the counter wrote and pushed the docket to her.

—Send it at once, will you? he said. It's for an invalid.

—Yes, sir. I will, sir.

Blazes Boylan rattled merry money in his trousers' pocket.

—What's the damage? he asked.

The blond girl's slim fingers reckoned the fruits.

Blazes Boylan looked into the cut of her blouse. A young pullet. He took a red carnation from the tall stemglass.

—This for me? he asked gallantly.



The blond girl glanced sideways at him, got up regardless, with his tie a bit crooked, blushing.

—Yes, sir, she said.

Bending archly she reckoned again fat pears and blushing peaches.

Blazes Boylan looked in her blouse with more favour, the stalk of the red flower between his smiling teeth.

—May I say a word to your telephone, missy? he asked roguishly.

Sección 6

—Ma! dijo Almidano Artifoni.

Contempló por encima del hombro de Stephen la molondra nudosa de Goldsmith.

Dos coches atestados de turistas pasaron lentamente, las mujeres delante, empuñando el pasamano. Rostros pálidos. Los brazos de los hombres con naturalidad alrededor de las formas encogidas de ellas. Alejaron la mirada del Trinity y la dirigieron al soportal de columnatas cegadas del banco de Irlanda donde las palomas zuuureaban.

Anch'io ho avuto di queste idee, dijo Almidano Artifoni, quand' ero giovine come Leí. Eppoi mi sono convinto che il mondo è una bestia. È peccato. Perchè la sua voce sarebbe un cespite di rendita, via. Invece, Lei si sacrifica.

—Sacrificio incruento, dijo Stephen sonriendo, haciendo oscilar la vara de fresno en lento balanceo por el centro, grácilmente.

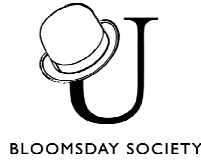
—Speriamo, dijo la cara redonda amostachada placenteramente. Ma, dia: retta a me. Ci rifletta.

Junto a la adusta mano pétrea de Grattan, mandando parar, un tranvía de Inchicore descargó soldados en desorden de una banda de las tierras altas de Escocia.

—Ci rifletterò, dijo Stephen recorriendo con la mirada la apretada pamera del pantalón.

—Ma, sul serio eh? dijo Almidano Artifoni.

Su gruesa mano cogió firmemente la de Stephen. Ojos humanos. Contemplaron con curiosidad un instante y se desviaron apresuradamente hacia un tranvía de Dalkey.



—Eccolo, dijo Almidano Artifoni con amigable premura. Venga a trovarmi e ci pensi. Addio, caro.

Arrivederla, maestro, dijo Stephen, quitándose el sombrero cuando la mano quedó suelta. Egrazie.

—Di che? dijo Almidano Artifoni. Scusi eh? Tante belle cose!

Almidano Artifoni, levantando una batuta de enrolladas partituras a modo de señal, trotó con recios pantalones tras el tranvía de Dalkey. En vano trotó, haciendo señales en vano entre la bulla de escoceses de rodillas desnudas que contrabandeaban instrumentos de música por la verja del Trinity.

Sección 9

Tom Rochford took the top disk from the pile he clasped against his claret waistcoat.

—See? he said. Say it's turn six. In here, see. Turn Now On.

He slid it into the left slot for them. It shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased, ogling them: six.

Lawyers of the past, haughty, pleading, beheld pass from the consolidated taxing office to Nisi Prius court Richie Goulding carrying the costbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward and heard rustling from the admiralty division of king's bench to the court of appeal an elderly female with false teeth smiling incredulously and a black silk skirt of great amplitude.

—See? he said. See now the last one I put in is over here: Turns Over. The impact. Leverage, see?

He showed them the rising column of disks on the right.

—Smart idea, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. So a fellow coming in late can see what turn is on and what turns are over.

—See? Tom Rochford said.

He slid in a disk for himself: and watched it shoot, wobble, ogle, stop: four. Turn Now On.

—I'll see him now in the Ormond, Lenehan said, and sound him. One good turn deserves another.

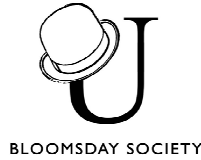
—Do, Tom Rochford said. Tell him I'm Boylan with impatience.

—Goodnight, M'Coy said abruptly. When you two begin Nosey Flynn stooped towards the lever, snuffling at it.

—But how does it work here, Tommy? he asked.

—Tooraloo, Lenehan said. See you later.

He followed M'Coy out across the tiny square of Crampton court.



—He's a hero, he said simply.

—I know, M'Coy said. The drain, you mean.

—Drain? Lenehan said. It was down a manhole.

They passed Dan Lowry's music hall where Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, smiled on them from a poster a dauby smile.

Going down the path of Sycamore street beside the Empire music hall Lenehan showed M'Coy how the whole thing was. One of those manholes like a bloody gas pipe and there was the poor devil stuck down in it, half choked with sewer gas. Down went Tom Rochford anyhow, booky's vest and all, with the rope round him. And be damned but he got the rope round the poor devil and the two were hauled up.

—The act of a hero, he said.

At the Dolphin they halted to allow the ambulance car to gallop past them for Jervis street.

—This way, he said, walking to the right. I want to pop into Lynam's to see Sceptre's starting price. What's the time by your gold watch and chain?

M'Coy peered into Marcus Tertius Moses' sombre office, then at O'Neill's clock.

—After three, he said. Who's riding her?

—O. Madden, Lenehan said. And a game filly she is.

While he waited in Temple bar M'Coy dodged a banana peel with gentle pushes of his toe from the path to the gutter. Fellow might damn easy get a nasty fall there coming along tight in the dark.

The gates of the drive opened wide to give egress to the viceregal cavalcade.

—Even money, Lenehan said returning. I knocked against Bantam Lyons in there going to back a bloody horse someone gave him that hasn't an earthly. Through here.

They went up the steps and under Merchants' arch. A darkbacked figure scanned books on the hawker's cart.

—There he is, Lenehan said.

—Wonder what he's buying, M'Coy said, glancing behind.

—*Leopoldo or the Bloom is on the Rye*, Lenehan said.

—He's dead nuts on sales, M'Coy said. I was with him one day and he bought a book from an old one in Liffey street for two bob. There were fine plates in it worth double the money, the stars and the moon and comets with long tails. Astronomy it was about.

Lenehan laughed.

—I'll tell you a damn good one about comets' tails, he said. Come over in the sun.

They crossed to the metal bridge and went along Wellington quay by the riverwall.

Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam came out of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's, carrying a pound and a half of porksteaks.

—There was a long spread out at Glenree reformatory, Lenehan said eagerly. The annual dinner, you know. Boiled shirt affair. The lord mayor was there, Val Dillon it



was, and sir Charles Cameron and Dan Dawson spoke and there was music. Bartell d'Arcy sang and Benjamin Dollard...

—I know, M'Coy broke in. My missus sang there once.

—Did she? Lenehan said.

A card *Unfurnished Apartments* reappeared on the windowsash of number 7 Eccles street.

He checked his tale a moment but broke out in a wheezy laugh.

—But wait till I tell you, he said. Delahunt of Camden street had the catering and yours truly was chief bottlewasher. Bloom and the wife were there. Lashings of stuff we put up: port wine and sherry and curacao to which we did ample justice. Fast and furious it was. After liquids came solids. Cold joints galore and mince pies...

—I know, M'Coy said. The year the missus was there...

Lenehan linked his arm warmly.

—But wait till I tell you, he said. We had a midnight lunch too after all the jollification and when we sallied forth it was blue o'clock the morning after the night before. Coming home it was a gorgeous winter's night on the Featherbed Mountain. Bloom and Chris Callinan were on one side of the car and I was with the wife on the other. We started singing glees and duets: *Lo, the early beam of morning*. She was well primed with a good load of Delahunt's port under her bellyband. Every jolt the bloody car gave I had her bumping up against me. Hell's delights! She has a fine pair, God bless her. Like that.

He held his caved hands a cubit from him, frowning:

—I was tucking the rug under her and settling her boa all the time. Know what I mean?

His hands moulded ample curves of air. He shut his eyes tight in delight, his body shrinking, and blew a sweet chirp from his lips.

—The lad stood to attention anyhow, he said with a sigh. She's a gamey mare and no mistake. Bloom was pointing out all the stars and the comets in the heavens to Chris Callinan and the jarvey: the great bear and Hercules and the dragon, and the whole jingbang lot. But, by God, I was lost, so to speak, in the milky way. He knows them all, faith. At last she spotted a weeny weeshy one miles away. *And what star is that, Poldy?* says she. By God, she had Bloom cornered. *That one, is it?* says Chris Callinan, *sure that's only what you might call a pinprick*. By God, he wasn't far wide of the mark.

Lenehan stopped and leaned on the riverwall, panting with soft laughter.

—I'm weak, he gasped.

M'Coy's white face smiled about it at instants and grew grave. Lenehan walked on again. He lifted his yachtingcap and scratched his hindhead rapidly. He glanced sideways in the sunlight at M'Coy.

—He's a cultured allroundman, Bloom is, he said seriously. He's not one of your common or garden... you know... There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom.



Sección 10

Mr Bloom turned over idly pages of *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, then of Aristotle's *Masterpiece*. Crooked botched print. Plates: infants cuddled in a ball in bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered cows. Lots of them like that at this moment all over the world. All butting with their skulls to get out of it. Child born every minute somewhere. Mrs Purefoy.

He laid both books aside and glanced at the third: *Tales of the Ghetto* by Leopold von Sacher Masoch.

—That I had, he said, pushing it by.

The shopman let two volumes fall on the counter.

—Them are two good ones, he said.

Onions of his breath came across the counter out of his ruined mouth. He bent to make a bundle of the other books, hugged them against his unbuttoned waistcoat and bore them off behind the dingy curtain.

On O'Connell bridge many persons observed the grave deportment and gay apparel of Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c.

Mr Bloom, alone, looked at the titles. *Fair Tyrants* by James Lovebirch. Know the kind that is. Had it? Yes.

He opened it. Thought so.

A woman's voice behind the dingy curtain. Listen: the man.

No: she wouldn't like that much. Got her it once.

He read the other title: *Sweets of Sin*. More in her line. Let us see.

He read where his finger opened.

—*All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For raoul!*

Yes. This. Here. Try.

—*Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands felt for the opulent curves inside her deshabillé.*

Yes. Take this. The end.

—*You are late, he spoke hoarsely, eying her with a suspicious glare. The beautiful woman threw off her sabletrimmed wrap, displaying her queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint. An imperceptible smile played round her perfect lips as she turned to him calmly.*

Mr Bloom read again: *The beautiful woman*.

Warmth showered gently over him, cowing his flesh. Flesh yielded amply amid rumpled clothes: whites of eyes swooning up. His nostrils arched themselves for prey.



Melting breast ointments (*for Him! For Raoul!*). Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime (*her heaving embonpoint!*). Feel! Press! Crushed! Sulphur dung of lions!

Young! Young!

An elderly female, no more young, left the building of the courts of chancery, king's bench, exchequer and common pleas, having heard in the lord chancellor's court the case in lunacy of Potterton, in the admiralty division the summons, *exparte* motion, of the owners of the Lady Cairns versus the owners of the barque Mona, in the court of appeal reservation of judgment in the case of Harvey versus the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.

Phlegmy coughs shook the air of the bookshop, bulging out the dingy curtains. The shopman's uncombed grey head came out and his unshaven reddened face, coughing. He raked his throat rudely, puked phlegm on the floor. He put his boot on what he had spat, wiping his sole along it, and bent, showing a rawskinned crown, scantily haired.

Mr Bloom beheld it.

Mastering his troubled breath, he said:

—I'll take this one.

The shopman lifted eyes bleared with old rheum.

—*Sweets of Sin*, he said, tapping on it. That's a good one.

Sección 11

El portero junto a la puerta del salón de subastas de Dillon volvió a sacudir dos veces la campanilla y se miró en el espejo del armario con marcas de tiza.

Dilly Dedalus, holgazaneando cerca del bordillo, oyó los repiques de la campanilla, los gritos del subastador dentro. Cuatro chelines con nueve. Esas cortinas encantadoras. Cinco chelines. Cortinas acogedoras. Nuevas se venden a dos guineas. ¿Alguien da más de cinco chelines? Adjudicadas por cinco chelines.

El portero levantó la campanilla y la agitó: —¡Talán!

El tan de la campana de la última vuelta agujoneó a los ciclistas de la media-milla al sprint. J. A. Jackson, W. E. Wylie, A. Munro y H. T. Gahan, los estirados cuellos meneándose, salvaron la curva de la biblioteca de la Universidad.

Mr. Dedalus, tirándose del largo bigote, se acercó desde William's Row. Se detuvo cerca de su hija.

—Ya va siendo hora, dijo ella.



–Ponte derecha por el amor de Dios, dijo Mr. Dedalus. ¿Es que intentas imitar a tu tío John, el cometa, con la cabeza hundida en los hombros? ¡Por Dios bendito!

Dilly se encogió de hombros. Mr. Dedalus puso las manos sobre ellos y se los echó para detrás.

–Ponte derecha, niña, dijo. Vas a tenninar con encorvamiento de la columna vertebral. ¿Sabes qué aspecto tienes?

Hundió la cabeza repentinamente y la proyectó hacia delante, encorvando los hombros y dejando caer la mandíbula.

–Déjelo ya, padre, dijo Dilly. La gente le está mirando.

Mr. Dedalus se puso derecho y se tiró de nuevo del bigote.

–¿Consiguió dinero? preguntó Dilly.

–¿De dónde iba yo a sacar dinero? dijo Mr. Dedalus. No hay nadie en Dublín que me preste ni cuatro peniques.

–Sí que tiene, dijo Dilly, mirándole a los ojos.

–¿Cómo lo sabes? preguntó Mr. Dedalus, con sorna.

Mr. Keman, complacido con el pedido que le habían hecho, caminaba ufano por James Street.

–Sé que sí, contestó Dilly. ¿No estaba usted en la taberna Scotch ahora?

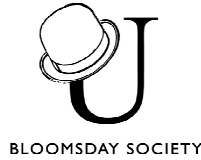
–Pues no que no estaba, vamos, dijo Mr. Dedalus, sonriendo. ¿Han sido las monjitas las que te han enseñado a ser tan descarada? Anda, toma.

Le dio un chelín.

–A ver si puedes hacer algo con eso, dijo.

–Seguro que tendrá usted cinco, dijo Dilly. Déme más.

–Espera sentada, dijo Mr. Dedalus amenazadoramente. Eres igual que los demás ¿a que sí? Hatajo de sanguijuelas insolentes desde que vuestra pobre madre murió. Pero esperad sentadas. No me vengáis con cantinelas que no me vais a sacar ni el forro del



bolsillo. ¡Panda de pillastres! Me voy a deshacer de todas vosotras. No os importaría que estirara la pata. Se ha muerto. El tío ese de arriba se ha muerto.

La dejó y comenzó a andar. Dilly le siguió rápidamente y le tiró de la americana.

–Bueno, y ahora ¿qué pasa? dijo él, parándose.

El portero tocó la campana a sus espaldas.

–¡Talán!

–Maldita sea tu estampa, carota, exclamó Mr. Dedalus, volviéndose hacia él.

El portero, consciente del comentario, agitó el badajo colgante de la campana pero débilmente:

–¡Tan!

Mr. Dedalus clavó la mirada en él.

–Míralo, dijo. Qué instructivo. A saber si nos va a dejar hablar.

–Tiene usted más que eso, padre, dijo Dilly.

–Te voy a enseñar un truquito, dijo Mr. Dedalus. Os voy a dejar a todos en la estacada. Mira, aquí está todo lo que tengo. Conseguí dos chelines de Jack Power y me gasté dos peniques en afeitarme para el entierro.

Sacó un puñado de monedas de cobre, nerviosamente.

–¿No puede buscar dinero en alguna parte? dijo Dilly.

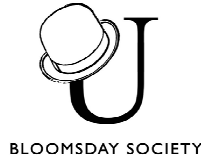
Mr. Dedalus pensó y asintió.

–Lo haré, dijo seriamente. Estuve mirando por todas las alcantarillas de O'Connell Street. Voy a probar en ésta ahora.

–Es usted muy gracioso, dijo Dilly, haciendo un mohín.

–Ten, dijo Mr. Dedalus, alargándole dos peniques. Cómprate un vaso de leche y un bollito o algo. Estaré en casa dentro de nada.

Se metió las otras monedas en el bolsillo y comenzó a caminar de nuevo.



La comitiva virreinal salió, cumplimentada por policías ceremoniosos, por Parkgate.

–Estoy segura de que tiene usted otro chelín, dijo Dilly.

El portero tocó ruidosamente.

Mr. Dedalus en medio del estrépito se marchó, murmurando para sí mismo suavemente con la boca fruncida y dengosa:

–¡Las monjitas! ¡Qué graciosas! ¡Ah, seguro que ellas no harían nada! ¡Ay, seguro que no! ¿No es como digo, hermanita Mónica?

Sección 13

Stephen Dedalus watched through the webbed window the lapidary's fingers prove a timedulled chain. Dust webbed the window and the showtrays. Dust darkened the toiling fingers with their vulture nails. Dust slept on dull coils of bronze and silver, lozenges of cinnabar, on rubies, leprous and winedark stones.

Born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil, lights shining in the darkness. Where fallen archangels flung the stars of their brows. Muddy swinesnouts, hands, root and root, gripe and wrest them.

She dances in a foul gloom where gum bums with garlic. A sailorman, rustbearded, sips from a beaker rum and eyes her. A long and seafed silent rut. She dances, capers, wagging her sowish haunches and her hips, on her gross belly flapping a ruby egg.

Old Russell with a smeared shammy rag burnished again his gem, turned it and held it at the point of his Moses' beard. Grandfather ape gloating on a stolen hoard.

And you who wrest old images from the burial earth? The brainsick words of sophists: Antisthenes. A lore of drugs. Orient and immortal wheat standing from everlasting to everlasting.

Two old women fresh from their whiff of the briny trudged through Irishtown along London bridge road, one with a sanded tired umbrella, one with a midwife's bag in which eleven cockles rolled.

The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos from the powerhouse urged Stephen to be on. Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one and both. But stun myself too in the blow. Shatter me you who can. Bawd and butcher were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A look around.

Yes, quite true. Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time. You say right, sir. A Monday morning, 'twas so, indeed.

Stephen went down Bedford row, the handle of the ash clacking against his shoulderblade. In Clohissey's window a faded 1860 print of Heenan boxing Sayers held his eye. Staring backers with square hats stood round the roped prizering. The



heavyweights in tight loincloths proposed gently each to other his bulbous fists. And they are throbbing: heroes' hearts.

He turned and halted by the slanted bookcart.

—Twopence each, the huckster said. Four for sixpence.

Tattered pages. *The Irish Beekeeper. Life and Miracles of the Curé of Ars. Pocket Guide to Killarney.*

I might find here one of my pawned schoolprizes. *Stephano Dedalo, alumno optimo, palmam ferenti.*

Father Conmee, having read his little hours, walked through the hamlet of Donnycarney, murmuring vespers.

Binding too good probably. What is this? Eighth and ninth book of Moses. Secret of all secrets. Seal of King David. Thumbed pages: read and read. Who has passed here before me? How to soften chapped hands. Recipe for white wine vinegar. How to win a woman's love. For me this. Say the following talisman three times with hands folded:

—*Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen.*

Who wrote this? Charms and invocations of the most blessed abbot Peter Salanka to all true believers divulged. As good as any other abbot's charms, as mumbling Joachim's. Down, baldynoddle, or we'll wool your wool.

—What are you doing here, Stephen?

Dilly's high shoulders and shabby dress.

Shut the book quick. Don't let see.

—What are you doing? Stephen said.

A Stuart face of nonesuch Charles, lank locks falling at its sides. It glowed as she crouched feeding the fire with broken boots. I told her of Paris. Late lieabed under a quilt of old overcoats, fingering a pinchbeck bracelet, Dan Kelly's token. *Nebrakada femininum.*

—What have you there? Stephen asked.

—I bought it from the other cart for a penny, Dilly said, laughing nervously. Is it any good?

My eyes they say she has. Do others see me so? Quick, far and daring. Shadow of my mind.

He took the coverless book from her hand. Chardenal's French primer.

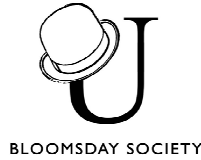
—What did you buy that for? he asked. To learn French?

She nodded, reddening and closing tight her lips.

Show no surprise. Quite natural.

—Here, Stephen said. It's all right. Mind Maggy doesn't pawn it on you. I suppose all my books are gone.

—Some, Dilly said. We had to.



She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.

We.

Agenbite of inwit. Inwit's agenbite.

Misery! Misery!

Sección 16

Mientras pisaban por la gruesa alfombra Buck Mulligan susurró detrás de su panamá a Haines:

–El hermano de Parnell. Ahí en el rincón.

Eligieron una mesita al lado de la ventana, frente a un hombre de cara alargada cuya barba y mirada caían absortas sobre un tablero de ajedrez.

–¿Es él? preguntó Haines, volviéndose en el asiento.

–Sí, dijo Mulligan. Ese es John Howard, su hermano, nuestro oficial mayor del ayuntamiento.

John Howard Pamell cambió un alfil blanco discretamente y la garra gris de nuevo subió hasta la frente donde descansó. Un instante después, bajo la pantalla de la misma, sus ojos miraron vivazmente, con brillo fantasmal, a su contrincante y cayeron de nuevo sobre el tablero de operaciones.

–Tomaré un melange, dijo Haines a la camarera.

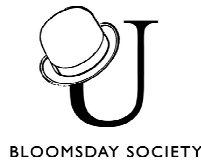
–Dos melanges, dijo Buck Mulligan. Y tráiganos unos panecillos con mantequilla y unos pastelillos también.

Cuando se hubo ido dijo, riéndose:

–Lo llamamos C.P.D. porque sirven los más condenados pastelillos de Dublín. Ah, pero te perdiste a Dedalus con lo de Hamlet.

Haines abrió su libro recién comprado.

–Lo siento, pero Shakespeare es terreno abonado para todas las mentes que han perdido el equilibrio.



El marinero cojo gruñó a la entrada del sótano del número 14 de Nelson Street:

–Inglaterra espera

El chaleco lila de Buck Mulligan se rebulló alegremente con su risa.

–Deberías verle, dijo, cuando su cuerpo pierde el equilibrio. El Aengus errante le llamo yo.

–Estoy seguro de que tiene una ideéfixe, dijo Haines, pellizcándose la barbilla reflexivamente con el pulgar y el índice. Ahora estoy especulando sobre cuál podría ser. Ese tipo de personas siempre la tienen.

Buck Mulligan se echó hacia delante sobre la mesa gravemente.

–Le sorbieron el seso, dijo, con visiones del infierno. Nunca llegará a captar la nota ática. La nota de Swinburne, de todos los poetas, la muerte blanca y el nacimiento bermejo. Ésa es su tragedia. Nunca podrá llegar a ser poeta. El gozo de crear

–El castigo eterno, dijo Haines, asintiendo lacónicamente. Ya veo. Le estuve tanteando esta mañana sobre creencias. Algo tenía en mente, lo vi. Es bastante interesante porque el profesor Pokorny de Viena entrevé un aspecto interesante en todo eso.

Los ojos acechantes de Buck Mulligan vieron llegar a la camarera. La ayudó a descargar la bandeja.

–No encuentra ni rastro del infierno en la antigua mitología irlandesa, dijo Haines, en medio de las reconfortantes tazas. La idea moral parece faltar, el sentido de destino, de retribución. Es bastante extraño que tenga justamente esa idea fija. ¿Escribe algo para vuestro movimiento?

Hundió dos terrones de azúcar hábilmente en la nata montada. Buck Mulligan partió un panecillo humeante en dos y embadumó con mantequilla la humosa miga. Mordió un trozo tierno hambrientamente.

–Diez años, dijo, masticando y riéndose. Va a escribir algo en diez años.

–Muy lejano parece, dijo Haines, pensativamente levantando la cuchara. Aun así, no me extrañaría que lo hiciera después de todo.

Probó una cucharada del cono cremoso de su taza.



–Ésta es auténtica crema irlandesa supongo, dijo con transigencia. No quiero que me engañen.

Elías, esquife, ligero prospecto arrugado, pasó navegando hacia el este junto a flancos de barcos y a traineras, en medio de un archipiélago de corchos, más allá de New Wapping Street por delante del transbordador de Benson, y junto a la goleta trimástil Rosevean de Bridgwater con ladrillos.

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Sección 18

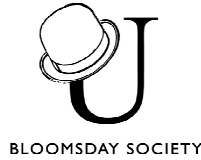
Enfrente del bar Ruggy O'Donohoe el señorito Patrick Aloysius Dignar, manoteando la libra y media de filetes de cerdo de casa Mangan, antes Fehrenbach, por la que había sido mandado, iba por la cálida Wicklow Street remoloneando. Era puñeteramente aburrido estar sentado en el saloncito con Mrs. Stoer y Mrs. Quigley y Mrs. MacDowell y la cortina echada y toda la gente sonándose y dando sorbitos al jerez leonado de primera que el tío Bamey había traído de Tunney. Y todos comiendo pedazos de la tarta de frutas casera, hablando por los codos todo el puñetero tiempo y suspirando.

Después de Wicklow Lane el escaparate de Madame Doyle, sombrerera de gala, le hizo detenerse. Se quedó mirando adentro a los dos boxeadores con los torsos al aire levantando los puños en posición de defensa. Desde los espejos laterales dos señoritos Dignam de luto miraban boquiabiertos silenciosamente. Myler Keogh, el favorito de Dublín, se enfrentará al sargento mayor Bennett, el magullas de Portobello, por una bolsa de cincuenta soberanos. Diantres, qué buen combate de ver. Myler Keogh, ése es el tipo que le tira el gancho el de la faja verde. Dos pavos la entrada, soldados a mitad de precio. Podría fácilmente darle el esquinazo a la vieja. El señorito Dignam a su izquierda se volvió cuando él se volvió. Ese de luto soy yo. ¿Cuándo es? El veintidós de mayo. Claro que esa puñetera función ya ha pasado. Se volvió hacia la derecha y a su derecha el señorito Dignam se volvió, la gorra torcida, el cuello vuelto para arriba. Al abrochárselo, la barbilla levantada, vio la imagen de Mane Kendall, adorable vedette, junto a los dos boxeadores. Una de esas fulanas que salen en las cajetillas de pitillos que fuma Stoer que su viejo casi le mata por una vez que lo cogió.

El señorito Dignam se bajó el cuello y siguió remoloneando. El mejor boxeador en cuanto a fuerza fue Fitzsimons. Un metido en la boca del estómago de ese tipo te manda a tomar viento fresco una semana, tío. Pero el mejor boxeador en cuanto a técnica fue Jem Corbet antes de que Fitzsimons le pusiera fuera de combate, esquivando los golpes y todo lo demás.

En Grafton Street el señorito Dignam vio una flor roja en la boca de un cursi que llevaba un elegantísimo par de calcos y escuchaba lo que el borracho le estaba contando y sonreía burlonamente todo el tiempo.

Ningún tranvía para Sandymount.



El señorito Dignam caminó por Nassau Street, se cambió los filetes de cerdo de mano. El cuello se le volvió de nuevo para arriba y se tiró de él para abajo. El puñetero pasador era demasiado pequeño para el ojal de la camisa, que se vaya a hacer puñetas. Se encontró unos escolares con carteras. No voy a ir mañana tampoco, no asistiré hasta el lunes. Se encontró a otros escolares. ¿Se dan cuenta de que voy de luto? Tío Bamey dijo que lo pondría en el periódico esta noche. Entonces lo verán todos en el periódico y leerán mi nombre impreso y el nombre de papa.

La cara se le puso toda gris en vez de estar roja como era y había una mosca que le subía hasta el ojo. El chirrido que había cuando estaban atomillando los tornillos en el ataúd: y los topetazos cuando lo bajaban por las escaleras.

Papa estaba dentro y mama lloraba en el saloncito y el tío Bamey diciéndole a los hombres cómo pasarlo por el chaflán. Un ataúd bien grande era, y alto y de aspecto pesado. ¿Cómo ocurrió? La última noche papa estaba ajumado y estaba allí de pie en el descansillo pidiendo a voces las botas para irse a Tunney a seguir bebiendo y parecía gordo y chico en camisa. No lo veré más. La muerte, es eso. Papa está muerto. Mi padre está muerto. Me dijo que fuera un buen hijo para mama. No pude oír las otras cosas que dijo pero vi cómo la lengua y los dientes intentaban decirlo mejor. Pobre papa. Ése fue Mr. Dignam, mi padre. Espero que esté en el Purgatorio ahora porque fue a confesarse con el Padre Conroy el sábado por la noche.

Sección 19

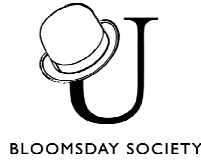
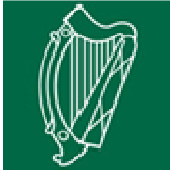
William Humble, earl of Dudley, and lady Dudley, accompanied by lieutenantcolonel Heseltine, drove out after luncheon from the viceregal lodge. In the following carriage were the honourable Mrs Paget, Miss de Courcy and the honourable Gerald Ward A.D.C. in attendance.

The cavalcade passed out by the lower gate of Phoenix park saluted by obsequious policemen and proceeded past Kingsbridge along the northern quays. The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the metropolis. At Bloody bridge Mr Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted him vainly from afar Between Queen's and Whitworth bridges lord Dudley's viceregal carriages passed and were unsaluted by Mr Dudley White, B. L., M. A., who stood on Arran quay outside Mrs M. E. White's, the pawnbroker's, at the corner of Arran street west stroking his nose with his forefinger, undecided whether he should arrive at Phibsborough more quickly by a triple change of tram or by hailing a car or on foot through Smithfield, Constitution hill and Broadstone terminus. In the porch of Four Courts Richie Goulding with the costbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward saw him with surprise. Past Richmond bridge at the doorstep of the office of Reuben J Dodd, solicitor, agent for the Patriotic Insurance Company, an elderly female about to enter changed her plan and retracing her steps by King's windows smiled credulously on the representative of His Majesty. From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devan's office Poddle river hung out in fealty a



tongue of liquid sewage. Above the crossblind of the Ormond hotel, gold by bronze, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head watched and admired. On Ormond quay Mr Simon Dedalus, steering his way from the greenhouse for the subsheriff's office, stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low. His Excellency graciously returned Mr Dedalus' greeting. From Cahill's corner the reverend Hugh C. Love, M.A., made obeisance unperceived, mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons. On Grattan bridge Lenehan and M'Coy, taking leave of each other, watched the carriages go by. Passing by Roger Greene's office and Dollard's big red printinghouse Gerty MacDowell, carrying the Catesby's cork lino letters for her father who was laid up, knew by the style it was the lord and lady lieutenant but she couldn't see what Her Excellency had on because the tram and Spring's big yellow furniture van had to stop in front of her on account of its being the lord lieutenant. Beyond Lundy Foot's from the shaded door of Kavanagh's wineroms John Wyse Nolan smiled with unseen coldness towards the lord lieutenantgeneral and general governor of Ireland. The Right Honourable William Humble, earl of Dudley, G. C. V. O., passed Micky Anderson's all times ticking watches and Henry and James's wax smartsuited freshcheeked models, the gentleman Henry, *dernier cri* James. Over against Dame gate Tom Rochford and Nosey Flynn watched the approach of the cavalcade. Tom Rochford, seeing the eyes of lady Dudley fixed on him, took his thumbs quickly out of the pockets of his claret waistcoat and doffed his cap to her. A charming *soubrette*, great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and lifted skirt smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl of Dudley, and upon lieutenantcolonel H. G. Heseltine, and also upon the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. From the window of the D. B. C. Buck Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely, gazed down on the viceregal equipage over the shoulders of eager guests, whose mass of forms darkened the chessboard whereon John Howard Parnell looked intently. In Fownes's street Dilly Dedalus, straining her sight upward from Chardenal's first French primer, saw sunshades spanned and wheelspokes spinning in the glare. John Henry Menton, filling the doorway of Commercial Buildings, stared from winebig oyster eyes, holding a fat gold hunter watch not looked at in his fat left hand not feeling it. Where the foreleg of King Billy's horse pawed the air Mrs Breen plucked her hastening husband back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast and saluted the second carriage. The honourable Gerald Ward A.D.C., agreeably surprised, made haste to reply. At Ponsonby's corner a jaded white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons halted behind him, E.L.Y'S, while outriders pranced past and carriages. Opposite Pigott's music warerooms Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c, gaily appalled, gravely walked, outpassed by a viceroy and unobserved. By the provost's wall came jauntily Blazes Boylan, stepping in tan shoes and socks with skyblue clocks to the refrain of *My girl's a Yorkshire girl*.

Blazes Boylan presented to the leaders' skyblue frontlets and high action a skyblue tie, a widebrimmed straw hat at a rakish angle and a suit of indigo serge. His hands in his jacket pockets forgot to salute but he offered to the three ladies the bold admiration of his eyes and the red flower between his lips. As they drove along Nassau street His Excellency drew the attention of his bowing consort to the programme of



music which was being discoursed in College park. Unseen brazen highland laddies blared and drumthumped after the *cortège*:

*But though she's a factory lass
And wears no fancy clothes.
Baraabum.
Yet I've a sort of a
Yorkshire relish for
My little Yorkshire rose.
Baraabum.*

Thither of the wall the quartermile flat handicappers, M. C. Green, H. Shrift, T. M. Patey, C. Scaife, J. B. Jeffs, G. N. Morphy, F. Stevenson, C. Adderly and W. C. Huggard, started in pursuit. Striding past Finn's hotel Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell stared through a fierce eyeglass across the carriages at the head of Mr M. E. Solomons in the window of the Austro-Hungarian viceconsulate. Deep in Leinster street by Trinity's postern a loyal king's man, Hornblower, touched his tallyho cap. As the glossy horses pranced by Merrion square Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, waiting, saw salutes being given to the gent with the topper and raised also his new black cap with fingers greased by porksteak paper. His collar too sprang up. The viceroy, on his way to inaugurate the Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's hospital, drove with his following towards Lower Mount street. He passed a blind stripling opposite Broadbent's. In Lower Mount street a pedestrian in a brown macintosh, eating dry bread, passed swiftly and unscathed across the viceroy's path. At the Royal Canal bridge, from his hoarding, Mr Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to Pembroke township. At Haddington road corner two sanded women halted themselves, an umbrella and a bag in which eleven cockles rolled to view with wonder the lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain. On Northumberland and Lansdowne roads His Excellency acknowledged punctually salutes from rare male walkers, the salute of two small schoolboys at the garden gate of the house said to have been admired by the late queen when visiting the Irish capital with her husband, the prince consort, in 1849 and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door.