



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Ulisses, Episode 12, Cyclops

Joyceans in Times of Coronavirus

Plataforma ZOOM, 29 de abril, a las 19.00 horas



12. CYCLOPS



Time: 5.p.m.

Location: Barney Kiernan's public house, 8-10 Little Britain Street, off Capel Street, and intersected by Green Street

1. Reader: Andrew Walsh.

I was just passing the time of day with old Troy of the D. M. P. at the corner of Arbour hill there and be damned but a bloody sweep came along and he near drove his gear into my eye. I turned around to let him have the weight of my tongue when who should I see dodging along Stony Batter only Joe Hynes.

—Lo, Joe, says I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody chimneysweep near shove my eye out with his brush?

—Soot's luck, says Joe. Who's the old ballocks you were talking to?

—Old Troy, says I, was in the force. I'm on two minds not to give that fellow in charge for obstructing the thoroughfare with his brooms and ladders.

—What are you doing round those parts? says Joe.

—Devil a much, says I. There's a bloody big foxy thief beyond by the garrison church at the corner of Chicken lane—old Troy was just giving me a wrinkle about him—lifted any God's quantity of tea and sugar to pay three bob a week said he had a farm in the county Down off a hop-of-my-thumb by the name of Moses Herzog over there near Heytesbury street.

—Circumcised? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. A bit off the top. An old plumber named Geraghty. I'm hanging on to his taw now for the past fortnight and I can't get a penny out of him.



—That the lay you're on now? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. How are the mighty fallen! Collector of bad and doubtful debts. But that's the most notorious bloody robber you'd meet in a day's walk and the face on him all pockmarks would hold a shower of rain. *Tell him, says he, I dare him, says he, and I doubledare him to send you round here again or if he does, says he, I'll have him summonsed up before the court, so I will, for trading without a licence.* And he after stuffing himself till he's fit to burst. Jesus, I had to laugh at the little jewy getting his shirt out. *He drink me my teas. He eat me my sugars. Because he no pay me my moneys?*

For nonperishable goods bought of Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's parade in the city of Dublin, Wood quay ward, merchant, hereinafter called the vendor, and sold and delivered to Michael E. Geraghty, esquire, of 29 Arbour hill in the city of Dublin, Arran quay ward, gentleman, hereinafter called the purchaser, videlicet, five pounds avoirdupois of first choice tea at three shillings and no pence per pound avoirdupois and three stone avoirdupois of sugar, crushed crystal, at threepence per pound avoirdupois, the said purchaser debtor to the said vendor of one pound five shillings and sixpence sterling for value received which amount shall be paid by said purchaser to said vendor in weekly instalments every seven calendar days of three shillings and no pence sterling: and the said nonperishable goods shall not be pawned or pledged or sold or otherwise alienated by the said purchaser but shall be and remain and be held to be the sole and exclusive property of the said vendor to be disposed of at his good will and pleasure until the said amount shall have been duly paid by the said purchaser to the said vendor in the manner herein set forth as this day hereby agreed between the said vendor, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the one part and the said purchaser, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the other part.

—Are you a strict t.t.? says Joe.

—Not taking anything between drinks, says I.

—What about paying our respects to our friend? says Joe.

—Who? says I. Sure, he's out in John of God's off his head, poor man.

—Drinking his own stuff? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. Whisky and water on the brain.

—Come around to Barney Kiernan's, says Joe. I want to see the citizen.

—Barney mavourneen's be it, says I. Anything strange or wonderful, Joe?

—Not a word, says Joe. I was up at that meeting in the City Arms.

—What was that, Joe? says I.

—Cattle traders, says Joe, about the foot and mouth disease. I want to give the citizen the hard word about it.

So we went around by the Linenhall barracks and the back of the courthouse talking of one thing or another. Decent fellow Joe when he has it but sure like that he never has it. Jesus, I couldn't get over that bloody foxy Geraghty, the daylight robber. For trading without a licence, says he.



2. Lectora: Maria Paz González

Por Inisfail la bella se extienden unas tierras, la tierra del venerado Michán. Allí se levanta una atalaya visible por los hombres en la lejanía. Allí duermen los restos de los poderosos como en vida durmieron, guerreros y príncipes de alto renombre. Una tierra deleitosa en verdad de aguas murmurantes, de arroyos henchidos de peces donde saltan la trilla, la platija, el rubio, el halibut, el abadejo ganchudo, el murgón, el gallo, el rodaballo, la acedía, el romero, y la mezcla ordinaria de peces habitual y otros habitantes del reino acuático demasiado numerosos para ser enumerados. Con la tibia brisa del oeste y la del este los encumbrados árboles ondean en diferentes direcciones su inestimable follaje, el oloroso sicómoro, el cedro del Líbano, el cimero plátano, el eugenésico eucalipto y otros ornamentos del mundo arbóreo con los que aquella comarca está tan copiosamente bien suplida. Encantadoras doncellas se sientan en vecina proximidad a las raíces de los encantadores árboles cantando las más encantadoras canciones mientras juguetean con toda clase de encantadores objetos como por ejemplo lingotes de oro, pececillos argénteos, cestas de arenques, contingentes de anguilas, bacalaos pequeños, nasas de salmoncillos, purpúreas gemas marinas e insectos retozones. Y los héroes se aventuran desde muy lejos para seducirlas, desde Eblana a Slievemargy, los príncipes sin par de la indómita Munster y de Connacht los intachables y de la sedosa aterciopelada Leinster y de la tierra de Cruachan y de la espléndida Armagh y del noble distrito de Boyle, príncipes, los hijos de reyes.

Y allí se levanta un radiante palacio cuyo tejado de cristal o rutilante es contemplado por los hombres de mar que surcan el ancho océano en naves construidas expresamente con esa intención, y hasta allá llegan los rebaños y cebones y los primeros frutos de aquella tierra porque O'Connell Fitzsimon recibe tributos de ellas, caudillo descendiente de caudillos. Hasta allá los inmensos colosales carromatos transportan la abundancia de los campos, seras de coliflores, carradas de espinacas, rodajas de piñas, alubias de Rangún, carretadas de tomates, bateas de higos, hileras de nabos, patatas esféricas y lotes de bretón irisado, de York y de Saboya, y cajas de cebollas, perlas de la tierra, y canastillas de champiñones y cremosos calabacines y gordas arvejas y cebada y colza y rojas verdes amarillas marrones rojizas dulces gruesas agrias maduras manzanas a pintas y canastitos de fresas y cestadas de uvaespina, pulposas y vellosas, y fresas dignas de príncipes y frambuesas en sus ramas.

Le desafió, dice él, y le vuelvo a desafiar. ¡Sal acá fuera, jodido Geraghty, famoso salteador de caminos!

3. Reader: Bill Dixon

So we turned into Barney Kiernan's and there, sure enough, was the citizen up in the corner having a great confab with himself and that bloody mangy mongrel, Garryowen, and he waiting for what the sky would drop in the way of drink.

—There he is, says I, in his gloryhole, with his cruiskeen lawn and his load of papers, working for the cause.



The bloody mongrel let a grouse out of him would give you the creeps. Be a corporal work of mercy if someone would take the life of that bloody dog. I'm told for a fact he ate a good part of the breeches off a constabulary man in Santry that came round one time with a blue paper about a licence.

—Stand and deliver, says he.

—That's all right, citizen, says Joe. Friends here.

—Pass, friends, says he.

Then he rubs his hand in his eye and says he:

—What's your opinion of the times?

Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill. But, begob, Joe was equal to the occasion.

—I think the markets are on a rise, says he, sliding his hand down his fork.

So begob the citizen claps his paw on his knee and he says:

—Foreign wars is the cause of it.

And says Joe, sticking his thumb in his pocket:

—It's the Russians wish to tyrannise.

—Arrah, give over your bloody coddling, Joe, says I. I've a thirst on me I wouldn't sell for half a crown.

—Give it a name, citizen, says Joe.

—Wine of the country, says he.

—What's yours? says Joe.

—Ditto MacAnaspey, says I.

—Three pints, Terry, says Joe. And how's the old heart, citizen? says he.

—Never better, *a chara*, says he. What Garry? Are we going to win? Eh?

And with that he took the bloody old towser by the scruff of the neck and, by Jesus, he near throttled him.

The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower was that of a broadshouldered deepchested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired freelyfreckled shaggybearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewyarmed hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his rocklike mountainous knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his body wherever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse (*Ulex Europeus*). The widewinged nostrils, from which bristles of the same tawny hue projected, were of such capaciousness that within their cavernous obscurity the fieldlark might easily have lodged her nest. The eyes in which a tear and a smile strove ever for the mastery were of the dimensions of a goodsized cauliflower. A powerful current of warm breath issued at regular intervals from the profound cavity of his mouth while in rhythmic resonance the loud strong hale reverberations of his formidable heart thundered rumblingly causing the ground, the summit of the lofty tower and the still loftier walls of the cave to vibrate and tremble.



He wore a long unsleeved garment of recently flayed oxhide reaching to the knees in a loose kilt and this was bound about his middle by a girdle of plaited straw and rushes. Beneath this he wore trews of deerskin, roughly stitched with gut. His nether extremities were encased in high Balbriggan buskins dyed in lichen purple, the feet being shod with brogues of salted cowhide laced with the windpipe of the same beast. From his girdle hung a row of seastones which jangled at every movement of his portentous frame and on these were graven with rude yet striking art the tribal images of many Irish heroes and heroines of antiquity, Cuchulin, Conn of hundred battles, Niall of nine hostages, Brian of Kincora, the ardri Malachi, Art MacMurragh, Shane O'Neill, Father John Murphy, Owen Roe, Patrick Sarsfield, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Red Jim MacDermott, Soggarth Eoghan O'Growney, Michael Dwyer, Francy Higgins, Henry Joy M'Cracken, Goliath, Horace Wheatley, Thomas Conneff, Peg Woffington, the Village Blacksmith, Captain Moonlight, Captain Boycott, Dante Alighieri, Christopher Columbus, S. Fursa, S. Brendan, Marshal MacMahon, Charlemagne, Theobald Wolfe Tone, the Mother of the Maccabees, the Last of the Mohicans, the Rose of Castile, the Man for Galway, The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, The Man in the Gap, The Woman Who Didn't, Benjamin Franklin, Napoleon Bonaparte, John L. Sullivan, Cleopatra, Savourneen Deelish, Julius Caesar, Paracelsus, sir Thomas Lipton, William Tell, Michelangelo Hayes, Muhammad, the Bride of Lammermoor, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Packer, Dark Rosaleen, Patrick W. Shakespeare, Brian Confucius, Murtagh Gutenberg, Patricio Velasquez, Captain Nemo, Tristan and Isolde, the first Prince of Wales, Thomas Cook and Son, the Bold Soldier Boy, Arrah na Pogue, Dick Turpin, Ludwig Beethoven, the Colleen Bawn, Waddler Healy, Angus the Culdee, Dolly Mount, Sidney Parade, Ben Howth, Valentine Greatrakes, Adam and Eve, Arthur Wellesley, Boss Croker, Herodotus, Jack the Giantkiller, Gautama Buddha, Lady Godiva, The Lily of Killarney, Balor of the Evil Eye, the Queen of Sheba, Acky Nagle, Joe Nagle, Alessandro Volta, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare. A couched spear of acuminate granite rested by him while at his feet reposed a savage animal of the canine tribe whose stertorous gasps announced that he was sunk in uneasy slumber, a supposition confirmed by hoarse growls and spasmodic movements which his master repressed from time to time by tranquilising blows of a mighty cudgel rudely fashioned out of paleolithic stone.

So anyhow Terry brought the three pints Joe was standing and begob the sight nearly left my eyes when I saw him land out a quid. O, as true as I'm telling you. A goodlooking sovereign.

—And there's more where that came from, says he.

—Were you robbing the poorbox, Joe? says I.

—Sweat of my brow, says Joe. 'Twas the prudent member gave me the wheeze.

—I saw him before I met you, says I, sloping around by Pill lane and Greek street with his cod's eye counting up all the guts of the fish.

Who comes through Michan's land, bedight in sable armour? O'Bloom, the son of Rory: it is he. Impervious to fear is Rory's son: he of the prudent soul.

—For the old woman of Prince's street, says the citizen, the subsidised organ. The pledgebound party on the floor of the house. And look at this blasted rag, says he. Look at this, says he. *The Irish Independent*, if you please, founded by Parnell to be the workingman's friend. Listen to the births and deaths in the *Irish all for Ireland Independent*, and I'll thank you and the marriages.



And he starts reading them out:

—Gordon, Barnfield crescent, Exeter; Redmayne of Iffley, Saint Anne's on Sea: the wife of William T Redmayne of a son. How's that, eh? Wright and Flint, Vincent and Gillett to Rotha Marion daughter of Rosa and the late George Alfred Gillett, 179 Clapham road, Stockwell, Playwood and Ridsdale at Saint Jude's, Kensington by the very reverend Dr Forrest, dean of Worcester. Eh? Deaths. Bristow, at Whitehall lane, London: Carr, Stoke Newington, of gastritis and heart disease: Cockburn, at the Moat house, Chepstow...

—I know that fellow, says Joe, from bitter experience.

—Cockburn. Dimsey, wife of David Dimsey, late of the admiralty: Miller, Tottenham, aged eightyfive: Welsh, June 12, at 35 Canning street, Liverpool, Isabella Helen. How's that for a national press, eh, my brown son! How's that for Martin Murphy, the Bantry jobber?

—Ah, well, says Joe, handing round the boose. Thanks be to God they had the start of us. Drink that, citizen.

—I will, says he, honourable person.

—Health, Joe, says I. And all down the form.

Ah! Ow! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint. Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click.

4. Lectora: Elena Carcedo

(...)

El pequeño Alf Bergan asomó la jeta por la puerta y se escondió en el chiribitil de Bamey, retorciéndose de risa. Y quién me diréis que estaba sentado en el reservado que yo no había visto roncando con una mona monumental sino el mismo Bob Doran. Yo no sabía qué estaba pasando y Alf sin parar de hacerme señas para fuera de la puerta. Y la hostia no era más que ese jodido caricato de Denis Breen en zapatillas con dos jodidos librotos en la sobaquera y la mujer como ida detrás de él, desdichada mujer, al trote como un caniche. Creí que Alf se tronchaba.

—Míralo, dice él. Breen. Dando tumbos por todo Dublín con una tarjeta postal que alguien le ha enviado con Q-T.C.: colgado escrito que le va a poner un pleit ...

Y él que se doblaba.

—¿Le va a poner un qué? le digo yo.

—Un pleito por difamación, dice él, por diez mil libras.

—¡Coño! le digo yo.



El jodido chuchó empezó a gruñir que atemorizaba viendo que algo estaba pasando pero el paisano le soltó un puntapié en las costillas.

–Bi i dho husht, dice él.

–¿Quién? dice Joe.

–Breen, dice Alf. Estuvo en el despacho de John Henry Menton y después se fue a Collis y Ward y después se lo encontró Tom Rochford y lo mandó al intendente de policía para divertirse. Redió, lo que me duele de reírme. Q.T.C.: colgado. El largo le echó una mirada más larga que una guita y ahora el jodido chalao se ha plantado en Green Street en busca de uno de la pasma.

–¿Cuándo va Long John a colgar a aquel tipo en Mountjoy? dice Joe.

–Bergan, dice Bob Doran, despertándose. ¿Está ahí Alf Bergan?

–Sí, dice Alf. ¿Colgar? Esperad que os enseñe. Venga, Terry, pon una cervecita. ¡Jodido imbécil! Diez mil libras. Deberían haber visto cómo miraba Long John. Q.T.C... ..

Y comenzó a reírse.

–¿De quién te estás riendo? dice Bob Doran. ¿Está ahí Bergan?

–Aligera, Terry, hombre, dice Alf.

Terence O’Ryan le oyó y al momento le trajo una copa de cristal llena de espumosa cerveza color ébano que los nobles gemelos Tabemariveagh y Tabemerardilaun elaboran sin cesar en sus divinas cubas, astutos como los hijos de la inmortal Leda. Porque ellos acumulan las suculentas flores del lúpulo y las amasan y criban y molturan y cuecen y mezclan todo eso con jugos amargos y llevan el mosto al fuego sagrado y no cesan ni de noche ni de día en su tarea, esos hermanos astutos, señores de la cuba.

Entonces fuiste tú, caballeroso Terence, el que tendiste, como a propósito hecho, aquel brebaje nectáreo y tú el que ofreciste la copa de cristal a aquel sediento, alma de la caballería, en belleza comparable a los inmortales.

Pero él, joven jerarca de los O’Bergan, mal podía soportar ser sobrepasado en obras de generosidad por lo que de resultas ofrendó con delicado gesto un testón de valiosísimo bronce. En él en relieve en excelente trabajo de forja se percibía la imagen de una reina de real continente, vástago de la casa de Brunswick, Victoria su nombre, Su Excelentísima Majestad, por la gracia de Dios del Reino Unido de Gran Bretaña e Irlanda y de las posesiones británicas de ultramar, reina, defensora de la fe, Emperadora de la India, ella misma, que detentaba el poder, vencedora de tantos pueblos, la bienamada, porque la conocían y la amaban desde donde el sol se levanta hasta allá mismo donde se hunde, el pálido, el moreno, el rojizo y el etíope.



–¿Qué está haciendo ese jodido francmasón, dice el paisano, merodeando para arriba y para abajo ahí fuera?

–¿Qué es eso? dice joe.

–Aquí tenéis, dice Alf, sacando la guita. Hablando de colgar, os voy a enseñar algo que jamás habéis visto. Cartas de verdugos. Mirad esto.

De modo que sacó un buen manajo de cartas y sobres del bolsillo.

–No me vengas con estupideces, le digo yo.

–Te lo juro, dice Alf. Léelas.

De modo que Joe agarró las cartas.

–¿De quién te estás riendo? dice Bob Doran.

De modo que cuando me di cuenta de que se iba a armar una trifulca Bob es un tío de cuidado cuando lleva dos copas encima de modo que digo sólo por decir algo:

–¿Cómo le va a Willy Murray, Alf?

–No sé, dice Alf. Lo acabo de ver en Capel Street con Paddy Dignam. Sólo que yo iba detrás de ese

–¿Que qué? dice Joe, tirando las cartas. ¿Con quién?

–Con Dignam, dice Alf.

–¿Con Paddy? dice Joe.

–Sí, dice Alf. ¿Por qué?

–¿Pero no te has enterado de que está muerto? dice Joe.

–¡Que Paddy Dignam está muerto! dice Alf.

–Aahá, dice Joe.

–Pero si yo diría que acabo de verlo no hace ni cinco minutos, dice Alf, tan claro como que te estoy viendo.

–¿Quién está muerto? dice Bob Doran.



–Lo que has visto es su espectro, dice Joe, Dios nos ampare.

–¿Qué? dice Alf. Dios santo, si hace sólo cinco ¿Qué? Y Willy Murray iba con él, los dos ahí cerca de cómo se llame ¿Qué? ¿Dignam muerto?

–¿Qué pasa con Dignam? dice Bob Doran. ¿Quién está hablando de?

–¡Muerto! dice Alf. Tan muerto como tú.

–Puede que así sea, dice Joe. Se tomaron la libertad de enterrarlo esta mañana de todos modos.

–¿Paddy? dice Alf.

–Sí, dice Joe. Ha saldado cuentas con la naturaleza, Dios le tenga en su gloria.

–¡Dios santo! dice Alf.

La hostia se quedó como se suele decir pasmado.

En la oscuridad las manos de los espíritus se sintieron revolotear y cuando la oración conforme a los tantras hubo sido dirigida en el sentido apropiado una tenue pero creciente luminosidad de luz de rubí se hizo gradualmente visible, siendo la aparición del doble etéreo especialmente natural debido a la descarga de rayos jívicos desde la coronilla y el rostro. La comunicación se realizó a través de la masa pituitaria y también mediante los rayos de anaranjado chillón y escarlata que emanaban de la región sacra y del plexo solar. Preguntado en su nombre terrenal acerca de su paradero en el mundo celestial aseguró que ahora se encontraba en el camino del pralaya o de vuelta pero que aún se encontraba sujeto a pruebas en manos de ciertas entidades sanguinarias en los niveles astrales inferiores. En respuesta a una cuestión relacionada con sus primeras sensaciones en la línea divisoria del más allá aseguró que previamente él había visto como en un espejo confusamente pero que aquellos que habían cruzado tenían posibilidades cimeras de desarrollo átomico ante ellos. Interrogado sobre si la vida allí se asemejaba a nuestra experiencia en la carne aseguró que él había oído de seres más favorecidos ahora en el espíritu que sus moradas estaban equipadas con toda clase de comodidades caseras tales como talafana, aszansar, calantafta, ratrata y que los más encumbrados adeptos habían sido impregnados en ondas de voluptuosidad de la más pura naturaleza. Habiendo requerido un cuarto de galón de suero de leche y traído que hubo sido éste evidentemente proporcionó alivio. Preguntado si tenía algún recado para los vivos exhortó a todos los que aún estaban en la parte equivocada del Maya a que adoptaran el verdadero camino ya que se anunciaba en los círculos devánicos que Marte y Júpiter estaban por causar daño por el ángulo este donde el carnero tiene poder. Se indagó entonces si había algún deseo en especial por parte del difunto y la respuesta fue: Os saludamos, amigos de la tierra, que aún estáis en el cuerpo. Cuidado con C. K. que no exagere. Se averiguó que la referencia era a Mr. Comelius Kelleher, gerente de Messrs. H. J. O'Neill conocido establecimiento funerario, amigo personal del difunto, que había estado encargado de



materializar los detalles del entierro. Antes de ausentarse requirió que se le dijera a su querido hijo Patsy que la otra bota que había estado buscando se hallaba en la actualidad bajo el bacín en la covacha y que el par había que llevarlo a Cullen para que le pusieran medias suelas nada más ya que los tacones estaban todavía en buen estado. Aseguró que esto le había perturbado grandemente su paz de conciencia en la otra región y que sinceramente requería que su deseo se diera a conocer. Fueron dadas garantías de que al asunto se le prestaría la atención debida y se dio a entender que esto había sido acogido con satisfacción.

Se fue de la vivienda de los mortales: O'Dignam, sol de nuestra mañana. Efimera era su pisada en el helechal: Patrick el de la frente esplendente. Gime, Bamba, en el viento: y gime, Oh océano, en tu vorágine.

Ahí anda otra vez ése, dice el paisano, mirando hacia fuera.

—¿Quién? le digo yo.

—Bloom, dice él. Ahí anda de guardia de arriba a abajo hace diez minutos.

Y, la hostia, vi que asomaba el hocico y que se largaba otra vez.

El pequeño Alf se había quedado de una pieza. Te lo juro que sí.

—¡Dios santo! dice. Hubiera jurado que era él.

Y dice Bob Doran, con el sombrero atrás en la molondra, el mayor marrajo de Dublín cuando está mamao:

—¿Quién dijo que Dios sea santo?

—Suplico que me disgolpe, dice Alf.

—¿Es santo ese Dios, dice Bob Doran, que se nos lleva al pobrecillo de Willy Dignam?

—Ya, sí, dice Alf, dejándolas correr. Ha dejado de padecer.

Pero Bob Doran le grita como un energúmeno.

—Es un jodido sinvergüenza, lo digo yo, por llevársenos al pobrecillo de Willy Dignam.

Terry se aproximó y le hizo un guiño para que cerrara el pico, que ellos no permitían esa clase de lenguaje en un local respetable y con todas las autorizaciones. Y Bob Doran empieza a echarle flores a Paddy Dignam, tan cierto como que estás aquí.

—La mejor persona, dice él, moqueando, el hombre más honrado.



Lágrimas de cocodrilo en los ojos. Largando disparates. Mejor que se fuera a casa con la putilla sonámbula con que se ha casado, Mooney, la hija del porquerón, la madre tenía una casa de putas en Hardwicke Street, que andaba pindongueando por las escaleras Lyons Gallito me lo dijo que fondeó allí a las dos de la madrugada en cueros vivos, con todo al aire, para la clientela, ea, aquí estoy yo, no hay de qué.

—El más cabal, el más honrado, dice él. Y se fue, pobrecillo Willy, pobrecillo Paddy Dignam.

Y acongojado y con el corazón encogido clamó quejumbroso por la extinción de aquel resplandor del cielo.

El viejo Garryowen comenzó a gruñirle de nuevo a Bloom que estaba guipando por la puerta.

—Pase, vamos, dice el paisano. Que no le va a comer.

De modo que Bloom se cuela puertas adentro con los ojos de cordero encima del perro y le pregunta a Terry si Martin Cunningham estaba allí.

—Ay, por Dios M'Keown, dice Joe, leyendo una de las cartas. ¿Queréis oír esto?

Y comienza a leer en alto una.

— Hunter Street, 7

Liverpool.

Al Gobernador Civil de Justicia de Dublín

Dublín

Distinguido señor le quedo agradecido en el antes mencionado y desgraciado casoyo corgue a joe Gann en la cartel de Bootle el 12 de femero de 1900 y yo corgue... .

—Enséñala, Joe, le digo yo—... al soldado Arthur Chace por el asesinato con alebosia de Jessie Tilsit en la cartel de Pentonvilley fui halludante cuando

—Retoño, le digo yo.

—... Billington egecuta al onible asesino Toad Smith ...

El paisano le echa mano a la carta.

—Aguarda un momento, dice Joe, tengo buena maña pa poner el nudo quen cuanto lo pongo no me se escapan esperando me apolle quedo, distinguido señor, mis onorarios es de cinco gineas.



H. Rumbold,

Maestro barbero.

–Y una barbaridad de bárbaro que es el jodido también, dice el paisano.

–Y los garabatos emborrionados del desgraciado, dice Joe. Toma, apártalas de mi vista donde no las vea, Alf. Hola, Bloom, dice ¿qué va a tomar?

De modo que comenzaron a machacar el asunto, Bloom decía que ni quería ni podía y que lo disculparan que no pretendía ofender a nadie ni nada de nada y luego dijo que aceptaría un cigarro. Ostras, que es un socio prudente que no me equivoco.

–Dame uno de tus apestosos selectos, Terry, dice Joe.

Y Alf nos estaba contando que había un fulano que mandó una tarjeta de pésame ribeteada de negro.

–Son todos barberos, dice él, de por allá de las negras tierras de los Midlands que colgarían a su propio padre por cinco libras al contado y gastos de viaje.

Y nos iba diciendo que hay dos fulanos abajo para tirarle de los pies cuando se queda colgando para asfixiarlo como es debido y después cortan la soga en trozos y venden los pedazos a unos cuantos chelines por barba.

En las oscuras tierras acechan, los vengadores caballeros de la navaja. El lazo homicida blanden: sí, y de tal guisa empujan a Erebo a cualquier criatura que hubiese cometido hecho de sangre porque no lo consentiré en manera alguna como así dice el Señor.

De modo que empezaron a hablar de la pena capital y cómo no Bloom sale con el porqué y el para qué y toda la jodología de la materia y el perro que no dejaba de olerle sin parar y me tienen dicho que esos judichis despiden un cierto olor para los perros a su alrededor con no sé qué efecto disuasorio etcétera etcétera.

–Hay una cosa en la que no tiene un efecto disuasorio, dice Alf.

–¿Qué? dice Joe.

–La verga del pobre cabrón que cuelgan, dice Alf.

–¿Cómo es eso? dice Joe.



–Tan cierto como la biblia, dice Alf. Se lo oí al carcelero en jefe que había en Kilmainham cuando colgaron a Joe Brady, uno de los invencibles. Me contó que cuando lo bajaron después de colgarlo estaba tiesa delante de sus narices como un palo.

–La pasión dominante dura hasta la sepultura, dice Joe, como alguien dijo.

–Eso lo puede explicar la ciencia, dice Bloom. No es más que un fenómeno natural, comprenden, por efecto de ...

Y comienza a darle con su trabalenguas sobre que si el fenómeno y la ciencia y que si este fenómeno y el otro fenómeno.

El eminente científico Herr Professor Luitpold Blumenduft presentó evidencias médicas en el sentido de que la fractura instantánea de las vértebras cervicales y la consiguiente escisión de la médula espinal habría que, conforme a la más consolidada tradición de la ciencia médica, suponer que produciría inevitablemente en el sujeto humano un violento estímulo ganglionar de los centros nerviosos del aparato genital, provocando con ello que los poros elásticos de los corpora cavernosa se dilaten rápidamente de tal manera en cuanto que instantáneamente facilitarían la circulación de la sangre por aquella parte de la anatomía humana conocida como pene u órgano masculino dando lugar al fenómeno que ha sido denominado por el cuerpo facultativo erección mórbida empinarte frontal filoprogenitiva in articulo mortis per di~minutionem capitis.

De modo que desde luego el paisano que esperaba meter baza agarra y empieza a cascar sobre que si los invencibles y que si la vieja guardia y que si los hombres del sesentaisiete y que quién tiene miedo de hablar del noventaiocho y Joe en acompañamiento que si todos aquellos que colgaron, destriparon y deportaron por la causa en consejo de guerra sumarísimo y que si una nueva Irlanda y que si un nuevo esto, lo otro y lo de más allá. Hablando de la nueva Irlanda bien que podría ir y agenciarse un nuevo perro más le valdría. Bestia sarnosa zampona husmeando y aventando por todos sitios y rascándose las costras. Y allá que se va para Bob Doran que estaba convidando a Alf a media pinta pelotilleando por lo que pudiera sacar. De modo que desde luego Bob Doran empieza a hacer el jodido imbécil con su:

–¡Dame la pata! ¡La pata, perrito! ¡Perrito bonito! ¡Anda pon aquí la pata, venga! ¡Dame la pata!

Arrah, para joderse, de coña con tanto la pata de y Alf tratando de evitar que se cayera del jodido taburete encima del jodido perro y él a vueltas con todas las memeces imaginables sobre adiestrar con buen trato y que si el perro de pura raza y que si el perro inteligente: que termina por darte por culo. Después comienza a rebuscar unos cuantos trozos de **galleta rancia del fondo de una lata de Jacobs** que le dijo a Terry que trajera. Ostras, se lo devoraba lampando con una lengua de a dos varas colgándole. Casi se come la lata y todo, el jodido chucho tragón.



5. Reader: Kate Marriage

And the citizen and Bloom having an argument about the point, the brothers Sheares and Wolfe Tone beyond on Arbour Hill and Robert Emmet and die for your country, the Tommy Moore touch about Sara Curran and she's far from the land. And Bloom, of course, with his knockmedown cigar putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon! The fat heap he married is a nice old phenomenon with a back on her like a ballalley. Time they were stopping up in the *City Arms* pisser Burke told me there was an old one there with a cracked loodheramaun of a nephew and Bloom trying to get the soft side of her doing the mollycoddle playing bézique to come in for a bit of the wampum in her will and not eating meat of a Friday because the old one was always thumping her craw and taking the lout out for a walk. And one time he led him the rounds of Dublin and, by the holy farmer, he never cried crack till he brought him home as drunk as a boiled owl and he said he did it to teach him the evils of alcohol and by herrings, if the three women didn't near roast him, it's a queer story, the old one, Bloom's wife and Mrs O'Dowd that kept the hotel. Jesus, I had to laugh at pisser Burke taking them off chewing the fat. And Bloom with his *but don't you see?* and *but on the other hand*. And sure, more be token, the lout I'm told was in Power's after, the blender's, round in Cope street going home footless in a cab five times in the week after drinking his way through all the samples in the bloody establishment. Phenomenon!

—The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his pintglass and glaring at Bloom.

—Ay, ay, says Joe.

—You don't grasp my point, says Bloom. What I mean is...

—*Sinn Fein!* says the citizen. *Sinn Fein amhain!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us.

The last farewell was affecting in the extreme. From the belfries far and near the funereal deathbell tolled unceasingly while all around the gloomy precincts rolled the ominous warning of a hundred muffled drums punctuated by the hollow booming of pieces of ordnance. The deafening claps of thunder and the dazzling flashes of lightning which lit up the ghastly scene testified that the artillery of heaven had lent its supernatural pomp to the already gruesome spectacle. A torrential rain poured down from the floodgates of the angry heavens upon the bared heads of the assembled multitude which numbered at the lowest computation five hundred thousand persons. A posse of Dublin Metropolitan police superintended by the Chief Commissioner in person maintained order in the vast throng for whom the York street brass and reed band whiled away the intervening time by admirably rendering on their blackdraped instruments the matchless melody endeared to us from the cradle by Speranza's plaintive muse. Special quick excursion trains and upholstered charabancs had been provided for the comfort of our country cousins of whom there were large contingents. Considerable amusement was caused by the favourite Dublin streetsingers L-n-h-n and M-ll-g-n who sang *The Night before Larry was stretched* in their usual mirth-provoking fashion. Our two inimitable drolls did a roaring trade with their broadsheets among lovers of the comedy element and nobody who has a corner in his



heart for real Irish fun without vulgarity will grudge them their hardearned pennies. The children of the Male and Female Foundling Hospital who thronged the windows overlooking the scene were delighted with this unexpected addition to the day's entertainment and a word of praise is due to the Little Sisters of the Poor for their excellent idea of affording the poor fatherless and motherless children a genuinely instructive treat. The viceregal houseparty which included many wellknown ladies was chaperoned by Their Excellencies to the most favourable positions on the grandstand while the picturesque foreign delegation known as the Friends of the Emerald Isle was accommodated on a tribune directly opposite. The delegation, present in full force, consisted of Commendatore Bacibaci Beninobenone (the semiparalysed *doyen* of the party who had to be assisted to his seat by the aid of a powerful steam crane), Monsieur Pierrepaul Petitépant, the Grandjoker Vladinmire Pokethankertscheff, the Archjoker Leopold Rudolph von Schwanzenbad-Hodenthaler, Countess Marha Virága Kisászony Putrápesthi, Hiram Y. Bomboost, Count Athanatos Karamelopulos, Ali Baba Backsheesh Rahat Lokum Effendi, Señor Hidalgo Caballero Don Peadillo y Palabras y Paternoster de la Malora de la Malaria, Hokopoko Harakiri, Hi Hung Chang, Olaf Kobberkeddelsen, Mynheer Trik van Trumps, Pan Poleaxe Paddyrisky, Goosepond Prhklstr Kratchinabritchisitch, Borus Hupinkoff, Herr Hurhausdirektorpresident Hans Chuechli-Steuerli,

Nationalgymnasiummuseumsanatoriumandsuspensoriumsordinaryprivatdocentgeneralhistorysp ecialprofessordocctor Kriegfried Ueberallgemein. All the delegates without exception expressed themselves in the strongest possible heterogeneous terms concerning the nameless barbarity which they had been called upon to witness. An animated altercation (in which all took part) ensued among the F. O. T. E. I. as to whether the eighth or the ninth of March was the correct date of the birth of Ireland's patron saint. In the course of the argument cannonballs, scimitars, boomerangs, blunderbusses, stinkpots, meatchoppers, umbrellas, catapults, knuckledusters, sandbags, lumps of pig iron were resorted to and blows were freely exchanged. The baby policeman, Constable MacFadden, summoned by special courier from Booterstown, quickly restored order and with lightning promptitude proposed the seventeenth of the month as a solution equally honourable for both contending parties. The readywitted ninefooter's suggestion at once appealed to all and was unanimously accepted. Constable MacFadden was heartily congratulated by all the F. O. T. E. I., several of whom were bleeding profusely. Commendatore Beninobenone having been extricated from underneath the presidential armchair, it was explained by his legal adviser Avvocato Pagamimi that the various articles secreted in his thirtytwo pockets had been abstracted by him during the affray from the pockets of his junior colleagues in the hope of bringing them to their senses. The objects (which included several hundred ladies' and gentlemen's gold and silver watches) were promptly restored to their rightful owners and general harmony reigned supreme.

Quietly, unassumingly Rumbold stepped on to the scaffold in faultless morning dress and wearing his favourite flower, the *Gladiolus Cruentus*. He announced his presence by that gentle Rumboldian cough which so many have tried (unsuccessfully) to imitate—short, painstaking yet withal so characteristic of the man. The arrival of the worldrenowned headsman was greeted by a roar of acclamation from the huge concourse, the viceregal ladies waving their handkerchiefs in their excitement while the even more excitable foreign delegates cheered vociferously in a medley of cries, *hoch, banzai, eljen, zivio, chinchin, polla kronia, hiphip, vive, Allah*, amid which



the ringing *evviva* of the delegate of the land of song (a high double F recalling those piercingly lovely notes with which the eunuch Catalani beglamoured our greatgreatgrandmothers) was easily distinguishable. It was exactly seventeen o'clock. The signal for prayer was then promptly given by megaphone and in an instant all heads were bared, the commendatore's patriarchal sombrero, which has been in the possession of his family since the revolution of Rienzi, being removed by his medical adviser in attendance, Dr Pippi. The learned prelate who administered the last comforts of holy religion to the hero martyr when about to pay the death penalty knelt in a most christian spirit in a pool of rainwater, his cassock above his hoary head, and offered up to the throne of grace fervent prayers of supplication. Hard by the block stood the grim figure of the executioner, his visage being concealed in a tengallon pot with two circular perforated apertures through which his eyes glowered furiously. As he awaited the fatal signal he tested the edge of his horrible weapon by honing it upon his brawny forearm or decapitated in rapid succession a flock of sheep which had been provided by the admirers of his fell but necessary office. On a handsome mahogany table near him were neatly arranged the quartering knife, the various finely tempered disembowelling appliances (specially supplied by the worldfamous firm of cutlers, Messrs John Round and Sons, Sheffield), a terra cotta saucepan for the reception of the duodenum, colon, blind intestine and appendix etc when successfully extracted and two commodious milkjugs destined to receive the most precious blood of the most precious victim. The housesteward of the amalgamated cats' and dogs' home was in attendance to convey these vessels when replenished to that beneficent institution. Quite an excellent repast consisting of rashers and eggs, fried steak and onions, done to a nicety, delicious hot breakfast rolls and invigorating tea had been considerately provided by the authorities for the consumption of the central figure of the tragedy who was in capital spirits when prepared for death and evinced the keenest interest in the proceedings from beginning to end but he, with an abnegation rare in these our times, rose nobly to the occasion and expressed the dying wish (immediately acceded to) that the meal should be divided in aliquot parts among the members of the sick and indigent roomkeepers' association as a token of his regard and esteem.

The *nec* and *non plus ultra* of emotion were reached when the blushing bride elect burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to be launched into eternity for her sake. The hero folded her willowy form in a loving embrace murmuring fondly *Sheila, my own*. Encouraged by this use of her christian name she kissed passionately all the various suitable areas of his person which the decencies of prison garb permitted her ardour to reach. She swore to him as they mingled the salt streams of their tears that she would ever cherish his memory, that she would never forget her hero boy who went to his death with a song on his lips as if he were but going to a hurling match in Clonturk park. She brought back to his recollection the happy days of blissful childhood together on the banks of Anna Liffey when they had indulged in the innocent pastimes of the young and, oblivious of the dreadful present, they both laughed heartily, all the spectators, including the venerable pastor, joining in the general merriment. That monster audience simply rocked with delight. But anon they were overcome with grief and clasped their hands for the last time. A fresh torrent of tears burst from their lachrymal ducts and the vast concourse of people, touched to the inmost core, broke into heartrending sobs, not the least affected being the aged prebendary himself. Big strong men, officers of the peace and genial giants of the royal Irish



constabulary, were making frank use of their handkerchiefs and it is safe to say that there was not a dry eye in that record assemblage. A most romantic incident occurred when a handsome young Oxford graduate, noted for his chivalry towards the fair sex, stepped forward and, presenting his visiting card, bankbook and genealogical tree, solicited the hand of the hapless young lady, requesting her to name the day, and was accepted on the spot. Every lady in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch, a timely and generous act which evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when the gallant young Oxonian (the bearer, by the way, of one of the most timehonoured names in Albion's history) placed on the finger of his blushing *fiancée* an expensive engagement ring with emeralds set in the form of a fourleaved shamrock the excitement knew no bounds. Nay, even the stern provostmarshal, lieutenantcolonel Tomkin-Maxwell Frenchmullan Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a considerable number of sepoys from the cannonmouth without flinching, could not now restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet he brushed away a furtive tear and was overheard, by those privileged burghers who happened to be in his immediate *entourage*, to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:

—God blimey if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey it makes me kind of bleeding cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause I thinks of my old mashtub what's waiting for me down Limehouse way.

So then the citizen begins talking about the Irish language and the corporation meeting and all to that and the shoneens that can't speak their own language and Joe chipping in because he stuck someone for a quid and Bloom putting in his old goo with his twopenny stump that he cadged off of Joe and talking about the Gaelic league and the antitreating league and drink, the curse of Ireland. Antitreating is about the size of it. Gob, he'd let you pour all manner of drink down his throat till the Lord would call him before you'd ever see the froth of his pint. And one night I went in with a fellow into one of their musical evenings, song and dance about she could get up on a truss of hay she could my Maureen Lay and there was a fellow with a Ballyhooly blue ribbon badge spiffing out of him in Irish and a lot of colleen bawns going about with temperance beverages and selling medals and oranges and lemonade and a few old dry buns, gob, flahoolagh entertainment, don't be talking. Ireland sober is Ireland free. And then an old fellow starts blowing into his bagpipes and all the gougers shuffling their feet to the tune the old cow died of. And one or two sky pilots having an eye around that there was no goings on with the females, hitting below the belt.

So howandever, as I was saying, the old dog seeing the tin was empty starts mousing around by Joe and me. I'd train him by kindness, so I would, if he was my dog. Give him a rousing fine kick now and again where it wouldn't blind him.

—Afraid he'll bite you? says the citizen, jeering.

—No, says I. But he might take my leg for a lamppost.

So he calls the old dog over.

—What's on you, Garry? says he.



Then he starts hauling and mauling and talking to him in Irish and the old towser growling, letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera. Such growling you never heard as they let off between them. Someone that has nothing better to do ought to write a letter *pro bono publico* to the papers about the muzzling order for a dog the like of that. Growling and grousing and his eye all bloodshot from the drouth is in it and the hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws.

All those who are interested in the spread of human culture among the lower animals (and their name is legion) should make a point of not missing the really marvellous exhibition of cynanthropy given by the famous old Irish red setter wolfdog formerly known by the *sobriquet* of Garryowen and recently rechristened by his large circle of friends and acquaintances Owen Garry. The exhibition, which is the result of years of training by kindness and a carefully thoughtout dietary system, comprises, among other achievements, the recitation of verse. Our greatest living phonetic expert (wild horses shall not drag it from us!) has left no stone unturned in his efforts to delucidate and compare the verse recited and has found it bears a *striking* resemblance (the italics are ours) to the ranns of ancient Celtic bards. We are not speaking so much of those delightful lovesongs with which the writer who conceals his identity under the graceful pseudonym of the Little Sweet Branch has familiarised the bookloving world but rather (as a contributor D. O. C. points out in an interesting communication published by an evening contemporary) of the harsher and more personal note which is found in the satirical effusions of the famous Raftery and of Donal MacConsidine to say nothing of a more modern lyrist at present very much in the public eye. We subjoin a specimen which has been rendered into English by an eminent scholar whose name for the moment we are not at liberty to disclose though we believe that our readers will find the topical allusion rather more than an indication. The metrical system of the canine original, which recalls the intricate alliterative and isosyllabic rules of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely more complicated but we believe our readers will agree that the spirit has been well caught. Perhaps it should be added that the effect is greatly increased if Owen's verse be spoken somewhat slowly and indistinctly in a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour.

The curse of my curses
Seven days every day
And seven dry Thursdays
On you, Barney Kiernan,
Has no sup of water
To cool my courage,
And my guts red roaring
After Lowry's lights.

So he told Terry to bring some water for the dog and, gob, you could hear him lapping it up a mile off. And Joe asked him would he have another.

—I will, says he, *a chara*, to show there's no ill feeling.

Gob, he's not as green as he's cabbagelooking. Arsing around from one pub to another, leaving it to your own honour, with old Giltrap's dog and getting fed up by the ratepayers and corporators. Entertainment for man and beast. And says Joe:



—Could you make a hole in another pint?

—Could a swim duck? says I.

—Same again, Terry, says Joe. Are you sure you won't have anything in the way of liquid refreshment? says he.

—Thank you, no, says Bloom. As a matter of fact I just wanted to meet Martin Cunningham, don't you see, about this insurance of poor Dignam's. Martin asked me to go to the house. You see, he, Dignam, I mean, didn't serve any notice of the assignment on the company at the time and nominally under the act the mortgagee can't recover on the policy.

—Holy Wars, says Joe, laughing, that's a good one if old Shylock is landed. So the wife comes out top dog, what?

—Well, that's a point, says Bloom, for the wife's admirers.

—Whose admirers? says Joe.

—The wife's advisers, I mean, says Bloom.

Then he starts all confused mucking it up about mortgagor under the act like the lord chancellor giving it out on the bench and for the benefit of the wife and that a trust is created but on the other hand that Dignam owed Bridgeman the money and if now the wife or the widow contested the mortgagee's right till he near had the head of me addled with his mortgagor under the act. He was bloody safe he wasn't run in himself under the act that time as a rogue and vagabond only he had a friend in court. Selling bazaar tickets or what do you call it royal Hungarian privileged lottery. True as you're there. O, commend me to an israelite! Royal and privileged Hungarian robbery.

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

6. Lectora: Pilar Pastor

(...)

—Hablando de ejercicios violentos, dice Alf, ¿estuviste en el combate Keogh–Bennett?

—No, dice Joe.

—Oí que un fulano se sacó sus cien libras limpias, dice Alf.

—¿Quién? ¿Botero? dice Joe.

Y va y salta Bloom:

—Lo que quiero decir sobre el tenis, por ejemplo, es la agilidad y el entrenamiento visual.



–Aahá, Botero, dice Alf. Se dejó decir que Myler con lo que se entrenaba era con cerveza para subir las apuestas y a todo esto el otro pegándole al saco de arena.

–Lo conocemos, el paisano dijo. El hijo del traidor. Ya sabemos lo que le metió el oro inglés en el bolsillo.

Tienes toda la razón, dice Joe.

Y Bloom va y vuelve a interrumpir de nuevo con lo del tenis sobre césped y la circulación de la sangre, y le pregunta a Alf:

–Y dígame ¿no cree que es así, Bergan?

–Myler le hizo morder el polvo, dice Alf. El combate entre Heenan y Sayers fue una mierda en comparación con eso. Le dio la tunda de María Santísima. Tenías que haber visto a ese renacuajo que no le llegaba al ombligo y al gigantón atizándole. Dios, le pegó un último metido en la boca del estómago, reglamento de Queensberry y todo, que echó las papillas que le dieron.

Fue un combate titánico e histórico aquél en el que Myler y Percy se habían inscrito para calzarse los guantes por una bolsa de cincuenta soberanos. Estando como estaba en desventaja por falta de peso, el favorito de Dublín lo compensó con su técnica depurada en pugilismo. El último asalto de una verdadera exhibición de virtuosismo fue agotador para ambos campeones. El sargento mayor de peso–welter le había saltado bien las narices en la pelea anterior en la que Keogh había aguantado derechazos y castigo de la izquierda, habiendo hecho el artillero un buen trabajo en la nariz del predilecto, y Myler se movía como si estuviera groggy. El soldado fue al grano, arrancándose con un potente directo de la izquierda que el gladiador irlandés devolvió disparando un directo a la mandíbula de Bennett. El casaca roja lo esquivó pero el dublinés lo levantó en peso con un gancho de la izquierda, siendo el cuerpo a cuerpo muy duro. Los hombres se agarraron. Myler inmediatamente se empleó a fondo y tiró al suelo a su hombre, terminando el asalto con el hombre más robusto en las cuerdas, y Myler castigándolo. El inglés, que tenía el ojo izquierdo prácticamente cerrado, se fue a su esquina donde lo empaparon bien de agua y cuando sonó la campana salió con ganas de pelea y hasta los topes de coraje, confiado en derribar al púgil eblanita en un santiamén. Fue un combate de pelea hasta el final y que ganara el mejor. Los dos luchaban como tigres y la animación subía como la fiebre. El árbitro amonestó dos veces a Percy Peleón por agarrar pero el favorito era hábil y el juego de pies una maravilla de ver. Después de un ligero intercambio de cortesías en que un rápido gancho del militar provocó abundante sangre en la boca del oponente el favorito se lanzó con todas sus fuerzas sobre su hombre colocando un tremendo izquierdazo en el estómago de Bennett Batallador, derribándolo al suelo. Fue un fuera de combate claro y definitivo. En medio de una tensa expectación y cuando le estaban contando al magullas de Portobello el segundo de Bennett Ole Pfotts Wettstein tiró la toalla y el niño de Santry fue proclamado vencedor ante las delirantes ovaciones del público que saltó las cuerdas del cuadrilátero y casi lo atropellan del entusiasmo.



–Sabe muy bien arrimarse al mejor árbol, dice Alf. Creo que ahora lleva una gira de conciertos por el norte.

–Así es, dice Joe. ¿No?

–¿Quién? dice Bloom. Ah, sí. Completamente cierto. Sí, es una especie de gira de verano, comprenden. Unas vacaciones.

–Mrs. B. es la estrella rutilante ¿no? dice Joe.

–¿Mi mujer? dice Bloom. Ella canta, sí. Creo que va a ser un éxito además. El es un organizador excelente. Excelente.

Anda la hostia me digo yo digo. Ahí está el intrínquilis y eso lo explica todo. Botero haciendo un numerito con el pícolo. Gira de conciertos. El hijo del cerdo de Dan el parchista allá en Island Bridge que le vendió dos veces los mismos caballos al gobierno para la guerra de los bóers. El viejo Quequé. Llamaba por lo de la contribución del agua y de los pobres, Mr. Boylan. ¿El qué? La contribución del agua, Mr. Boylan. ¿Qué qué? Ese bravucón se la va a trajinar, te lo digo yo. Ándate listo Calixto.

Orgullo del monte rocoso de Calpe, de pelo azabache la hija de Tweedy. Allí creció ella en belleza sin par donde el níspero del Japón y el almendro perfuman el aire. Los jardines de la Alameda conocieron su paso: la conocían los olivos y ante ella se inclinaban. La casta esposa de Leopold es ella: Manon la de pechos pródigos.

Y hete aquí que allá entró uno de los del clan de los O'Molloys, un joven héroe gallardo de cara blanca empero un tanto rubicundo, de su majestad consejero en leyes letrado, y con él el príncipe y heredero del noble linaje de los Lamberts.

–Hola, Ned.

–Hola, Álf.

–Hola, Jack.

–Hola, Joe.

–Dios te guarde, dice el paisano.

–Que a todos os guarde, dice J. J. ¿Qué va a ser, Ned?

–Media, dice Ned.

De modo que J. J. pidió una ronda.



–¿Has estado por el juzgado? dice Joe.

–Sí, dice J. J. Lo arreglaré, Ned, dice él.

–Espero, dice Ned.

Bueno ¿qué tramaban esos dos? J. J. sacándole de la lista del jurado de acusación y el otro arimándole el hombro. Con su nombre en la lista de morosos, en la de Stubbs. Jugando a las cartas, alternando con cursis de los de monóculo en el ojo, soplando champán y él mientras anegado en mandamientos judiciales y órdenes de embargo. Empeñando el reloj de oro en Cummins en Francis Street donde nadie le reconociera en el despacho particular cuando estaba yo con Picha rescatando sus botas del monte de piedad. ¿Cómo se llama, señor? Peña, dice él. Sí, y empeñado. Ostras, un día de éstos acaba mal, me parece a mí.

–¿Ha visto a ese jodido chalo de Breen por ahí? dice Alf. QT.C.: colgado.

–Sí, dice J. J. Anda buscando un detective privado.

–Aahá, dice Ned. Y emperrado en llevarlo a los tribunales sólo que Kelleher Copetón le convenció de que hiciera examinar la letra primero.

–Diez mil libras, dice Alf, riéndose. Dios, lo que daría por oírle delante del juez y de un jurado.

–¿Lo hiciste tú, Alf? dice Joe. La verdad, sólo la verdad y nada más que la verdad, con la ayuda de Jimmy Johnson.

–¿Yo? dice Alf. No me embadumes con tus trápalas. –Cualquier declaración que hagas, dice Joe, podrá ser utilizada en tu contra.

–Claro que un pleito sí que cabría, dice J. J. Si se supone que no sea compos mentis. QT.C.: colgado.

–¡Compos tu abuela! dice Alf, riendo. ¿Pero no sabe que está mochales? No hay más que mirarle la cabeza. Sabéis que algunas mañanas tiene que ponerse el sombrero con calzador?

–Sí, dice J. J., pero en caso de procesamiento por publicación de un escrito difamatorio, el derecho no admite la posible veracidad del mismo como defensa.

–Ja ja, Alf, dice Joe.

–Aun así, dice Bloom, en consideración a la pobre mujer, quiero decir la esposa.

–Hay que tenerle lástima, dice el paisano. O a cualquier mujer que se case con un ni fu ni fa.



–¿Cómo que ni fu ni fa? dice Bloom. Quiere decir que él ...

–Ni fu ni fa quiero decir, dice el paisano. Un tío que no es ni chicha ni limoná.

–Ni bacalao de Bilbao, dice Joe.

–Eso es lo que quiero decir, dice el paisano. Un cenizo, si sabe a lo que me refiero.

La hostia en seguida vi que se avecinaba camorra. Y Bloom erre que erre con que lo que quería decir era que en consideración a lo cruel que era para la mujer tener que andar detrás del pobre retrasado farfulla. Crueldad con los animales es lo que es dejar a ese infeliz desvalido en la calle con barba de a medio palmo, sería para que se le cayera a uno la cara de vergüenza. Y ella dándose pisto después que se casara con él a cuenta de que un primo del viejo le ponía el reclinatorio al Papa. La foto de él en la pared con los mostachos a lo Sweeney el Matón, el signior Brini de Summerhill, el vistaliano, zuavo papal del Santo Padre, se ha mudado del muelle para irse a Moss Street. ¿Y quién era él, a ver, dígame? Un muerto de hambre, con cuartucho interior en el segundo a siete chelines a la semana, con toda clase de chapas en el pecho desafiando al mundo.

–Y lo que es más, dice J. J., una tarjeta postal es una publicación. Se tomó como evidencia material delictiva en el precedente judicial Sadgrove contra Hole. En mi opinión hay fundamento para un pleito.

Las mismas monsergas, por favor. ¿Quién te ha pedido tu opinión? Déjanos tomar una cerveza en paz. Ostras, que nos dejen tranquilos por lo menos.

–Bueno, salud, Jack, dice Ned.

–Salud, Ned, dice J. J.

–Ahí anda otra vez, dice Joe.

–¿Dónde? dice Alf.

Y la hostia por allí iba pasando por delante de la puerta con los libros en la sobaquera y la mujer a su lado y Kelleher Copetón con su ojo estrábico mirando para dentro al pasar, hablándole en plan paternal, a ver si le vendía la cabra.

–¿Cómo fue el caso del timo ese de Canadá? dice Joe.

–Confirmado el auto de prisión, dice J. J.

Uno de los de la hermandad de napias ganchudas fue que se hacía llamar James Wought alias Saphiro alias Spark y Spiro, puso un anuncio en los periódicos diciendo que ofertaba pasajes para



Canadá por veinte chelines. ¿Qué? ¿Me ves cara de tonto? Claro que era un jodido atraco a mano armada. ¿Qué? Los timó a todos, chachas y patanes de County Meath, ja, y a los de su ralea también. J. J. nos estaba diciendo que había un anciano hebreo Zaretsky o algo parecido que lloraba en el banco de los testigos con el sombrero puesto, y juraba por el santo Moisés que le había clavado dos libras.

—¿Quién llevaba el caso? dice Joe.

—El magistrado, dice Ned.

—Pobre Sir Frederick, dice Alf, se la pueden dar con queso.

—Tiene un corazón que no le cabe, dice Ned. Cuéntale una de calamidades en atrasos en el alquiler y de esposas enfermas y una patulea de criaturas y palabra que se echa a llorar en el estrado.

—Aahá, dice Alf. Reuben J. tuvo una suerte de órdago que no le sentara en el banquillo de los acusados el otro día por demandar al pobrecillo de Gumley que vigila las piedras, para la corporación municipal por ahí cerca del puente Butt.

Y comienza a remedar al viejo magistrado haciendo como que llora:

—¡Escandaloso! ¡A un pobre trabajador! ¿Cuántos hijos? ¿Diez decía usted?

—Sí, señoría. Y mi esposa tiene el tifus.

—¡Y la mujer con fiebres tifoideas! ¡Escandaloso! Márchese de la sala inmediatamente, señor. No, señor, no dictaré ninguna orden de pago. ¡Cómo se atreve, señor, comparecer ante mí y pedirme que extienda esa orden! ¡Un pobre y esforzado trabajador! Caso desestimado.

Y considerando que el decimosexto día del mes de la diosa ojodebuey y en la tercera semana después de la festividad de la Santísima e Indivisible Trinidad, la hija de los cielos, estando entonces la luna virgen en su cuarto creciente, ocurrió que aquellos sabios jueces se retiraron a los palacios de la ley. Allí su señoría Courtenay, actuando en su propia cámara, pronunció su discurso y su señoría el juez Andrews, actuando sin jurado en el tribunal testamentario, sopesó y ponderó la demanda del primer denunciante sobre la propiedad en el caso de legalización del testamento y disposición testamentaria final in re los bienes muebles e inmuebles del extinto y llorado Jacob Halliday, vinatero, difunto, contra Livingstone, menor, deficiente, y algo más. Y al tribunal superior de Green Street vino Sir Fredenck el Falconero. Y tomó asiento alrededor de las cinco horas para administrar la ley de los antiguos jueces irlandeses en la comisión por aquello y aquellas partes que han de tener lugar en y para el condado de la ciudad de Dublín. Y tomó asiento con él el sumo Sanedrín de las doce tribus de Iar, por cada tribu un hombre, de la tribu de Patrick y de la tribu de Hugh y de la tribu de Owen y de la tribu de Conn y de la tribu de Oscar y de la tribu de Fergus y de la tribu de Finn y de la tribu de Dermot y de la tribu de Cormac y de la



tribu de Kevin y de la tribu de Caolte y de la tribu de Ossian, habiendo en total doce hombres buenos y honrados. Y les conminó por Aquel que murió en el madero a que juzgaran ecuánime y rectamente y que dieran su fallo justo sobre la cuestión sujeta a debate entre su señor soberano el rey y el prisionero en el banquillo y dieran un veredicto justo de acuerdo con la evidencia con la ayuda de Dios y por lo más sagrado. Y se levantaron de sus asientos, aquellos doce de lar, y juraron en el nombre de Aquel que existe eternamente que obrarían según Su justicia. Y de inmediato los servidores de la ley sacaron del calabozo a uno a quien los sabuesos de la justicia habían aprehendido como consecuencia de la infonnación recibida. Y le pusieron grilletes en pies y manos y no accedieron ni a fianza ni a custodia judicial sino que presentaron cargos contra él por ser un malhechor.

–Menudos personajillos, dice el paisano, vienen aquí a Irlanda y llenan el país de chinchas.

De modo que Bloom hace como que no oyera y comienza a hablar con Joe, y le dice que no tiene que preocuparse con ese asunto hasta primeros de mes pero que si pudiera al menos le dijera una palabra a Mr. Crawford. Y de modo que Joe juró por lo que más quería por esto y por lo de más allá que haría lo imposible por echarle una mano.

–Porque, se da cuenta, dice Bloom, para un anuncio hay que repetir. Ahí está todo el secreto.

–Déjelo en mis manos, dice Joe.

–Timando a los campesinos, dice el paisano, y a los pobres de Irlanda. No queremos más extraños en nuestra casa.

–Bueno, estoy seguro de que todo irá bien, Hynes, dice Bloom. Sólo que Yves, comprende.

–Eso está hecho, dice Joe.

–Muy amable, dice Bloom.

–Los extraños, dice el paisano. Nosotros tenemos la culpa. Nosotros los dejamos entrar. Nosotros los trajimos. La adúltera y su amante trajeron a los ladrones sajones aquí.

–Sentencia provisional de divorcio, dice J. J.

Y Bloom haciendo como si estuviera tremendamente interesado en nada, una telaraña en el rincón detrás del barril, y el paisano mirándole poniendo cara de pocos amigos y el peno a sus pies mirando para arriba a ver a quién y cuándo mordía.

–Una esposa deshonrada, dice el paisano, ésa es la razón 1 de todas nuestras desgracias.

–Y aquí la tenemos, dice Alf, que se estaba descuajaringando con la Police Gazene con Terry en el mostrador, con todas sus galas.



–Deba que le eche un vistazo, le digo yo.

Y no era más que una de esas revistas guarras ilustradas yanquis que Terry le pide prestadas a Kelleher Copetón. Secretos para agrandar las partes privadas. Comportamiento indecente de una belleza de la alta sociedad. Norman W. Montador, millonario constructor de Chicago, sorprende a su bella pero infiel esposa en los brazos del oficial Taylor. La bella en pololos comportándose indecentemente, y su amiguito tocándole lo que le pica y Norman W. Montador irrumpiendo con su canuto justo a tiempo de no llegar a tiempo después que ella ya se ha encaramado a la cucaña con el oficial Taylor.

–¡La leche, Juanita, dice Joe, qué corta llevas la camisita!

–Ahí hay donde arrascar, Joe, le digo yo. No te vendría mal un filetito de la entrepierna de ésa ¿eh?

De modo que en éstas estábamos cuando entró John Wyse Nolan y Lenehan con él con una cara más larga que un día de perros.

–Bueno, dice el paisano ¿qué noticias calientes traéis? ¿Qué decidieron en su reunión de mandamases del ayuntamiento esos chapuceros sobre la lengua irlandesa?

7. Reader: Mal Murphy

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

–Gold cup, says he.

–Who won, Mr Lenehan? says Terry.

–*Throwaway*, says he, at twenty to one. A rank outsider. And the rest nowhere.

–And Bass’s mare? says Terry.

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

–I had half a crown myself, says Terry, on *Zinfandel* that Mr Flynn gave me. Lord Howard de Walden’s.

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

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

–Not there, my child, says he.

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

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



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

—*Raiméis*, says the citizen. There's no-one as blind as the fellow that won't see, if you know what that means. Where are our missing twenty millions of Irish should be here today instead of four, our lost tribes? And our potteries and textiles, the finest in the whole world! And our wool that was sold in Rome in the time of Juvenal and our flax and our damask from the looms of Antrim and our Limerick lace, our tanneries and our white flint glass down there by Ballybough and our Huguenot poplin that we have since Jacquard de Lyon and our woven silk and our Foxford tweeds and ivory raised point from the Carmelite convent in New Ross, nothing like it in the whole wide world. Where are the Greek merchants that came through the pillars of Hercules, the Gibraltar now grabbed by the foe of mankind, with gold and Tyrian purple to sell in Wexford at the fair of Carmen? Read Tacitus and Ptolemy, even Giraldus Cambrensis. Wine, peltries, Connemara marble, silver from Tipperary, second to none, our farfamed horses even today, the Irish hobbies, with king Philip of Spain offering to pay customs duties for the right to fish in our waters. What do the yellowjohns of Anglia owe us for our ruined trade and our ruined hearths? And the beds of the Barrow and Shannon they won't deepen with millions of acres of marsh and bog to make us all die of consumption?

—As treeless as Portugal we'll be soon, says John Wyse, or Heligoland with its one tree if something is not done to reafforest the land. Larches, firs, all the trees of the conifer family are going fast. I was reading a report of lord Castletown's...

—Save them, says the citizen, the giant ash of Galway and the chieftain elm of Kildare with a fortyfoot bole and an acre of foliage. Save the trees of Ireland for the future men of Ireland on the fair hills of Eire, O.

—Europe has its eyes on you, says Lenehan.

(...)

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

—And will again, says Joe.

—And with the help of the holy mother of God we will again, says the citizen, clapping his thigh. Our harbours that are empty will be full again, Queenstown, Kinsale, Galway, Blacksod Bay, Ventry in the kingdom of Kerry, Killybegs, the third largest harbour in the wide world with a fleet of masts of the Galway Lynches and the Cavan O'Reillys and the O'Kennedys of Dublin when the earl of Desmond could make a treaty with the emperor Charles the Fifth himself. And will again, says he, when the first Irish battleship is seen breasting the waves with our own flag to the fore, none of your Henry Tudor's harps, no, the oldest flag afloat, the flag of the province of Desmond and Thomond, three crowns on a blue field, the three sons of Milesius.

And he took the last swig out of the pint. Moya. All wind and piss like a tanyard cat. Cows in Connacht have long horns. As much as his bloody life is worth to go down and address his tall talk to the assembled multitude in Shanagolden where he daren't show his nose with the Molly



Maguires looking for him to let daylight through him for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant.

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

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

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

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

Hanging over the bloody paper with Alf looking for spicy bits instead of attending to the general public. Picture of a butting match, trying to crack their bloody skulls, one chap going for the other with his head down like a bull at a gate. And another one: *Black Beast Burned in Omaha, Ga.* A lot of Deadwood Dicks in slouch hats and they firing at a Sambo strung up in a tree with his tongue out and a bonfire under him. Gob, they ought to drown him in the sea after and electrocute and crucify him to make sure of their job.

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

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

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

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

And says John Wyse:

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

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

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

—On which the sun never rises, says Joe.

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

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

—But, says Bloom, isn't discipline the same everywhere. I mean wouldn't it be the same here if you put force against force?



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

—We'll put force against force, says the citizen. We have our greater Ireland beyond the sea. They were driven out of house and home in the black 47. Their mudcabins and their shielings by the roadside were laid low by the batteringram and the *Times* rubbed its hands and told the whitelivered Saxons there would soon be as few Irish in Ireland as redskins in America. Even the Grand Turk sent us his piastres. But the Sassenach tried to starve the nation at home while the land was full of crops that the British hyenas bought and sold in Rio de Janeiro. Ay, they drove out the peasants in hordes. Twenty thousand of them died in the coffinships. But those that came to the land of the free remember the land of bondage. And they will come again and with a vengeance, no cravens, the sons of Granuaile, the champions of Kathleen ni Houlihan.

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

—We are a long time waiting for that day, citizen, says Ned. Since the poor old woman told us that the French were on the sea and landed at Killala.

—Ay, says John Wyse. We fought for the royal Stuarts that reneged us against the Williamites and they betrayed us. Remember Limerick and the broken treatystone. We gave our best blood to France and Spain, the wild geese. Fontenoy, eh? And Sarsfield and O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan in Spain, and Ulysses Browne of Camus that was fieldmarshal to Maria Teresa. But what did we ever get for it?

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

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

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

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

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

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

—And what do you think, says Joe, of the holy boys, the priests and bishops of Ireland doing up his room in Maynooth in His Satanic Majesty's racing colours and sticking up pictures of all the horses his jockeys rode. The earl of Dublin, no less.



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

And says J. J.:

—Considerations of space influenced their lordships' decision.

—Will you try another, citizen? says Joe.

—Yes, sir, says he. I will.

—You? says Joe.

—Beholden to you, Joe, says I. May your shadow never grow less.

—Repeat that dose, says Joe.

Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse and he quite excited with his dunduckety mudcoloured mug on him and his old plumeyes rolling about.

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

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

—Yes, says Bloom.

—What is it? says John Wyse.

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

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

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

—Or also living in different places.

—That covers my case, says Joe.

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

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

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

—After you with the push, Joe, says he, taking out his handkerchief to swab himself dry.

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

(...)

—Show us over the drink, says I. Which is which?

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

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

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



—Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist, sold by auction in Morocco like slaves or cattle.

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

—I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.

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

That's an almanac picture for you. Mark for a softnosed bullet. Old lardyface standing up to the business end of a gun. Gob, he'd adorn a sweepingbrush, so he would, if he only had a nurse's apron on him. And then he collapses all of a sudden, twisting around all the opposite, as limp as a wet rag.

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

—What? says Alf.

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

Who's hindering you? And off he pops like greased lightning.

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

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

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

Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist. Constable 14A loves Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M. B. loves a fair gentleman. Li Chi Han lovey up kissy Cha Pu Chow. Jumbo, the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant. Old Mr Verschoyle with the ear trumpet loves old Mrs Verschoyle with the turnedin eye. The man in the brown macintosh loves a lady who is dead. His Majesty the King loves Her Majesty the Queen. Mrs Norman W. Tupper loves officer Taylor. You love a certain person. And this person loves that other person because everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody.

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

—Hurrah, there, says Joe.

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

And he ups with his pint to wet his whistle.

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

—What's that? says Joe.

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

—A delegation of the chief cotton magnates of Manchester was presented yesterday to His Majesty the Alaki of Abeakuta by Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Walkup of Walkup on Eggs, to



tender to His Majesty the heartfelt thanks of British traders for the facilities afforded them in his dominions. The delegation partook of luncheon at the conclusion of which the dusky potentate, in the course of a happy speech, freely translated by the British chaplain, the reverend Ananias Praisegod Barebones, tendered his best thanks to Massa Walkup and emphasised the cordial relations existing between Abeakuta and the British empire, stating that he treasured as one of his dearest possessions an illuminated bible, the volume of the word of God and the secret of England's greatness, graciously presented to him by the white chief woman, the great squaw Victoria, with a personal dedication from the august hand of the Royal Donor. The Alaki then drank a lovingcup of firstshot usquebaugh to the toast *Black and White* from the skull of his immediate predecessor in the dynasty Kakachakachak, surnamed Forty Warts, after which he visited the chief factory of Cottonopolis and signed his mark in the visitors' book, subsequently executing a charming old Abeakutic wardance, in the course of which he swallowed several knives and forks, amid hilarious applause from the girl hands.

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

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

—Is that by Griffith? says John Wyse.

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

—And a very good initial too, says Joe.

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

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

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

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

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

—Who? says I.

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

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

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

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

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

—There you are, says Terry.

Goodbye Ireland I'm going to Gort. So I just went round the back of the yard to pumpship and begob (hundred shillings to five) while I was letting off my (*Throwaway* twenty to) letting off my



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

So anyhow when I got back they were at it dingdong, John Wyse saying it was Bloom gave the ideas for Sinn Fein to Griffith to put in his paper all kinds of jerrymandering, packed juries and swindling the taxes off of the government and appointing consuls all over the world to walk about selling Irish industries. Robbing Peter to pay Paul. Gob, that puts the bloody kybosh on it if old sloppy eyes is mucking up the show. Give us a bloody chance. God save Ireland from the likes of that bloody mouseabout. Mr Bloom with his argol bargol. And his old fellow before him perpetrating frauds, old Methusalem Bloom, the robbing bagman, that poisoned himself with the prussic acid after he swamping the country with his baubles and his penny diamonds. Loans by post on easy terms. Any amount of money advanced on note of hand. Distance no object. No security. Gob, he's like Lanty MacHale's goat that'd go a piece of the road with every one.

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

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

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

8. Reader: Bil Dixon

I was just looking around to see who the happy thought would strike when be damned but in he comes again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry.

—I was just round at the courthouse, says he, looking for you. I hope I'm not...

—No, says Martin, we're ready.

Courthouse my eye and your pockets hanging down with gold and silver. Mean bloody scut. Stand us a drink itself. Devil a sweet fear! There's a jew for you! All for number one. Cute as a shithouse rat. Hundred to five.

—Don't tell anyone, says the citizen.

—Beg your pardon, says he.

—Come on boys, says Martin, seeing it was looking blue. Come along now.

—Don't tell anyone, says the citizen, letting a bawl out of him. It's a secret.

And the bloody dog woke up and let a growl.

—Bye bye all, says Martin.



And he got them out as quick as he could, Jack Power and Crofton or whatever you call him and him in the middle of them letting on to be all at sea and up with them on the bloody jaunting car.

—Off with you, says Martin to the jarvey.

The milkwhite dolphin tossed his mane and, rising in the golden poop the helmsman spread the bellying sail upon the wind and stood off forward with all sail set, the spinnaker to larboard. A many comely nymphs drew nigh to starboard and to larboard and, clinging to the sides of the noble bark, they linked their shining forms as doth the cunning wheelwright when he fashions about the heart of his wheel the equidistant rays whereof each one is sister to another and he binds them all with an outer ring and giveth speed to the feet of men whenas they ride to a hosting or contend for the smile of ladies fair. Even so did they come and set them, those willing nymphs, the undying sisters. And they laughed, sporting in a circle of their foam: and the bark clave the waves.

But begob I was just lowering the heel of the pint when I saw the citizen getting up to waddle to the door, puffing and blowing with the dropsy, and he cursing the curse of Cromwell on him, bell, book and candle in Irish, spitting and spatting out of him and Joe and little Alf round him like a leprechaun trying to peacify him.

—Let me alone, says he.

And begob he got as far as the door and they holding him and he bawls out of him:

—Three cheers for Israel!

Arrah, sit down on the parliamentary side of your arse for Christ' sake and don't be making a public exhibition of yourself. Jesus, there's always some bloody clown or other kicking up a bloody murder about bloody nothing. Gob, it'd turn the porter sour in your guts, so it would.

And all the ragamuffins and sluts of the nation round the door and Martin telling the jarvey to drive ahead and the citizen bawling and Alf and Joe at him to whisht and he on his high horse about the jews and the loafers calling for a speech and Jack Power trying to get him to sit down on the car and hold his bloody jaw and a loafer with a patch over his eye starts singing *If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew* and a slut shouts out of her:

—Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

And says he:

—Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.

—He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead.

—Whose God? says the citizen.

—Well, his uncle was a jew, says he. Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me.

Gob, the citizen made a plunge back into the shop.

—By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give us that biscuitbox here.

—Stop! Stop! says Joe.



A large and appreciative gathering of friends and acquaintances from the metropolis and greater Dublin assembled in their thousands to bid farewell to Nagyaságos uram Lipóti Virag, late of Messrs Alexander Thom's, printers to His Majesty, on the occasion of his departure for the distant clime of Százharminczbrojúgulyás-Dugulás (Meadow of Murmuring Waters). The ceremony which went off with great *éclat* was characterised by the most affecting cordiality. An illuminated scroll of ancient Irish vellum, the work of Irish artists, was presented to the distinguished phenomenologist on behalf of a large section of the community and was accompanied by the gift of a silver casket, tastefully executed in the style of ancient Celtic ornament, a work which reflects every credit on the makers, Messrs Jacob *agus* Jacob. The departing guest was the recipient of a hearty ovation, many of those who were present being visibly moved when the select orchestra of Irish pipes struck up the wellknown strains of *Come Back to Erin*, followed immediately by *Rakóczy's March*. Tarbarrels and bonfires were lighted along the coastline of the four seas on the summits of the Hill of Howth, Three Rock Mountain, Sugarloaf, Bray Head, the mountains of Mourne, the Galtees, the Ox and Donegal and Sperrin peaks, the Nagles and the Bogrags, the Connemara hills, the reeks of M'Gillicuddy, Slieve Aughty, Slieve Bernagh and Slieve Bloom. Amid cheers that rent the welkin, responded to by answering cheers from a big muster of henchmen on the distant Cambrian and Caledonian hills, the mastodontic pleasure-ship slowly moved away saluted by a final floral tribute from the representatives of the fair sex who were present in large numbers while, as it proceeded down the river, escorted by a flotilla of barges, the flags of the Ballast office and Custom House were dipped in salute as were also those of the electrical power station at the Pigeonhouse and the Poolbeg Light. *Visszontlátásra, kedvés barátom! Visszontlátásra!* Gone but not forgotten.

Gob, the devil wouldn't stop him till he got hold of the bloody tin anyhow and out with him and little Alf hanging on to his elbow and he shouting like a stuck pig, as good as any bloody play in the Queen's royal theatre:

—Where is he till I murder him?

And Ned and J. J. paralysed with the laughing.

—Bloody wars, says I, I'll be in for the last gospel.

But as luck would have it the jarvey got the nag's head round the other way and off with him.

—Hold on, citizen, says Joe. Stop!

Begob he drew his hand and made a swipe and let fly. Mercy of God the sun was in his eyes or he'd have left him for dead. Gob, he near sent it into the county Longford. The bloody nag took fright and the old mongrel after the car like bloody hell and all the populace shouting and laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street.

The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The observatory of Dunsink registered in all eleven shocks, all of the fifth grade of Mercalli's scale, and there is no record extant of a similar seismic disturbance in our island since the earthquake of 1534, the year of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The epicentre appears to have been that part of the metropolis which constitutes the Inn's Quay ward and parish of Saint Michan covering a surface of fortyone acres, two roods and one square pole or perch. All the lordly residences in the vicinity of the palace of justice were demolished and that noble edifice itself, in which at the time of the catastrophe



important legal debates were in progress, is literally a mass of ruins beneath which it is to be feared all the occupants have been buried alive. From the reports of eyewitnesses it transpires that the seismic waves were accompanied by a violent atmospheric perturbation of cyclonic character. An article of headgear since ascertained to belong to the much respected clerk of the crown and peace Mr George Fottrell and a silk umbrella with gold handle with the engraved initials, crest, coat of arms and house number of the erudite and worshipful chairman of quarter sessions sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, have been discovered by search parties in remote parts of the island respectively, the former on the third basaltic ridge of the giant's causeway, the latter embedded to the extent of one foot three inches in the sandy beach of Holeopen bay near the old head of Kinsale. Other eyewitnesses depose that they observed an incandescent object of enormous proportions hurtling through the atmosphere at a terrifying velocity in a trajectory directed southwest by west. Messages of condolence and sympathy are being hourly received from all parts of the different continents and the sovereign pontiff has been graciously pleased to decree that a special *missa pro defunctis* shall be celebrated simultaneously by the ordinaries of each and every cathedral church of all the episcopal dioceses subject to the spiritual authority of the Holy See in suffrage of the souls of those faithful departed who have been so unexpectedly called away from our midst. The work of salvage, removal of *débris*, human remains etc has been entrusted to Messrs Michael Meade and Son, 159 Great Brunswick street, and Messrs T. and C. Martin, 77, 78, 79 and 80 North Wall, assisted by the men and officers of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry under the general supervision of H. R. H., rear admiral, the right honourable sir Hercules Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson, K. G., K. P., K. T., P. C., K. C. B., M. P., J. P., M. B., D. S. O., S. O. D., M. F. H., M. R. I. A., B. L., Mus. Doc., P. L. G., F. T. C. D., F. R. U. I., F. R. C. P. I. and F. R. C. S. I.

You never saw the like of it in all your born puff. Gob, if he got that lottery ticket on the side of his poll he'd remember the gold cup, he would so, but begob the citizen would have been lagged for assault and battery and Joe for aiding and abetting. The jarvey saved his life by furious driving as sure as God made Moses. What? O, Jesus, he did. And he let a volley of oaths after him.

—Did I kill him, says he, or what?

And he shouting to the bloody dog:

—After him, Garry! After him, boy!

And the last we saw was the bloody car rounding the corner and old sheepsface on it gesticulating and the bloody mongrel after it with his lugs back for all he was bloody well worth to tear him limb from limb. Hundred to five! Jesus, he took the value of it out of him, I promise you.

When, lo, there came about them all a great brightness and they beheld the chariot wherein He stood ascend to heaven. And they beheld Him in the chariot, clothed upon in the glory of the brightness, having raiment as of the sun, fair as the moon and terrible that for awe they durst not look upon Him. And there came a voice out of heaven, calling: *Elijah! Elijah!* And He answered with a main cry: *Abba! Adonai!* And they beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green street like a shot off a shovel.