

# Circe

## PART I

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for the  
Wild Geese Players of Seattle  
*www.WildGeeseSeattle.org*

**Episode 15** of *Ulysses* by James Joyce  
Adapted from the 1922 edition at Project Gutenberg

Based upon the 2009 adaptation for the Wild Geese by  
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## THE CAST

*TBD*

N<sub>1</sub>

N<sub>2</sub>

Bloom

Stephen

...

## Circe I

In Homer's *Odyssey*, Circe is a sorceress who drugs Odysseus' men and turns them into swine. Odysseus rescues his men from Circe and becomes her lover. At the end of *The Oxen of the Sun*, after Burke's had closed, Stephen Dedalus and Vincent Lynch set off for Nighttown ∩ in search of a brothel. Stephen is rat-arsed with drink and absinthe. Leopold Bloom, taking a paternal interest in Stephen, follows them at a distance.

An enormously long chapter ∩ full of hallucinations and nightmares, where Stephen and Bloom sink to the bottom, and Bloom confronts many of his unspoken desires ∩ and emerges strengthened.

Burgess and Kenner both argue ∩ that the hallucinations are coming from without, that Bloom himself does not experience them. Burgess: "They are hallucinations from the author's brain, not his hero's, but there is nothing vague or shadowy about them."

N1 : The Mabbot street entrance of Nighttown, before which ∩ stretches an un-cobbled tram siding ∩ set with skeleton tracks, red and green will-o'-the-wisps ∩ and danger signals. Rows of grimy houses with gaping doors. Rare lamps with faint rainbow fins. Round Rabaiotti's halted ice gondola, stunted men and women squabble. They grab wafers, between which ∩ are wedged lumps of coral and copper snow. Sucking, they scatter slowly. Children. The swan-comb of the gondola, high reared, forges on through the murk, white and blue under a lighthouse. Whistles call and answer.

**The Calls :** Wait, my love, and I'll be with you.

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**The Answers :** Round behind the stable.

N1 : A deaf-mute idiot with goggle eyes, his shapeless mouth dribbling, jerks past, shaken in Saint Vitus' dance.

N2 : A chain of children's hands imprisons him.

**The Children :** Kithogue! Salute!

N1 : The Idiot lifts a palsied left arm and gurgles.

**The Idiot :** Grhahute!

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**The Children :** Where's the great light?

**The Idiot :** [(GOBBLING)] Gha·gha·hest.

N2: They release him. He jerks on. A pigmy woman swings on a rope slung between two railings, counting. A form sprawled against a dustbin } and muffled by its arm and hat } snores, groans, grinding growling teeth, and snores again. On a step, a gnome, totting among a rubbish-tip, crouches to shoulder a sack of rags and bones. A crone, standing by with a smoky oil-lamp, rams her last bottle } in the maw of his sack. He heaves his booty, tugs askew his peaked cap, and hobbles off mutely. The crone makes back for her lair, swaying her lamp. A bandy child, asquat on the doorstep } with a paper shuttlecock, crawls sidling after her in spurts, clutches her skirt, scrambles up.

N1: A drunken navvy } grips with both hands } the railings of an area, lurching heavily. At a corner, two night watch in shoulder-capes, their hands upon their staff-holsters, loom tall. A plate crashes: a woman screams: a child wails. Oaths of a man roar, mutter, cease. Figures wander, lurk, peer from warrens. In a room lit by a candle stuck in a bottleneck, a slut combs out the tatts } from the hair of a scrofulous child.

N2: Cissy Caffrey's voice, still young, sings shrill from a lane.

Cissy Caffrey:

I gave it to Molly  
Because she was jolly,  
The leg of the duck,  
The leg of the duck.

N2: Private Carr and Private Compton, swagger-sticks tight in their oxters, as they march unsteadily, right-about-face, and burst together from their mouths } a volleyed fart. Laughter of men from the lane.

N1: A hoarse virago retorts.

The Virago: Signs on you, hairy arse. More power } the Cavan girl.

Cissy Caffrey: More luck to me. Cavan, Cootehill, and Belturbet. [(SHE SINGS)]

I gave it to Nelly  
To stick in her belly,  
The leg of the duck,  
The leg of the duck.

N2: Private Carr and Private Compton turn and counter-retort, their tunics blood-bright in a lamp-glow, black sockets of caps on their blond cropped polls.

N1: Stephen Dedalus and Lynch pass through the crowd } close to the redcoats.

N2: Private Compton jerks his finger.

Private Compton: Way for the parson.

N2: Private Carr turns and calls.

Private Carr: What ho, parson!

Cissy Caffrey: [(HER VOICE SOARING HIGHER)]

70

She has it, she got it,  
Wherever she put it,  
The leg of the duck.

N1: Lynch, his jockey-cap low on his brow, attends Stephen, a sneer of discontent wrinkling his face.

N2: Stephen, flourishing the ash-plant in his left hand, chants with joy ∫ the introit for paschal time.

Stephen: *Vidi aquam egredientem de templo ∫ a latere dextro. Alleluia.*

N1: The famished snaggle-tusks of an elderly bawd ∫ protrude from a doorway.

The Bawd: [(HER VOICE WHISPERING HUSKILY)] Sst! Come here till I tell you. Maid- 80  
enhead inside. Sst!

N2: (*altius aliquantulum*)

Stephen: *Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista.*

N1: The bawd spits in their trail ∫ her jet of venom.

The Bawd: Trinity medicals. Fallopian tube. All prick and no pence.

N2: Edy Boardman, sniffing, crouched with Bertha Supple, draws her shawl across her nostrils.

Edy Boardman: [(BICKERING)] And says the one: I seen you up Faithful place ∫ with 90  
your square-pusher, the greaser off the railway, in his come-to-bed hat. Did you, says I.  
That's not for you to say, says I. You never seen me in the man-trap ∫ with a married  
highlander, says I. The likes of her! Stag that one is! Stubborn as a mule! And her  
walking with two fellows ∫ the one time, Kilbride, the engine driver, and lance-corporal  
Oliphant.

N2: [(TRIUMPHALITER)]

**Stephen:** *Salvi facti sunt.*

**N1:** He flourishes his ash-plant, shivering the lamp image, shattering light over the  
100 world. A liver and white spaniel on the prow l slinks after him, growling.

**N2:** Lynch scares it with a kick.

**Lynch:** So that?

**Stephen:** *[(LOOKS BEHIND)]* So that gesture, not music not odour, would be a uni-  
versal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible l not the lay sense l but the first  
entelechy, the structural rhythm.

**Lynch:** Porn-o-soph-i-cal phil-o-the-ol-ogy. Meta-phys-ics in Meckl-en-burgh street!

**Stephen:** We have shrew-ridden Shakespeare and hen-pecked Socrates. Even the  
110 all-wisest Stagyrte was bitted, bridled and mounted by a light of love.

**Lynch:** Ba!

**Stephen:** Anyway, who wants two gestures l to illustrate a loaf and a jug? This  
movement illustrates l the loaf and jug of bread or wine l in Omar. Hold my stick.

**Lynch:** Damn your yellow stick. Where are we going?  
120

**Stephen:** Lecherous lynx, to *la belle dame sans merci*, Georgina Johnson, *ad deam  
qui laetificat iuventutem meam.*

**N1:** Stephen thrusts the ash-plant on him l and slowly holds out his hands, his  
head going back l till both hands are a span from his breast, down turned, in planes  
intersecting, the fingers about to part, the left being higher.

**Lynch:** Which is the jug of bread? It skills not. That or the custom-house. Illustrate  
130 thou. Here l take your crutch l and walk.

**N2:** They pass. Tommy Caffrey scrambles to a gas-lamp l and, clasping, climbs in  
spasms. From the top spur l he slides down. Jacky Caffrey clasps to climb. The navy  
lurches against the lamp. The twins scuttle off in the dark. The navy, swaying, presses  
a forefinger against a wing of his nose l and ejects from the farther nostril l a long liquid  
jet of snot. Shouldering the lamp, he staggers away through the crowd l with his flaring  
cresset.

**N1:** Snakes of river fog l creep slowly. From drains, clefts, cesspools, middens l  
arise on all sides l stagnant fumes. A glow leaps in the south l beyond the seaward  
140 reaches of the river. The navy, staggering forward, cleaves the crowd l and lurches  
towards the tram siding.

N2 : On the farther side } under the railway bridge } Bloom appears, flushed, panting, cramming bread and chocolate into a side pocket. From Gillen's hairdresser's window, a composite portrait } shows him gallant Nelson's image. A concave mirror at the side } presents to him } love·lorn long·lost lu·gu·bru Boo·loo·hoom. Grave Gladstone sees him level, Bloom for Bloom. He passes, struck by the stare of truculent Wellington, but in the convex mirror } grin, unstruck, the bonham eyes and fat·chuck cheek·chops } of jolly·poldy, the rix·dix doldy.

N2 : At Antonio Rabaiotti's door, Bloom halts, sweated under the bright arc·lamp. 150  
He disappears. In a moment, he reappears and hurries on.

**Bloom :** Fish and taters. N. g. Ah!

N1 : He disappears into Olhausen's, the pork·butcher's, under the down·coming roll·shutter. A few moments later, he emerges from under the shutter, puffing Poldy, blowing Bloo·hoom. In each hand, he holds a parcel, one containing a lukewarm pig's crubeen, the other, a cold sheep's trotter, sprinkled with whole·pepper. He gasps, standing upright. 160  
Then bending to one side, he presses a parcel against his ribs } and groans.

**Bloom :** Stitch in my side. Why did I run?

N1 : He takes breath with care } and goes forward slowly } towards the lamp·set siding. The glow leaps again.

**Bloom :** What is that? A flasher? Searchlight.

N2 : He stands at Cormack's corner, watching.

**Bloom :** *Aurora borealis* or a steel foundry? Ah, the brigade, of course. South 170  
side anyhow. Big blaze. Might be his house. Beggar's bush. We're safe. [(HE HUMS  
CHEERFULLY)] London's burning, London's burning! On fire, on fire!

N2 : He catches sight of the navvy } lurching through the crowd } at the farther side of Talbot street.

**Bloom :** I'll miss him. Run. Quick. Better cross here.

N1 : He darts to cross the road. Urchins shout.

**The Urchins :** Mind out, mister!

N1 : Two cyclists, with lighted paper lanterns a·swing, swim by him, grazing him, their bells rattling.

**The Bells :** Halty·alty·alty·all. 180

N2 : Bloom halts erect, stung by a spasm.

**Bloom:** Ow!

**N1:** He looks round, darts forward suddenly. Through rising fog } a dragon sand-strewer, travelling at caution, slews heavily down upon him, its huge red headlight winking, its trolley hissing on the wire. The motor-man bangs his foot-gong.

**The Gong:** Bang Bang Bla Bak Blud Bugg Bloo.

190 **N2:** The brake cracks violently. Bloom, raising a policeman's white-gloved hand, blunders stiff-legged out of the track.

**N1:** The motor-man, thrown forward, pug-nosed, on the guide-wheel, yells } as he slides past } over chains and keys.

**The Motorman:** Hey, shit-breeches, are you doing the hat trick?

**N2:** Bloom trick-leaps to the curb-stone and halts again. He brushes a mud-flake from his cheek with a parcelled hand.

200 **Bloom:** No thoroughfare. Close shave that } but cured the stitch. Must take up Sandow's exercises again. On the hands down. Insure against street accident too. The Providential.

**N1:** Bloom feels his trouser pocket.

**Bloom:** Poor mamma's panacea. Heel easily catch in track } or bootlace in a cog. Day } the wheel of the black Maria } peeled off my shoe at Leonard's corner. Third time is the charm. Shoe trick. Insolent driver. I ought to report him. Tension makes them nervous. Might be the fellow balked me this morning } with that horsey woman. Same style of beauty. Quick of him } all the same. The stiff walk. True word spoken in jest. That awful cramp in Lad lane. Something poisonous I ate. Emblem of luck. Why? Probably lost cattle. Mark of the beast.

**N1:** Bloom closes his eyes } an instant.

210 **Bloom:** Bit light in the head. Monthly } or effect of the other. Brain fog fag. That tired feeling. Too much for me now. Ow!

**N2:** A sinister figure } leans on plaited legs } against O'Beirne's wall, a visage unknown, injected with dark mercury. From under a wide-leaved sombrero, the figure regards him } with evil eye.

**Bloom:** *Buenas noches, senorita Blanca. Que calle es esta?*

**N1:** The figure, impassive, raises a signal arm.

**The Figure:** Password. *Sráid Mabbot.*



**Bloom:** Haha. *Merci*. Esperanto. *Slán leath*. [(HE MUTTERS)] Gaelic league spy, sent 220  
by that fire eater.

**N2:** He steps forward. A sack-shouldered rag-man bars his path. He steps left,  
rag-sack-man left.

**Bloom:** I beg.

**N2:** He swerves, sidles, step-aside, slips past and on.

**Bloom:** Keep to the right, right, right. If there is a sign-post } planted by the 230  
Touring Club at Stepside } who procured that public boon? I } who lost my way } and  
contributed to the columns of the *Irish Cyclist* } the letter } headed *In darkest Stepside*.  
Keep, keep, keep to the right. Rags and bones at midnight. A fence more likely. First  
place } murderer makes for. Wash off his sins of the world.

**N1:** Jacky Caffrey, hunted by Tommy Caffrey, runs full tilt against Bloom.

**Bloom:** O. 240

**N1:** Shocked, on weak hams, he halts. Tommy and Jacky vanish there, there. Bloom  
pats with parcelled hands } watch } fob pocket, book pocket, purse poke, *Sweets of Sin*,  
potato soap.

**Bloom:** Beware of pick-pockets. Old thieves' dodge. Collide. Then snatch your  
purse.

**N2:** The retriever approaches } sniffing, nose to the ground. A sprawled form  
sneezes.

**N1:** A stooped bearded figure appears, garbed in the long caftan } of an elder in  
Zion } and a smoking-cap with magenta tassels. Horned spectacles hang down } at the  
wings of the nose. Yellow poison streaks } are on the drawn face of Rudolph Bloom. 250

**Rudolph:** Second half-crown waste money today. I told you not go } with drunken  
goy ever. So you catch no money.

**N2:** Bloom hides the crubeen and trotter behind his back } and, crest-fallen, feels  
warm and cold feet-meat.

**Bloom:** *Ja, ich weiss, Papachi*.

**Rudolph:** What you making } down this place? Have you no soul?

**N1:** With feeble vulture talons, he feels the silent face of Bloom. 260

**Rudolph:** Are you not } my son Leopold, the grandson of Leopold? Are you not } my dear son Leopold, who left the house of his father } and left the god of his fathers, Abraham and Jacob?

**Bloom:** [(WITH PRECAUTION)] I suppose so, father. Mosenthal. All that's left of him.

**Rudolph:** [(SEVERELY)] One night } they bring you home drunk as dog } after spend your good money. What you call them running chaps?

**N2:** Bloom, in youth's smart blue Oxford suit } with white vest-slips, narrow◦  
270 shouldered, in brown Alpine hat, wearing gent's sterling silver Waterbury keyless watch } and double curb Albert with seal attached, one side of him } coated with stiffening mud.

**Bloom:** Harriers, father. Only that once.

**Rudolph:** Once! Mud head to foot. Cut your hand open. Lockjaw. They make you kaputt, Leopold-leben. You watch them chaps.

**Bloom:** [(WEAKLY)] They challenged me to a sprint. It was muddy. I slipped.

**Rudolph:** [(WITH CONTEMPT)] *Goim nachez!* Nice spectacles for your poor mother!

280 **Bloom:** Mamma!

**N1:** Ellen Bloom, in pantomime dame's stringed mobcap, widow Twankey's crino-  
line and bustle, blouse with mutton-leg sleeves buttoned behind, grey mittens and cameo  
brooch, her plaited hair in a crispine net, appears over the stair-case banisters, a slanted  
candlestick in her hand, and cries out in shrill alarm.

**Ellen Bloom:** O blessed Redeemer, what have they done to him! My smelling salts!

**N2:** She hauls up a reef of skirt } and ransacks the pouch of her striped blay petticoat.  
A phial, an Agnus Dei, a shrivelled potato, and a celluloid doll } fall out.

290 **Ellen Bloom:** Sacred Heart of Mary, where were you, at all, at all?

**N1:** Bloom, mumbling, his eyes downcast, begins to bestow his parcels in his filled  
pockets, but desists, muttering.

**Marion:** [(SHARPLY)] Poldy!

**Bloom:** Who?

**N1:** He ducks } and wards off a blow clumsily.

**Bloom:** At your service.

**N2:** He looks up. Beside her } mirage of date-palms, a handsome woman in turkish costume } stands before him. Opulent curves fill out her scarlet trousers and jacket, slashed with gold. A wide yellow cummerbund girdles her. A white yashmak, violet in the night, covers her face, leaving free } only her large dark eyes and raven hair. 300

**Bloom:** Molly!

**N1:** Marion.

**Marion:** Welly? Mrs Marion from this out, my dear man, when you speak to me. [(SATIRICALLY)] Has poor little hubby cold feet waiting so long?

**N2:** Bloom shifts from foot to foot.

**Bloom:** No, no. Not the least little bit.

**N1:** He breathes in deep agitation, swallowing gulps of air, questions, hopes, 310 crubeens for her supper, things to tell her, excuse, desire, spellbound. A coin gleams on her forehead. On her feet are jewelled toerings. Her ankles are linked by a slender fetter chain. Beside her, a camel, hooded with a turreting turban, waits. A silk ladder of innumerable rungs } climbs to his bobbing howdah. He ambles near with disgruntled hindquarters. Fiercely, she slaps his haunch, her goldcurb wrist bangles angriling, scolding him in Moorish.

**Marion:** Nebrakada! Femininum!

**N2:** The camel, lifting a foreleg, plucks from a tree } a large mango fruit, offers it 320 to his mistress, blinking, in his cloven hoof, then droops his head } and, grunting, with uplifted neck, fumbles to kneel. Bloom stoops his back for leapfrog.

**Bloom:** I can give you ...I mean as your business menagerer ...Mrs Marion ...if you ...

**Marion:** So you notice some change?

**N1:** Her hands pass slowly over her trinketed stomacher, a slow friendly mockery in her eyes.

**Marion:** O Poldy, Poldy, you are a poor old stick in the mud! Go and see life. See 330 the wide world.

**Bloom:** I was just going back for that lotion white-wax, orange-flower water. Shop closes early on Thursday. But the first thing in the morning.

**N1:** He pats diverse pockets.

**Bloom:** This moving kidney. Ah!

N2: He points to the south, then to the east.

N1: A cake of new clean lemon soap arises, diffusing light and perfume.

**The Soap:**

We're a capital couple, are Bloom and I.  
He brightens the earth. I polish the sky.

340 N1: The freckled face of Sweny, the druggist, appears in the disc of the soap-sun.

Sweny: Three and a penny, please.

Bloom: Yes. For my wife. Mrs Marion. Special recipe.

Marion: [(SOFTLY)] Poldy!

Bloom: Yes, ma'am?

350 Marion: *Ti trema un poco il cuore?*

N2: In disdain ∫ she saunters away, plump as a pampered pouter pigeon, humming the duet from *Don Giovanni*.

Bloom: Are you sure about that *Voglio*? I mean the pronunciash—

N2: He follows, followed by the sniffing terrier.

N1: The elderly bawd seizes his sleeve, the bristles of her chin-mole glittering.

360 **The Bawd:** Ten shillings a maidenhead. Fresh thing was never touched. Fifteen. There's no-one in it, only her old father ∫ that's dead drunk.

N1: She points. In the gap of her dark den, furtive, rain-be-draggled, Bridie Kelly stands.

Bridie: Hatch street. Any good in your mind?

N2: With a squeak, she flaps her bat shawl and runs. A burly rough pursues with booted strides. He stumbles on the steps, recovers, plunges into gloom. Weak squeaks of laughter are heard, weaker.

N1: The Bawd, her wolf-eyes shining.

370 **The Bawd:** He's getting his pleasure. You won't get a virgin in the flash houses. Ten shillings. Don't be all night ∫ before the polis in plain clothes sees us. Sixty-seven is a bitch.

N2: Leering, Gerty MacDowell limps forward. She draws from behind, ogling, and shows coyly her bloodied clout.

**Gerty:** With all my worldly goods ∫ I thee and thou. [(SHE MURMURS)] You did that. I hate you.

**Bloom:** I? When? You're dreaming. I never saw you.

**The Bawd:** Leave the gentleman alone, you cheat. Writing the gentleman false letters. Street-walking and solicensing. Better for ∫ your mother take the strap to you ∫ at the bed-post, hussy like you. 380

**Gerty:** [(TO BLOOM)] When you saw all the secrets of my bottom drawer.

N2: She paws his sleeve, slobbering.

**Gerty:** Dirty married man! I love you for doing that to me.

N2: She glides away crookedly.

N1: Mrs Breen in man's frieze overcoat with loose bellows pockets, stands in the causeway, her roguish eyes wide-open, smiling in all her herbivorous buckteeth.

**Mrs Breen:** Mr ... 390

**Bloom:** [(COUGHS GRAVELY)] Madam, when we last had this pleasure ∫ by letter dated the sixteenth instant ...

**Mrs Breen:** Mr Bloom! You down here in the haunts of sin! I caught you nicely! Scamp!

**Bloom:** [(HURRIEDLY)] Not so loud ∫ my name. Whatever do you think of me? Don't give me away. Walls have ears. How do you do? It's ages since I. You're looking splendid. Absolutely it. Seasonable weather ∫ we are having this time of year. Black refracts heat. Short cut home here. Interesting quarter. Rescue of fallen women. Magdalen asylum. I am the secretary ... 400

**Mrs Breen:** [(HOLDS UP A FINGER)] Now, don't tell a big fib! I know somebody won't like that. O just wait till I see Molly! [(SLILY)] Account for yourself this very minute ∫ or woe betide you!

**Bloom:** [(LOOKS BEHIND)] She often said she'd like to visit. Slumming. The exotic, you see.

**Bloom:** [(WITH A SOUR TENDERISH SMILE)] A little frivol, shall we, if you are so inclined? Would you like me perhaps ∫ to embrace you ∫ just for a fraction of a second? 428

**Mrs Breen:** [(SCREAMS GAILY)] O, you ruck! You ought to see yourself! 430

**Bloom:** For old sake' sake. I only meant a square party, a mixed marriage } mingling of our different little conjugials. You know I had a soft corner for you. [(GLOOMILY)] 'Twas I sent you } that valentine of the dear gazelle.

**Mrs Breen:** Glory Alice, you do look a holy show! Killing simply. [(SHE PUTS OUT HER HAND INQUISITIVELY)] What are you hiding behind your back? Tell us, there's a dear.

440 **Bloom:** [(SEIZES HER WRIST WITH HIS FREE HAND)] Josie Powell that was, prettiest deb in Dublin. How time flies by! Do you remember, harking back in a retrospective arrangement, Old Christmas night, Georgina Simpson's housewarming } while they were playing the Irving Bishop game, finding the pin blindfold } and thought reading? Subject, what is in this snuffbox?

**Mrs Breen:** You were the lion of the night } with your seriocomic recitation } and you looked the part. You were always a favourite with the ladies.

450 **N2:** Bloom, squire of dames, in dinner jacket with watered-silk facings, blue masonic badge in his button-hole, black bow and mother-of-pearl studs, a prismatic champagne glass tilted in his hand.

**Bloom:** Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Ireland, home and beauty.

**Mrs Breen:** The dear dead days beyond recall. Love's old sweet song.

**Bloom:** [(MEANINGFULLY DROPPING HIS VOICE)] I confess I'm teapot with curiosity to find out } whether some person's something } is a little teapot at present.

460 **Mrs Breen:** [(GUSHINGLY)] Tremendously teapot! London's teapot and I'm simply teapot all over me! [(SHE RUBS SIDES WITH HIM)] After the parlour mystery games } and the crackers from the tree } we sat on the staircase ottoman. Under the mistletoe. Two is company.

**N2:** Bloom, wearing a purple napoleon hat with an amber halfmoon, his fingers and thumb passing slowly down } to her soft moist meaty palm, which she surrenders gently.

**Bloom:** The witching hour of night. I took the splinter out of this hand, carefully, slowly. [(TENDERLY, AS HE SLIPS ON HER FINGER A RUBY RING)] *Là ci darem la mano.*

470 **N1:** Mrs Breen, in a one-piece evening frock executed in moon-light blue, a tinsel sylph's diadem on her brow, with her dance-card fallen beside her moon-blue satin slipper, curves her palm softly, breathing quickly.

**Mrs Breen:** *Voglio e non.* You're hot! You're scalding! The left hand nearest the heart.

**Bloom :** When you made your present choice } they said } it was beauty and the beast. I can never forgive you for that. [(*HIS CLENCHED FIST AT HIS BROW*)] Think what it means. All you meant to me then. [(*HOARSELY*)] Woman, it's breaking me!

**N1 :** Denis Breen, white-tall-hatted, with Wisdom Hely's sandwich-boards, shuffles 480  
past them in carpet slippers, his dull beard thrust out, muttering to right and left.

**N2 :** Little Alf Bergan, cloaked in the pall of the ace of spades, dogs him to left and right, doubled in laughter. He points jeering at the sandwich boards.

**Alf Bergan :** U.p: Up.

**Mrs Breen :** [(*TO BLOOM*)] High jinks below stairs.

**N1 :** She gives him the glad eye.

**Mrs Breen :** Why didn't you kiss the spot to make it well? You wanted to.

**Bloom :** [(*SHOCKED*)] Molly's best friend! Could you? 490

**N1 :** Mrs Breen, her pulpy tongue between her lips, offers a pigeon kiss.

**Mrs Breen :** Hnhn. The answer is a lemon. Have you a little present for me there?

**Bloom :** [(*OFFHANDEDLY*)] Kosher. A snack for supper. The home without potted meat } is incomplete. I was at *Leah*. Mrs Bandmann Palmer. Trenchant exponent of Shakespeare. Unfortunately } threw away the programme. Rattling good place round there } for pigs' feet. Feel.

**N2 :** Richie Goulding, three ladies' hats pinned on his head, appears } weighted to one side by the black legal bag } of Collis and Ward } on which a skull and crossbones 500  
} are painted in white limewash. He opens it } and shows it } full of polonies, kippered herrings, findon haddies } and tight-packed pills.

**Richie :** Best value in Dub.

**N1 :** Bald Pat, bothered beetle, stands on the curbstone, folding his napkin, waiting to wait. He advances with a tilted dish of spill-spilling gravy.

**Pat :** Steak and kidney. Bottle of lager. Hee hee hee. Wait till I wait. 510

**N2 :** Richie.

**Richie :** Good·god. Inev erate inall ...

**N2 :** With hanging head } he marches doggedly forward.

**N1 :** The navy, lurching by, gores him with his flaming prong·horn.

N2: Richie Goulding, with a cry of pain, his hand to his back.

Richie: Ah! Bright's! Lights!

N1: Bloom points to the navy.

Bloom: A spy. Don't attract attention. I hate stupid crowds. I am not on pleasure bent. I am in a grave predicament.

520 Mrs Breen: Humbugging and deluthering } as per usual } with your cock and bull story.

Bloom: I want to tell you a little secret } about how I came to be here. But you must never tell. Not even Molly. I have a most particular reason.

Mrs Breen: [(ALL AGOG)] O, not for worlds.

Bloom: Let's walk on. Shall us?

530 Mrs Breen: Let's.

N1: The bawd makes an unheeded sign.

N2: Bloom walks on with Mrs Breen. The terrier follows, whining piteously, wagging his tail.

N1: The Bawd.

The Bawd: Jewman's melt!

N2: Bloom, in an oatmeal sporting suit, a sprig of woodbine in the lapel, tony buff shirt, shepherd's plaid Saint Andrew's cross scarf-tie, white spats, fawn dustcoat on his arm, tawny red brogues, field-glasses in bandolier } and a grey billycock hat.

540 Bloom: Do you remember a long long time, years and years ago, just after Milly, Marionette we called her, was weaned } when we all went together to Fairyhouse races, was it?

N1: Mrs Breen, in smart saxe tailormade, white velours hat } and spider veil.

Mrs Breen: Leopardstown.

550 Bloom: I mean, Leopardstown. And Molly won seven shillings } on a three year old named Nevertell } and coming home along by Foxrock } in that old five-seater shanderadan of a waggonette } you were in your heyday then } and you had on } that new hat of white velours } with a surround of molefur } that Mrs Hayes advised you to buy } because it was marked down to nineteen and eleven, a bit of wire and an old rag of velveteen, and I'll lay you what you like } she did it on purpose ...



**Mrs Breen:** She did, of course, the cat! Don't tell me! Nice adviser!

**Bloom:** Because it didn't suit you } one quarter as well } as the other ducky } little tammy toque } with the bird of paradise wing in it } that I admired on you } and you honestly looked just too fetching in it } though it was a pity to kill it, you cruel naughty creature, little mite of a thing } with a heart the size of a full-stop. 560

**Mrs Breen:** [(SQUEEZES HIS ARM, SIMPERS)] Naughty cruel I was!

**Bloom:** [(LOW, SECRETLY, EVER MORE RAPIDLY)] And Molly was eating a sandwich of spiced beef } out of Mrs Joe Gallaher's lunch basket. Frankly, though she had her advisers or admirers, I never cared much for her style. She was ...

**Mrs Breen:** Too ...

**Bloom:** Yes. And Molly was laughing } because Rogers and Maggot O'Reilly } were mimicking a cock } as we passed a farmhouse } and Marcus Tertius Moses, the tea merchant, drove past us in a gig } with his daughter, Dancer Moses was her name, and the poodle in her lap bridled up } and you asked me } if I ever heard } or read } or knew } or came across ... 570

**Mrs Breen:** [(EAGERLY)] Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

**N1:** She fades from his side.

**N2:** Followed by the whining dog, he walks on towards hell's gates. In an archway, a standing woman, bent forward, her feet apart, pisses cowily. Outside a shuttered pub } a bunch of loiterers listen to a tale } which their broken-snouted gaffer } rasps out with raucous humour. An armless pair of them } flop wrestling, growling, in maimed sodden playfight. 580

**N1:** The gaffer crouches, his voice twisted in his snout.

**The Gaffer:** And when Cairns came down from the scaffolding } in Beaver street, what was he after doing it into, only into the bucket of porter that was there, waiting on the shavings } for Derwan's plasterers.

**N2:** The loiterers guffaw with cleft palates.

**The Loiterers:** O jays!

**N2:** Their paint-speckled hats wag. Spattered with size and lime of their lodges } they frisk limb-lessly about him. 590

**Bloom:** Coincidence too. They think it funny. Anything but that. Broad daylight. Trying to walk. Lucky no woman.

**The Loiterers:** Jays, that's a good one. Glauber salts. O jays, into the men's porter.

**N2:** Bloom passes.

**N1:** Cheap whores, singly, coupled, shawled, dishevelled, call from lanes, doors, corners.

600 **The Whores:**

Are you going far, queer fellow?  
How's your middle leg?  
Got a match on you?  
Eh, come here till I stiffen it for you.

**N1:** He plodges through their sump } towards the lighted street beyond. From a bulge of window curtains, a gramophone rears a battered brazen trunk. In the shadow, a shebeen keeper haggles } with the navy and the two redcoats.

**N2:** The navy asks.

**The Navy:** [(BELCHING)] Where's the bloody house?

**N1:** The Shebeen Keeper.

610 **The Shebeen Keeper:** Purdon street. Shilling a bottle of stout. Respectable woman.

**N2:** The navy, gripping the two redcoats, staggers forward with them.

**The Navy:** Come on, you British army!

**N1:** Private Carr, behind his back.

**Private Carr:** He aint half balmy.

**N2:** Private Compton laughs.

**Private Compton:** [(LAUGHS)] What ho!

620 **Private Carr:** [(TO THE NAVVY)] Portobello barracks canteen. You ask for Carr. Just Carr.

**The Navy:** [(SHOUTS)] We are the boys. Of Wexford.

**Private Compton:** Say! What price the sergeant-major?

**Private Carr:** Bennett? He's my pal. I love old Bennett.

**The Navy:** [(SHOUTS)]

The galling chain.  
And free our native land.

630

N2: The navy staggers forward, dragging them with him.

N1: Bloom stops, at fault. The dog approaches, his tongue out-lolling, panting.

**Bloom:** Wild-goose chase this. Disorderly houses. Lord knows where they are gone. Drunks cover distance double quick. Nice mixup. Scene at Westland row. Then jump in first class with third ticket. Then too far. Train with engine behind. Might have taken me to Malahide } or a siding for the night } or collision. Second drink does it. Once is a dose. What am I following him for? Still, he's the best of that lot. If I hadn't heard about Mrs Beaufoy Purefoy, I wouldn't have gone and wouldn't have met. Kismet. He'll lose that cash. Relieving office here. Good biz for cheapjacks, organs. What do ye lack? Soon got, soon gone. Might have lost my life too } with that man-gong-wheel-track-trolley-glare-juggernaut } only for presence of mind. Can't always save you, though. If I had passed Truelock's window that day, two minutes later } would have been shot. Absence of body. Still, if bullet only went through my coat } get damages for shock, five hundred pounds. What was he? Kildare street club toff. God help his gamekeeper. 640

N1: He gazes ahead, reading on the wall } a scrawled chalk legend *Wet Dream* } and a phallic design.

**Bloom:** Odd! Molly drawing on the frosted carriage-pane at Kingstown. What's that like? 650

N2: Gaudy doll-women loll in the lighted doorways, in window embrasures, smoking birds-eye cigarettes. The odour of the sick-sweet weed } floats towards him } in slow round ovalling wreaths.

**The Wreaths:** Sweet are the sweets. Sweets of sin.

**Bloom:** My spine's a bit limp. Go or turn? And this food? Eat it and get all pig-sticky. Absurd } I am. Waste of money. One and eight-pence too much.

N1: The retriever drives a cold snivelling muzzle against his hand, wagging his tail.

**Bloom:** Strange how they take to me. Even that brute today. Better speak to him first. Like women, they like *rencontres*. Stinks like a polecat. *Chacun son goût*. He might be mad. Dogdays. Uncertain in his movements. Good fellow! Fido! Good fellow! Garryowen! 660

N1: The wolfdog sprawls on his back, wriggling obscenely with begging paws, his long black tongue lolling out.

**Bloom:** Influence of his surroundings. Give and have done with it. Provided nobody.

**N1:** Calling encouraging words, he shambles back with a furtive poacher's tread, dogged by the setter, into a dark stale-stunk corner. He unrolls one parcel } and goes to dump the crubeen softly } but holds back and feels the trotter.

670 **Bloom:** Sizeable for three-pence. But then I have it in my left hand. Calls for more effort. Why? Smaller from want of use. O, let it slide. Two and six.

**N1:** With regret, he lets the unrolled crubeen and trotter slide. The mastiff mauls the bundle clumsily } and gluts himself with growling greed, crunching the bones.

**N2:** Two rain-caped watch approach, silent, vigilant. They murmur together.

**The Watch:** Bloom. Of Bloom. For Bloom. Bloom.

**N2:** Each lays hand on Bloom's shoulder.

**N1:** First Watch.

680 **First Watch:** Caught in the act. Commit no nuisance.

**Bloom:** [(STAMMERS)] I am doing good to others.

**N1:** A covey of gulls, storm petrels, rises hungrily from Liffey slime } with Banbury cakes in their beaks.

**The Gulls:** Kaw kave kankury kake.

**Bloom:** The friend of man. Trained by kindness.

**N2:** He points.

690 **N1:** Bob Doran, toppling from a high barstool, sways over the munching spaniel.

**Bob Doran:** Towser. Give us the paw. Give the paw.

**N1:** The bulldog growls, his scruff standing, a gobbet of pig's knuckle between his molars } through which rabid scum-spittle dribbles. Bob Doran falls silently into an area.

**N2:** Second Watch.

**Second Watch:** Prevention of cruelty to animals.

700 **Bloom:** [(ENTHUSIASTICALLY)] A noble work! I scolded that tram-driver on Harold's cross bridge } for ill-using the poor horse } with his harness scab. Bad French I got } for my pains. Of course } it was frosty and the last tram. All tales of circus life are highly demoralising.

**N1:** Signor Maffei, passion-pale, in lion-tamer's costume with diamond studs in his shirt-front, steps forward, holding a circus paper-hoop, a curling carriage-whip, and a revolver, with which he covers the gorging boar-hound.

**Signor Maffei:** [(WITH A SINISTER SMILE)] Ladies and gentlemen, my educated greyhound. It was I broke in the bucking broncho Ajax } with my patent spiked saddle for carnivores. Lash under the belly with a knotted thong. Block tackle and a strangling pulley } will bring your lion to heel, no matter how fractious, even *leo ferox* there, the Libyan man-eater. A red-hot crow-bar } and some liniment rubbing on the burning part } produced Fritz of Amsterdam, the thinking hyena. [(HE GLARES)] I possess the Indian sign. The glint of my eye does it } with these breast-sparklers. [(WITH A BEWITCHING SMILE)] I now introduce Mademoiselle Ruby, the pride of the ring. 710

**N1:** First Watch.

**First Watch:** Come. Name and address.

**Bloom:** I have forgotten for the moment. Ah, yes! 720

**N2:** He takes off his high grade hat, saluting.

**Bloom:** Dr Bloom, Leopold, dental surgeon. You have heard of von Blum Pasha. Umpteen millions. *Donnerwetter!* Owns half Austria. Egypt. Cousin.

**First Watch:** Proof.

**N2:** A card falls from inside the leather headband of Bloom's hat.

**N1:** Bloom, in red fez, cad's dress coat } with broad green sash, wearing a false badge of the Legion of Honour, picks up the card hastily and offers it.

**Bloom:** Allow me. My club is the Junior Army and Navy. Solicitors: Messrs John Henry Menton, 27 Bachelor's Walk. 730

**First Watch:** [(READS)] Henry Flower. No fixed abode. Unlawfully watching and besetting.

**N2:** Second Watch.

**Second Watch:** An alibi. You are cautioned.

**N1:** Bloom produces from his heart-pocket a crumpled yellow flower.

**Bloom:** This is the flower in question. It was given me by a man } I don't know his name. [(PLAUSIBLY)] You know that old joke, rose of Castile. Bloom. The change of name. Virag. [(HE MURMURS PRIVATELY AND CONFIDENTIALLY)] We are engaged } you see, sergeant. Lady in the case. Love entanglement. [(HE SHOULDERS THE SECOND WATCH 740

*GENTLY*)] Dash it all. It's a way we gallants have } in the navy. Uniform that does it. [(*HE TURNS GRAVELY TO THE FIRST WATCH*)] Still, of course, you do get your Waterloo sometimes. Drop in some evening and have a glass of old Burgundy. [(*TO THE SECOND WATCH GAILY*)] I'll introduce you, inspector. She's game. Do it in the shake of a lamb's tail.

**N2:** A dark mercurialised face appears, leading a veiled figure.

750 **The Dark Mercury:** The Castle is looking for him. He was drummed out of the army.

**N2:** Martha, thick-veiled, a crimson halter round her neck, a copy of the *Irish Times* in her hand, in tone of reproach, pointing.

**Martha:** Henry! Leopold! Lionel, thou lost one! Clear my name.

**N1:** First Watch.

**First Watch:** [(*STERNLY*)] Come to the station.

**N2:** Bloom, scared, hats himself, steps back, then, plucking at his heart } and lifting his right forearm on the square, he gives the sign and due-guard of fellow-craft.

760 **Bloom:** No, no, worshipful master, light of love. Mistaken identity. The Lyons mail. Lesurques and Dubosc. You remember the Childs fratricide case. We medical men. By striking him dead with a hatchet. I am wrongfully accused. Better one guilty escape } than ninety-nine wrongfully condemned.

**Martha:** [(*SOBBING BEHIND HER VEIL*)] Breach of promise. My real name is Peggy Griffin. He wrote to me that he was miserable. I'll tell my brother, the Bective rucker fullback, on you, heartless flirt.

**Bloom:** [(*BEHIND HIS HAND*)] She's drunk. The woman is inebriated.

770 **N1:** He murmurs vaguely the pass of Ephraim.

**Bloom:** Shit-bro-leeth.

**N2:** The Second Watch, tears in his eyes, says to Bloom.

**Second Watch:** You ought to be thoroughly well ashamed of yourself.

780 **Bloom:** Gentlemen of the jury, let me explain. A pure mare's nest. I am a man misunderstood. I am being made a scape-goat of. I am a respectable married man, without a stain on my character. I live in Eccles street. My wife, I am the daughter of a most distinguished commander, a gallant upstanding gentleman, what do you call him, Major-general Brian Tweedy, one of Britain's fighting men who helped to win our battles. Got his majority for the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift.

**First Watch:** Regiment.

**N1:** Bloom turns to the gallery.

**Bloom:** The royal Dublins, boys, the salt of the earth, known the world over. I think I see some old comrades in arms } up there among you. The R.D.F., with our own Metropolitan police, guardians of our homes, the pluckiest lads } and the finest body of men, as physique, in the service of our sovereign.

**A Voice:** Turncoat! Up the Boers! Who booed Joe Chamberlain? 790

**Bloom:** [(*HIS HAND ON THE SHOULDER OF THE FIRST WATCH*)] My old dad too was a J.P. I'm as staunch a Britisher as you are, sir. I fought with the colours } for king and country } in the absent-minded war } under general Gough in the park } and was disabled at Spion Kop and Bloemfontein, was mentioned in dispatches. I did } all a white man could. [(*WITH QUIET FEELING*)] Jim Bludso. Hold her nozzle again the bank.

**First Watch:** Profession or trade. 800

**Bloom:** Well, I follow a literary occupation, author-journalist. In fact } we are just bringing out a collection of prize stories } of which } I am the inventor, something that is an entirely new departure. I am connected with the British and Irish press. If you ring up ...

**N2:** Myles Crawford strides out jerkily, a quill between his teeth. His scarlet beak blazes } within the aureole of his straw hat. He dangles a hank of Spanish onions in one hand } and holds with the other hand } a telephone receiver nozzle } to his ear.

**Myles Crawford:** [(*HIS COCK'S WATTLES WAGGING*)] Hello, seventy-seven eight<sup>o</sup> 810 four. Hello. *Freeman's Urinal* and *Weekly Arsewipe* here. Paralyse Europe. You which? Blue-bags? Who writes? Is it Bloom?

**N1:** Mr Philip Beaufoy, pale-faced, stands in the witness-box, in accurate morning dress, out-breast pocket with peak of handkerchief showing, creased lavender trousers } and patent boots. He carries a large portfolio } labelled *Matcham's Masterstrokes*.

**Beaufoy:** [(*DRAWLS*)] No, you aren't. Not by a long shot } if I know it. I don't see it } that's all. No born gentleman, no-one with the most rudimentary promptings of 820 a gentleman } would stoop to such particularly loathsome conduct. One of those, my lord. A plagiarist. A soapy sneak masquerading as a litterateur. It's perfectly obvious } that with the most inherent baseness } he has cribbed some of my bestselling copy, really gorgeous stuff, a perfect gem, the love passages in which } are beneath suspicion. The Beaufoy books of love and great possessions, with which your lordship is doubtless familiar, are a household word } throughout the kingdom.

N2: Bloom murmurs with hangdog meekness glum.

830 **Bloom:** That bit about the laughing witch hand in hand ∫ I take exception to, if I may ...

N1: Beaufof, his lip upcurled, smiles superciliously on the court.

**Beaufof:** You funny ass, you! You're too beastly awfully weird for words! I don't think you need ∫ over excessively disincommodate yourself ∫ in that regard. My literary agent Mr J.B. Pinker is in attendance. I presume, my lord, we shall receive the usual witnesses' fees, shan't we? We are considerably out of pocket ∫ over this bally pressman johnny, this jackdaw of Rheims, who has not even been to a university.

840 **Bloom:** [(*INDISTINCTLY*)] University of life. Bad art.

**Beaufof:** [(*SHOUTS*)] It's a damnably foul lie, showing the moral rottenness of the man! [(*HE EXTENDS HIS PORTFOLIO*)] We have here damning evidence, the *corpus delicti*, my lord, a specimen of my maturer work ∫ disfigured by the hallmark of the beast.

**A Voice from the Gallery:**

Moses, Moses, king of the jews,  
Wiped his arse in the *Daily News*.

850 **Bloom:** [(*BRAVELY*)] Overdrawn.

**Beaufof:** You low cad! You ought to be ducked in the horse-pond, you rotter! [(*TO THE COURT*)] Why, look at the man's private life! Leading a quadruple existence! Street angel and house devil. Not fit to be mentioned in mixed society! The arch-conspirator of the age!

**Bloom:** [(*TO THE COURT*)] And he, a bachelor, how ...

**First Watch:** The King versus Bloom. Call the woman Driscoll.

860 **The Crier:** Mary Driscoll, scullery-maid!

N1: Mary Driscoll, a slipshod servant girl, approaches. She has a bucket on the crook of her arm ∫ and a scouring-brush in her hand.

**Second Watch:** Another! Are you of the unfortunate class?

**Mary Driscoll:** [(*INDIGNANTLY*)] I'm not a bad one. I bear a respectable character ∫ and was four months in my last place. I was in a situation, six pounds a year ∫ and my chances with Fridays out ∫ and I had to leave ∫ owing to his carryings on.

870 **First Watch:** What do you tax him with?



**Mary Driscoll:** He made a certain suggestion } but I thought more of myself } as poor as I am.

**N2:** Bloom, in house-jacket of ripple-cloth, flannel trousers, heel-less slippers, unshaven, his hair rumpled.

**Bloom:** [(SOFTLY)] I treated you white. I gave you mementos, smart emerald garters far above your station. Incautiously } I took your part } when you were accused of pilfering. There's a medium in all things. Play cricket.

**Mary Driscoll:** [(EXCITEDLY)] As God is looking down on me this night } if ever I 880 laid a hand } to them oysters!

**First Watch:** The offence complained of? Did something happen?

**Mary Driscoll:** He surprised me in the rere of the premises, Your honour, when the missus was out shopping one morning } with a request for a safety pin. He held me } and I was discoloured in four places as a result. And he interfered twict with my clothing.

**Bloom:** She counter-assaulted. 890

**Mary Driscoll:** [(SCORNFULLY)] I had more respect for the scouring-brush, so I had. I remonstrated with him, Your lord, and he remarked: keep it quiet.

[(GENERAL LAUGHTER.)]

**N1:** George Fottrell, clerk of the crown and peace.

**George Fottrell:** [(RESONANTLY)] Order in court! The accused will now make a bogus statement.

**N2:** Bloom, pleading not guilty } and holding a full-blown water-lily, begins a long unintelligible speech. They would hear what counsel had to say } in his stirring address 900 to the grand jury. He was down and out } but, though branded as a black sheep, if he might say so, he meant to reform, to retrieve the memory of the past } in a purely sisterly way } and return to nature } as a purely domestic animal. A seven-months' child, he had been carefully brought up and nurtured } by an aged bed-ridden parent. There might have been lapses of an erring father } but he wanted to turn over a new leaf } and now, when at long last } in sight of the whipping post, to lead a homely life in the evening of his days, permeated by the affectionate surroundings } of the heaving bosom of the family. An acclimatised Britisher, he had seen that summer eve } from the footplate of 910 an engine cab } of the Loop line railway company } while the rain refrained from falling } glimpses, as it were, through the windows of loveful households } in Dublin city and urban district } of scenes truly rural } of happiness of the better land } with Dockrell's wallpaper at one and nine-pence a dozen, innocent British-born bairns } lisping prayers

to the Sacred Infant, youthful scholars grappling with their pensums } or model young ladies playing on the pianoforte } or anon } all with fervour } reciting the family rosary round the crackling Yulelog } while in the boreens and green lanes } the colleens with  
920 their swains strolled } what times } the strains of the organ-toned melodeon } Britannia metal-bound } with four acting stops and twelve-fold bellows, a sacrifice, greatest bargain ever...

**N1 :** Renewed laughter. He mumbles incoherently. Reporters complain that they cannot hear.

**N2 :** Longhand and shorthand: (without looking up from their notebooks)

**Longhand and Shorthand :** Loosen his boots.

**N1 :** Professor MacHugh (from the presstable, coughs and calls)

**Professor MacHugh :** Cough it up, man. Get it out in bits.

**N1 :** The cross-examination proceeds } re Bloom and the bucket. A large bucket.  
930 Bloom himself. Bowel trouble. In Beaver street. Gripe, yes. Quite bad. A plasterer's bucket. By walking stiff-legged. Suffered untold misery. Deadly agony. About noon. Love or burgundy. Yes, some spinach. Crucial moment. He did not look in the bucket nobody. Rather a mess. Not completely. A *Titbits* back number.

**N2 :** Uproar and catcalls. Bloom in a torn frock-coat stained with white-wash, dinged silk hat sideways on his head, a strip of sticking-plaster across his nose, talks inaudibly.

**N1 :** J.J. O'Molloy, in barrister's grey wig and stuff-gown, speaks with a voice of pained protest.

940 **J.J. O'Molloy :** This is no place for indecent levity } at the expense of an erring mortal } disguised in liquor. We are not in a bear-garden } nor at an Oxford rag } nor is this a travesty of justice. My client is an infant, a poor foreign immigrant } who started scratch as a stowaway } and is now trying to turn an honest penny. The trumped up misdemeanour } was due to a momentary aberration of heredity, brought on by hallucination, such familiarities } as the alleged guilty occurrence } being quite permitted in my client's native place, the land of the Pharaoh. *Prima facie*, I put it to you } that there was  
948 no attempt at carnally knowing. Intimacy did not occur } and the offence complained of by Driscoll, that her virtue was solicited, was not repeated.

970 **J.J. O'Molloy :** I say it and I say it emphatically, without wishing for one moment } to defeat the ends of justice, accused was not accessory before the act } and prosecutrix has not been tampered with. The young person was treated by defendant } as if she were his very own daughter.

**N1 :** (Bloom takes J.J. O'Molloy's hand and raises it to his lips.)

**J.J. O'Molloy :** I shall call rebutting evidence › to prove up to the hilt › that the hidden hand › is again at its old game. When in doubt › persecute Bloom. My client, an innately bashful man, would be the last man in the world › to do anything ungentlemanly › which injured modesty could object to › or cast a stone › at a girl who took the wrong turning › when some dastard, responsible for her condition, had worked his own sweet will on her. He wants to go straight. I regard him as the whitest man I know. He is down 980 on his luck at present › owing to the mortgaging › of his extensive property at Agendath Netaim › in faraway Asia Minor, slides of which will now be shown. [(TO BLOOM)] I suggest › that you will do the handsome thing.

**Bloom :** A penny in the pound.

**N1 :** The image of the lake of Kinnereth › with blurred cattle cropping in silver haze › is projected on the wall.

**N2 :** Moses Dlugacz, ferret-eyed albino, in blue dungarees, stands up in the gallery, holding in each hand › an orange citron and a pork kidney.

**Dlugacz :** [(HOARSELY)] Bleib-treu-strasse, Berlin, W. 13. 990

**N1 :** J.J. O'Molloy steps on to a low plinth › and holds the lapel of his coat with solemnity. His face lengthens, grows pale and bearded, with sunken eyes, the blotches of phthisis › and hectic cheekbones of John F. Taylor. He applies his handkerchief to his mouth › and scrutinises the galloping tide of rose-pink blood.

**J.J. O'Molloy :** [(ALMOST VOICELESSLY)] Excuse me. I am suffering from a severe chill, have recently come from a sickbed. A few well-chosen words.

**N1 :** He assumes the avine head, foxy moustache › and proboscidal eloquence of 1000 Seymour Bushe.

**J.J. O'Molloy :** When the angel's book comes to be opened › if aught that the pensive bosom has inaugurated › of soul-transfigured and of soul-transfiguring deserves to live › I say › accord the prisoner at the bar › the sacred benefit of the doubt.

**N2 :** A paper with something written on it › is handed into court.

**Bloom :** [(IN COURT DRESS)] Can give best references. Messrs Callan, Coleman. Mr Wisdom Hely J.P. My old chief Joe Cuffe. Mr V.B. Dillon, ex lord mayor of Dublin. I have moved in the charmed circle of the highest ...Queens of Dublin society. [(CARELESSLY)] I was just chatting this afternoon › at the viceregal lodge to my old pals, sir 1010 Robert and lady Ball, astronomer royal at the levee. Sir Bob, I said ...

**N1 :** Mrs Yelverton Barry, in low-corsaged opal ball-dress and elbow-length ivory gloves, wearing a sable-trimmed brick-quilted dolman, a comb of brilliants and panache of osprey } in her hair.

**Mrs Yelverton Barry :** Arrest him, constable. He wrote me an anonymous letter in prentice backhand } when my husband was in the North Riding of Tipperary } on the Munster circuit, signed James Lovebitch. He said that he had seen from the gods } my peerless globes } as I sat in a box } of the *Theatre Royal* } at a command performance  
1020 of *La Cigale*. I deeply inflamed him, he said. He made improper overtures to me } to misconduct myself at half past four p.m. on the following Thursday, Dunsink time. He offered to send me } through the post } a work of fiction by Monsieur Paul de Kock, entitled *The Girl with the Three Pairs of Stays*.

**N2 :** Mrs Bellingham, in cap and seal coney mantle, wrapped up to the nose, steps out of her brougham } and scans through tortoise-shell quizzing-glasses } which she takes from inside her huge opossum muff.

**Mrs Bellingham :** Also to me. Yes, I believe it is the same objectionable person.  
1030 Because he closed my carriage door } outside sir Thornley Stoker's } one sleety day } during the cold snap of February ninety-three } when even the grid of the waste-pipe } and the ball-stop in my bath cistern were frozen. Subsequently } he enclosed a bloom of edelweiss culled on the heights, as he said, in my honour. I had it examined by a botanical expert } and elicited the information } that it was a blossom of the homegrown potato plant } purloined from a forcing-case of the model farm.

**Mrs Yelverton Barry :** Shame on him!

**N1 :** A crowd of sluts and ragamuffins surges forward.

1040 **The Sluts and Ragamuffins :** [(SCREAMING)] Stop thief! Hurrah there, Bluebeard!  
Three cheers for Ikey Mo!

**N2 :** The Second Watch produces handcuffs.

**Second Watch :** Here are the darbies.

**Mrs Bellingham :** He addressed me } in several handwritings with fulsome compliments } as a Venus in furs } and alleged profound pity } for my frostbound coachman Palmer } while in the same breath } he expressed himself } as envious of his earflaps and fleecy sheepskins } and of his fortunate proximity to my person, when standing  
1050 behind my chair } wearing my livery } and the armorial bearings } of the Bellingham escutcheon } garnished sable, a buck's head } coupé or. He lauded almost extravagantly } my nether extremities, my swelling calves in silk hose } drawn up to the limit,

and eulogised glowingly } my other hidden treasures in priceless lace } which, he said, he could conjure up. He urged me (stating that he felt it his mission in life } to urge me) to defile the marriage bed, to commit adultery } at the earliest possible opportunity.

**N1 :** The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys, in amazon costume, hard hat, jack-boots cock-spurred, vermilion waist-coat, fawn musketeer gauntlets with braided drums, long train held up } and hunting crop } with which } she strikes her welt constantly.

**The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys :** Also me. Because he saw me } on the polo 1060 ground of the Phoenix park } at the match } All Ireland versus the Rest of Ireland. My eyes, I know, shone divinely } as I watched Captain Slogger Dennehy of the Inniskillings } win the final chukkar } on his darling cob *Centaur*. This plebeian Don Juan } observed me from behind a hackney car } and sent me in double envelopes } an obscene photograph, such as are sold after dark on Paris boulevards, insulting to any lady. I have it still. It represents a partially nude seniorita, frail and lovely (his wife, as he solemnly assured me, taken by him from nature), practising illicit intercourse with a muscular torero, evidently a blackguard. He urged me to do likewise, to misbehave, to sin with officers of the garrison. He implored me } to soil his letter in an unspeakable manner, to chastise him 1070 as he richly deserves, to bestride and ride him, to give him a most vicious horsewhipping.

**Mrs Bellingham :** Me too.

**Mrs Yelverton Barry :** Me too.

**N2 :** Several highly respectable Dublin ladies } hold up improper letters } received from Bloom.

**N1 :** The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys } stamps her jingling spurs } in a sudden paroxysm of fury.

**The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys :** I will, by the God above me. I'll scourge 1080 the pigeon-livered cur } as long as I can stand over him. I'll flay him alive.

**N2 :** Bloom, his eyes closing, quails expectantly.

**Bloom :** Here?

**N2 :** He squirms.

**Bloom :** Again!

**N2 :** He pants cringing.

**Bloom :** I love the danger.

**The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys :** Very much so! I'll make it hot for you. I'll make you dance Jack Latten for that.

1090 **Mrs Bellingham :** Tan his breech well, the upstart! Write the stars and stripes on it!

**Mrs Yelverton Barry :** Disgraceful! There's no excuse for him! A married man!

**Bloom :** All these people. I meant only the spanking idea. A warm tingling glow without effusion. Refined birching to stimulate the circulation.

**The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys :** [(LAUGHS DERISIVELY)] O, did you, my fine fellow? Well, by the living God, you'll get the surprise of your life now, believe me, the most unmerciful hiding › a man ever bargained for. You have lashed the dormant tigress in my nature › into fury.

**N1 :** Mrs Bellingham shakes her muff and quizzing-glasses vindictively.

**Mrs Bellingham :** Make him smart, Hanna dear. Give him ginger. Thrash the mongrel within an inch of his life. The cat-o'-nine-tails. Geld him. Vivisect him.

**N2 :** Bloom, shuddering, shrinking, joins his hands: with hangdog mien.

**Bloom :** O cold! O shivery! It was your ambrosial beauty. Forget, forgive. Kismet. Let me off this once.

**N2 :** He offers the other cheek.

1110 **Mrs Yelverton Barry :** [(SEVERELY)] Don't do so on any account, Mrs Talboys! He should be soundly trounced!

**N1 :** The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys unbuttons her gauntlet violently.

**The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys :** I'll do no such thing. Pigdog and always was › ever since he was pupped! To dare address me! I'll flog him black and blue in the public streets. I'll dig my spurs in him up to the rowel. He is a well-known cuckold. [(SHE SWISHES HER HUNTING-CROP SAVAGELY IN THE AIR)] Take down his trousers without loss of time. Come here, sir! Quick! Ready?

**N2 :** Bloom trembles, beginning to obey.

1120 **Bloom :** The weather has been so warm.

**N1 :** Davy Stephens, ring-letted, passes with a bevy of barefoot news-boys.

**Davy Stephens :** *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* › and *Evening Telegraph* with Saint Patrick's Day supplement. Containing the new addresses › of all the cuckolds in Dublin.

**N2 :** The very reverend Canon O'Hanlon › in cloth of gold cope › elevates and exposes › a marble timepiece. Before him › Father Conroy and the Reverend John Hughes S.J. › bend low.

**The Timepiece:** [(UNPORTALLING)]

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

Cuckoo.

**N1:** The brass quoits of a bed } are heard to jingle.

**The Quoits:** Jig-jag. Jig-a-jig-a. Jig-jag.

**N2:** A panel of fog rolls back rapidly, revealing rapidly in the jury-box } the faces of Martin Cunningham, foreman, silk-hatted; Jack Power; Simon Dedalus; Tom Kernan; Ned Lambert; John Henry Menton; Myles Crawford; Lenehan; Paddy Leonard; Nosey Flynn; M'Coy; and the featureless face of a Nameless One. 1140

**The Nameless One:** Bareback riding. Weight for age. Gob, he organised her.

**N2:** The jurors turn their heads to his voice.

**The Jurors:** [(ALL THEIR HEADS TURNED TO HIS VOICE)] Really?

**The Nameless One:** [(SNARLS)] Arse over tip. Hundred shillings to five.

**The Jurors:** [(ALL THEIR HEADS LOWERED IN ASSENT)] Most of us thought as much. 1150

**N1:** First Watch.

**First Watch:** He is a marked man. Another girl's plait cut. Wanted: Jack the Ripper. A thousand pounds reward.

**N2:** The Second Watch, awed, whispers.

**Second Watch:** And in black. A Mormon. Anarchist.

**The Crier:** [(LOUDLY)] Whereas Leopold Bloom } of no fixed abode } is a well-known dyn-a-mi-tard, forger, bigamist, bawd, and cuckold, and a public nuisance to the citizens of Dublin, and whereas at this commission of assizes, the most honourable ... 1160

**N1:** His Honour, sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, in judicial garb of grey stone } rises from the bench, stone-bearded. He bears in his arms } an umbrella sceptre. From his forehead } arise starkly } the Mosaic rams-horns.

**The Recorder:** I will put an end to this white slave traffic } and rid Dublin of this odious pest. Scandalous!

**N1:** He dons the black cap.

**The Recorder :** Let him be taken, Mr Sub-sheriff, from the dock } where he now  
stands } and detained in custody } in Mountjoy prison } during His Majesty's pleasure }  
1170 and there } be hanged by the neck } until he is dead } and therein } fail not at your peril  
} or may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Remove him.

**N1 :** A black skull-cap descends upon his head.

**N2 :** The sub-sheriff Long John Fanning appears, smoking a pungent Henry Clay.  
He scowls } and calls } with rich rolling utterance.

**Long John Fanning :** Who'll hang Judas Iscariot?

**N1 :** H. Rumbold, master barber, in a blood-coloured jerkin and tanner's apron, a rope  
coiled over his shoulder, mounts the block. A life preserver and a nail-studded bludgeon }  
1180 are stuck in his belt. He rubs grimly his grappling hands, knobbed with knuckle-dusters.  
He addresses the recorder with sinister familiarity.

**Rumbold :** Hanging Harry, your Majesty, the Mersey terror. Five guineas a jugular.  
Neck or nothing.

**N2 :** The bells of George's church toll slowly, loud dark iron.

**The Bells :** Heigho! Heigho!

**Bloom :** [(*DESPERATELY*)] Wait. Stop. Gulls. Good heart. I saw. Innocence. Girl in  
the monkeyhouse. Zoo. Lewd chimpanzee. [(*BREATHLESSLY*)] Pelvic basin. Her artless  
1190 blush unmanned me. [(*OVERCOME WITH EMOTION*)] I left the precincts. [(*HE TURNS TO A  
FIGURE IN THE CROWD, APPEALING*)] Hynes, may I speak to you? You know me. That three  
shillings you can keep. If you want a little more ...

**N1 :** Hynes.

**Hynes :** [(*COLDLY*)] You are a perfect stranger.

**N2 :** The Second Watch points to the corner.

**Second Watch :** The bomb is here.

**First Watch :** Infernal machine with a time fuse.

1200 **Bloom :** No, no. Pig's feet. I was at a funeral.

**N1 :** The First Watch draws his truncheon.

**First Watch :** Liar!



N2 : The beagle lifts his snout, showing the grey scorbutic face of Paddy Dignam. He has gnawed all. He exhales a putrid carcase-fed breath. He grows to human size and shape. His dachshund coat becomes a brown mortuary habit. His green eye flashes bloodshot. Half of one ear, all the nose } and both thumbs } are ghouled-eaten.

N1 : Paddy Dignam says in a hollow voice.

**Paddy Dignam :** It is true. It was my funeral. Doctor Finucane pronounced life extinct } when I succumbed to the disease } from natural causes. 1210

N2 : He lifts his mutilated ashen face moonwards } and bays lugubriously.

**Bloom :** [(IN TRIUMPH)] You hear?

**Paddy Dignam :** Bloom, I am Paddy Dignam's spirit. List, list, O list!

**Bloom :** The voice is the voice of Esau. 1220

N2 : The Second Watch blesses himself.

**Second Watch :** How is that possible?

**First Watch :** It is not in the penny catechism.

**Paddy Dignam :** By metempsychosis. Spooks.

**A Voice :** O rocks.

**Paddy Dignam :** [(EARNESTLY)] Once I was in the employ of Mr J.H. Menton, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits, of 27 Bachelor's Walk. Now I am defunct, the wall of the heart hypertrophied. Hard lines. The poor wife was awfully cut up. How is she bearing it? Keep her off that bottle of sherry. [(HE LOOKS ROUND HIM)] A lamp. I must satisfy an animal need. That buttermilk didn't agree with me. 1230

N1 : The portly figure of John O'Connell, caretaker, stands forth, holding a bunch of keys tied with crape.

N2 : Beside him stands Father Coffey, chaplain, toad-bellied, wry-necked, in a surplice and bandanna nightcap, holding sleepily a staff of twisted poppies.

**Father Coffey :** [(YAWNS, THEN CHANTS WITH A HOARSE CROAK)] Namine. Jacobs. Vobiscuits. Amen. 1240

N1 : John O'Connell foghorns stormily through his megaphone.

**John O'Connell :** Dignam, Patrick T, deceased.

N2 : Paddy Dignam with pricked up ears, winces.

**Paddy Dignam:** Overtones.

**N2:** He wriggles forward and places an ear to the ground.

**Paddy Dignam:** My master's voice!

**John O'Connell:** Burial docket letter number U.P. eighty-five thousand. Field sev-  
1250 enteen. House of Keys. Plot, one hundred and one.

**N2:** Paddy Dignam listens with visible effort, thinking, his tail stiff-pointed, his ears cocked.

**Paddy Dignam:** Pray for the repose of his soul.

**N2:** He worms down through a coal-hole, his brown habit ∩ trailing its tether over rattling pebbles. After him ∩ toddles an obese grandfather rat ∩ on fungus turtle paws ∩ under a grey carapace. Dignam's voice, muffled, is heard baying under ground: *Dignam's dead and gone below.*

1260 **N1:** Tom Rochford, robin-red-breasted, in cap and breeches, jumps from his two-columned machine. With a hand to his breastbone, he bows.

**Tom Rochford:** Reuben J. A florin ∩ I find him.

**N1:** He fixes the man-hole with a resolute stare.

**Tom Rochford:** My turn now on. Follow me up to Carlow.

**N1:** He executes a daredevil salmon leap in the air ∩ and is engulfed in the coal-hole. Two discs on the columns wobble, eyes of nought. All recedes.

**N2:** Bloom plodges forward again through the sump. Kisses chirp amid the rifts of fog. A piano sounds. He stands before a lighted house, listening.

1270 **N1:** The kisses, winging from their bowers fly about him, twittering, warbling, cooing.

**The Kisses:** [(WARBLING)] Leo! [(TWITTERING)] Icky licky micky sticky for Leo! [(COOING)] Coo coocoo! Yummyyum, Womwom! [(WARBLING)] Big comebig! Pirouette! Leopopold! [(TWITTERING)] Leeolee! [(WARBLING)] O Leo!

**N1:** They rustle, flutter upon his garments, alight, bright giddy flecks, silvery sequins.

**Bloom:** A man's touch. Sad music. Church music. Perhaps here.

1280 **N2:** Zoe Higgins, a young whore in a sapphire slip, closed with three bronze buckles, a slim black velvet fillet round her throat, nods, trips down the steps and accosts him.

**Zoe:** Are you looking for someone? He's inside with his friend.

**Bloom:** Is this Mrs Mack's?

**Zoe:** No, eighty-one. Mrs Cohen's. You might go farther and fare worse. Mother Slipper-slapper. [(FAMILIARLY)] She's on the job herself tonight } with the vet } her tipster that gives her all the winners } and pays for her son in Oxford. Working overtime } but her luck's turned today. [(SUSPICIOUSLY)] You're not his father, are you? 1290

**Bloom:** Not I!

**Zoe:** You both in black. Has little mousey any tickles tonight?

**N1:** His skin, alert, feels her fingertips approach. A hand glides over his left thigh.

**Zoe:** How's the nuts?

**Bloom:** Off side. Curiously they are on the right. Heavier, I suppose. One in a million } my tailor, Mesias, says. 1300

**Zoe:** [(IN SUDDEN ALARM)] You've a hard chancre.

**Bloom:** Not likely.

**Zoe:** I feel it.

**N2:** Her hand slides into his left trouser pocket } and brings out a hard black shrivelled potato. She regards it and Bloom } with dumb moist lips. 1310

**Bloom:** A talisman. Heirloom.

**Zoe:** For Zoe? For keeps? For being so nice, eh?

**N2:** She puts the potato greedily into a pocket } then links his arm, cuddling him with supple warmth. He smiles uneasily. Slowly, note by note, oriental music is played. He gazes in the tawny crystal of her eyes, ringed with kohol. His smile softens.

**Zoe:** You'll know me the next time. 1320

**Bloom:** [(FORLORNLY)] I never loved a dear gazelle } but it was sure to ...

**N1:** Gazelles are leaping, feeding on the mountains. Near are lakes. Round their shores } file shadows black of cedar-groves. Aroma rises, a strong hair-growth of resin. It burns, the orient, a sky of sapphire, cleft by the bronze flight of eagles. Under it } lies the woman-city } nude, white, still, cool, in luxury. A fountain murmurs among damask roses. Mammoth roses murmur of scarlet wine-grapes. A wine of shame, lust, blood exudes, strangely murmuring. 1330

N2 : Murmuring sing-song with the music, her odalisk lips lusciously smeared }  
with salve of swine-fat and rose-water.

Zoe : *Schorach ani wenowach, benoith Hierushalaim.*

Bloom : [(FASCINATED)] I thought you were of good stock by your accent.

Zoe : And you know what thought did?

1340 N2 : She bites his ear gently } with little gold-stopped teeth, sending on him } a  
cloying breath of stale garlic. The roses draw apart, disclose a sepulchre of } the gold of  
kings } and their mouldering bones.

N1 : Bloom draws back, mechanically caressing her right boob } with a flat awkward  
hand.

Bloom : Are you a Dublin girl?

N2 : Zoe catches a stray hair deftly and twists it to her coil.

Zoe : No bloody fear. I'm English. Have you a swagger-root?

1350 Bloom : [(AS BEFORE)] Rarely smoke, dear. Cigar now and then. Childish device.  
[(LEWDLY)] The mouth can be better engaged } than with a cylinder of rank weed.

Zoe : Go on. Make a stump speech out of it.

[ZOE FREEZES.]

N1 : Bloom, in workman's corduroy overalls, black gansy, with red floating tie and  
apache cap.

1360 Bloom : Mankind is incorrigible. Sir Walter Raleigh brought from the new world  
} that potato and that weed, the one } a killer of pestilence by absorption, the other }  
a poisoner of the ear, eye, heart, memory, will, understanding, all. That is to say } he  
brought the poison a hundred years } before another person } whose name I forget }  
brought the food. Suicide. Lies. All our habits. Why, look at our public life!

N2 : Midnight chimes from distant steeples.

The Chimes : Turn again, Leopold! Lord mayor of Dublin!

N1 : Bloom, in alderman's gown and chain.

1370 Bloom : Electors of Arran Quay, Inns Quay, Rotunda, Mountjoy and North Dock,  
better run a tramline, I say, from the cattle-market to the river. That's the music of the  
future. That's my programme. *Cui bono?* But our bucaneeering Vanderdeckens in their  
phantom ship of finance ...

**An Elector:** Three times three } for our future chief magistrate!

**N2:** The Aurora Borealis of the torch-light procession leaps.

**The Torchbearers:** Hooray!

**N2:** Several well-known burgesses, city magnates and freemen of the city } shake hands with Bloom } and congratulate him. Timothy Harrington, late thrice Lord Mayor of Dublin, imposing in mayoral scarlet, gold chain } and white silk tie, confers with councillor Lorcan Sherlock, *locum tenens*. They nod vigorously in agreement. 1380

**N1:** Late Lord Mayor Harrington, in scarlet robe with mace, gold mayoral chain } and large white silk scarf.

**Late Lord Mayor Harrington:** That alderman sir Leo Bloom's speech } be printed at the expense of the ratepayers. That the house in which he was born } be ornamented with a commemorative tablet } and that the thoroughfare } hitherto known as Cow Parlour off Cork street } be henceforth designated Boulevard Bloom.

**N2:** Councillor Lorcan Sherlock.

**Councillor Lorcan Sherlock:** Carried unanimously.

**Bloom:** [(IMPASSIONEDLY)] These flying Dutchmen or lying Dutchmen } as they 1390 recline in their upholstered poop, casting dice, what reck they? Machines is their cry, their chimera, their panacea. Labour-saving apparatuses, supplanters, bug-bears, manufactured monsters for mutual murder, hideous hobgoblins } produced by a horde of capitalistic lusts } upon our prostituted labour. The poor man starves } while they are grassing their royal mountain stags } or shooting peasants and partridges } in their purblind pomp of pelf and power. But their reign is rover } for rever and ever and ev ...

**N1:** Prolonged applause. Venetian masts, maypoles } and festal arches spring up. A streamer } bearing the legends *Céad Mile Fáilte* and *Mah Ttob Melek Israel* } spans the street. All the windows are thronged with sightseers, chiefly ladies. Along the route } the 1400 regiments of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Cameron Highlanders and the Welsh Fusiliers } standing to attention, keep back the crowd. Boys from High school } are perched on the lampposts, telegraph poles, window-sills, cornices, gutters, chimney-pots, railings, rain-spouts, whistling and cheering.

**N2:** The pillar of the cloud appears. A fife and drum band is heard in the distance } playing the Kol Nidre. The beaters approach } with imperial eagles hoisted, trailing banners and waving oriental palms. The chrys-el-e-phan-tine papal standard rises high, 1410 surrounded by pennons of the civic flag.

N1 : The van of the procession appears } headed by John Howard Parnell, city marshal, in a chess-board tabard, the Athlone poursuivant } and Ulster King of Arms. They are followed } by the Right Honourable Joseph Hutchinson, lord mayor of Dublin, his lordship the lord mayor of Cork, their worships the mayors of Limerick, Galway, Sligo } and Waterford, twenty-eight Irish representative peers, sirdars, grandees and maharajahs } bearing the cloth of estate, the Dublin Metropolitan Fire Brigade,

1420 N2 : the chapter of the saints of finance } in their plutocratic order of precedence, the bishop of Down and Connor,

N1 : His Eminence Michael cardinal Logue, archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland,

N2 : His Grace, the most reverend Dr William Alexander, archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland,

N1 : the Chief Rabbi, the Presbyterian moderator, the heads of the Baptist, Anabaptist, Methodist } and Moravian chapels } and the honorary secretary of the Society of Friends.

N2 : After them, march the guilds and trades and train-bands } with flying colours: coopers, bird fanciers, mill-wrights, newspaper canvassers, law scribes,

1430 N1 : masseurs, vintners, truss-makers, chimney-sweeps, lard refiners, tabinet and poplin weavers, farriers, Italian warehousemen,

N2 : church decorators, bootjack manufacturers, undertakers, silk mercers, lapidaries, sales-masters, cork-cutters, assessors of fire losses, dyers and cleaners, export bottlers,

N1 : fell-mongers, ticket-writers, heraldic seal engravers, horse repository hands, bullion brokers, cricket and archery outfitters, riddle-makers, egg and potato factors, hosiers and glovers, plumbing contractors.

1440 N2 : After them } march gentlemen of the bed-chamber, Black Rod, Deputy Garter, Gold Stick, the master of horse, the lord great chamberlain, the earl marshal, the high constable carrying the sword of state, saint Stephen's iron crown, the chalice } and bible. Four buglers on foot } blow a sennet. Beefeaters reply, winding clarions of welcome.

N1 : Under an arch of triumph } Bloom appears, bareheaded, in a crimson velvet mantle } trimmed with ermine, bearing Saint Edward's staff } the orb and sceptre with the dove, the curtana. He is seated on a milk-white horse } with long flowing crimson tail, richly caparisoned, with golden head-stall. Wild excitement.

N2: The ladies from their balconies ∫ throw down rose-petals. The air is perfumed with essences. The men cheer.

N1: Bloom's boys run amid the bystanders ∫ with branches of hawthorn and wren-bushes.

**Bloom's Boys:**

1450

The wren, the wren,  
The king of all birds,  
Saint Stephen's his day  
Was caught in the furze.

N2: A blacksmith murmurs.

**A Blacksmith:** For the honour of God! And is that Bloom? He scarcely looks thirty-one.

N1: A Pavior and Flagger.

**A Pavior and Flagger:** That's the famous Bloom now, the world's greatest reformer. Hats off!

N2: All uncover their heads. Women whisper eagerly.

1460

N1: A millionairess, richly.

**A Millionairess:** Isn't he simply wonderful?

N1: A noblewoman, nobly.

**A Noblewoman:** All that man has seen!

N1: A feminist, masculinely.

**A Feminist:** And done!

N2: A Bellhanger.

**A Bellhanger:** A classic face! He has the forehead of a thinker.

N1: Bloom's weather. A sunburst appears in the northwest.

N2: The Bishop of Down and Connor.

**The Bishop of Down and Connor:** I here present ∫ your undoubted emperor-president and king-chairman, the most serene and potent and very puissant ruler of this realm. God save Leopold the First! 1470

**All:** God save Leopold the First!

**N1:** Bloom, in dalmatic and purple mantle, to the bishop of Down and Connor, with dignity.

**Bloom:** Thanks, somewhat eminent sir.

**N2:** William, Archbishop of Armagh, in purple stock and shovel hat.

1480 **William, Archbishop of Armagh:** Will you } to your power } cause law and mercy  
} to be executed } in all your judgments } in Ireland and territories there·unto belonging?

**N1:** Bloom, placing his right hand on his testicles, swears.

**Bloom:** So may the Creator deal with me. All this } I promise to do.

**N2:** Michael, Archbishop of Armagh, pours a cruse of hair·oil over Bloom's head.

**Michael, Archbishop of Armagh:** *Gaudium magnum annuntio vobis. Habemus carneficem.* Leopold, Patrick, Andrew, David, George, be thou anointed!

1490 **N1:** Bloom assumes a mantle of cloth of gold } and puts on a ruby ring. He ascends  
} and stands on the stone of destiny. The representative peers } put on at the same time  
} their twenty-eight crowns. Joybells ring in Christ church, Saint Patrick's, George's }  
and gay Malahide. Mirus bazaar fireworks } go up from all sides } with symbolical  
phallo·pyrotechnic designs.

**N2:** The peers do homage, one by one, approaching and genuflecting.

**The Peers:** I do become your liege man } of life and limb } o earthly worship.

1500 **N1:** Bloom holds up his right hand } on which sparkles } the Koh-i-Noor diamond.  
His palfrey neighs. Immediate silence. Wireless intercontinental and interplanetary  
transmitters } are set for reception of message.

**Bloom:** My subjects! We hereby nominate } our faithful charger Copula Felix }  
hereditary Grand Vizier } and announce that we have this day } repudiated our former  
spouse } and have bestowed our royal hand } upon the princess Selene, the splendour of  
night.

1510 **N1:** The former morganatic spouse of Bloom } is hastily removed in the black maria.  
The princess Selene, in moon·blue robes, a silver crescent on her head, descends from a  
Sedan chair, borne by two giants. An outburst of cheering.

**N2:** John Howard Parnell raises the royal standard.

**John Howard Parnell:** Illustrious Bloom! Successor to my famous brother!



N1 : Bloom embraces John Howard Parnell.

**Bloom :** We thank you from our heart, John, for this right royal welcome to green Erin, the promised land of our common ancestors.

N1 : The freedom of the city is presented to him } embodied in a charter. The keys of Dublin, crossed on a crimson cushion, are given to him. He shows all } that he is wearing green socks. 1520

N2 : Tom Kernan.

**Tom Kernan :** You deserve it, your honour.

**Bloom :** On this day twenty years ago } we overcame the hereditary enemy at Ladysmith. Our howitzers and camel swivel guns } played on his lines with telling effect. Half a league onward! They charge! All is lost now! Do we yield? No! We drive them headlong! Lo! We charge! Deploying to the left } our light horse swept across the heights of Plevna } and, uttering their warcry *Bonafide Sabaoth*, sabred the Saracen gunners to a man. 1530

N1 : The Chapel of Freeman Typesetters.

**The Chapel of Freeman Typesetters :** Hear! Hear!

N2 : John Wyse Nolan.

**John Wyse Nolan :** There's the man that got away James Stephens.

N1 : A Bluecoat Schoolboy.

**A Bluecoat Schoolboy :** Bravo!

N2 : An Old Resident.

**An Old Resident :** You're a credit to your country, sir, that's what you are.

N1 : An Apple Woman.

**An Apple Woman :** He's a man } like Ireland wants. 1540

**Bloom :** My beloved subjects, a new era is about to dawn. I, Bloom, tell you verily } it is even now at hand. Yea, on the word of a Bloom, ye shall ere long } enter into the golden city } which is to be, the new Bloomusalem } in the Nova Hibernia of the future.

N2 : Thirty-two workmen, wearing rosettes, from all the counties of Ireland, under the guidance of Derwan the builder, construct the new Bloomusalem. It is a colossal edifice } with crystal roof, built in the shape of a huge pork kidney, containing forty thousand rooms. In the course of its extension } several buildings and monuments are 1550

demolished. Government offices are temporarily transferred to railway sheds. Numerous houses are razed to the ground. The inhabitants are lodged in barrels and boxes, all marked in red with the letters: L.B. Several paupers fall from a ladder.

**N1:** A part of the walls of Dublin, crowded with loyal sightseers, collapses.

**The Sightseers:** [(DYING)] *Morituri te salutant.*  
{(THEY DIE)}

**N1:** The sightseers die.

**N2:** A man in a brown macintosh springs up through a trapdoor. He points an elongated finger at Bloom.

1560 **The Man in the Macintosh:** Don't you believe a word he says. That man is Leopold M'Intosh, the notorious fireraiser. His real name is Higgins.

**Bloom:** Shoot him! Dog of a christian! So much for M'Intosh!

**N1:** A cannonshot. The man in the macintosh disappears. Bloom with his sceptre strikes down poppies. The instantaneous deaths of many powerful enemies, graziers, members of parliament, members of standing committees, are reported.

1570 **N2:** Bloom's bodyguard distribute } maundy money, commemoration medals, loaves and fishes, temperance badges, expensive Henry Clay cigars, free cow-bones for soup, rubber preservatives in sealed envelopes tied with gold thread, butter scotch, pineapple rock, *billets doux* in the form of cocked hats, ready-made suits, porringers of toad in the hole,

**N1:** bottles of Jeyes' Fluid, purchase stamps, 40 days' indulgences, spurious coins, dairy-fed pork sausages, theatre passes, season tickets available for all tram-lines, coupons of the royal and privileged Hungarian lottery, penny dinner counters,

**N2:** cheap reprints of the World's Twelve Worst Books:

**N1:** Froggy and Fritz (politic),

**N2:** Care of the Baby (infantilic),

**N1:** 50 Meals for 7/6 (culinic),

1580 **N2:** Was Jesus a Sun Myth? (historic),

**N1:** Expel That Pain (medic),

**N2:** Infant's Compendium of the Universe (cosmic),

**N1:** Let's All Chortle (hilaric),

N2: Canvasser's Vade Mecum (journalic),

N1: Loveletters of Mother Assistant (erotic),

N2: Who's Who in Space (astric),

N1: Songs that Reached Our Heart (melodic),

N2: Pennywise's Way to Wealth (parsimonic).

N1: A general rush and scramble. Women press forward to touch the hem of Bloom's robe. The lady Gwendolen Dubedat bursts through the throng, leaps on his horse and kisses him on both cheeks amid great acclamation. A magnesium flashlight photograph is taken. Babes and sucklings are held up.

N2: The Women.

**The Women:** Little father! Little father!

1590

N1: The Babes and Sucklings.

**The Babes and Sucklings:**

Clap clap hands till Poldy comes home,  
Cakes in his pocket for Leo alone.

N2: Bloom, bending down, pokes Baby Boardman gently in the stomach. Baby Boardman hiccups, curdled milk flowing from his mouth.

**Baby Boardman:** Ha·ja·ja·ja.

N1: Bloom, shaking hands with a blind stripling:

**Bloom:** My more than Brother!

1600

N1: Placing his arms round the shoulders of an old couple:

**Bloom:** Dear old friends!

N1: He plays pussy four-corners with ragged boys and girls:

**Bloom:** Peep! Bopeep!

N1: He wheels twins in a perambulator:

**Bloom:** Tick·tack·two would·you·set·a·shoe?

N1: He performs juggler's tricks, draws red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet silk handkerchiefs from his mouth:

**Bloom:** Roy·g·biv. 32 feet per second.

**N1:** He consoles a widow:

**Bloom:** Absence makes the heart grow younger.

**N1:** He dances the highland fling with grotesque antics:

**Bloom:** Leg it, ye devils!

**N1:** He kisses the bedsores of a palsied veteran:

**Bloom:** Honourable wounds!

**N1:** He trips up a fit policeman:

**Bloom:** U.P: up. U.P: up.

**N1:** He whispers in the ear of a blushing waitress } and laughs kindly:

1610 **Bloom:** Ah, naughty, naughty!

**N1:** He eats a raw turnip } offered him by Maurice Butterly, farmer:

**Bloom:** Fine! Splendid!

**N1:** He refuses to accept three shillings } offered him by Joseph Hynes, journalist:

**Bloom:** My dear fellow, not at all!

**N1:** He gives his coat to a beggar:

**Bloom:** Please accept.

**N1:** He takes part in a stomach race } with elderly male and female cripples:

**Bloom:** Come on, boys! Wriggle it, girls!

**N2:** The Citizen, choked with emotion, brushes aside a tear } in his emerald muffler.

**The Citizen:** May the good God bless him!

1620 **N2:** The rams' horns sound for silence. The standard of Zion is hoisted.

**N1:** Bloom uncloaks impressively, revealing obesity, unrolls a paper and reads solemnly.

**Bloom:** *Aleph, Beth, Ghimel, Daleth, Hagadah, Tephilim, Kosher, Yom Kippur, Hanukah, Roschaschana, Beni Brith, Bar Mitzvah, Mazzoth, Askenazim, Meshuggah, Talith.*

**N2:** An official translation is read by Jimmy Henry, assistant town clerk.

**Jimmy Henry:** The Court of Conscience is now open. His Most Catholic Majesty will now administer open air justice. Free medical and legal advice, solution of doubles and other problems. All cordially invited. Given at this our loyal city of Dublin } in the year I of the Paradisiacal Era. 1630

**N1:** Paddy Leonard.

**Paddy Leonard:** What am I to do about my rates and taxes?

**Bloom:** Pay them, my friend.

**Paddy Leonard:** Thank you.

**N2:** Nosey Flynn.

**Nosey Flynn:** Can I raise a mortgage on my fire insurance? 1640

**Bloom:** [*(OBDURATELY)*] Sirs, take notice } that by the law of torts } you are bound over } in your own recognisances } for six months } in the sum of five pounds.

**N1:** J.J. O'Molloy.

**J.J. O'Molloy:** A Daniel did I say? Nay! A Peter O'Brien!

**Nosey Flynn:** Where do I draw the five pounds?

**N1:** Chris Callinan.

**Chris Callinan:** What is the parallax of the subsolar ecliptic of Aldebaran?

**Bloom:** Pleased to hear from you, Chris. K. II.

**N2:** Joe Hynes.

**Joe Hynes:** Why aren't you in uniform? 1660

**Bloom:** When my progenitor of sainted memory } wore the uniform of the Austrian despot } in a dank prison, where was yours?

**N1:** Ben Dollard.

**Ben Dollard:** Pansies?

**Bloom:** Embellish (beautify) suburban gardens.

**Ben Dollard:** When twins arrive?

**Bloom:** Father (pater, dad) starts thinking. 1670

**N2:** Larry O'Rourke.

**Larry O'Rourke :** An eight-day licence for my new premises. You remember me, sir Leo, when you were in number seven. I'm sending around a dozen of stout for the missus.

**Bloom :** [(*COLDLY*)] You have the advantage of me. Lady Bloom accepts no presents.

**N1 :** Crofton.

**Crofton :** This is indeed a festivity.

1680 **Bloom :** [(*SOLEMNLY*)] You call it a festivity. I call it a sacrament.

**N2 :** Alexander Keyes.

**Alexander Keyes :** When will we have our own house of keys?

1690 **Bloom :** I stand for the reform of municipal morals } and the plain Ten Commandments. New worlds for old. Union of all, Jew, Moslem and Gentile. Three acres and a cow } for all children of nature. Saloon motor hearses. Compulsory manual labour for all. All parks open to the public } day and night. Electric dish-scrubbers. Tuberculosis, lunacy, war and mendicancy must now cease. General amnesty, weekly carnival with masked licence, bonuses for all, esperanto the universal language } with universal brotherhood. No more patriotism of barspongers and dropsical impostors. Free money, free rent, free love } and a free lay church in a free lay state.

**N1 :** O'Madden Burke.

**O'Madden Burke :** Free fox in a free henroost.

**N2 :** Davy Byrne.

**Davy Byrne :** [(*YAWNING*)] Iiiiiiiiiaaaaaach!

**Bloom :** Mixed races and mixed marriage.

**N1 :** Lenehan.

1700 **Lenehan :** What about mixed bathing?

1710 **N2 :** Bloom explains to those near him } his schemes for social regeneration. All agree with him. The keeper of the Kildare street museum appears, dragging a lorry } on which are the shaking statues } of several naked goddesses, Venus Callipyge, Venus Pandemos, Venus Metempsychosis, and plaster figures, also naked, representing the new nine muses, Commerce, Operatic Music, Amor, Publicity, Manufacture, Liberty of Speech, Plural Voting, Gastronomy, Private Hygiene, Seaside Concert Entertainments, Painless Obstetrics } and Astronomy for the People.

**N1 :** Father Farley.

**Father Farley:** He is an episcopalian, an agnostic, an anythingarian & seeking to overthrow our holy faith.

**N2:** Mrs Riordan tears up her will.

**Mrs Riordan:** I'm disappointed in you! You bad man!

**N1:** Mother Grogan removes her boot to throw it at Bloom.

**Mother Grogan:** You beast! You abominable person!

**N2:** Nosey Flynn.

**Nosey Flynn:** Give us a tune, Bloom. One of the old sweet songs.

1720

**Bloom:** [(WITH ROLLICKING HUMOUR)]

I vowed that I never would leave her,

She turned out a cruel deceiver.

With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom.

**N1:** Hoppy Holohan.

**Hoppy Holohan:** Good old Bloom! There's nobody like him after all.

**N2:** Paddy Leonard.

**Paddy Leonard:** Stage Irishman!

**Bloom:** What railway opera is like a tramline in Gibraltar? The Rows of Casteel. [(LAUGHTER.)] 1730

**N1:** Lenehan.

**Lenehan:** Plagiarist! Down with Bloom!

**N2:** The Veiled Sibyl.

**The Veiled Sibyl:** [(ENTHUSIASTICALLY)] I'm a Bloomite and I glory in it. I believe in him in spite of all. I'd give my life for him, the funniest man on earth.

**N1:** Bloom winks at the bystanders.

**Bloom:** I bet she's a bonny lassie.

**N2:** Theodore Purefoy, in fishing-cap and oilskin jacket.

**Theodore Purefoy:** He employs a mechanical device & to frustrate the sacred ends of nature. 1740

N1 : The Veiled Sibyl stabs herself.

**The Veiled Sibyl :** My hero god!

N1 : She dies.

N2 : Many most attractive and enthusiastic women } also commit suicide } by  
stabbing, drowning, drinking prussic acid, aconite, arsenic, opening their veins, refusing  
food, casting themselves under steam-rollers, from the top of Nelson's Pillar, into the  
great vat of Guinness's brewery, asphyxiating themselves by placing their heads in gas-  
1750 ovens, hanging themselves in stylish garters, leaping from windows of different storeys.

N1 : Alexander J Dowie.

**Alexander J Dowie :** [(*VIOLENTLY*)] Fellow-christians and anti-Bloomites, the man  
called Bloom } is from the roots of hell, a disgrace to christian men. A fiendish liber-  
tine from his earliest years } this stinking goat of Mendes } gave precocious signs of  
infantile debauchery, recalling the cities of the plain, with a dissolute grand-dam. This  
vile hypocrite, bronzed with infamy, is the white bull mentioned in the Apocalypse. A  
worshipper of the Scarlet Woman, intrigue is the very breath of his nostrils. The stake }  
1760 faggots } and the caldron of boiling oil } are for him. Caliban!

N2 : The Mob.

**The Mob :** Lynch him! Roast him! He's as bad as Parnell was. Mr Fox!

N1 : Mother Grogan throws her boot at Bloom. Several shopkeepers from upper and  
lower Dorset street } throw objects of little or no commercial value, hambones, condensed  
milk tins, unsaleable cabbage, stale bread, sheep's tails, odd pieces of fat.

**Bloom :** [(*EXCITEDLY*)] This is midsummer madness, some ghastly joke again. By  
1770 heaven, I am guiltless as the unsunned snow! It was my brother Henry. He is my double.  
He lives in number 2, Dolphin's Barn. Slander, the viper, has wrongfully accused me.  
Fellow-countrymen, *sgeul i mbarr bata coisde gan capall*. I call on my old friend, Dr  
Malachi Mulligan, sex specialist, to give medical testimony on my behalf.

N2 : Dr Mulligan in motor jerkin, green motor-goggles on his brow.

**Dr Mulligan :** Dr Bloom is bisexually abnormal. He has recently escaped from  
Dr Eustace's private asylum for demented gentlemen. Born out of bedlock, hereditary  
epilepsy is present, the consequence of unbridled lust. Traces of elephantiasis have been  
discovered } among his ascendants. There are marked symptoms of chronic exhibition-  
1780 ism. Ambidexterity is also latent. He is prematurely bald from self-abuse, perversely  
idealistic in consequence, a reformed rake, and has metal teeth. In consequence of a fam-  
ily complex, he has temporarily lost his memory, and I believe him to be more sinned



against } than sinning. I have made a pervaginal examination } and, after application of the acid test } to 5427 anal, axillary, pectoral and pubic hairs, I declare him to be *virgo intacta*.

N1 : Bloom holds his high grade hat over his genital organs.

N2 : Dr Madden.

**Dr Madden :** Hypsospadia is also marked. In the interest of coming generations, I suggest that the parts affected should be preserved } in spirits of wine } in the national 1790 teratological museum.

N2 : Dr Crotthers.

**Dr Crotthers :** I have examined the patient's urine. It is albuminoid. Salivation is insufficient, the patellar reflex, intermittent.

N2 : Dr Punch Costello.

**Dr Punch Costello :** The *fetor judaicus* is most perceptible.

N2 : Dr Dixon reads a bill of health.

**Dr Dixon :** Professor Bloom is a finished example } of the new womanly man. His moral nature is simple and lovable. Many have found him a dear man, a dear person. He 1800 is a rather quaint fellow } on the whole, coy } though not feeble-minded in the medical sense. He has written a really beautiful letter, a poem in itself, to the court missionary } of the Reformed Priests' Protection Society } which clears up everything. He is practically a total abstainer } and I can affirm that he sleeps on a straw litter } and eats the most Spartan food, cold dried grocer's peas. He wears a hairshirt of pure Irish manufacture, winter and summer, and scourges himself every Saturday. He was, I understand, at one time } a first-class misdemeanant in Glencree reformatory. Another report states } that he was a very posthumous child. I appeal for clemency } in the name of the most sacred word } our vocal organs have ever been called upon to speak. He is about to have a 1810 baby.

N1 : General commotion and compassion. Women faint. A wealthy American makes a street collection for Bloom. Gold and silver coins, blank cheques, bank-notes, jewels, treasury bonds, maturing bills of exchange, I.O.U's, wedding rings, watch-chains, lockets, necklaces } and bracelets are rapidly collected.

**Bloom :** O, I so want to be a mother.

N2 : Mrs Thornton, in nurse-tender's gown.

**Mrs Thornton :** Embrace me tight, dear. You'll be soon over it. Tight, dear. 1820

**N1:** Bloom embraces her tightly } and bears eight male yellow and white children. They appear on a red-carpeted stair-case } adorned with expensive plants. All the octuplets are handsome, with valuable metallic faces, well-made, respectably dressed and well-conducted, speaking five modern languages fluently } and interested in various arts and sciences. Each has his name printed in legible letters } on his shirtfront: Nasodoro, Goldfinger, Chrysostomos, Maindoree, Silversmile, Silberselber, Vifargent, Panargyros. They are immediately appointed } to positions of high public trust } in several different  
1830 countries } as managing directors of banks, traffic managers of railways, chairmen of limited liability companies, vice-chairmen of hotel syndicates.

**A Voice:** Bloom, are you the Messiah ben Joseph or ben David?

**Bloom:** [(DARKLY)] You have said it.

**N2:** Brother Buzz.

**Brother Buzz:** Then perform a miracle like Father Charles.

**N2:** Bantam Lyons.

1840 **Bantam Lyons:** Prophecy who will win the Saint Leger.

**N1:** Bloom walks on a net, covers his left eye with his left ear, passes through several walls, climbs Nelson's Pillar, hangs from the top ledge by his eyelids, eats twelve dozen oysters (shells included), heals several sufferers from king's evil, contracts his face so as to resemble many historical personages, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Byron, Wat Tyler, Moses of Egypt, Moses Maimonides, Moses Mendelssohn, Henry Irving, Rip van Winkle, Kossuth, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Baron Leopold Rothschild, Robinson Crusoe, Sherlock  
1850 Holmes, Pasteur, turns each foot simultaneously in different directions, bids the tide turn back, eclipses the sun by extending his little finger.

1872 **Crab:** [(IN BUSH-RANGER'S KIT)] What did you do in the cattle-creep behind Kilbar-rack?

**A Female Infant:** [(SHAKES A RATTLE)] And under Ballybough bridge?

**A Hollybush:** And in the devil's glen?

1880 **N1:** Bloom blushes furiously all over } from frons to nates, three tears filling from his left eye.

**Bloom:** Spare my past.

**N2:** The Irish Evicted Tenants in body-coats, knee-breeches, with Donnybrook fair shillelaghs:

**The Irish Evicted Tenants:** Sjambok him!

**N1:** Bloom with asses' ears } seats himself in the pillory } with crossed arms, his feet protruding. He whistles *Don Giovanni, a cenar teco*.

**N2:** The Artane Orphans, joining hands, caper round him. Girls of the Prison Gate Mission, joining hands, caper round in the opposite direction.

**The Artane Orphans:**

1890

You hig, you hog, you dirty dog!  
You think the ladies love you!

**N1:** The Prison Gate Girls.

**The Prison Gate Girls:**

If you see Kay  
Tell him he may  
See you in tea  
Tell him from me.

**N2:** Hornblower, in ephod and hunting-cap, announces.

**Hornblower:** And he shall carry the sins of the people to Azazel, the spirit which is in the wilderness, and to Lilith, the night-hag. And they shall stone him and defile him, yea, all from Agendath Netaim and from Mizraim, the land of Ham.

1900

**N2:** All the people cast soft pantomime stones at Bloom. Many bonafide travellers and ownerless dogs come near him } and defile him.

**N1:** Mastiansky and Citron approach } in gaberdines, wearing long earlocks. They wag their beards at Bloom.

**Mastiansky and Citron:** Belial! Laemlein of Istria, the false Messiah! Abulafia! Recant!

**N2:** George R Mesias, Bloom's tailor, appears, a tailor's goose under his arm, presenting a bill.

**Mesias:** To alteration, one pair trousers, eleven shillings.

1910

**Bloom:** [(*RUBS HIS HANDS CHEERFULLY*)] Just like old times. Poor Bloom!

**N1:** Reuben J Dodd, black-bearded Iscariot, bad shepherd, bearing on his shoulders } the drowned corpse of his son, approaches the pillory.

1920

**Reuben J:** [(WHISPERS HOARSELY)] The squeak is out. A split is gone for the flatties. Nip the first rattler.

**The Fire Brigade:** Pflaap!

**N1:** Brother Buzz invests Bloom in a yellow habit } with embroidery of painted flames and high pointed hat. He places a bag of gunpowder round his neck } and hands him over to the civil power, saying.

**Brother Buzz:** Forgive him his trespasses.

1930 **N2:** Lieutenant Myers of the Dublin Fire Brigade } by general request } sets fire to Bloom. Lamentations.

**N1:** The Citizen.

**The Citizen:** Thank heaven!

**N1:** Bloom } in a seamless garment marked I.H.S. } stands upright } amid phoenix flames.

**Bloom:** Weep not for me, O daughters of Erin.

**N1:** He exhibits to Dublin reporters } traces of burning.

**N2:** The daughters of Erin, in black garments, with large prayerbooks } and long lighted candles in their hands, kneel down and pray.

1940 **The Daughters of Erin:**

Kidney of Bloom, *pray for us*

Flower of the Bath, *pray for us*

Mentor of Menton, *pray for us*

Canvasser for the Freeman, *pray for us*

Charitable Mason, *pray for us*

Wandering Soap, *pray for us*

Sweets of Sin, *pray for us*

Music without Words, *pray for us*

1950 **Reprover of the Citizen, *pray for us***

Friend of all Frillies, *pray for us*

Midwife Most Merciful, *pray for us*

Potato Preservative against Plague and Pestilence, *pray for us.*

**N2:** A choir of six hundred voices, conducted by Vincent O'Brien, sings the chorus from Handel's Messiah } *Alleluia for the Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth*, accompanied on the organ by Joseph Glynn.

**N1:** Bloom becomes mute, shrunken, carbonised.

**N2:** Zoe.

**Zoe:** Talk away ∫ till you're black in the face.

**N1:** Bloom, in caubeen with clay pipe stuck in the band, dusty brogues, an em- 1960  
igrant's red handkerchief bundle in his hand, leading a black bog-oak pig by a sugaun,  
with a smile in his eye.

**Bloom:** Let me be going now, woman of the house, for by all the goats in Connemara,  
I'm after having the father and mother of a bating.

**N1:** With a tear in his eye.

**Bloom:** All insanity. Patriotism, sorrow for the dead, music, future of the race. To  
be or not to be. Life's dream is o'er. End it peacefully. They can live on.

**N1:** He gazes far away mournfully.

**Bloom:** I am ruined. A few pastilles of aconite. The blinds drawn. A letter. Then  
lie back to rest.

**N1:** He breathes softly.

**Bloom:** No more. I have lived. Fare. Farewell.

**N2:** Zoe, stiffly, her finger in her neck-fillet.

**Zoe:** Honest? Till the next time. [(SHE SNEERS)] Suppose you got up the wrong side 1970  
of the bed ∫ or came too quick with your best girl. O, I can read your thoughts!

**Bloom:** [(BITTERLY)] Man and woman, love, what is it? A cork and bottle. I'm sick  
of it. Let everything rip.

**Zoe:** [(IN SUDDEN SULKS)] I hate a rotter that's insincere. Give a bleeding whore a  
chance.

**Bloom:** [(REPENTANTLY)] I am very disagreeable. You are a necessary evil. Where 1980  
are you from? London?

**Zoe:** [(GLIBLY)] Hog's Norton ∫ where the pigs plays the organs. I'm Yorkshire born.

**N2:** She holds his hand ∫ which is feeling for her nipple.

**Zoe:** I say, Tommy Tittlemouse. Stop that and begin worse. Have you cash for a  
short time? Ten shillings?

**N1:** Bloom smiles, nods slowly.

**Bloom:** More, houri, more.

1990 **Zoe:** And more's mother?

**N2:** She pats him off-handedly with velvet paws.

**Zoe:** Are you coming into the music-room } to see our new pianola? Come } and I'll peel off.

**N1:** Bloom, feeling his occiput dubiously } with the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedlar } gauging the symmetry of her peeled pears.

**Bloom:** Somebody would be dreadfully jealous } if she knew. The green-eyed monster. [(*EARNESTLY*)] You know how difficult it is. I needn't tell you.

**Zoe:** [(*FLATTERED*)] What the eye can't see, the heart can't grieve for. [(*SHE PATS HIM*)] Come.

2000 **Bloom:** Laughing witch! The hand that rocks the cradle.

**Zoe:** Babby!

**N1:** Bloom, in baby-linen and pelisse, big-headed, with a caul of dark hair, fixes big eyes on her fluid slip } and counts its bronze buckles } with a chubby finger, his moist tongue lolling and lisping.

**Bloom:** One two tlee: tlee tlwo tlon.

**N2:** The Buckles.

**The Buckles:** Love me. Love me not. Love me.

2010 **Zoe:** Silent means consent.

**N2:** With little parted talons } she captures his hand, her forefinger giving to his palm } the pass-touch of secret monitor, luring him to doom.

**Zoe:** Hot hands, cold gizzard.

**N1:** He hesitates amid scents, music, temptations. She leads him towards the steps, drawing him by the odour of her armpits, the vice of her painted eyes, the rustle of her slip } in whose sinuous folds } lurks the lion reek } of all the male brutes } that have possessed her.

**N2:** The Male Brutes, exhaling sulphur of rut and dung } and ramping in their loose-box, faintly roaring, their drugged heads } swaying to and fro.

2020 **The Male Brutes:** Good!

**N1** : Zoe and Bloom reach the doorway } where two sister whores are seated. They examine him curiously } from under their pencilled brows } and smile to his hasty bow. He trips awkwardly.

**N2** : Zoe, her lucky hand } instantly saving him.

**Zoe** : Hoopsa! Don't fall upstairs.

**Bloom** : The just man falls seven times.

**N1** : He stands aside at the threshold.

**Bloom** : After you } is good manners.

**Zoe** : Ladies first, gentlemen after.

2020

**N2** : She crosses the threshold. He hesitates. She turns } and, holding out her hands, draws him over. He hops. On the antlered rack of the hall } hang a man's hat and waterproof.

**N1** : Bloom uncovers himself } but, seeing them, frowns, then smiles, preoccupied. A door on the return landing is flung open. A man in purple shirt and grey trousers, brown-socked, passes with an ape's gait, his bald head and goatee beard upheld, hugging a full water-jug-jar, his two-tailed black braces } dangling at heels. Averting his face quickly } Bloom bends to examine on the hall-table } the spaniel eyes of a running fox: then, his lifted head sniffing, follows Zoe into the music-room.

2040

**N2** : A shade of mauve tissue-paper } dims the light of the chandelier. Round and round a moth flies, colliding, escaping. The floor is covered with an oil-cloth mosaic } of jade and azure and cinnabar rhomboids. Footmarks are stamped over it } in all senses, heel to heel, heel to hollow, toe to toe, feet locked, a morris of shuffling feet without body phantoms, all in a scrimmage } higgledy-piggledy. The walls are tapestried } with a paper of yew-fronds and clear glades. In the grate } is spread a screen of peacock feathers.

**N1** : Lynch squats cross-legged } on the hearth-rug of matted hair, his cap back to the front. With a wand, he beats time slowly. Kitty Ricketts, a bony pallid whore in navy 2050 costume, doe-skin gloves rolled back from a coral wrist-let, a chain purse in her hand, sits perched on the edge of the table } swinging her leg } and glancing at herself } in the gilt mirror over the mantel-piece. A tag of her corset-lace } hangs slightly below her jacket. Lynch indicates mockingly } the couple at the piano.

**N2** : Kitty coughs behind her hand.

**Kitty** : She's a bit imbecillic.

**N2** : She signs with a wagging forefinger.

**Kitty:** Blem·blem.

**N1:** Lynch lifts up her skirt and white petticoat ∫ with his wand.

**N2:** Kitty settles them down quickly.

**Kitty:** Respect yourself.

2060 **N2:** She hiccups, then bends quickly her sailor hat, under which her hair glows, red with henna.

**Kitty:** O, excuse!

**Zoe:** More limelight, Charley.

**N1:** Zoe goes to the chandelier ∫ and turns the gas full cock.

**N2:** Kitty peers at the gasjet.

**Kitty:** What ails it tonight?

**N1:** Lynch intones.

**Lynch:** [(*DEEPLY*)] Enter a ghost and hob·goblins.

2070 **Zoe:** Clap on the back for Zoe.

**N1:** The wand in Lynch's hand flashes: a brass poker. Stephen stands at the pianola ∫ on which ∫ sprawl his hat and ash·plant. With two fingers ∫ he repeats once more ∫ the series of empty fifths.

**N2:** Florry Talbot, a blond feeble goose·fat whore ∫ in a tatter·demalion gown of mildewed strawberry, lolls spread·eagle in the sofa·corner, her limp forearm pendent over the bolster, listening. A heavy stye ∫ droops over her sleepy eyelid.

**N1:** Kitty hiccups again ∫ with a kick of her horsed foot.

**Kitty:** O, excuse!

2080 **Zoe:** [(*PROMPTLY*)] Your boy's thinking of you. Tie a knot on your shift.

**N1:** Kitty Ricketts bends her head. Her boa uncoils, slides, glides over her shoulder, back, arm, chair to the ground. Lynch lifts the curled caterpillar on his wand. She snakes her neck, nestling.

**N2:** Stephen glances behind ∫ at the squatted figure ∫ with its cap back to the front.



**Stephen:** As a matter of fact } it is of no importance } whether Benedetto Marcello found it or made it. The rite is the poet's rest. It may be an old hymn to Demeter } or also illustrate } *Coela enarrant gloriam Domini*. It is susceptible of nodes } or modes } as far apart as hyperphrygian and mixolydian } and of texts so divergent } as priests } haihooping round David's, that is Circe's, or what am I saying, Ceres' altar, and David's tip from the stable } to his chief bassoonist } about the alrightness of his almightiness. *Mais nom de nom*, that is another pair of trousers. *Jetez la gourme. Faut que jeunesse se passe.* 2090

**N2:** He stops, points at Lynch's cap, smiles, laughs.

**Stephen:** Which side is your knowledge bump?

**N1:** Lynch's cap, with saturnine spleen.

**The Cap:** Bah! It is because it is. Woman's reason. Jew·greek is greek·jew. Extremes meet. Death is the highest form of life. Bah!

**Stephen:** You remember fairly accurately all my errors, boasts, mistakes. How long shall I continue to close my eyes to disloyalty? Whetstone! 2100

**N1:** The Cap.

**The Cap:** Bah!

**Stephen:** Here's another for you. [(HE FROWNS)] The reason is } because the fundamental and the dominant } are separated } by the greatest possible interval which ...

**The Cap:** Which? Finish. You can't.

**Stephen:** [(WITH AN EFFORT)] Interval which. Is the greatest possible ellipse. Consistent with. The ultimate return. The octave. Which. 2110

**The Cap:** Which?

**N2:** Outside } the gramophone begins to blare *The Holy City*.

**Stephen:** [(ABRUPTLY)] What went forth to the ends of the world } to traverse } not itself, God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed in reality } itself becomes that self. Wait a moment. Wait a second. Damn that fellow's noise in the street. Self } which it itself } was ineluctably preconditioned to become. *Ecco!* 2120

**N1:** Lynch, with a mocking whinny of laughter, grins at Bloom and Zoe Higgins.

**Lynch:** What a learned speech, eh?

**Zoe:** [(BRISKLY)] God help your head, he knows more than you have forgotten.

N2: With obese stupidity, Florry Talbot regards Stephen.

Florry: They say the last day ∩ is coming this summer.

2130 Kitty: No!

Zoe: [(EXPLODES IN LAUGHTER)] Great unjust God!

Florry: [(OFFENDED)] Well, it was in the papers about Antichrist. O, my foot's tickling.

N1: Ragged barefoot newsboys, jogging a wagtail kite, patter past, yelling.

2140 The Newsboys: Stop press edition. Result of the rocking-horse races. Sea serpent in the royal canal. Safe arrival of Antichrist.

N2: Stephen turns and sees Bloom.

Stephen: A time, times, and half a time.

N1: Reuben J Antichrist, wandering Jew, a clutching hand open on his spine, stumps forward. Across his loins ∩ is slung a pilgrim's wallet ∩ from which protrude ∩ promissory notes and dishonoured bills. Aloft over his shoulder, he bears a long boat-pole ∩ from the hook of which ∩ the sodden huddled mass of his only son, saved from Liffey waters,

2150 hangs from the slack of its breeches.

N2: A hobgoblin ∩ in the image of Punch Costello, hip-shot, crook-backed, hydrocephalic, prognathic ∩ with receding forehead ∩ and Ally Sloper nose, tumbles in somersaults ∩ through the gathering darkness.

All: What?

N2: The Hobgoblin, his jaws chattering, capers to and fro, goggling his eyes, squeaking, kangaroo-hopping ∩ with outstretched clutching arms, then all at once ∩ thrusts his lipless face ∩ through the fork of his thighs.

2160 The Hobgoblin: *Il vient! C'est moi! L'homme qui rit! L'homme primigène!*

N2: He whirls round and round ∩ with dervish howls.

The Hobgoblin: *Sieurs et dames, faites vos jeux!*

N2: He crouches juggling. Tiny roulette planets fly from his hands.

The Hobgoblin: *Les jeux sont faits!*

N2: The planets rush together, uttering crepitant cracks.

The Hobgoblin: *Rien va plus!*

N2 : The planets, buoyant balloons, sail swollen up and away. He springs off into vacuum.

N1 : Florry, sinking into torpor, crossing herself secretly.

Florry : The end of the world!

N1 : A female tepid effluvium leaks out from her. Nebulous obscurity occupies space.

N2 : Through the drifting fog without, the gramophone blares over coughs and feet-shuffling.

**The Gramophone :**

2170

Jerusalem!

Open your gates and sing

Hosanna ...

N1 : A rocket rushes up the sky and bursts. A white star fills from it, proclaiming the consummation of all things √ and second coming of Elijah.

N2 : Along an infinite invisible tightrope √ taut from zenith to nadir, the End of the World, a two-headed octopus in gillie's kilts, busby and tartan filibegs, whirls through the murk, head over heels, in the form √ of the Three Legs of Man.

**The End of the World :** [(WITH A SCOTCH ACCENT)] Wha'll dance the keel row, the keel row, the keel row? 2180

N1 : Over the passing drift and choking breath-coughs, Elijah's voice, harsh as a corncrake's, jars on high. Perspiring in a loose lawn surplice √ with funnel sleeves, he is seen, verger-faced, above a rostrum √ about which the banner of old glory is draped. He thumps the parapet.

**Elijah :** No yapping, if you please, in this booth. Jake Crane, Creole Sue, Dove Campbell, Abe Kirschner, do your coughing with your mouths shut. Say, I am operating all this trunk line. Boys, do it now. God's time is 12.25. Tell mother you'll be there. Rush your order and you play a slick ace. Join on right here. Book through to eternity junction, the nonstop run. Just one word more. Are you a god or a doggone clod? If the second advent came to Coney Island, are we ready? Florry Christ, Stephen Christ, Zoe Christ, Bloom Christ, Kitty Christ, Lynch Christ, it's up to you √ to sense that cosmic force. Have we cold feet about the cosmos? No. Be on the side of the angels. Be a prism. You have that something within, the higher self. You can rub shoulders with a Jesus, a Gautama, an Ingersoll. Are you all in this vibration? I say you are. You once nobble that, congregation, and a buck joyride to heaven √ becomes a back number. You got 2200

me? It's a life-brightener, sure. The hottest stuff ever was. It's the whole pie with jam in. It's just the cutest snappiest line out. It is immense, super-sumptuous. It restores. It vibrates. I know } and I am some vibrator. Joking apart } and, getting down to bedrock, A.J. Christ Dowie and the harmonial philosophy, have you got that? O.K. Seventy-seven west sixty-ninth street. Got me? That's it. You call me up by sun-phone any old time. Bum-boosers, save your stamps. [(HE SHOUTS)] Now then our glory song. All join heartily in the singing. Encore! [(HE SINGS)] Jeru ...

2210 N2: The Gramophone, drowning his voice.

**The Gramophone:** Whor-usa-lam-in-your-high-hohhhh ...

N2: The disc rasps gratingly against the needle.

N1: The Three Whores, covering their ears, squawk.

**Zoe: Kitty:** and **Florry:** Ahhkkk!

N1: Elijah, in rolled-up shirt-sleeves, black in the face, shouts at the top of his voice, his arms uplifted.

2220 **Elijah:** Big Brother up there, Mr President, you hear } what I done just been saying to you. Certainly, I sort of believe strong in you, Mr President. I certainly am thinking now } Miss Higgins and Miss Ricketts got religion way inside them. Certainly seems to me } I don't never see } no wusser scared female } than the way you been, Miss Florry, just now } as I done seed you. Mr President, you come long } and help me } save our sisters dear.

N1: He winks at his audience.

**Elijah:** Our Mr President, he twig the whole lot } and he aint saying nothing.

N2: Kitty-Kate.

**Kitty-Kate:** I forgot myself. In a weak moment } I erred } and did what I did } on Constitution hill. I was confirmed by the bishop } and enrolled in the brown scapular. My mother's sister married a Montmorency. It was a working plumber } was my ruination } when I was pure.

N2: Zoe-Fanny.

2230 **Zoe-Fanny:** I let him larrup it into me } for the fun of it.

N2: Florry-Teresa.

**Florry-Teresa :** It was in consequence } of a port-wine beverage } on top of Hennessy's three star. I was guilty with Whelan, when he slipped into the bed.

**N1 :** Stephen.

**Stephen :** In the beginning } was the word, in the end } the world without end. Blessed be the eight beatitudes.

**N2 :** The beatitudes, Dixon, Madden, Crotthers, Costello, Lenehan, Bannon, Mulligan, and Lynch, in white surgical students' gowns, four abreast, goose-stepping, tramp fast past } in noisy marching. 2240

**The Beatitudes :** [(*INCOHERENTLY*)] Beer } beef } battle-dog } buy-bull } businum } barnum } bugger-um } bishop.

**N1 :** Lyster, in quaker-grey knee-breeches and broad-brimmed hat, says discreetly.

**Lyster :** He is our friend. I need not mention names. Seek thou the light.

**N2 :** He corantos by.

**N1 :** Best enters in hair-dresser's attire, shinily laundered, his locks in curl-papers. He leads John Eglinton } who wears a mandarin's kimono of Nankeen yellow, lizard-lettered, and a high pagoda hat. Best, smiling, lifts the hat } and displays a shaven poll, from the crown of which } bristles a pig-tail toupee } tied with an orange top-knot. 2250

**Best :** I was just beautifying him, don't you know. A thing of beauty, don't you know, Yeats says, or I mean, Keats says.

**N2 :** John Eglinton produces a green-capped dark lantern } and flashes it towards a corner, saying with carping accent.

**John Eglinton :** Esthetics and cosmetics are for the boudoir. I am out for truth. Plain truth for a plain man. Tanderagee wants the facts } and means to get them. 2260

**N1 :** In the cone of the searchlight, behind the coal-scuttle, ollave, holy-eyed, the bearded figure of Mananaun Maclir broods, chin on knees. He rises slowly. A cold sea-wind blows from his druid mouth. About his head } writhe eels and elvers. He is encrusted with weeds and shells. His right hand holds a bicycle pump. His left hand grasps a huge crayfish } by its two talons. Mananaun Maclir cries with a voice of waves.

**Mananaun Maclir :** Aum! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor! Ma! White yoghin of the gods. Occult pimander of Hermes Trismegistos.

**N1 :** With a voice of whistling sea-wind. 2270

**Mananaun Maclir:** Punar·janam patsy·punjaub! I won't have my leg pulled. It has been said by one: beware the left, the cult of Shakti.

**N1:** With a cry of storm·birds.

**Mananaun Maclir:** Shakti Shiva, dark·hidden Father!

**N1:** He smites with his bicycle pump ∩ the crayfish in his left hand. On its coöperative dial ∩ glow the twelve signs of the zodiac. He wails ∩ with the vehemence of the ocean.

**Mananaun Maclir:** Aum! Baum! Pyjaum! I am the light of the home·stead! I am the dreamery creamery butter.

**N2:** A skeleton judas·hand strangles the light. The green light wanes to mauve.

**N1:** The gas·jet wails whistling.

2280 **The Gasjet:** Pooah! Pfuuuuuuu!

**N2:** Zoe runs to the chandelier ∩ and, crooking her leg, adjusts the mantle.

**Zoe:** Who has a fag ∩ as I'm here?

**N1:** Lynch tosses a cigarette on to the table.

**Lynch:** Here.

**N2:** Zoe, her head perched aside in mock pride.

**Zoe:** Is that the way ∩ to hand the *pot* to a lady?

2290 **N2:** She stretches up ∩ to light the cigarette over the flame, twirling it slowly, showing the brown tufts of her armpits. Lynch with his poker ∩ lifts boldly ∩ a side of her slip. Bare from her garters up ∩ her flesh appears under the sapphire ∩ a nixie's green. She puffs calmly at her cigarette.

**Zoe:** Can you see the beauty·spot of my behind?

**Lynch:** I'm not looking.

**N2:** Zoe makes sheep's eyes.

**Zoe:** No? You wouldn't do a less thing. Would you suck a lemon?

2300 **N2:** Squinting in mock shame, she glances with sidelong meaning at Bloom, then twists round towards him, pulling her slip free of the poker. Blue fluid ∩ again flows over her flesh. Bloom stands, smiling desirously, twirling his thumbs. Kitty Ricketts licks her middle finger ∩ with her spittle ∩ and, gazing in the mirror, smooths both eyebrows.

**N1 :** Lipoti Virag, basil-ico-grammate, chutes rapidly down through the chimney-flue } and struts two steps to the left } on gawky pink stilts. He is sausaged into several overcoats } and wears a brown macintosh } under which } he holds a roll of parchment. In his left eye, flashes the monocle } of Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell. On his head } is perched an Egyptian pshent. Two quills project over his ears. Virag, 2310 heels together, bows.

**Virag:** My name is Virag Lipoti, of Szombathely.

**N1 :** He coughs thoughtfully, drily.

**Virag:** Promiscuous nakedness } is much in evidence hereabouts, eh? Inadvertently } her back-view revealed the fact } that she is not wearing those rather intimate garments } of which you are a particular devotee. The injection mark on the thigh } I hope you perceived? Good.

**Bloom:** Gran-papa-chi. But ...

**Virag:** Number two } on the other hand, she of the cherry rouge } and coiffeuse white, whose hair owes } not a little } to our tribal elixir of gopher-wood, is in walking 2320 costume } and tightly stayed by her sit, I should opine. Backbone in front, so to say. Correct me } but I always understood } that the act so performed by skittish humans } with glimpses of lingerie, appealed to you in virtue of its exhibition-ist-istic-icity. In a word. Hippo-griff. Am I right?

**Bloom:** She is rather lean.

**N1 :** Virag, not unpleasantly.

**Virag:** Absolutely! Well observed } and those pannier pockets of the skirt } and 2330 slightly peg-top effect } are devised } to suggest bunchiness of hip. A new purchase at some monster sale } for which a gull has been mulcted. Meretricious finery to deceive the eye. Observe the attention to details of dust-specks. Never put on you tomorrow } what you can wear today. Parallax!

**N1 :** With a nervous twitch of his head.

**Virag:** Did you hear my brain go snap? Polly-sylla-bax!

**N2 :** Bloom, an elbow resting in a hand, a forefinger against his cheek.

**Bloom:** She seems sad.

**N1 :** Virag, cynically, his weasel teeth bared yellow, draws down his left eye with a finger } and barks hoarsely.

2340     **Virag** :   Hoax! Beware of the flapper and bogus mournful. Lily of the alley. All possess bachelor's button } discovered by Rualdus Columbus. Tumble her. Columble her. Chameleon. [(*MORE GENIALLY*)] Well then, permit me } to draw your attention } to item number three. There is plenty of her } visible to the naked eye. Observe the mass of oxygenated vegetable matter on her skull. What ho, she bumps! The ugly duckling of the party, long-casted and deep in keel.

**Bloom** : [(*REGRETFULLY*)] When you come out without your gun.

2350     **Virag** :   We can do you all brands, mild, medium, and strong. Pay your money, take your choice. How happy could you be with either ...

**Bloom** :   With ...?

**N1** :   Virag, his tongue upcurling.

**Virag** :   Lyum! Look. Her beam is broad. She is coated with quite a considerable layer of fat. Obviously mammal in weight of bosom, you remark that she has in front, well to the fore, two protuberances of very respectable dimensions, inclined to fall in the noonday soup-plate, while on her rere, lower down, are two additional protuberances, suggestive of potent rectum } and tumescent for palpation, which leave nothing to be desired, save compactness. Such fleshy parts are the product of careful nurture. When coop-fattened, their livers reach an elephantine size. Pellets of new bread } with fenny-greek and gum-benjamin } swamped down by potions of green tea, endow them } during their brief existence } with natural pin-cushions of quite colossal blubber. That suits your book, eh? Flesh-hot-pots of Egypt to hanker after. Wallow in it. Lycopodium.

2360

**N1** :   His throat twitches.

**Virag** :   Slap-bang! There he goes again.

**Bloom** :   The sty I dislike.

2370     **N1** :   Virag arches his eyebrows.

**Virag** :   Contact with a gold-ring, they say. *Argumentum ad feminam*, as we said in old Rome and ancient Greece } in the consulship of Diplodocus and Ichthyosauros. For the rest, Eve's sovereign remedy. Not for sale. Hire only. Huguenot.

**N1** :   He twitches.

**Virag** :   It is a funny sound.

**N1** :   He coughs encouragingly.

**Virag** :   But possibly it is only a wart. I presume } you shall have remembered } what I will have taught you } on that head? Wheaten-meal with honey and nutmeg.



N2: Bloom, reflecting.

**Bloom:** Wheaten-meal with lycopodium and syllabax. This searching ordeal. It has been an unusually fatiguing day, a chapter of accidents. [TO VIRAG] Wait. I mean, warts-blood spreads warts, you said ... 2380

N1: Virag, severely, his nose hard-humped, his side eye winking.

**Virag:** Stop twirling your thumbs } and have a good old thunk. See, you have forgotten. Exercise your mnemo-technic. *La causa è santa*. Tara. Tara. [(ASIDE)] He will surely remember.

**Bloom:** Rosemary also } did I understand you to say } or willpower over parasitic tissues. Then nay, no, I have an inkling. The touch of a deadhand cures. Mnemo? 2390

**Virag:** [(EXCITEDLY)] I say so. I say so. E'en so. Technic.

N1: He taps his parchment roll energetically.

**Virag:** This book tells you } how to act } with all descriptive particulars. Consult index } for agitated fear of aconite, melancholy of muriatic, priapic pulsatilla. Virag is going to talk about amputation. Our old friend caustic. They must be starved. Snip off with horsehair } under the denned neck. But, to change the venue } to the Bulgar and the Basque, have you made up your mind } whether you like or dislike } women in male habiliments?

N1: With a dry snigger.

**Virag:** You intended to devote an entire year } to the study of the religious problem } and the summer months of 1886 } to square the circle } and win that million. 2400  
Pomegranate! From the sublime to the ridiculous } is but a step. Pyjamas, let us say? Or stockingette gusseted knickers, closed? Or, put we the case, those complicated combinations, cami-knickers?

N1: He crows derisively.

**Virag:** Kee-kee-ree-kee!

N2: Bloom surveys uncertainly } the three whores, then gazes at the veiled mauve light, hearing the everflying moth.

**Bloom:** I wanted then } to have now concluded. Nightdress was never. Hence this. But tomorrow is a new day } will be. Past was } is today. What now } is will } then morrow } as now } was be } past yester. 2410

N1: Virag prompts } in a pig's whisper.

**Virag:** Insects of the day } spend their brief existence in reiterated coition, lured by the smell } of the inferiorly pulchritudinous female } possessing extendified pudendal nerve } in dorsal region. Pretty Poll!

**N1:** His yellow parrot-beak gabbles nasally.

**Virag:** They had a proverb in the Carpathians, in or about } the year five thousand five hundred and fifty } of our era. One table-spoonful of honey } will attract friend Bruin } more than half a dozen barrels } of first choice malt vinegar. Bear's buzz bothers bees.  
2420 But of this apart. At another time } we may resume. We were very pleased, we others.

**N1:** He coughs } and, bending his brow, rubs his nose thoughtfully } with a scooping hand.

**Virag:** You shall find } that these night insects } follow the light. An illusion } for remember their complex unadjustable eye. For all these knotty points } see the seventeenth book } of my Fundamentals of Sexology } or the Love Passion } which Doctor L.B. says is the book sensation of the year. Some, to example, there are again } whose movements are automatic. Perceive. That is his appropriate sun. Night-bird night-sun night-town. Chase me, Charley!

**N1:** He blows into Bloom's ear.

**Virag:** Buzz!

**Bloom:** Bee or bluebottle too } other day butting shadow on wall } dazed self } then  
2430 me } wandered dazed down shirt } good job I ...

**N1:** Virag, his face impassive, laughs in a rich feminine key.

**Virag:** Splendid! Spanish fly in his fly } or mustard plaster on his dibble.

**N1:** He gobbles gluttonously } with turkey wattles.

**Virag:** Bubbly jock! Bubbly jock! Where are we? Open Sesame! Cometh forth!

**N1:** He unrolls his parchment rapidly } and reads, his glowworm's nose } running backwards over the letters } which he claws.

**Virag:** Stay, good friend. I bring thee thy answer. Redbank oysters will shortly be upon us. I'm the best o'cook. Those succulent bivalves may help us } and the truffles of Perigord, tubers dislodged through mister omnivorous porker, were unsurpassed } in  
2440 cases of nervous debility or viragitis. Though they stink, yet they sting.

**N1:** He wags his head } with cackling raillery.

**Virag:** Jocular. With my eyeglass in my ocular.

N1: He sneezes.

Virag: Amen!

**Bloom:** [(*ABSENTLY*)] Ocularly woman's bivalve case is worse. Always open sesame. The cloven sex. Why they fear vermin, creeping things. Yet Eve and the serpent contradicts. Not a historical fact. Obvious analogy to my idea. Serpents too ∫ are gluttons for woman's milk. Wind their way ∫ through miles of omnivorous forest ∫ to suck succulent her breast dry. Like those bubbly-jocular Roman matrons ∫ one reads of in Elephant·uliasis.

N1: Virag, his mouth projected in hard wrinkles, eyes stonily forlornly closed, 2450  
psalms in outlandish monotone.

**Virag:** That the cows ∫ with their ∫ those distended udders ∫ that they have been the ∫ the known ...

**Bloom:** I am going to scream. I beg your pardon. Ah? So. [(*HE REPEATS*)] Spontaneously ∫ to seek out the saurian's lair ∫ in order to entrust their teats ∫ to his avid suction. Ant milks aphids. [(*PROFOUNDLY*)] Instinct rules the world. In life. In death.

N1: Virag, head askew, arches his back and hunched wing·shoulders, peers at the 2460  
moth ∫ out of bleary bulged eyes, points a horning claw ∫ and cries.

**Virag:** Who's moth moth? Who's dear Gerald? Dear Ger, that you? O dear, he is Gerald. O, I much fear ∫ he shall be most badly burned. Will some please pershon ∫ not now impediment so catastrophics ∫ mit agitation of firstclass table·numpkin?

N1: He mews.

Virag: Puss puss puss puss!

N1: He sighs, draws back, and stares sideways down ∫ with dropping underjaw.

Virag: Well, well. He doth rest anon.

N1: He snaps his jaws suddenly on the air.

N2: The Moth.

**The Moth:**

I'm a tiny tiny thing  
Ever flying in the spring  
Round and round a ring·a·ring.  
Long ago I was a king  
Now I do this kind of thing

2470

On the wing, on the wing!  
Bing!

**N2:** The moth rushes against the mauve shade, flapping noisily.

**The Moth:** Pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty petticoats.

**N2:** From left upper entrance } with two gliding steps, Henry Flower comes forward  
2480 } to left front centre. He wears a dark mantle and drooping plumed sombrero. He carries  
a silver-stringed inlaid dulcimer } and a long-stemmed bamboo Jacob's pipe, its clay bowl  
fashioned as a female head. He wears dark velvet hose and silver-buckled pumps. He  
has the romantic Saviour's face } with flowing locks, thin beard and moustache. His  
spindle-legs and sparrow feet } are those of the tenor Mario, prince of Candia. He settles  
down his gofferred ruffs } and moistens his lips } with a passage of his amorous tongue.  
He says } in a low dulcet voice, touching the strings of his guitar.

2490 **Henry:** There is a flower that bloometh.

**N2:** Virag truculent, his jowl set, stares at the lamp. Grave Bloom regards Zoe's  
neck. Henry gallant } turns with pendant dewlap } to the piano.

**N1:** Stephen, to himself.

**Stephen:** Play with your eyes shut. Imitate pa. Filling my belly with husks of swine.  
Too much of this. I will arise } and go to my. Expect this is the. Steve, thou art in a parlous  
way. Must visit old Deasy or telegraph. Our interview of this morning } has left on me  
a deep impression. Though our ages. Will write fully tomorrow. I'm partially drunk, by  
the way.

2500 **N1:** He touches the keys again.

**Stephen:** Minor chord comes now. Yes. Not much however.

**N2:** Almidano Artifoni holds out a batonroll of music } with vigorous moustache-  
work.

**Artifoni:** *Ci rifletta. Lei rovina tutto.*

**N1:** Florry.

**Florry:** Sing us something. Love's old sweet song.

**Stephen:** No voice. I am a most finished artist. Lynch, did I show you the letter  
about the lute?

2510 **Florry:** [(SMIRKING)] The bird that can sing and won't sing.

**N2 :** The Siamese twins, Philip Drunk and Philip Sober, two Oxford dons with lawnmowers, appear in the window embrasure. Both are masked with Matthew Arnold's face.

**N2 :** Philip Sober.

**Philip Sober :** Take a fool's advice. All is not well. Work it out } with the butt-end of a pencil, like a good young idiot. Three pounds twelve } you got, two notes, one sovereign, two crowns, if youth but knew. Mooney's en ville, Mooney's sur mer, the Moira, Larchet's, Holles street hospital, Burke's. Eh? I am watching you. 2520

**N2 :** Philip Drunk.

**Philip Drunk :** [(IMPATIENTLY)] Ah, bosh, man. Go to hell! I paid my way. If I could only find out about octaves. Reduplication of personality. Who was it told me his name?

**N2 :** His lawnmower begins to purr.

**Philip Drunk :** Aha, yes. *Zoe mou sas agapo*. Have a notion } I was here before. When was it } not Atkinson } his card } I have somewhere. Mac Somebody. Unmack } I have it. He told me about, hold on, Swinburne, was it, no?

**Florry :** And the song?

**Stephen :** Spirit is willing } but the flesh is weak. 2530

**Florry :** Are you out of Maynooth? You're like someone I knew once.

**Stephen :** Out of it now. [(TO HIMSELF)] Clever.

**N2 :** (Philip Drunk and Philip Sober, their lawnmowers purring } with a rigadon of grass-halms.)

**Philip Drunk :** and **Philip Sober :** Clever ever. Out of it } out of it. By the bye } have you the book, the thing, the ash-plant? Yes, there it, yes. Clever·ever out-of-it·now. Keep in condition. Do like us.

**Zoe :** There was a priest down here two nights ago } to do his bit of business } 2540 with his coat buttoned up. You needn't try to hide, I says to him. I know you've a Roman collar.

**Virag :** Perfectly logical } from his standpoint. Fall of man.

**N1 :** Harshly, his pupils waxing.

**Virag :** To hell with the pope! Nothing new under the sun. I am the Virag } who disclosed the Sex Secrets of Monks and Maidens. Why I left the Church of Rome. Read the Priest, the Woman and the Confessional. Penrose. Flipperty Jippert.

N1: He wriggles.

2550 Virag: Woman, undoing with sweet pudor ∫ her belt of rush·rope, offers her all·moist yoni ∫ to man's lingam. Short time after ∫ man presents woman ∫ with pieces of jungle meat. Woman shows joy ∫ and covers herself with feather·skins. Man loves her yoni fiercely ∫ with big lingam, the stiff one.

N1: He cries.

Virag: *Coactus volui*. Then giddy woman will run about. Strong man grasps woman's wrist. Woman squeals, bites, spucks. Man, now fierce angry, strikes woman's fat yadgana.

N1: He chases his tail.

Virag: Piff·paff! Popo!

N1: He stops, sneezes.

Virag: Pchp!

N1: He worries his butt.

Virag: Prrrrrht!

N2: Lynch.

Lynch: I hope you gave the good father ∫ a penance. Nine glorias ∫ for shooting a bishop.

2560 N1: Zoe spouts walrus smoke through her nostrils.

Zoe: He couldn't get a connection. Only, you know, sensation. A dry rush.

Bloom: Poor man!

Zoe: [(LIGHTLY)] Only for what happened him.

Bloom: How?

2570 N1: Virag, a diabolic rictus of black luminosity ∫ contracting his visage, cranes his scraggy neck forward. He lifts a mooncalf nozzle ∫ and howls.

Virag: *Verfluchte Goim!* He had a father, forty fathers. He never existed. Pig God! He had two left feet. He was Judas Iacchia, a Libyan eunuch, the pope's bastard.

N1: He leans out on tortured fore·paws, elbows bent rigid, his eye agonising in his flat skull·neck ∫ and yelps over the mute world.

Virag: A son of a whore. Apocalypse.

N2: Kitty.

**Kitty:** And Mary Shortall that was in the lock } with the pox she got } from Jimmy Pidgeon in the blue caps } had a child off him } that couldn't swallow } and was smothered with the convulsions } in the mattress } and we all subscribed for the funeral. 2580

N2: Philip Drunk, gravely.

**Philip Drunk:** *Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position, Philippe?*

N2: Philip Sober, gaily.

**Philip Sober:** *C'était le sacré pigeon, Philippe.*

N2: Kitty unpins her hat and sets it down calmly, patting her henna hair. And a prettier, a daintier head of winsome curls } was never seen on a whore's shoulders. Lynch puts on her hat. She whips it off.

N1: Lynch laughs. 2590

**Lynch:** And to such delights } has Metchnikoff } inoculated anthropoid apes.

N2: Florry nods.

**Florry:** Locomotor ataxy.

**Zoe:** [(GAILY)] O, my dictionary.

**Lynch:** Three wise virgins.

N1: Virag, ague-shaken, profuse yellow spawn } foaming over his bony epileptic lips.

**Virag:** She sold love-philtres, white-wax, orange-flower. Panther, the Roman centurion, polluted her } with his genitories. 2600

N1: He sticks out a flickering phosphorescent scorpion tongue, his hand on his fork.

**Virag:** Messiah! He burst her tympanum.

N1: With gibbering baboon's cries, he jerks his hips in the cynical spasm.

**Virag:** Hik! Hek! Hak! Hok! Huk! Kok! Kuk!

N2: Ben Jumbo Dollard, rubicund, muscle-bound, hairy-nostrilled, huge-bearded, cabbage-eared, shaggy-chested, shock-maned, fat-papped, stands forth, his loins and genitals } tightened into a pair of black bathing bag-slops. Dollard, nakkering castanet bones } in his huge padded paws, yodels jovially in base barrel-tone.

**Ben Dollard:** When love absorbs my ardent soul. 2610

**N1:** The virgins } Nurse Callan and Nurse Quigley } burst through the ring-keepers and the ropes } and mob him with open arms.

**The Virgins:** [*GUSHINGLY*] Big Ben! Ben my Chree!

**A Voice:** Hold that fellow with the bad breeches.

**N2:** Dollard, smites his thigh in abundant laughter.

**Ben Dollard:** Hold him now.

2620 **N1:** Henry Flower, caressing on his breast } a severed female head, murmurs.

**Henry:** Thine heart, mine love.

**N1:** He plucks his lute-strings.

**Henry:** When first I saw ...

**N1:** Virag, sloughing his skins, his multitudinous plumage moulting.

**Virag:** Rats!

**N1:** He yawns, showing a coal-black throat, and closes his jaws } by an upward push of his parchment roll.

**Virag:** After having said which } I took my departure. Farewell. Fare thee well. *Dreck!*

**N2:** Henry Flower combs his moustache and beard rapidly } with a pocket-comb } and gives a cow's lick to his hair. Steered by his rapier, he glides to the door, his wild harp slung behind him.

2630 **N1:** Virag reaches the door in two ungainly stilt-hops, his tail cocked, and deftly claps sideways on the wall } a pus-yellow flybill, butting it with his head.

**N2:** The Flybill.

**The Flybill:** K. II. Post No Bills. Strictly confidential. Dr Hy Franks.

**Henry:** All is lost now.

**N1:** Virag unscrews his head in a trice } and holds it under his arm.

**Virag's Head:** Quack!

**All:** Exeunt severally.