

Oxen of the Sun

George V. Reilly

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

Episode 14 of *Ulysses* by James Joyce
Adapted from the 1922 edition at Project Gutenberg

Based upon the 2008 adaptation for the Wild Geese by
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Cast in order of appearance

N₁ :	First narrator. An unreliable sort.
N₂ :	Narrator the second. No better.
N₃ :	Supplier of tertiary narrative.
Nurse Callan :	Endued with every quality of modesty.
Bloom :	A latter-day Odysseus.
Dixon :	Junior; a doctor at the Mater Hospital.
Lenahan :	An elder franklin and accomplished moocher.
Lynch :	Vincent; a student of medicine.
Madden :	William; likewise.
Crotthers :	A Scot; also a doctor.
Stephen Dedalus :	Telemachus; intelligent, but not wise.
Punch :	Frank Costello, a buffoon.
Nurse Quigley :	An ancient and sad matron.
Mulligan :	Malachi, a fine young buck.
Bannon :	Alec, seducer of Milly.
Haines :	The murderer in the wall.
Barman :	An abettor of drunkenness.
Bystander :	Bemused and befuddled.
Bantam Lyons :	Barfly and cuckold.
Dowie :	Alexander J. Christ, an excrement yellow gosseller.

Oxen of the Sun

— [Arval] —

N1: Deshil Holles Eamus.

N1,2: Deshil Holles Eamus.

N1,2,3: Deshil Holles Eamus.

N1: Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and womb·fruit.

N1,2: Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and womb·fruit.

N1,2,3: Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and womb·fruit.

Nurse Callan: Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa!

Nurses: Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa!

All: [WOMEN] Hoopsa boyaboy hoopsa!

— [Malmesbury] —

N1: It is not why ∴ therefore ∴ we shall wonder ∴ if, as the best historians relate, among the Celts, who nothing ∴ that was not in its nature admirable admired, the art of medicine ∴ shall have been highly honoured. Not to speak of ∴ hostels, leper-yards, sweating chambers, plague-graves, their greatest doctors, the O'Shiels, the O'Hickeys, the O'Lees, have sedulously set down ∴ the divers methods ∴ by which the sick and the relapsed ∴ found again health ∴ whether the malady had been ∴ the trembling ∴ withering ∴ or loose ∴ boy·connell flux.

40

Week 1

— [Anglo-Saxon] —

N2: Before born ∴ babe bliss had. Within womb ∴ won he worship.

60

N3: Whatever in that one case done ∴ commodiously done was. A couch by midwives ∴ attended with wholesome food reposeful, cleanest swaddles as though forth·bringing ∴ were now done ∴ and by wise foresight set: but to this ∴ no less of what drugs there is need ∴ and surgical implements which are pertaining to her case ∴ not omitting aspect of all ∴ very distracting spectacles in various latitudes ∴ by our terrestrial orb ∴ offered together with images, divine and human, the cogitation of which by sejunct females ∴ is to tumescence conducive ∴ or eases issue ∴ in the high sun·bright well·built fair home of mothers ∴ when, ostensibly far gone and reproductitive, it is come ∴ by her thereto ∴ to lie in, her term up.

70

Week 2 *[ENTER BLOOM]*

N₂: Some man that wayfaring was } stood by house-door at night's oncoming. Of Israel's folk was that man } that on earth wandering far } had fared. Stark ruth of man } his errand that him lone led } till that house.

Week 3

N₃: Of that house } A. Horne is lord. Seventy beds keeps he there } teeming mothers are wont } that they lie for to thole } and bring forth } bairns hale } so God's angel to Mary quoth. Watchers tway there walk, white sisters in ward sleepless. Smarts they still, sickness soothing: in twelve moons } thrice an hundred. Truest bed-thanes they twain are, for Horne holding wariest ward.

Week 4

80 N₁: In ward wary } the watcher hearing } come that man mild-hearted } eft rising with swire } ywimpled to him } her gate wide undid. Lo, levin leaping lightens } in eye-blink } Ireland's westward welkin. Full she drad } that God the Wrecker } all mankind would for-do with water } for his evil sins. Christ's rood made she on breast-bone } and him drew } that he would rathe infare } under her thatch. That man } her will wotting worthful } went in Horne's house.

Week 5

[ENTER NURSE CALLAN]

N₂: Loth to irk } in Horne's hall } hat holding } the seeker stood. On her stow } he ere was living } with dear wife and lovesome daughter } that then } over land and seafloor } nine years had long out-wandered.

— *[Everyman]* —

Week 8

N₃: The man that was come in to the house } then spoke to the nursing-woman } and he asked her } how it fared } with the woman that lay there in child-bed. The nursing-woman answered him } and said that that woman was in throes } now full three days } and that it would be a hard birth } unneth to bear } but that now in a little } it would be. She said thereto } that she had seen many births of women } but never was none so hard } as was that woman's birth. Then she set it all forth to him } for because she knew the man } that time was } had lived nigh that house. The man hearkened to her words } for he felt with wonder } women's woe in the travail } that they have of
120 motherhood } and he wondered to look on her face } that was a fair face for any man to see } but yet was she left after long years } a handmaid. Nine twelve blood-flows } chiding her childless.

Week 9

— *[Mandeville]* —

N1: And whiles they spake } the door of the castle was opened } and there nighed them } a mickle noise } as of many that sat there } at meat. And there came against the place } as they stood } a young learning-knight yclept Dixon. And the traveller Leopold } was couth to him } sithen it had happed } that they had had ado each with other } in the house of misericord } where this learning-knight lay } by cause the traveller Leopold came there } to be healed } for he was sore wounded in his breast } by a spear } wherewith a horrible and dreadful dragon was smitten him } for which he did do } make a salve of 130
volatile salt and chrisim } as much as he might suffice. And he said now } that he should go in to that castle } for to make merry with them } that were there.

N2: And the traveller Leopold said } that he should go other-whither } for he was a man of cautels and a subtile. Also the lady was of his avis } and reprevd the learning-knight } though she trowed well } that the traveller had said thing } that was false for his subtility. But the learning-knight would not hear say nay } nor do her mandement } ne have him in aught contrarious to his list } and he said how } it was a marvellous castle. And the traveller Leopold went into the castle } for to rest him for a space } being sore of limb } after many marches environing } in divers lands and sometime venery. 140

Week 10

N3: And in the castle } was set a board } that was of the birchwood of Finlandy } and it was upheld by four dwarf-men of that country } but they durst not move more } for enchantment. And on this board } were frightful swords and knives } that are made in a great cavern by swinking demons } out of white flames } that they fix then in the horns of buffalos and stags } that there abound marvellously. And there were vessels } that are wrought by magic of Mahound } out of sea-sand and the air } by a warlock with his breath } that he blases in to them } like to bubbles.

N1: And full fair cheer and rich } was on the board } that no wight could devise a fuller } ne richer. And there was a vat of silver } that was moved by craft to open } in 150
the which } lay strange fishes withouten heads } though misbelieving men nie that this be possible thing } without they see it } natheless they are so. And these fishes lie in an oily water } brought there from Portugal land } because of the fatness that therein } is like to the juices of the olive-press.

N2: And also } it was a marvel to see in that castle } how by magic } they make a compost out of fecund wheat-kidneys out of Chaldee } that by aid of certain angry spirits } that they do in to it } swells up wondrously } like to a vast mountain. And they teach the serpents there } to entwine themselves up on long sticks out of the ground } and of the scales of these serpents } they brew out a brewage } like to mead.

Week 11

N3: And the learning-knight } let pour for childe Leopold a draught } and halp 160
thereto the while } all they that were there } drank every each. And childe Leopold did

up his beaver } for to pleasure him } and took apertly } somewhat in amity } for he never drank no manner of mead } which he then put by } and anon full privily } he voided the more part in his neighbour glass } and his neighbour nist not } of this wile. And he sat down } in that castle with them } for to rest him there awhile. Thanked be Almighty God.

Week 12

— [Malory] —

N1: This meanwhile this good sister stood by the door:

Nurse Callan: I begged ye } at the reverence of Jesu } our alther liege Lord } to leave your wassailing } for there is above } one quick with child, a gentle dame, whose time hies fast.

All: [WOMEN] *shriek!*

170 **N2:** Sir Leopold heard on the up-floor } cry on high } and he wondered what cry that it was } whether of child or woman.

Bloom: I marvel that it be not come or now. Meseems } it dureth overlong.

N3: And he was ware } and saw a franklin } that hight Lenehan } on that side the table } that was older than any of the tother } and for that } they both were knights virtuous in the one emprise } and eke by cause that he was elder } he spoke to him full gently.

Bloom: But or it be long too } she will bring forth } by God His bounty } and have joy of her childing } for she hath waited } marvellous long.

N1: And the franklin } that had drunken } said:

Lenehan: Expecting each moment } to be her next.

N1: Also he took the cup } that stood to-fore him } for him needed never } none asking } nor desiring of him to drink }

Lenehan: Now drink,

180 **N1:** said he, fully delectably, and he quaffed } as far as he might } to their both's health } for he was a passing good man } of his lustiness.

N3: And sir Leopold } that was the goodliest guest that ever sat in scholars' hall } and that was the meekest man and the kindest } that ever laid husbandly hand under hen } and that was the very truest knight of the world } one that ever did } minion service to lady gentle } pledged him courtly in the cup. Woman's woe } with wonder } pondering.

N3: Now let us speak of that fellowship } that was there } to the intent to be drunken } an they might. There was a sort of scholars } along either side the board, that is to wit: Week 13

N1: Dixon } yclept junior } of saint Mary Merciable's. [*DIXON BOWS*]

N2: With other his fellows, Lynch. [*LYNCH BOWS*]

N3: And Madden, scholars of medicine. [*MADDEN BOWS*] 190

N1: And the franklin that hight Lenehan. [*LENEHAN BOWS*]

N2: And one from Alba Longa, one Crotthers. [*CROTTERS BOWS*]

N3: And young Stephen [*STEPHEN BOWS*] that had mien of a frere } that was at head of the board.

N1: And Costello } that men clepen Punch Costello. [*COSTELLO BOWS*]

N2: All long of a mastery of him } erewhile gested (and } of all them, reserved young Stephen, he was the most drunken } that demanded still of more mead) and beside the meek sir Leopold. But on young Malachi they waited } for that he promised to have come } and such as intended to no goodness } said how he had broke his avow. And sir Leopold sat with them } for he bore fast friendship to sir Simon } and to this his son } young Stephen } and for that } his languor becalmed him } there after longest wanderings } in-so-much as they feasted him } for that time in the honourablest manner. Ruth red him, love led on } with will to wander, loth to leave. 200

Week 14

N3: For they were right witty scholars. And he heard their aresouns } each gen other } as touching birth and righteousness, young Madden maintaining that

Madden: I put such case } it were hard the wife to die

N3: (for so it fell out } a matter of some year agone } with a woman of Eblana in Horne's house that now was } trespassed out of this world } and the self } night next before her death } all leeches and pothecaries } had taken counsel of her case).

N1: And they said farther } she should live } because in the beginning, they said, the woman should bring forth in pain } and wherefore they that were of this imagination } affirmed how young Madden had said truth } for he had conscience } to let her die. 210

N2: And not few } and of these } was young Lynch

Lynch: I am in doubt } that the world was now right evil } governed as it was } never other } how-be-it the mean people believed it otherwise } but the law nor his judges } did provide no remedy. A redress } God grant.

N2: This was scant said } but all cried } with one acclaim:

All: [MEN] Nay, by our Virgin Mother, the wife should live } and the babe to die.

N3: In colour whereof } they waxed hot upon that head } what with argument } and what for their drinking } but the franklin Lenehan } was prompt each } when to pour them ale } so that at the least way } mirth might not lack. Then young Madden showed all } the whole affair:

Madden: She was dead } and how } for holy religion sake } by rede of palmer
220 and bedesman } and for a vow he had made to Saint Ultan of Arbraccan } her goodman husband } would not let her death.

N1: Whereby } they were all wondrous grieved. To whom } young Stephen had these words following:

Stephen Dedalus: Murmur, sirs, is eke oft among lay folk. Both babe and parent now glorify their Maker, the one in limbo gloom, the other in purge-fire. But, gramercy, what of those God-possibled souls that we nightly impossibilise, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost, Very God, Lord and Giver of Life? For, sirs, our lust is brief. We are means } to those small creatures within us } and nature has other ends } than we.

N2: Then said Dixon junior to Punch Costello } wist he what ends. But he had
230 overmuch drunken } and the best word he could have of him } was that } he would ever dishonest a woman } whoso she were } or wife or maid or leman } if it so fortun'd him } to be delivered of his spleen of lustihead. Whereat Crotthers of Alba Longa } sang young Malachi's praise of that beast the unicorn } how once in the millennium } he cometh by his horn, the other all this while, pricked forward } with their jibes } wherewith they did malice him, witnessing all and several } by saint Foutinus } his engines } that he was able to do } any manner of thing } that lay in man to do.

N3: Thereat } laughed they all right jocundly } only young Stephen } and sir Leopold } which never durst laugh too open } by reason of a strange humour } which he
240 would not bewray } and also } for that he rued } for her that bare } whoso she might be } or wheresoever.

N1: Then spake young Stephen } orgulous of mother Church } that would cast him out of her bosom, of law, of canons, of Lilith, patron of abortions, of bigness wrought by wind of seeds of brightness } or by potency of vampires } mouth to mouth } or, as Virgilius saith, by the influence of the occident } or by the reek of moon-flower } or an she lie with a woman } which her man has but lain with, *effectu secuto*, or peradventure } in her bath } according to the opinions of Averroes and Moses Maimonides.

Stephen Dedalus: At the end of the second month } a human soul is infused } and how in all } our holy mother foldeth ever souls } for God's greater glory } whereas that

earthly mother } which was but a dam to bear beastly } should die by canon } for so 250
saith he } that holdeth the fisherman's seal, even that blessed Peter } on which rock }
was holy church } for all ages } founded.

N2: All they bachelors } then asked of sir Leopold:

All: [MEN] Would thee in like case } so jeopard her person } as risk life } to save
life?

N3: A wariness of mind } he would answer } as fitted all } and, laying hand to
jaw, he said } dissembling, as his wont was, that } as it was informed him, who had ever
loved the art of physic } as might a layman, and agreeing also } with his experience of
so seldom-seen an accident } it was good } for that mother Church } belike at one blow
} had birth and death pence } and in such sort deliverly } he scaped their questions.

Dixon: That is truth, pardy, and, or I err, a pregnant word.

N1: Which hearing } young Stephen was a marvellous glad man } and he averred 260
“he who stealeth from the poor } lendeth to the Lord” for he was of a wild manner }
when he was drunken } and that he was now in that taking } it appeared eft-soons.

Week 15

N2: But sir Leopold was passing grave } maugre his word } by cause he still had
pity } of the terror-causing shrieking of shrill women } in their labour } and as he was
minded of his good lady Marion } that had borne him an only man-child } which on his
eleventh day on live had died } and no man of art could save } so dark is destiny. And
she was wondrous stricken of heart } for that evil hap } and for his burial did him } on
a fair corselet of lamb's wool, the flower of the flock, lest he might perish utterly } and 270
lie akeled (for it was then about the midst of the winter) and now Sir Leopold } that had
of his body no man-child for an heir } looked upon him } his friend's son } and was shut
up in sorrow for his fore-passed happiness } and as sad as he was } that him failed a
son of such gentle courage (for all accounted him of real parts) so grieved he also } in no
less measure } for young Stephen } for that he lived riotously with those wastrels } and
murdered his goods with whores.

Week 16

— [Holinshead] —

N3: About that present time } young Stephen filled all cups that stood empty }
so as there remained but little mo } if the prudenter had not shadowed their approach }
from him that still plied it very busily } who, praying for the intentions } of the sovereign 280
pontiff:

Stephen Dedalus: I give ye for a pledge } the vicar of Christ } which also is vicar of Bray. Now drink we of this mazer } and quaff ye this mead } which is not indeed } parcel of my body } but my soul's bodiment. Leave ye fraction of bread to them } that live by bread alone. Be not afeard } neither for any want } for this will comfort } more than the other will dismay. See ye here.

N1: And he showed them } glistening coins of the tribute } and goldsmith notes the worth of two pound nineteen shilling } that he had, he said, for a song which he writ. They all admired to see the foresaid riches } in such dearth of money } as was here-before. His words were then these } as followeth:

290 **Stephen Dedalus:** Know all men, time's ruins build eternity's mansions. What means this? Desire's wind blasts the thorn-tree } but after } it becomes from a bramble-bush to be a rose } upon the rood of time. Mark me now. In woman's womb } word is made flesh } but in the spirit of the maker } all flesh that passes } becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is the post-creation. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. No question } but her name is puissant } who aventried the dear corse of our Agenbuyer, Healer and Herd, our mighty mother and mother most venerable } and Bernardus saith aptly } that She hath an *omnipotentiam deiparae supplicem*, that is } to wit, an almightiness of petition } because she is the second Eve } and she won us, saith Augustine too, whereas
300 that other, our grandam, which we are linked up with } by successive anastomosis } of navel-cords } sold us all, seed, breed and generation, for a penny pippin. But here is the matter now. Or she knew him, that second I say, and was } but creature of her creature, *vergine madre, figlia di tuo figlio*, } or she knew him not } and then stands she } in the one denial or ignorancy } with Peter Piscator } who lives in the house that Jack built } and with Joseph the joiner } patron of the happy demise of all unhappy marriages, *parceque M. Leo Taxil nous a dit que } qui l'avait mise } dans cette fichue position } c'était le sacre pigeon, ventre de Dieu! Entweder tran-substantiality oder con-substantiality } but in no case } sub-substantiality.*

N2: And all cried out upon it:

All: A very scurvy word!

310 **Stephen Dedalus:** A pregnancy without joy, a birth without pangs, a body without blemish, a belly without bigness. Let the lewd } with faith and fervour } worship. With will } will we with-stand, with-say.

Week 17

N3: Hereupon } Punch Costello dinged with his fist upon the board } and would sing a bawdy catch } *Staboo Stabella* } about a wench that was put in pod } of a jolly swashbuckler in Almaney } which he did straight-ways now attack:

Punch: *The first three months } she was not well, staboo.*

N1: When here } nurse Quigley from the door } angerly bid them:

Nurse Quigley: Hist } ye should shame you } nor was it not meet } as I remembered you being.

N2: Her mind was to have all orderly } against lord Andrew came } for because 320 she was jealous } that no gasteful turmoil might shorten } the honour of her guard. It was an ancient and a sad matron } of a sedate look and christian walking, in habit dun } beseeming her megrims and wrinkled visage.

N3: Nor did her hortative want of it effect } for incontinently Punch Costello was of them all embraided } and they reclaimed the churl } with civil rudeness some } and shook him with menace of blandishments others } whiles they all chode with him:

Lynch: A murrain seize the dolt!

Madden: What a devil } thee would be at!

Crotthers: Thou chuff!

Dixon: Thou puny!

Lenehan: Thou got in pease-straw!

Lynch: Thou losel!

Madden: Thou chitterling!

Crotthers: Thou spawn of a rebel!

Lenehan: Thou dyke-dropt!

Dixon: Thou abortion thou!

Stephen Dedalus: Shut up thy drunken drool out of that } like a curse of God ape! 330

N1: The good sir Leopold } that had for his cognisance } the flower of quiet, margerain gentle, advising also } the time's occasion as most sacred } and most worthy to be most sacred. In Horne's house } rest should reign.

Week 18

— [Milton, Hooker] —

N2: To be short } this passage was scarce by } when Master Dixon of Mary in Eccles, goodly grinning, asked young Stephen:

Dixon: What was the reason } why thou hast not cided } to take friar's vows?

Stephen Dedalus: Obedience in the womb, chastity in the tomb } but involuntary poverty all mine days.

N₃: Master Lenehan at this } made return } that he had heard of those nefarious deeds.

Lenehan: And how, as I heard hereof counted, thou hast besmirched the lily virtue
340 of a confiding female } which was corruption of minors.

N₁: And they all intershowed it too, waxing merry and toasting:

All: [*MEN*] To thy fathership!

Stephen Dedalus: But it was clean contrary to your suppose } for I am the eternal son and ever virgin.

N₂: Thereat } mirth grew in them the more } and they rehearsed to him } his curious rite of wedlock } for the disrobing and deflowering of spouses, as the priests use in Madagascar island, she to be in guise of white and saffron, her groom in white and grain, with burning of nard and tapers, on a bride-bed } while clerks sung kyries } and the anthem } *Ut novetur sexus omnis corporis mysterium* } till she was there } unmaided.

N₃: He gave them then } a much admirable hymen minim } by those delicate poets
350 Master John Fletcher and Master Francis Beaumont } that is in their *Maid's Tragedy* } that was writ for a like twining of lovers: *To bed, to bed* was the burden of it } to be played with accompanable concert } upon the virginals.

Stephen Dedalus: An exquisite dulcet epithalame } of most mollificative suadency } for juveniles amatory } whom the odoriferous flambeaus of the paranympths } have escorted to the quadrupedal proscenium of connubial communion.

Dixon: Well met they were, joyed, but, harkee, young sir, better were they named Beau Mount and Lecher } for, by my troth, of such a mingling, much might come.

Stephen Dedalus: To my best remembrance } they had but the one doxy between them } and she of the stews } to make shift with } in delights amorous } for life ran very
360 high in those days } and the custom of the country } approved with it. Greater love than this } no man hath } that a man lay down his wife } for his friend. Go thou and do likewise. Thus, or words to that effect, saith Zarathustra, sometime regius professor of French letters } to the university of Oxtail } nor breathed there ever that man } to whom mankind was more beholden. Bring a stranger within thy tower } it will go hard } but thou wilt have the second-best bed. *Orate, fratres, pro memetipso*. And all the people shall say, Amen. Remember, Erin, thy generations and thy days of old, how thou settedst } little by me and by my word } and broughtdst in a stranger to my gates } to commit

fornication in my sight } and to wax fat and kick like Jeshurum. Therefore } hast thou 370
sinned against my light } and hast made me, thy lord, to be the slave of servants.

Stephen Dedalus: And as no man knows } the ubicity of his tumulus } nor to what
processes we shall thereby be ushered } nor whether to Tophet or to Edenville } in the
like way } is all hidden } when we would backward see } from what region of remoteness
} the what-ness of our who-ness } hath fetched his whence-ness. 400

N1: Thereto } Punch Costello roared out mainly } *Étienne chanson* } but he loudly
bid them. Week 19

Stephen Dedalus: Lo, wisdom hath built herself a house, this vast majestic long-
established vault, the crystal palace of the Creator, all in apple-pie order, a penny for him
} who finds the pea.

Stephen Dedalus: *Behold the mansion reared by dedal Jack
See the malt stored in many a refluent sack,
In the proud cirque of Jack-john's bivouac.*

Week 20

— [Burton, Browne] —

[THUNDER]

N2: A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled back. Loud on left }
Thor thundered: in anger awful } the hammer-hurler. Came now the storm } that hist
his heart. 410

Lynch: Have a care } to flout and wit-wanton } as the god self is angered } for your
hell-prate and paganry.

N3: And he } that had erst challenged to be so doughty } waxed wan } as they
might all mark } and shrank together } and his pitch that was before so haught uplift }
was now of a sudden } quite plucked down } and his heart shook within the cage of his
breast } as he tasted the rumour of that storm. Then did some mock } and some jeer }
and Punch Costello fell hard again to his yale } which Master Lenehan vowed he would
do after } and he was indeed } but a word and a blow } on any the least colour. But the
braggart boaster cried:

Stephen Dedalus: An old Nobo-daddy } is in his cups } it is much-what indifferent
} and I shall not lag behind his lead. 420

N1: But this was only to dye his desperation } as cowed } he crouched in Horne's
hall. He drank indeed at one draught } to pluck up a heart of any grace } for it thundered
long rumblingly } over all the heavens } so that Master Madden, being godly certain

whiles, knocked him on his ribs } upon that crack of doom } and Master Bloom, at the braggart's side, spoke to him } calming words } to slumber his great fear

Bloom: It was no other thing } but a hubbub noise } that you heard, the discharge of fluid from the thunderhead, look you, having taken place, and all of the order } of a natural phenomenon.

Week 21

– [Bunyan] –

N2: But was young Boast-hard's fear } vanquished by Calmer's words? No, for he
430 had in his bosom } a spike named Bitterness } which could not by words } be done away.
And was he then } neither calm like the one } nor godly like the other? He was neither
} as much as he would have liked to be either. But could he not } have endeavoured to
have found again } as in his youth } the bottle Holiness } that then he lived withal?

N3: Indeed no } for Grace was not there } to find that bottle. Heard he then
} in that clap } the voice of the god Bring-forth } or, what Calmer said, a hubbub of
Phenomenon? Heard? Why, he could not but hear } unless he had plugged him up } the
tube Understanding (which he had not done). For through that tube } he saw that he was
in the land of Phenomenon } where he must for a certain } one day die } as he was like
440 the rest too } a passing show. And would he not } accept to die } like the rest } and pass
away?

N1: By no means would he } though he must } nor would he make more shows }
according as men do with wives } which Phenomenon has commanded them to do } by
the book Law. Then wotted he } nought of that other land } which is called Believe-on-
Me, that is the land of promise } which behoves to the king Delightful } and shall be for
ever } where there is no death and no birth } neither wiving nor mothering } at which
all shall come } as many as believe on it?

N2: Yes, Pious had told him } of that land } and Chaste had pointed him } to the
way } but the reason was } that in the way } he fell in with a certain whore } of an
450 eye-pleasing exterior } whose name, she said, is Bird-in-the-Hand } and she beguiled
him wrong-ways } from the true path } by her flatteries } that she said to him } as, Ho,
you pretty man, turn aside hither } and I will show you a brave place, and she lay at him
so flatteringly } that she had him in her grot } which is named Two-in-the-Bush } or, by
some learned, Carnal Concupiscence.

Week 22

N3: This was it } what all that company that sat there } at commons in Manse
of Mothers } the most lusted after } and if they met with this whore Bird-in-the-Hand
(which was within all foul plagues, monsters and a wicked devil) they would strain the

last } but they would make at her } and know her. For regarding Believe-on-Me } they
said it was nought else but notion } and they could conceive no thought of it. 460

N1 : For, First-, Two-in-the-Bush } whither she ticed them } was the very goodliest
grot } and in it were four pillows } on which were four tickets } with these words printed
on them, Pick-a-back and Topsy-turvy and Shame-face and Cheek by Jowl.

N2 : And, second, for that foul plague } Allpox and the monsters } they cared not
for them } for Preservative had given them } a stout shield of oxen-gut }

N3 : and, third, that they might take no hurt } neither from Offspring } that was
that wicked devil } by virtue of this same shield } which was named Kill-child.

N2 : So were they all } in their blind fancy, Mr Cavil and Mr Sometimes Godly, Mr
Ape Swill-ale, Mr False Franklin, Mr Dainty Dixon, Young Boast-hard and Mr Cautious
Calmer.

N1 : Wherein, O wretched company, were ye all deceived } for that was the voice 470
of the god } that was in a very grievous rage } that he would presently lift his arm up }
and spill their souls } for their abuses } and their spillings done by them } contrariwise
to his word } which forth } to bring brenningly biddeth.

Week 23

– [Evelyn, Pepys] –

N1 : So Thursday sixteenth June } Patrick Dignam laid in clay } of an apoplexy } and
after hard drought, please God, rained, } a bargeman coming in by water } a fifty mile
or thereabout } with turf } saying the seed won't sprout, fields athirst, very sad-coloured
and stunk mightily, the quags and tofts too. Hard to breathe } and all the young quicks }
clean consumed without sprinkle } this long while back } as no man remembered to be
without. The rosy buds all gone brown } and spread out blobs } and on the hills } nought 480
but dry flag and faggots } that would catch at first fire. All the world saying, for aught
they knew, the big wind of last February } a year that did havoc the land so pitifully } a
small thing beside this barrenness.

N2 : But by and by, as said, this evening after sundown, the wind sitting in the west,
biggish swollen clouds to be seen } as the night increased } and the weather-wise poring
up at them } and some sheet lightnings at first } and after, past ten of the clock, one
great stroke with a long thunder } and in a brace of shakes } all scamper pell-mell within
door } for the smoking shower, the men making shelter for their straws } with a clout or
kerchief, womenfolk skipping off with kirtles catched up } soon as the pour came.

N3 : In Ely place, Baggot street, Duke's lawn, thence through Merrion green } up to 490
Holles street } a swash of water flowing } that was before bone-dry } and not one chair

or coach or fiacre seen about } but no more crack after that first. Over against the Right Honourable Mr Justice Fitzgibbon's door (that is to sit with Mr Healy the lawyer } upon the college lands), Mal. Mulligan } a gentleman's gentleman } that had but come from Mr Moore's the writer's (that was a papish } but is now, folk say, a good Williamite) chanced against Alec. Bannon } in a cut bob (which are now in with dance cloaks of Kendal green) that was new got to town from Mullingar } with the stage } where his coz and Mal. M's brother } will stay a month yet } till Saint Swithin } and asks } what in the earth he does
500 there, he bound home } and he to Andrew Horne's being stayed } for to crush a cup of wine, so he said, but would tell him } of a skittish heifer, big of her age and beef to the heel, and all this } while poured with rain } and so both together } on to Horne's.

N1: There } Leop. Bloom of Crawford's journal } sitting snug with a covey of wags, likely brangling fellows, Dixon junior, scholar of my lady of Mercy's; Vin. Lynch; a Scots fellow; Will. Madden; T. Lenehan, very sad about a racer he fancied; and Stephen D. } Leop. Bloom there for a languor he had } but was now better, be having dreamed tonight } a strange fancy of his dame } Mrs Moll with red slippers on } in a pair of Turkey trunks
510 } which is thought by those in ken } to be for a change } and Mistress Purefoy there, that got in } through pleading her belly, and now on the stools, poor body, two days past her term, the midwives sore put to it } and can't deliver, she queasy for a bowl of ric-eslop } that is a shrewd drier up of the insides } and her breath very heavy } more than good } and should be a bully-boy } from the knocks, they say, but God give her soon } issue.

N2: 'Tis her ninth chick to live, I hear, and Lady day } bit off her last chick's nails } that was then a twelve-month } and with other three all breastfed } that died } written out in a fair hand } in the king's bible. Her hub } fifty odd and a methodist } but takes the sacrament } and is to be seen any fair sabbath } with a pair of his boys } off Bullock
520 harbour } dapping on the sound } with a heavy-braked reel } or in a punt he has } trailing for flounder and pollock } and catches a fine bag, I hear.

N3: In sum } an infinite great fall of rain } and all refreshed } and will much increase the harvest } yet those in ken say } after wind and water } fire shall come } for a prognostication of Malachi's almanac (and I hear } that Mr Russell has done a prophetic charm of the same gist } out of the Hindustanish } for his farmer's gazette) to have three things in all } but this a mere fetch } without bottom of reason } for old crones and bairns } yet sometimes they are found in the right guess } with their queerities } no telling how.

Week 24

— [Defoe] —

530 N1: With this } came up Lenehan } to the feet of the table } to say how the letter } was in that night's gazette } and he made a show } to find it about him (for he swore

with an oath } that he had been at pains about it) but on Stephen's persuasion } he gave over the search } and was bidden to sit near by } which he did } mighty brisk.

N2 : He was a kind of sport gentleman } that went for a merry-andrew or honest pickle } and what belonged of women, horseflesh or hot scandal } he had it pat. To tell the truth } he was mean in fortunes } and for the most part } hankered about the coffee-houses and low taverns } with crimps, ostlers, bookies, Paul's men, ...

N3 : runners, flat-caps, waist-coat-eers, ladies of the bagnio } and other rogues of the game } or with a chanceable catch-pole } or a tip-staff } often at nights } till broad day } of whom he picked up } between his sack-possets } much loose gossip. 540

N1 : He took his ordinary at a boiling-cook's } and if he had but gotten into him } a mess of broken victuals } or a platter of tripes } with a bare tester in his purse } he could always bring himself off } with his tongue, some randy quip he had } from a punk or whatnot } that every mother's son of them } would burst their sides.

N2 : The other, Costello that is, hearing this talk } asked:

Punch : Is it poetry or a tale?

Lenehan : Faith, no, Frank, 'tis all about Kerry cows } that are to be butchered } along of the plague. But they can go hang, for me } with their bully beef, a pox on it. There's as good fish in this tin } as ever came out of it.

N3 : And very friendly } he offered to take } of some salty sprats that stood by } which he had eyed wishly } in the meantime } and found the place } which was indeed 550 the chief design of his embassy } as he was sharpset.

Punch : *Mort aux vaches.*

N1 : Says Frank then } in the French language } that had been indentured to a brandy-shipper } that has a wine-lodge in Bordeaux } and he spoke French like a gentleman too. From a child } this Frank had been a do-nought } that his father, a head-borough, who could ill keep him to school } to learn his letters } and the use of the globes, matriculated at the university } to study the mechanics } but he took the bit between his teeth } like a raw colt } and was more familiar } with the justiciary } and the parish beadle } than with his volumes.

N2 : One time } he would be a play-actor, then a sutler } or a welsher, then nought would keep him from the bear-pit } and the cocking main, then he was for the ocean sea 560 } or to hoof it on the roads with the romany folk, kidnapping a squire's heir } by favour of moonlight } or fecking maids' linen } or choking chicken behind a hedge. He had been off } as many times as a cat has lives } and back again with naked pockets as many more } to his father the head-borough } who shed a pint of tears } as often as he saw him.

Bloom: What, will they slaughter all? I protest } I saw them but this day morning
} going to the Liverpool boats. I can scarce believe 'tis so bad.

570 **N3:** And he had experience } of the like } brood beasts } and of springers, greasy
hoggets } and wether wool, having been some years before } actuary for Mr Joseph
Cuffe, a worthy sales-master } that drove his trade for live stock and meadow auctions }
hard by Mr Gavin Low's yard } in Prussia street.

Bloom: I question with you there. More like } 'tis the hoose or the timber tongue.

N1: Mr Stephen, a little moved } but very handsomely told him } no such matter }
and that he had dispatches } from the emperor's chief tail-tickler } thanking him for the
hospitality, that was sending over Doctor Rinder-pest, the best-quoted cow-catcher in all
Muscovy, with a bolus or two of physic } to take the bull by the horns.

Lynch: Come, come, plain dealing. He'll find himself } on the horns of a dilemma }
if he meddles with a bull that's Irish.

580 **Stephen Dedalus:** Irish by name } and Irish by nature. An Irish bull } in an English
china-shop.

Dixon: I conceive you. It is that same bull } that was sent to our island } by farmer
Nicholas, the bravest cattle-breeder of them all, with an emerald ring in his nose.

Lynch: True for you, and a bullseye into the bargain, and a plumper and a portlier
bull, never shit on shamrock. He had horns galore, a coat of cloth of gold } and a sweet
smoky breath coming out of his nostrils } so that the women of our island, leaving dough-
balls and rolling-pins, followed after him } hanging his bulliness in daisy-chains.

590 **Dixon:** What for that, but before he came over } farmer Nicholas that was a eunuch
} had him properly gelded } by a college of doctors } who were no better off than himself.
So be off now, says he, and do all } my cousin german the lord Harry } tells you } and
take a farmer's blessing, and with that } he slapped his posteriors very soundly.

Lynch: But the slap and the blessing } stood him friend, for to make up } he taught
him a trick } worth two of the other } so that maid, wife, abbess and widow } to this day
affirm } that they would rather } any time of the month } whisper in his ear } in the dark
of a cowhouse } or get a lick on the nape } from his long holy tongue } than lie with the
finest strapping young ravisher } in the four fields of all Ireland.

600 **Madden:** And they dressed him, in a point shift and petticoat } with a tippet and
girdle } and ruffles on his wrists } and clipped his forelock } and rubbed him all over }
with spermacetic oil } and built stables for him } at every turn of the road } with a gold
manger in each } full of the best hay in the market } so that he could doss and dung } to

his heart's content. By this time } the father of the faithful (for so they called him) was grown so heavy } that he could scarce walk to pasture. To remedy which } our cozening dames and damsels } brought him his fodder } in their apron-laps } and as soon as his belly was full } he would rear up on his hindquarters } to show their ladyships a mystery } and roar and bellow out of him } in bulls' language } and they all } after him.

Lenehan : Ay, and so pampered was he } that he would suffer nought to grow } in all the land } but green grass for himself (for that was the only colour } to his mind) 610 and there was a board put up } on a hillock } in the middle of the island } with a printed notice, saying: By the Lord Harry, Green is the grass } that grows on the ground.

Dixon : And, if ever he got scent } of a cattle-raider in Roscommon } or the wilds of Connemara } or a husbandman in Sligo } that was sowing } as much as a handful of mustard } or a bag of rapeseed } out he'd run amok } over half the countryside } rooting up with his horns } whatever was planted } and all } by lord Harry's orders.

Lynch : There was bad blood between them } at first, and the lord Harry called } farmer Nicholas all the old Nicks in the world } and an old whoremaster } that kept 620 seven trulls in his house } and I'll meddle in his matters, says he. I'll make that animal smell hell, says he, with the help of that good pizzle } my father left me.

Dixon : But one evening, when the lord Harry } was cleaning his royal pelt } to go to dinner } after winning a boat-race (he had spade oars for himself } but the first rule of the course } was that the others } were to row with pitchforks) he discovered in himself } a wonderful likeness to a bull } and on picking up a black-thumbed chapbook } that he kept in the pantry } he found sure enough } that he was a left-handed descendant } of the famous champion bull of the Romans, *Bos Bovum*, which is good bog Latin } for boss of the show.

Lynch : After that, the lord Harry put his head } into a cow's drinking-trough } 630 in the presence of all his courtiers } and pulling it out again } told them all } his new name. Then, with the water running off him, he got into an old smock and skirt } that had belonged to his grandmother } and bought a grammar of the bulls' language } to study } but he could never learn a word of it } except the first personal pronoun } which he copied out big } and got off by heart } and if ever he went out for a walk } he filled his pockets with chalk } to write it upon what took his fancy, the side of a rock } or a tea-house table } or a bale of cotton } or a cork-float. In short, he and the bull of Ireland } were soon as fast friends } as an arse and a shirt.

Stephen Dedalus : They were, and the end was } that the men of the island } seeing no help was toward, as the ungrate women were all of one mind, made a wherry 640 raft, loaded themselves and their bundles of chattels on shipboard, set all masts erect,

manned the yards, sprang their luff, heaved to, spread three sheets in the wind, put her head between wind and water, weighed anchor, ported her helm, ran up the jolly Roger, gave three times three, let the bullgine run, pushed off in their bumboat } and put to sea } to recover the main of America.

Lynch : Which was the occasion, of the composing } by a boatswain } of that rollicking chanty:

Lynch : *Pope Peter's but a pissabed.*

650 *A man's a man for a' that.*

Week 25

— [Addison, Steele] —

[ENTER MULLIGAN AND BANNON]

N2 : Our worthy acquaintance } Mr Malachi Mulligan [BOWS] } now appeared in the doorway } as the students were finishing their apologue } accompanied with a friend } whom he had just rencountered, a young gentleman, his name } Alec Bannon [BOWS], who had late come to town, it being his intention } to buy a colour } or a cornetcy in the fencibles } and list for the wars.

N3 : Mr Mulligan was civil enough } to express some relish of it } all the more } as it jumped with a project of his own } for the cure of the very evil } that had been touched on. Whereat } he handed round to the company } a set of pasteboard cards } which he had had printed } that day at Mr Quinnell's } bearing a legend } printed in fair italics:
660 *Mr Malachi Mulligan. Fertiliser and Incubator. Lambay Island.* His project, as he went on to expound, was to withdraw } from the round of idle pleasures } such as form the chief business } of sir Fopling Popinjay and sir Milksop Quidnunc } in town } and to devote himself } to the noblest task } for which our bodily organism has been framed.

Dixon : Well, let us hear of it, good my friend. I make no doubt } it smacks of wenching. Come, be seated, both. 'Tis as cheap } sitting as standing.

N1 : Mr Mulligan accepted of the invitation } and, expatiating upon his design, told his hearers } that he had been led into this thought } by a consideration of the causes of sterility.

Mulligan : Both the inhibitory and the prohibitory, whether the inhibition } in its
670 turn } are due to conjugal vexations } or to a parsimony of the balance } as well as } whether the prohibition proceeds from defects congenital } or from proclivities acquired. It grieves me plaguily, to see the nuptial couch } defrauded of its dearest pledges: and to reflect upon } so many agreeable females with rich jointures, a prey to the vilest bonzes, who hide their flambeau under a bushel } in an uncongenial cloister } or lose their

womanly bloom } in the embraces of some unaccountable muskin } when they might multiply the inlets of happiness, sacrificing the inestimable jewel of their sex } when a hundred pretty fellows were at hand to caress, } this, I assure you, makes my heart weep. To curb this inconvenient, having advised with certain counsellors of worth } 680 and inspected into this matter, I have resolved } to purchase in fee simple for ever } the freehold of Lambay island from its holder, lord Talbot de Malahide, a Tory gentleman of note } much in favour with our ascendancy party. I propose to set up there } a national fertilising farm } to be named *Omphalos* } with an obelisk hewn and erected } after the fashion of Egypt } and to offer my dutiful yeoman services } for the fecundation of any female } of what grade of life soever } who should there direct to me } with the desire of fulfilling the functions } of her natural. Money is no object, nor will I take a penny for my pains. The poorest kitchen-wench } no less than the opulent lady of fashion, if so be 690 their constructions } and their tempers were warm persuaders for their petitions, would find } in me } their man.

N2: For his nutriment } he showed how he would feed himself } exclusively upon a diet } of savoury tubercles and fish and coney's there, the flesh of these latter prolific rodents } being highly recommended for his purpose, both broiled and stewed } with a blade of mace } and a pod or two of capsicum chillies.

N3: After this homily } which he delivered with much warmth of asseveration } Mr Mulligan in a trice } put off from his hat } a kerchief with which } he had shielded it. They both, it seems, had been overtaken by the rain } and for all their mending their pace } had taken water, as might be observed } by Mr Mulligan's small-clothes of a hodden 700 grey } which was now somewhat piebald. His project meanwhile } was very favourably entertained by his auditors } and won hearty eulogies from all } though Mr Dixon of Mary's } excepted to it, asking with a finicking air } did he purpose also } to carry coals to Newcastle.

N1: Mr Mulligan however } made court to the scholarly } by an apt quotation from the classics } which, as it dwelt upon his memory, seemed to him } a sound and tasteful support of his contention:

Mulligan: *Talis ac tanta depravatio hujus seculi, O quirites, ut matresfamiliarum nostrae lascivas cujuslibet semiviri libici titillationes testibus ponderosis atque excelsis erectionibus centurionum Romanorum magnopere anteponunt.*

N2: While for those of ruder wit } he drove home his point } by analogies of the animal kingdom } more suitable to their stomach, the buck and doe of the forest glade, the farmyard drake and duck. 710

Week 26

N3: Valuing himself not a little } upon his elegance, being indeed } a proper man of person, this talkative } now applied himself to his dress } with animadversions of some heat } upon the sudden whimsy of the atmospherics } while the company lavished their encomiums } upon the project he had advanced. The young gentleman, his friend, overjoyed as he was } at a passage that had late befallen him, could not forbear to tell it } his nearest neighbour.

N1: Mr Mulligan, now perceiving the table, asked for whom } were those loaves and fishes and, seeing the stranger, he made him a civil bow } and said:

Mulligan: [*TO BLOOM*] Pray, sir, is you in need } of any professional assistance } we could give?

N2: Who, upon his offer, thanked him very heartily, though preserving his proper distance, and replied that:

Bloom: I am come here about a lady, now an inmate of Horne's house, that is in an interesting condition, poor body, from woman's woe [*SIGHS*] } to know if her happiness } has yet taken place.

N3: Mr Dixon, to turn the table, took on } to ask of Mr Mulligan himself:

Dixon: Whether your incipient ventripotence } betokens an ovoblastic gestation } in the prostatic utricle or male womb, or is due, as with the noted physician, Mr Austin Meldon, to a wolf in the stomach?

N1: For answer } Mr Mulligan, in a gale of laughter at his smalls, smote himself bravely below the diaphragm, exclaiming with an admirable droll mimic of Mother Grogan (the most excellent creature of her sex } though 'tis pity she's a trollop):

Mulligan: There's a belly } that never bore a bastard.

N2: This was so happy a conceit } that it renewed the storm of mirth } and threw the whole room } into the most violent agitations of delight. The spry rattle had run on } in the same vein of mimicry } but for some larum in the antechamber.

Week 27

— [*Sterne*] —

N3: Here the listener } who was none other than the Scotch student, a little fume of a fellow, blond as tow, congratulated in the liveliest fashion } with the young gentleman } and, interrupting the narrative at a salient point, having desired his vis-a-vis with a polite beck } to have the obligingness } to pass him a flagon of cordial waters } at the same time } by a questioning poise of the head (a whole century of polite breeding } had not achieved so nice a gesture) to which } was united an equivalent but contrary balance

of the bottle } asked the narrator } as plainly as was ever done in words } if he might treat him } with a cup of it.

Bannon : *Mais bien sûr*, noble stranger, *et mille compliments*. That you may } and very opportunely. There wanted nothing } but this cup to crown my felicity. But, gracious heaven, was I left } with but a crust in my wallet } and a cupful of water from the well, my God, I would accept of them } and find it in my heart } to kneel down upon } 750 the ground } and give thanks to the powers above } for the happiness vouchsafed me } by the Giver of good things.

N1 : With these words } he approached the goblet to his lips, took a complacent draught of the cordial, slicked his hair } and, opening his bosom, out popped a locket } that hung from a silk riband, that very picture } which he had cherished } ever since her hand } had wrote therein. Gazing upon those features } with a world of tenderness:

Bannon : Ah, Monsieur, had you but beheld her } as I did } with these eyes } at that affecting instant } with her dainty tucker } and her new coquette cap (a gift for her feast-day } as she told me prettily) in such an artless disorder, of so melting a tenderness, 'pon my conscience, even you, Monsieur, had been impelled by generous nature } to } 760 deliver yourself wholly into the hands of such an enemy } or to quit the field for ever. I declare, I was never so touched in all my life. God, I thank thee, as the Author of my days! Thrice happy will he be } whom so amiable a creature } will bless with her favours.

N2 : A sigh of affection } gave eloquence to these words } and, having replaced the locket in his bosom, he wiped his eye } and sighed again.

Bannon : Beneficent Disseminator of blessings } to all Thy creatures, how great and universal must be } that sweetest of Thy tyrannies } which can hold in thrall } the free and the bond, the simple swain } and the polished coxcomb, the lover in the heyday of reckless passion } and the husband of maturer years. But indeed, sir, I wander from the point. How mingled and imperfect } are all our sublunary joys. Maledicity! [EXCLAIMED } 770 IN ANGUISH] Would to God } that foresight had but remembered me } to take my cloak along! I could weep } to think of it. Then, though it had poured seven showers, we were neither of us } a penny the worse. But beshrew me, [CLAPPING HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD] tomorrow will be a new day } and, thousand thunders, I know of a *marchand de capotes*, Monsieur Poyntz, from whom I can have } for a *livre* } as snug a cloak of the French fashion } as ever kept a lady from wetting.

N3 : Tut, tut! cries Le Fecondateur, tripping in.

Mulligan : My friend Monsieur Moore, that most accomplished traveller (I have just cracked a half bottle *avec lui* } in a circle of the best wits of the town), is my authority } 780

∫ that in Cape Horn, *ventre biche*, they have a rain ∫ that will wet through any, even the stoutest cloak. A drenching of that violence, he tells me, *sans blague*, has sent more than one luckless fellow ∫ in good earnest ∫ posthaste to another world.

Lynch: Pooh! A *livre*! The clumsy things are dear at a sou. One umbrella, were it no bigger than a fairy mushroom, is worth ten such stopgaps. No woman of any wit ∫ would wear one. My dear Kitty told me today ∫ that she would dance in a deluge ∫ before ever she would starve ∫ in such an ark of salvation ∫ for, as she reminded me (blushing piquantly and whispering in my ear ∫ though there was none to snap her words ∫ but
790 giddy butterflies), dame Nature, by the divine blessing, has implanted it in our hearts ∫ and it has become a household word ∫ that *il y a deux choses* for which ∫ the innocence of our original garb, in other circumstances ∫ a breach of the proprieties, is the fittest, nay, the only garment. The first, said she (and here my pretty philosopher, as I handed her to her tilbury, to fix my attention, gently tipped with her tongue ∫ the outer chamber of my ear), the first ∫ is a bath....

N1: But at this point ∫ a bell tinkling in the hall ∫ cut short a discourse ∫ which promised so bravely ∫ for the enrichment of our store of knowledge.

Week 28

– [Goldsmith] –

N2: Amid the general vacant hilarity of the assembly ∫ a bell rang ∫ and, while
800 all were conjecturing ∫ what might be the cause, Miss Callan entered ∫ and, having spoken a few words in a low tone to young Mr Dixon, retired with a profound bow to the company.

N3: The presence ∫ even for a moment ∫ among a party of debauchees ∫ of a woman endowed with every quality of modesty ∫ and not less severe than beautiful ∫ refrained the humourous sallies ∫ even of the most licentious ∫ but her departure ∫ was the signal for an outbreak of ribaldry.

Punch: Strike me silly,

N1: said Costello, a low fellow ∫ who was fuddled.

Punch: A monstrous fine bit of cow-flesh! I'll be sworn ∫ she has rendezvoused you. What, you dog? Have you a way with them?

Lynch: Gad's bud, immensely so. The bedside manner it is ∫ that they use in the
810 Mater hospice. Demme, does not Doctor O'Gargle ∫ chuck the nuns there under the chin. As I look to be saved ∫ I had it from my Kitty ∫ who has been ward-maid there ∫ any time these seven months. Lawks-a-mercy, doctor, [*FEIGNING A WOMANISH SIMPER* ∫ AND

WITH IMMODEST SQUIRMINGS OF HIS BODY] how you do tease a body! Drat the man! Bless me, I'm all of a wibbly wobbly. Why, you're as bad } as dear little Father Cant-e-kiss-em, that you are!

Punch: May this pot of four } half choke me, if she aint in the family way. I knows a lady } what's got a white swelling } quick as I claps eyes on her.

N2: The young surgeon, however, rose } and begged the company to excuse his retreat } as the nurse had just then informed him } that he was needed in the ward. 820
Merciful providence had been pleased } to put a period to the sufferings } of the lady who was *enceinte* } which she had borne with a laudable fortitude } and she had given birth } to a bouncing boy.

Dixon: I want patience, with those who, without wit to enliven } or learning to instruct, revile an ennobling profession } which, saving the reverence due to the Deity, is the greatest power for happiness upon the earth. I am positive } when I say that } if need were } I could produce a cloud of witnesses } to the excellence of her noble exercitations } which, so far from being a byword, should be a glorious incentive } in the human breast. I cannot away with them. What? Malign such an one, the amiable Miss Callan, who is 830
the lustre of her own sex } and the astonishment of ours? And at an instant } the most momentous } that can befall a puny child of clay? Perish the thought! I shudder to think } of the future of a race } where the seeds of such malice have been sown } and where no right reverence is rendered } to mother and maid } in house of Horne.

N3: Having delivered himself of this rebuke } he saluted those present on the by } and repaired to the door. A murmur of approval arose from all } and some were for ejecting the low soaker } without more ado, a design which would have been effected } nor would he have received more than his bare deserts } had he not abridged his transgression } by affirming with a horrid imprecation (for he swore a round hand) that 840
he was as good a son of the true fold } as ever drew breath.

Punch: Stap my vitals, them was always } the sentiments of honest Frank Costello } which I was bred up most particular } to honour thy father and thy mother } that had the best hand to a rolypoly or a hasty pudding } as you ever see } what I always looks back on } with a loving heart.

Week 29

— [Burke] —

N1: To revert to Mr Bloom } who, after his first entry, had been conscious } of some impudent mocks } which he however had borne with } as being the fruits of that age } upon which it is commonly charged } that it knows not pity. The young

sparks, it is true, were as full of extravagancies } as overgrown children: the words of
850 their tumultuary discussions } were difficultly understood } and not often nice: their
testiness and outrageous *mots* } were such that his intellects resiled from: nor were they
scrupulously sensible } of the proprieties } though their fund of strong animal spirits }
spoke in their behalf.

N2 : But the word of Mr Costello } was an unwelcome language for him } for he
nauseated the wretch } that seemed to him } a crop-eared creature } of a misshapen
gibbosity, born out of wedlock } and thrust like a crook-back } toothed and feet first }
into the world, which the dint of the surgeon's pliers in his skull } lent indeed a colour
to, so as to put him in thought } of that missing link of creation's chain } desiderated by
the late ingenious Mr Darwin.

Week 30

— [Sheridan] —

880 **N1 :** Accordingly } he broke his mind to his neighbour, saying that, to express his
notion of the thing, his opinion (who ought not perchance to express one) is:

Bloom : That one must have a cold constitution } and a frigid genius } not to be
rejoiced by this freshest news } of the fruition of her confinement } since she had been
in such pain } through no fault of hers.

N2 : The dressy young blade } said it was her husband's } that put her in that
expectation } or at least it ought to be } unless she were another Ephesian matron.

Crotthers : I must acquaint you,

N3 : said Mr Crotthers, clapping on the table } so as to evoke } a resonant comment
of emphasis.

890 **Crotthers :** Old Glory Allelujurum was round again today, an elderly man with dun-
drearies, preferring through his nose } a request to have word of Wilhelmina, my life, as
he calls her. I bade him hold himself in readiness } for that the event would burst anon.
'Slife, I'll be round with you. I cannot but extol } the virile potency of the old bucko }
that could still } knock another child out of her.

N1 : All fell to praising of it, each after his own fashion, though the same young
blade } held with his former view } that another than her conjugal } had been the man
in the gap, a clerk in orders, a link-boy (virtuous) } or an itinerant vendor of articles }
needed in every household.

Bloom : Singular, [TO HIMSELF]

N2 : communed the guest } with himself.

Bloom : [TO HIMSELF] The wonderfully unequal faculty of metempsychosis } possessed by them, that the puerperal dormitory } and the dissecting theatre } should be the seminaries } of such frivolity, that the mere acquisition of academic titles } should suffice to transform } in a pinch of time } these votaries of levity } into exemplary practitioners 900 of an art } which most men anywise eminent } have esteemed the noblest. But, it is mayhap to relieve the pent-up feelings } that in common oppress them } for I have more than once } observed that birds of a feather } laugh together.

Week 32

— [Gibbon] —

N3 : The news was imparted with a circumspection } recalling the ceremonial usage of the Sublime Porte } by the second female infirmarian } to the junior medical officer in residence, who in his turn } announced to the delegation that an heir had been born. When he had betaken himself } to the women's apartment } to assist at the prescribed ceremony of the afterbirth } in the presence of the secretary of state for domestic affairs } and the members of the privy council, silent in unanimous exhaustion and approbation } the delegates, chafing under the length and solemnity of their vigil } and hoping that the joyful occurrence } would palliate a licence } which the simultaneous absence of 950 abigail and obstetrician } rendered the easier, broke out at once } into a strife of tongues.

N2 : In vain } the voice of Mr Canvasser Bloom was heard } endeavouring to urge, to mollify, to refrain. The moment was too propitious } for the display of that discursiveness } which seemed the only bond of union } among tempers so divergent. Every phase of the situation was successively eviscerated: the prenatal repugnance of uterine brothers, the Caesarean section, posthumity with respect to the father } and, that rarer form, with respect to the mother, ...

N1 : The gravest problems of obstetrics and forensic medicine } were examined with as much animation } as the most popular beliefs } on the state of pregnancy } such as the forbidding to a gravid woman } to step over a country-stile } lest, by her movement, the 980 navel-cord should strangle her creature } and the injunction upon her } in the event of a yearning, ardently and ineffectually entertained, to place her hand } against that part of her person } which long usage has consecrated } as the seat of castigation.

N2 : The abnormalities of hare-lip, breast-mole, supernumerary digits, negro's inkle, strawberry mark and port-wine stain } were alleged by one as a *prima facie* } and natural hypothetical explanation of those swine-headed (the case of Madame Grissel Steevens was not forgotten) or doghaired infants occasionally born. The hypothesis of a plasmic memory, advanced by the Caledonian envoy and worthy } of the metaphysical traditions of the land } he stood for, envisaged in such cases } an arrest of embryonic development 990 } at some stage antecedent to the human.

N₃: An outlandish delegate sustained against both these views, with such heat as almost carried conviction, the theory of copulation between women and the males of brutes, his authority } being his own avouchment } in support of fables } such as that of the Minotaur } which the genius } of the elegant Latin poet } has handed down to us } in the pages of his *Metamorphoses*. The impression made by his words was immediate } but short-lived. It was effaced } as easily as it had been evoked } by an allocution from Mr Candidate Mulligan } in that vein of pleasantry } which none better than he } knew
1000 how to affect, postulating as the supremest object of desire } a nice clean old man.

N₁: Contemporaneously, a heated argument having arisen } between Mr Delegate Madden and Mr Candidate Lynch } regarding the juridical and theological dilemma } created in the event of one Siamese twin predeceasing the other, the difficulty } by mutual consent } was referred to Mr Canvasser Bloom } for instant submittal } to Mr Coadjutor Deacon Dedalus.

N₂: Hitherto silent, whether the better to show } by preternatural gravity } that curious dignity of the garb } with which he was invested } or in obedience to an inward voice, he delivered briefly } and, as some thought, perfunctorily } the ecclesiastical ordinance } forbidding man to put asunder } what God has joined.

Week 33

– [Walpole] –

1010 N₃: But Malachias' tale began to freeze them with horror. He conjured up the scene before them. The secret panel beside the chimney slid back } and in the recess appeared ...Haines! Which of us } did not feel his flesh creep! He had a portfolio full of Celtic literature in one hand, in the other } a phial marked *Poison*. Surprise, horror, loathing were depicted on all faces } while he eyed them with a ghostly grin.

Haines: I anticipated some such reception, [*ELDRITCH LAUGH*] for which, it seems, history is to blame. Yes, it is true. I am the murderer of Samuel Childs. And how I am punished! The inferno has no terrors for me. This is the appearance is on me. Tare and ages, what way would I be resting } at all, [*MUTTERING THICKLY*] and I tramping Dublin
1020 } this while back } with my share of songs } and himself after me } the like of a south } or a bullawurrus? My hell, and Ireland's, is in this life. It is what I tried to obliterate my crime. Distractions, rook-shooting, the Erse language (~~he recited some~~), laudanum (~~he raised the phial to his lips~~), camping out. In vain! His spectre stalks me. Dope is my only hope.... Ah! Destruction! The black panther!

N₃: With a cry } he suddenly vanished } and the panel slid back.

N₂: An instant later } his head appeared in the door opposite } and said:

Haines: Meet me at Westland Row station at ten past eleven.

N3: He was gone. Tears gushed from the eyes of the dissipated host. The seer raised his hand to heaven, murmuring:

Mulligan: The vendetta of Mananaun!

N1: The sage repeated:

Stephen Dedalus: *Lex talionis.* The sentimentalist is he } who would enjoy } 1030
without incurring the immense debtorship } for a thing done.

N3: Malachias, overcome by emotion, ceased.

N1: The mystery was unveiled. Haines was the third brother. His real name was Childs. The black panther was himself } the ghost of his own father. He drank drugs to obliterate. For this relief } much thanks. The lonely house by the graveyard is uninhabited. No soul will live there. The spider pitches her web in the solitude. The nocturnal rat peers from his hole. A curse is on it. It is haunted. Murderer's ground.

Week 34

– [Lamb] –

N3: What is the age } of the soul of man? As she hath the virtue of the chameleon } to change her hue at every new approach, to be gay with the merry } and mournful with the downcast, so too } is her age changeable as her mood. No longer is Leopold, as 1040
he sits there, ruminating, chewing the cud of reminiscence, that staid agent of publicity } and holder of a modest substance in the funds.

N1: A score of years are blown away. He is young Leopold. There, as in a retrospective arrangement, a mirror within a mirror (hey, presto!), he beholdeth himself. That young figure of then } is seen, precociously manly, walking on a nipping morning } from the old house in Clanbrassil street } to the high school, his book-satchel on him bandolier-wise, and in it } a goodly hunk of wheaten loaf, a mother's thought.

N2: Or it is the same figure, a year or so gone over, in his first hard hat (ah, that was a day!), already on the road, a full-fledged traveller for the family firm, equipped with an 1050
order-book, a scented handkerchief (not for show only), his case of bright trinket-ware (alas! a thing now of the past!) and a quiverful of compliant smiles } for this or that half-won housewife } reckoning it out upon her fingertips } or for a budding virgin, shyly acknowledging (but the heart? tell me!) his studied baise-moins. The scent, the smile, but, more than these, the dark eyes and oleaginous address, brought home at dusk-fall } many a commission to the head of the firm, seated with Jacob's pipe } after like labours in the paternal ingle (a meal of noodles, you may be sure, is a-heating), reading through round horned spectacles } some paper } from the Europe of a month before.

1060 N1 : But hey, presto, the mirror is breathed on } and the young knight-errant
recedes, shrivels, dwindles to a tiny speck within the mist. Now he is himself paternal }
and these about him } might be his sons. Who can say? The wise father knows his own
child.

N3 : He thinks of a drizzling night in Hatch street, hard by the bonded stores there,
the first. Together (she is a poor waif, a child of shame, yours and mine and of all } for a
bare shilling and her luck-penny), together } they hear the heavy tread of the watch } as
two raincaped shadows pass the new royal university. Bridie! Bridie Kelly!

1070 N1 : He will never forget the name, ever remember the night: first night, the bride-
night. They are entwined in nethermost darkness, the willer with the willed, and in an
instant (*fiat!*) light shall flood the world.

N2 : Did heart leap to heart? Nay, fair reader. In a breath 'twas done but—hold!
Back! It must not be! In terror } the poor girl flees away } through the murk. She is the
bride of darkness, a daughter of night. She dare not bear } the sunny-golden babe of day.

N3 : No, Leopold. Name and memory solace thee not. That youthful illusion of thy
strength } was taken from thee—and in vain. No son of thy loins } is by thee. There is
none now } to be for Leopold, what Leopold was } for Rudolph.

Week 37

— [Landor] —

1110 N1 : Francis was reminding Stephen of years before } when they had been at school
together } in Conmee's time. He asked about Glaucon, Alcibiades, Pisistratus. Where
were they now? Neither knew.

Stephen Dedalus : You have spoken of the past and its phantoms. Why think of
them? If I call them into life } across the waters of Lethe } will not the poor ghosts }
troop to my call? Who supposes it? I, Bous Stephan-oumenos, bullock-befriending bard,
am lord and giver of their life.

N2 : He encircled his gadding hair } with a coronal of vine-leaves, smiling at Vincent.

1120 Lynch : That answer and those leaves, will adorn you more fitly } when something
more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes } can call your genius father. All who
wish you well } hope this for you. All desire to see you bring forth } the work you
meditate, to acclaim you Stephan-eforos. I heartily wish } you may not fail them.

Lenehan : O no, Vincent. Have no fear. He could not leave his mother } an orphan.

N3 : The young man's face grew dark. All could see } how hard it was for him } to
be reminded of his promise } and of his recent loss. He would have withdrawn from the
feast } had not the noise of voices } allayed the smart.

N1 : Madden had lost five drachmas on Sceptre } for a whim of the rider's name:
Lenehan } as much more. He told them of the race.

Madden : The flag fell } and, huuh! off, scamper, the mare ran out freshly } with
myself up. She was leading the field. All hearts were beating. Even Phyllis could not 1130
contain herself. She waved her scarf } and cried: Huzzah! Sceptre wins! But in the
straight on the run home } when all were in close order } the dark horse Throwaway }
drew level, reached, outstripped her. All was lost now. Phyllis was silent: her eyes were
sad anemones. Juno, she cried, I am undone. But I consoled her } and brought her a
bright casket of gold } in which lay some oval sugarplums } which she partook. A tear
fell: one only.

Lenehan : A whacking fine whip } is W. Lane. Four winners yesterday } and three
today. What rider is like him? Mount him on the camel } or the boisterous buffalo } the
victory in a hack canter } is still his. But let us bear it } as was the ancient wont. Mercy
on the luckless! Poor Sceptre! [SIGHING] She is not the filly } that she was. Never, by 1140
this hand, shall we behold such another. By gad, sir, a queen of them. Do you remember
her, Vincent?

Lynch : I wish you could have seen } my queen today. How young she was and
radiant (Lalage were scarce fair } beside her) in her yellow shoes } and frock of muslin,
I do not know the right name of it. The chestnuts that shaded us } were in bloom: the
air drooped with their persuasive odour } and with pollen floating by us. In the sunny
patches } one might easily have cooked on a stone } a batch of those buns } with Corinth
fruit in them } that Periplipomenes sells in his booth } near the bridge. But she had
nought for her teeth } but the arm } with which I held her } and in that } she nibbled 1150
mischievously } when I pressed too close. A week ago } she lay ill, four days on the
couch, but today } she was free, blithe, mocked at peril. She is more taking then. Her
posies too! Mad romp } that she is, she had pulled her fill } as we reclined together.
And in your ear, my friend, you will not think who met us } as we left the field. Conmee
himself! He was walking by the hedge, reading, I think } a brevier book } with, I doubt
not, a witty letter in it } from Glycera or Chloe } to keep the page. The sweet creature
turned all colours } in her confusion, feigning to reprove a slight disorder in her dress: a
slip of underwood clung there } for the very trees adore her. When Conmee had passed
} she glanced at her lovely echo } in that little mirror she carries. But he had been kind. 1160
In going by } he had blessed us.

Lenehan : The gods too } are ever kind. If I had poor luck with Bass's mare } perhaps
this draught of his } may serve me more propensely.

N3 : He was laying his hand } upon a wine-jar: Malachi saw it } and withheld his
act, pointing to the stranger } and to the scarlet label.

Mulligan: [*WHISPERING*] Warily, preserve a druid silence. His soul is far away. It is as painful perhaps to be awakened from a vision as to be born. Any object, intensely regarded, may be a gate of access to the incorruptible eon of the gods. Do you not think it, Stephen?

1170 **Stephen Dedalus:** Theosophos told me so, whom in a previous existence Egyptian priests initiated into the mysteries of karmic law. The lords of the moon, Theosophos told me, an orange-fiery shipload from planet Alpha of the lunar chain would not assume the etheric doubles and these were therefore incarnated by the ruby-coloured egos from the second constellation.

Week 38

— [*Macauley*] —

N1: However, as a matter of fact though, the preposterous surmise about him being in some description of a doldrums or other or mesmerised which was entirely due to a misconception of the shallowest character, was not the case at all. The individual whose visual organs while the above was going on were at this juncture commencing to exhibit symptoms of animation was as astute if not astuter than any man living and anybody that conjectured the contrary would have found themselves pretty speedily in the wrong shop.

N2: During the past four minutes or thereabouts he had been staring hard at a certain amount of number one Bass bottled by Messrs Bass and Co at Burton-on-Trent which happened to be situated amongst a lot of others right opposite to where he was and which was certainly calculated to attract anyone's remark on account of its scarlet appearance. He was simply and solely, as it subsequently transpired for reasons best known to himself, which put quite an altogether different complexion on the proceedings, after the moment before's observations about boyhood days and the turf, recollecting two or three private transactions of his own which the other two were as mutually innocent of as the babe unborn.

1190

N3: Eventually, however, both their eyes met and as soon as it began to dawn on him that the other was endeavouring to help himself to the thing he involuntarily determined to help him himself and so he accordingly took hold of the neck of the medium-sized glass recipient which contained the fluid sought after and made a capacious hole in it by pouring a lot of it out with, also at the same time, however, a considerable degree of attentiveness in order not to upset any of the beer that was in it about the place.

Week 39

N1: The debate which ensued was in its scope and progress an epitome of the course of life. Neither place nor council was lacking in dignity. The debaters were the

keenest in the land, the theme they were engaged on } the loftiest and most vital. The 1200
high hall of Horne's house } had never beheld an assembly } so representative and so
varied } nor had the old rafters of that establishment } ever listened to a language so
encyclopaedic. A gallant scene in truth } it made.

N2 : Crotthers was there at the foot of the table } in his striking Highland garb,
his face glowing from the briny airs } of the Mull of Galloway. There too, opposite to
him, was Lynch } whose countenance bore already } the stigmata of early depravity
and premature wisdom. Next the Scotchman } was the place assigned to Costello, the
eccentric, while at his side } was seated in stolid repose } the squat form of Madden. The
chair of the resident indeed stood vacant } before the hearth } but on either flank of it 1210
} the figure of Bannon } in explorer's kit of tweed shorts and salted cowhide brogues }
contrasted sharply with the primrose elegance } and town-bred manners } of Malachi
Roland St John Mulligan.

N3 : Lastly } at the head of the board } was the young poet } who found a refuge }
from his labours of pedagogy and metaphysical inquisition } in the convivial atmosphere
of Socratic discussion, while to right and left of him } were accommodated the flippant
prognosticator, fresh from the hippodrome, and that vigilant wanderer, soiled by the dust
of travel and combat } and stained by the mire of an indelible dishonour, but from whose
steadfast and constant heart } no lure or peril or threat or degradation } could ever efface 1220
} the image of that voluptuous loveliness } which the inspired pencil of Lafayette } has
limned for ages yet to come.

Week 40

— [Huxley] —

N1 : It had better be stated } here and now at the outset } that the perverted
transcendentalism } to which Mr S. Dedalus' contentions } would appear to prove him
pretty badly addicted } runs directly counter to accepted scientific methods. Science,
it cannot be too often repeated, deals with tangible phenomena. The man of science }
like the man in the street } has to face hard-headed facts } that cannot be blinked } and
explain them as best he can. There may be, it is true, some questions which science cannot
answer—at present—such as the first problem submitted by Mr L. Bloom } regarding the 1230
future determination of sex.

N2 : Must we accept the view of Empedocles of Trinacria } that the right ovary
(the post-menstrual period, assert others) is responsible for the birth of males } or are
the too long neglected spermatozoa or nemasperms } the differentiating factors } or is
it, as most embryologists incline to opine, such as Culpepper, Spallanzani, Blumenbach,
Lusk, Hertwig, Leopold and Valenti, a mixture of both? This would be tantamount to

a cooperation (one of nature's favourite devices) between the *nisus formativus* of the nemasperm } on the one hand } and on the other } a happily chosen position, *succubitus felix* of the passive element.

1240 **N3:** The other problem raised by the same inquirer } is scarcely less vital: infant mortality. It is interesting because, as he pertinently remarks, we are all born in the same way } but we all die in different ways.

Mulligan: I blame the sanitary conditions } in which our grey-lunged citizens } contract adenoids, pulmonary complaints etc } by inhaling the bacteria which lurk in dust. These factors, and the revolting spectacles offered by our streets, hideous publicity posters, religious ministers of all denominations, mutilated soldiers and sailors, exposed scorbutic car-drivers, the suspended carcasses of dead animals, paranoic bachelors and
1250 unfructified duennas—these are accountable } for any and every falling-off } in the calibre of the race. Kalipedia will soon be generally adopted } and all the graces of life, genuinely good music, agreeable literature, light philosophy, instructive pictures, plaster-cast reproductions of the classical statues } such as Venus and Apollo, artistic coloured photographs of prize babies, all these little attentions } would enable ladies who were in a particular condition } to pass the intervening months } in a most enjoyable manner.

Crotthers: I attribute some of these demises to abdominal trauma } in the case of women workers } subjected to heavy labours in the workshop } and to marital discipline
1260 in the home } but by far the vast majority } to neglect, private or official, culminating in the exposure of newborn infants, the practice of criminal abortion } or in the atrocious crime of infanticide.

N1: Although the former (we are thinking of neglect) is undoubtedly only too true } the case he cites } of nurses forgetting to count the sponges } in the peritoneal cavity } is too rare to be normative. In fact } when one comes to look into it } the wonder is } that so many pregnancies and deliveries } go off so well as they do, all things considered } and in spite of our human shortcomings } which often baulk nature } in her intentions.

N2: An ingenious suggestion } is that thrown out by Mr V. Lynch:

Lynch: Both natality and mortality, as well as all other phenomena of evolution, tidal
1270 movements, lunar phases, blood temperatures, diseases in general, everything, in fine, in nature's vast workshop } from the extinction of some remote sun } to the blossoming of one of the countless flowers } which beautify our public parks } is subject to a law of numeration } as yet unascertained. Still } the plain straightforward question } why a child of normally healthy parents } and seemingly a healthy child } and properly looked after } succumbs unaccountably in early childhood (though other children of the same marriage } do not) must certainly, in the poet's words, give us pause. Nature, we may rest assured,

has her own good and cogent reasons } for whatever she does } and in all probability } such deaths are due } to some law of anticipation } by which organisms } in which morbois germs have taken up their residence } (modern science has conclusively shown } that only the plasmic substance } can be said to be immortal) tend to disappear } at an increasingly earlier stage of development, an arrangement which, though productive of pain } to some of our feelings (notably the maternal), is nevertheless, some of us think, in the long run } beneficial to the race in general } in securing thereby } the survival of the fittest. 1280

Stephen Dedalus: An omnivorous being } which can masticate, deglute, digest } and apparently pass through the ordinary channel } with pluter·perfect imperturb·ability } such multi·farious aliments } as cancrenous females emaciated by parturition, corpulent professional gentlemen, not to speak of jaundiced politicians and chlorotic nuns, might } possibly find gastric relief } in an innocent collation of staggering bob. 1290

N3: Mr S. Dedalus' remark reveals } as nought else could } and in a very unsavoury light } the tendency above alluded to. For the enlightenment of those } who are not so intimately acquainted } with the minutiae of the municipal abattoir } as this morbid·minded esthete and embryo philosopher } who } for all his overweening bumptiousness in things scientific } can scarcely distinguish an acid from an alkali } prides himself on being, it should perhaps be stated } that staggering bob } in the vile parlance of our lower-class licensed victuallers } signifies the cookable and eatable flesh of a calf } newly dropped from its mother.

N1: In a recent public controversy } with Mr L. Bloom } which took place in the } commons' hall } of the National Maternity Hospital, } 29, 30 and 31 Holles street, of which, as is well known, Dr A. Horne (Licence in Midwifery, F.K.Q.C.P.I.) is the able and popular master, he is reported by eyewitnesses } as having stated that: 1300

Stephen Dedalus: Once a woman has let the cat into the bag ...

N2: (an esthete's allusion, presumably, to one of the most complicated and marvelous of all nature's processes—the act of sexual congress)

Stephen Dedalus: She must let it out again } or give it life } to save her own.

Bloom: At the risk of her own.

N3: Was the telling rejoinder of his interlocutor, none the less effective } for the moderate and measured tone } in which it was delivered.

— [Dickens] —

1310 N1 : Meanwhile ∫ the skill and patience of the physician ∫ had brought about a happy *accouchement*. It had been a weary weary while ∫ both for patient and doctor. All that surgical skill could do ∫ was done ∫ and the brave woman had manfully helped. She had. She had fought the good fight ∫ and now she was very very happy. Those who have passed on, who have gone before, are happy too ∫ as they gaze down ∫ and smile upon the touching scene. Reverently look at her ∫ as she reclines there ∫ with the mother-light in her eyes, that longing hunger for baby fingers (a pretty sight ∫ it is to see), in the first bloom of her new motherhood, breathing a silent prayer of thanksgiving ∫ to One above, the Universal Husband.

1320 N2 : And ∫ as her loving eyes behold her babe ∫ she wishes only one blessing more, to have her dear Doady there with her ∫ to share her joy, to lay in his arms ∫ that mite of God's clay, the fruit of their lawful embraces. He is older now (you and I may whisper it) and a trifle stooped in the shoulders ∫ yet in the whirligig of years ∫ a grave dignity has come ∫ to the conscientious second accountant of the Ulster bank, College Green branch. O Doady, loved one of old, ∫ faithful life-mate now, it may never be again, that far-off time of the roses!

1330 N3 : With the old shake of her pretty head ∫ she recalls those days. God! How beautiful now ∫ across the mist of years! But their children are grouped in her imagination ∫ about the bedside, hers and his, Charley, Mary Alice, Frederick Albert (if he had lived), Mamy, Budgy (Victoria Frances), Tom, Violet Constance Louisa, darling little Bobsy (called after our famous hero of the South African war, lord Bobs of Waterford and Candahar) and now ∫ this last pledge of their union, a Purefoy ∫ if ever there was one, with the true Purefoy nose. Young hopeful will be christened Mortimer Edward ∫ after the influential third cousin of Mr Purefoy ∫ in the Treasury Remembrancer's office, Dublin Castle. And so time wags on: but father Cronion has dealt lightly here. No, let no sigh break from that bosom, dear gentle Mina.

1340 N1 : And Doady, knock the ashes from your pipe, the seasoned briar you still fancy ∫ when the curfew rings for you (may it be the distant day!) and dout the light ∫ whereby you read in the Sacred Book ∫ for the oil too ∫ has run low, and so with a tranquil heart to bed, to rest. He knows ∫ and will call ∫ in His own good time. You too have fought the good fight ∫ and played loyally your man's part. Sir, to you ∫ my hand. Well done, thou good and faithful servant!

— [Newman] —

N2 : There are sins ∫ or (let us call them as the world calls them) evil memories ∫ which are hidden away by man ∫ in the darkest places of the heart ∫ but they abide there and wait. He may suffer their memory to grow dim, let them be ∫ as though they had not

been › and all but persuade himself › that they were not › or at least › were otherwise. Yet a chance word › will call them forth suddenly › and they will rise up to confront him › in the most various circumstances, a vision or a dream, or while timbrel and harp soothe his senses › or amid the cool silver tranquility of the evening › or at the feast, at midnight, when he is now filled with wine. Not to insult › over him will the vision come › as over one that lies under her wrath, not for vengeance › to cut him off from the living › but shrouded in the piteous vesture of the past, silent, remote, reproachful. 1350

– [Pater] –

N₃ : The stranger still regarded › on the face before him › a slow recession of that false calm there, imposed, as it seemed, by habit or some studied trick, upon words so embittered › as to accuse in their speaker › an unhealthiness, a *flair*, for the cruder things of life.

– [Ruskin] –

N₁ : Mark this farther and remember. The end comes suddenly. Enter that antechamber of birth › where the studios are assembled › and note their faces. Nothing, as it seems, there › of rash or violent. Quietude of custody, rather, befitting their station in that house, the vigilant watch › of shepherds and of angels › about a crib in Bethlehem of Juda › long ago. 1380

N₂ : But as before › the lightning › the serried storm-clouds, heavy with preponderant excess of moisture, in swollen masses turgidly distended, compass earth and sky in one vast slumber, impending above parched field › and drowsy oxen › and blighted growth of shrub and verdure › till in an instant › a flash rives their centres › and with the reverberation of the thunder › the cloudburst pours its torrent, so and not otherwise › was the transformation, violent and instantaneous, upon the utterance of the word. 1390

– [Carlyle] –

Stephen Dedalus : Burke's!

N₃ : Out-flings my lord Stephen, giving the cry, and a tag and bobtail of all them after, cockerel, jackanapes, welsher, pill-doctor, punctual Bloom at heels › with a universal grabbing at headgear, ash-plants, bilbos, Panama hats and scabbards, Zermatt alpenstocks and what not. A dedale of lusty youth, noble every student there.

N₁ : Nurse Callan › taken aback in the hallway › cannot stay them › nor smiling surgeon › coming downstairs with news of placentation ended, a full pound if a milligramme. They hark him on. The door! It is open? Ha!

1400 N2: They are out, tumultuously, off for a minute's race, all bravely legging it, Burke's of Denzille and Holles } their ulterior goal. Dixon follows } giving them sharp language } but raps out an oath, he too, and on.

N3: Bloom stays with nurse } a thought to send a kind word } to happy mother and nurseling } up there. Doctor Diet and Doctor Quiet. Looks she too } not other now? Ward of watching } in Horne's house } has told its tale } in that washed-out pallor. Then all being gone, a glance of mother-wit helping, he whispers close } in going:

Bloom: Madam, when comes the stork-bird for thee?

N1: The air without } is impregnated with rain-dew moisture, life essence celestial, glistening on Dublin stone there } under star-shiny *coelum*. God's air, the All-father's air, scintillant } circum-ambient } cessile } air.

1410 N2: Breathe it deep into thee. By heaven, Theodore Purefoy, thou hast done a doughty deed } and no botch! Thou art, I vow, the remarkablest progenitor } barring none } in this chaffering } all-including } most farraginous } chronicle. Astounding! In her } lay a God-framed God-given preformed possibility } which thou hast fructified } with thy modicum of man's work. Cleave to her! Serve! Toil on, labour like a very ban-dog } and let scholarment and all Malthusiasts } go hang.

1420 N3: Thou art } all their daddies, Theodore. Art drooping under thy load, bemoiled with butcher's bills at home } and ingots (not thine!) in the counting-house? Head up! For every new-begotten } thou shalt gather thy homer of ripe wheat. See, thy fleece is drenched. Dost envy Darby Dullman there } with his Joan? A canting jay and a rheum-eyed cur-dog } is all their progeny. Pshaw, I tell thee! He is a mule, a dead gasteropod, without vim or stamina, not worth a cracked kreutzer.

N1: Copulation without population! No, say I! Herod's slaughter of the innocents } were the truer name. Vegetables, forsooth, and sterile cohabitation! Give her beefsteaks, red, raw, bleeding! She is a hoary pandemonium of ills, enlarged glands, mumps, quinsy, bunions, hay-fever, bed-sores, ring-worm, floating kidney, Derbyshire neck, warts, bilious attacks, gall-stones, cold feet, varicose veins. A truce to threnes and trentals and jeremies } and all such congenital defunctive music!

1430 N2: Twenty years of it, regret them not. With thee } it was not as with many } that will } and would } and wait } and never—do. Thou sawest thy America, thy life-task, and didst charge to cover } like the transpontine bison.

N3: How saith Zarathustra? *Deine Kuh Trübsal melkest Du. Nun trinkst Du die susse Milch des Euters.*

N1: See! it displodes for thee in abundance. Drink, man, an udderful! Mother's milk, Purefoy, the milk of human kin, milk too } of those burgeoning stars overhead } rutilant in thin rain-vapour, punch milk, such as those rioters will quaff } in their guzzling den, milk of madness, the honey-milk of Canaan's land. Thy cow's dug was tough, what? Ay, but her milk is hot } and sweet } and fattening. No dollop this } but thick rich bonny-claber. To her, old patriarch! Pap! *Per deam Partulam et Pertundam nunc est bibendum!*

— [Coda #1] —

[MUCH OF THE REST IS RANDOMLY ASSIGNED. YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.]

N2: All off for a buster, armstrong, hollering down the street.

1440

Dixon: Bonafides.

Lynch: Where you slep las nigh?

Crotthers: Timothy of the battered naggin.

Stephen Dedalus: Like ole Billyo.

Punch: Any brollies or gumboots in the fambly?

Lenehan: Where the Henry Nevil's sawbones and ole clo?

Mulligan: Sorra one o' me knows.

Madden: Hurrah there, Dix!

N3: Forward to the ribbon counter.

Dixon: Where's Punch?

N1: All serene.

Bystander: Jay, look at the drunken minister } coming out of the maternity hospal!

Mulligan: *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius.*

Bystander: make, mister.

Dixon: The Denzille lane boys.

Crotthers: Hell, blast ye!

Madden: Scoot.

Barman: Righto, Isaacs, shove em out of the bleeding limelight.

Punch: Yous join uz, dear sir?

Lynch: No hentrusion in life.

Bannon: *En avant, mes enfants!*

Lenehan: Fire away number one on the gun.

All: Burke's! Burke's!

1450 **N2:** Thence they advanced five parasangs. Slattery's mounted foot.

Crotthers: Where's that bleeding awfur?

Dixon: Parson Steve, apostates' creed!

Lynch: No, no, Mulligan! Aaft there! Shove ahead.

Lenehan: Keep a watch on the clock. Chucking-out time.

Madden: Mullee! What's on you?

Mulligan: *Ma mère m'a mariée.*

Bannon: British Beatitudes!

Mulligan: *Retamplatan digidi boumboum.*

Punch: Ayes have it.

Stephen Dedalus : To be printed and bound at the Druid-drum press } by two designing females. Calf covers of pissed-on green. Last word in art shades. Most beautiful book come out of Ireland } my time.

Crotthers: *Silentium!* Get a spurt on.

Lenehan: Tention. Proceed to nearest canteen } and there annex liquor stores.

Punch: March! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are (atitudes!) parching.

1460 **Madden:** Beer, beef, business, bibles, bulldogs, battleships, buggery and bishops.

Dixon: Whether on the scaffold high.

Madden: Beer, beef, trample the bibles.

Dixon: When for Irelandear.

Crotthers: Trample the trampellers.

Lenehan: Thunderation! Keep the durned millingtary step.

Madden: We fall.

Dixon: Bishops boosebox.

Punch: Halt! Heave to.

Dixon: Rugger. Scrum in. No touch kicking.

Lynch: Wow, my tootsies!

Dixon: You hurt? Most amazingly sorry!

— [Coda #2] —

Lenehan: Query. Who's a-standing this here do?

Madden: Proud possessor of damn-all.

Lynch: Declare misery. Bet to the ropes.

Dixon: Not a red at me ∫ this week gone.

Barman: Yours?

Stephen Dedalus: Mead of our fathers for the *Übermensch*.

Bannon: Dittoh.

Stephen Dedalus: Five number ones.

Barman: You, sir?

Bloom: Ginger cordial.

Bystander: Chase me, the cabby's caudle.

Bloom: Stimulate the caloric.

N2: Winding of his ticker.

Bloom: Stopped short ∫ never to go again ∫ when the old.

Stephen Dedalus: Absinthe for me, savvy?

1470

Mulligan: *Caramba!* Have an egnog or a prairie oyster.

Bloom: Avuncular's got my timepiece.

Madden: Ten to.

Bloom: Obligated awful.

Madden: Don't mention it.

Lynch: Got a pectoral trauma, eh, Dix?

Dixon: Pos fact. Got bet be a boumblebee ᵝ whenever he wus settin sleepin ᵝ in hes bit garten. Digs up near the Mater. Buckled he is.

Lynch: Know his dona?

Dixon: Yup, sartin I do. Full of a dure. See her in her dishybilly. Peels off a credit. Lovey lovekin. None of your lean kine, not much. Pull down the blind, love.

Madden: Two Ardilauns.

Lynch: Same here.

Bloom: Look slippery. If you fall ᵝ don't wait to get up.

Barman: Five, seven, nine. Fine!

Dixon: Got a prime pair of mince·pies, no kid. And her take me to rests ᵝ and her anker of rum. Must be seen to be believed. Your starving eyes and all·be·plastered neck you stole my heart, O glue·pot.

1480 **Barman:** Sir?

Bannon: Spud again the rheumatiz?

Mulligan: All poppycock, you'll scuse me saying.

Lynch: For the hoi polloi.

Crotthers: I vear thee beest a gert vool.

Punch: Well, doc?

Lynch: Back fro Lapland?

Lenehan: Your corporosity sagaciating O K?

Bannon: How's the squaws and papooses?

Dixon: Woman·body after going on the straw?

Lenehan: Stand and deliver.

Crotthers: Password.

Punch: There's hair.

Lenehan: Ours the white death and the ruddy birth.

Dixon: Hi!

Bannon: Spit in your own eye, boss!

Lenehan: Mummer's wire.

Stephen Dedalus: Cribbed out of Meredith.

Mulligan: Jesified, orchidised, polycimical jesuit! Aunty mine's writing Pa Kinch.
Baddy-bad Stephen › lead astray goody-good Malachi.

– [Coda #3] –

Lenehan: Hurroo!

Punch: Collar the leather, youngun.

Dixon: Roun wi the nappy.

Lenehan: Here, Jock braw Hielentman's your barley-bree.

1490

Crotthers: Lang may your lum reek and your kailpot boil!

Stephen Dedalus: My tippie.

Mulligan: *Merci.*

Dixon: Here's to us.

Madden: How's that?

Lynch: Leg before wicket.

Mulligan: Don't stain my brand-new sitinems.

Crotthers: Give's a shake of pepper, you there.

Lenehan: Catch aholt.

Bloom: Caraway seed to carry away.

Bannon: Twig?

N1: Shrieks of silence.

N2: Every cove to his gentry mort.

Stephen Dedalus: Venus Pandemos.

Lynch: *Les petites femmes.*

Bannon: Bold bad girl from the town of Mullingar. Tell her I was axing at her.
Hauding Sara by the wame.

Lynch: On the road to Malahide.

Crotthers: Me?

Punch: If she who seduced me ʔ had left but the name.

Lenehan: What do you want for nine-pence?

Stephen Dedalus: Machree, macruiskeen.

Lynch: Smutty Moll for a mattress jig.

Punch: And a pull all together.

All: *Ex!*

— [Coda #4] —

Bystander: Waiting, guvnor?

Lenehan: Most decidedly.

Lynch: Bet your boots on.

1500 **Bannon:** Stunned like, seeing as how no shiners is a-coming.

Dixon: Under-constumble?

Mulligan: He've got the chink *ad lib*.

Crotthers: Seed near free poun on un a spell ago a said war hisn.

Punch: Us come right in on your invite, see?

Bystander: Up to you, matey.

Mulligan: Out with the oof.

Lenehan: Two bar and a wing.

Dixon: You larn that go off of they there Frenchy bilks?

Madden: Won't wash here for nuts nohow.

Crotthers: We are nae fou. We're nae tha fou.

Dixon: Au reservoir, mossoo.

Lynch: Tanks you.

— [Coda #5] —

Lenehan: 'Tis, sure.

Punch: What say?

Lynch: In the speakeasy.

Bloom: Tight.

Bannon: I shee you, shir.

Lenehan: Bantam, two days teetee. Bowsing nowt but claret-wine.

Punch: Garn!

Mulligan: Have a glint, do.

Madden: Gum, I'm jiggered.

Lenehan: And been to barber & he have.

Mulligan: Too full for words.

Punch: With a railway bloke.

Crotthers: How come you so?

1510

Dixon: Opera he'd like?

Madden: Rose of Castile. Rows of cast.

Crotthers: Police!

Stephen Dedalus: Some H₂O for a gent fainted.

Lenehan: Look at Bantam's flowers.

Bloom: Gemini.

Stephen Dedalus: He's going to holler.

Bystander: The colleen bawn. My colleen bawn.

Madden: O, cheese it!

Punch: Shut his blurry Dutch oven & with a firm hand.

Lenehan: Had the winner today & till I tipped him a dead cert. The ruffin cly the nab of Stephen Hand & as give me the jady coppaleen. He strike a telegram-boy paddock & wire big bug Bass to the depot. Shove him a joey and grahamise.

Lenehan: Mare on form hot order. Guinea to a goose-gog. Tell a cram, that.

Lenehan: Gospel-true.

Punch: Criminal diversion?

Stephen Dedalus: I think that yes.

Bannon: Sure thing.

Mulligan: Land him in chokee-chokee if the harman beck copped the game.

Dixon: Madden back Madden's a maddening back.

Lynch: O lust } our refuge and our strength.

1520 **Madden:** Decamping.

Bannon: Must you go?

Madden: Off to mammy.

Dixon: Stand by.

Madden: Hide my blushes someone.

[*EXIT MADDEN. ENTER BANTAM LYONS*]

Bloom: All in } if he spots me.

Punch: Come a-home, our Bantam.

Dixon: Horryvar, mong vioo.

Crotthers: Dinna forget the cowslips for hersel.

Bannon: Cornfide.

Crotthers: Wha gev ye thon colt? Pal to pal.

Lynch: Jannock.

Bantam Lyons: Of John Thomas, her spouse.

Lenehan: No fake, old man Leo. S'elp me, honest injun. Shiver my timbers if I had.

Mulligan: There's a great big holy friar.

— [*Coda #6*] —

Stephen Dedalus: You move a motion?

Lenehan: Steve boy, you're going it some.

Dixon: More bluggy drunkables?

1530 **Lynch:** Will immensely splendiferous stander } permit one stooder of most extreme
poverty } and one largesize grandacious thirst } to terminate one expensive inaugurated
libation?

Crotthers: Give's a breather.

Punch: Landlord, landlord, have you good wine, staboo?

Crotthers: Hoots, mon, a wee drap to pree.

Lenehan: Cut and come again.

Barman: Right.

Punch: Boniface!

Stephen Dedalus: Absinthe the lot. *Nos omnes biberimus viridum toxicum diabolus capiat posterioria nostra.*

Barman: Closing-time, gents.

Lenehan: Eh?

Stephen Dedalus: Rome boose for the Bloom toff.

Lynch: I hear you say onions?

Bannon: Bloo?

Dixon: Cadges ads.

Bannon: Photo's papli, by all that's gorgeous. Play low, pardner. Slide.

Mulligan: *Bonsoir la compagnie.*

[EXIT MULLIGAN AND BANNON]

Stephen Dedalus: And snares of the pox-fiend.

Bantam Lyons: Where's the buck and Namby Amby?

Stephen Dedalus: Skunked?

Lenehan: Leg bail.

Crotthers: Aweel, ye maun e'en gang yer gates.

Stephen Dedalus: Checkmate. King to tower.

Stephen Dedalus: Kind Kristyann } wil yu help yung man } hoose frend tuk
bungellow kee } tu find plais } whear tu lay crown of his hed 2 night.

1540

Lynch: Crickey, I'm about sprung.

Lenehan: Tarnally } dog gone my shins } if this beent the bestest puttiest longbreak
yet.

Punch: Item, curate, couple of cookies for this child.

Dixon: Cot's plood and prandy·palls, none!

Lynch: Not a pite of sheeses?

Stephen Dedalus: Thrust syphilis down to hell } and with him } those other licensed spirits.

Barman: Time, gents!

Stephen Dedalus: Who wander through the world.

Punch: Health all!

Dixon: *À la vôtre!*

— [Coda #7] —

Crotthers: Golly, whatten tunket's yon guy in the mackintosh?

Lenehan: Dusty Rhodes.

Lynch: Peep at his wearables.

Crotthers: By mighty!

Stephen Dedalus: What's he got?

Dixon: Jubilee mutton. Bovril, by James.

Lenehan: Wants it real bad.

Crotthers: D'ye ken bare socks? Seedy cuss in the Richmond?

Dixon: Rawthere! Thought he had a deposit of lead in his penis. Trumpery insanity.
1550 Bartle the Bread we calls him.

Lynch: That, sir, was once a prosperous cit.

Bloom: Man all tattered and torn } that married a maiden all forlorn. Slung her hook, she did. Here see lost love. Walking Mackintosh of lonely canyon.

Stephen Dedalus: Tuck and turn in. Schedule time.

Lenehan: Nix for the hornies.

Bloom: Pardon? Seen him today at a runefal?

Lenehan: Chum o' yourn passed in his checks?

Crotthers: Thou'll no be telling me thot, Pold veg.

Dixon: *Tiens, tiens*, but it is well sad, that, my faith, yes.

Stephen Dedalus: O, get, rev on a gradient one in nine.

Lynch: Live axle drives are souped.

Lenehan: Lay you two to one ∫ Jenatzy licks him ruddy well hollow.

1560

Barman: Time all. There's eleven of them. Get ye gone.

Lenehan: Forward, woozy wobblers!

Lynch: Night.

Punch: Night.

Dixon: May Allah the Excellent One ∫ your soul this night ∫ ever tremendously conserve.

— [Coda #8] —

Lenehan: Your attention!

Crotthers: We're nae tha fou.

Lynch: The Leith police dismisseth us.

Crotthers: The least tholice.

Punch: Ware hawks for the chap puking. Unwell in his abominable regions.

Bystander: Yooka.

Dixon: Night.

Crotthers: Mona, my true love.

Bystander: Yook.

Crotthers: Mona, my own love.

Bystander: Ook.

— [Coda #9] —

Lynch: Hark! Shut your obstropolos.

Bystander: Pflaap! Pflaap!

Lenehan: Blaze on. There she goes. Brigade!
1570 **Punch:** Bout ship. Mount street way. Cut up!
Bystander: Pflaap!
Lynch: Tally ho. You not come?
Bloom: Run, skelter, race.
Bystander: Pflaaaap!

— [Coda #10] —

Stephen Dedalus: Lynch! Hey? Sign on long o' me.
Lynch: Denzille lane this way. Change here for Bawdyhouse.
Stephen Dedalus: We two, she said, will seek the kips where shady Mary is.
Lynch: Righto, any old time.
Stephen Dedalus: *Laetabuntur in cubilibus suis.*
Lynch: You coming long?
Stephen Dedalus: Who the sooty hell's } the johnny in the black duds?
Lynch: Hush!
Dowie: Sinned against the light } and even now that day is at hand } when he shall
come } to judge the world by fire.
Bystander: Pflaap!
Stephen Dedalus: *Ut implerentur scripturae.* Strike up a ballad.
Lynch: Then outspake medical Dick } to his comrade medical Davy.
Dixon: Christicle, who's this excrement yellow gospeller } on the Merrion hall?
1580 **Dowie:** Elijah is coming! Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Dowie: Come on you wine-fizzling, gin-sizzling, booze-guzzling existences! Come
on, you dog-gone, bull-necked, beetle-browed, hog-jowled, peanut-brained, weasel-eyed
four-flushers, false alarms and excess baggage! Come on, you triple extract of infamy!
Dowie: Alexander J Christ Dowie, that's my name, that's yanked to glory } most half
this planet } from Frisco beach to Vladivostok. The Deity aint no nickel dime bumshow.
I put it to you } that He's on the square } and a corking fine business proposition. He's
the grandest thing yet } and don't you forget it. Shout salvation in King Jesus. You'll
need to rise precious early } you sinner there, if you want to diddle the Almighty God.

Bystander: Pflaaaap!

Stephen Dedalus: Not half.

Dowie: He's got a cough-mixture with a punch in it ᵛ for you, my friend, in his 1590
back pocket. Just you try it on.