

Nausikaa

George V. Reilly

for the
Wild Geese Players of Seattle
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Chapter 13 of *Ulysses* by James Joyce
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Based upon the 2007 adaptation for the Wild Geese by
George V. Reilly (and Helen Brew)

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THE ROLES

N₁:

N₂:

N (NOVEL):

N (RELIGIOUS):

Bloom (ABSTRACT):

Bloom (CURRENT):

Bloom (*int.*):

Bloom (TODAY):

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY):

Gerty (JUDGING):

Gerty (NOVEL):

Gerty (REALITY):

Gerty (ROMANTIC):

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS):

Edy:

Cissy:

Tommy:

Jacky:

Nausikaa

N (NOVEL) : The summer evening had begun to fold the world } in its mysterious embrace. Far away in the west } the sun was setting } and the last glow of all too fleeting day } lingered lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud promontory of dear old Howth } guarding as ever the waters of the bay, on the weed-grown rocks along Sandymount shore } and, last but not least,

N (RELIGIOUS): on the quiet church } whence there streamed forth } at times upon the stillness } the voice of prayer } to her } who is in her pure radiance } a beacon ever } to the storm-tossed heart of man, Mary, star of the sea.

N (NOVEL) : The three girl friends were seated on the rocks, enjoying the evening scene } and the air } which was fresh but not too chilly. Many a time and oft } were they 10
wont to come there } to that favourite nook } to have a cosy chat beside the sparkling waves } and discuss matters feminine, Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman with the baby in the push-car } and Tommy and Jacky Caffrey, two little curly-headed boys, dressed in sailor suits } with caps to match } and the name H.M.S. Belleisle printed on both. For Tommy and Jacky Caffrey were twins, scarce four years old } and very noisy and spoiled twins sometimes } but for all that } darling little fellows } with bright merry faces and endearing ways about them. They were dabbling in the sand } with their spades and buckets, building castles as children do, or playing with their big coloured ball, happy as the day was long. And Edy Boardman was rocking the chubby baby } to and fro in the 20
push-car } while that young gentleman fairly chuckled with delight. He was but eleven months and nine days old } and, though still a tiny toddler, was just beginning to lisp his first babyish words. Cissy Caffrey bent over to him } to tease his fat little plucks } and the dainty dimple in his chin.

Cissy : Now, baby. Say out big, big. I want a drink of water.

N1 : And baby prattled after her:

Baby : A jink } a jink } a jawbo.

N1 : Cissy Caffrey cuddled the wee chap } for she was awfully fond of children, so patient with little sufferers } and Tommy Caffrey could never be got to take his castor 30
oil } unless it was Cissy Caffrey that held his nose } and promised him the scatty heel of the loaf } or brown bread with golden syrup on. What a persuasive power that girl had! But to be sure } baby Boardman was as good as gold, a perfect little dote in his new fancy bib. None of your spoilt beauties, Flora MacFlimsy sort, was Cissy Caffrey. A truer-hearted lass never drew the breath of life, always with a laugh in her gipsy-like

eyes } and a frolicsome word on her cherry-ripe red lips, a girl lovable in the extreme. And Edy Boardman laughed too } at the quaint language of little brother.

40 N1 : But just then } there was a slight altercation } between Master Tommy and Master Jacky. Boys will be boys } and our two twins } were no exception to this golden rule. The apple of discord was a certain castle of sand } which Master Jacky had built } and Master Tommy would have it } right go wrong } that it was to be architecturally improved by a front-door } like the Martello tower had. But if Master Tommy was headstrong } Master Jacky was self-willed too } and, true to the maxim } that every little Irishman's house is his castle, he fell upon his hated rival } and to such purpose } that the would-be assailant came to grief } and (alas to relate!) the coveted castle too. Needless to say } the
50 cries of discomfited Master Tommy } drew the attention of the girl friends.

Cissy : Come here, Tommy.

N1 : his sister called imperatively.

Cissy : At once! And you, Jacky, for shame } to throw poor Tommy in the dirty sand. Wait till I catch you } for that.

N1 : His eyes misty with unshed tears } Master Tommy came at her call } for their big sister's word } was law with the twins. And in a sad plight he was too } after his misadventure. His little man-o'-war top and unmentionables } were full of sand } but Cissy was a past mistress } in the art of smoothing over life's tiny troubles } and very quickly } not one speck of sand was to be seen } on his smart little suit. Still the blue eyes
60 were glistening } with hot tears that would well up } so she kissed away the hurtness } and shook her hand at Master Jacky } the culprit } and said if she was near him } she wouldn't be far from him, her eyes dancing in admonition.

Cissy : Nasty bold Jacky! ~~she~~ cried.

N1 : She put an arm round the little mariner } and coaxed winningly:

Cissy : What's your name? Butter and cream?

Edy : Tell us who is your sweetheart,

N1 : spoke Edy Boardman.

Edy : Is Cissy your sweetheart?

70 Tommy : Nao [*TEARFULLY*]

N1 : tearful Tommy said.

Cissy : Is Edy Boardman your sweetheart? ~~Cissy~~ queried.

Tommy: Nao. ~~Tommy said.~~

Edy: I know,

N1: Edy Boardman said ∫ none too amiably ∫ with an arch glance from her short-sighted eyes.

Edy: I know who is Tommy's sweetheart. Gerty is Tommy's sweetheart.

Tommy: Nao,

N1: Tommy said ∫ on the verge of tears.

N1: Cissy's quick mother-wit ∫ guessed what was amiss ∫ and she whispered to Edy Boardman ∫ to take him there ∫ behind the push-car ∫ where the gentleman couldn't see ∫ and to mind ∫ he didn't wet his new tan shoes.

N1: But who was Gerty?

Gerty (NOVEL): Gerty MacDowell ∫ who was seated near her companions, lost in thought, gazing far away into the distance ∫ was, in very truth, as fair a specimen ∫ of winsome Irish girlhood ∫ as one could wish to see. She was pronounced beautiful ∫ by all who knew her 80

Gerty (REALITY): though, as folks often said, she was more a Giltrap than a MacDowell.

Gerty (NOVEL): Her figure was slight and graceful, inclining even to fragility

Gerty (REALITY): but those iron jelloids ∫ she had been taking of late ∫ had done her a world of good ∫ much better than the Widow Welch's female pills ∫ and she was much better ∫ of those discharges she used to get ∫ and that tired feeling.

Gerty (NOVEL): The waxen pallor of her face ∫ was almost spiritual ∫ in its ivory-like purity ∫ though her rosebud mouth was a genuine Cupid's bow, Greekly perfect. Her hands were of finely veined alabaster ∫ with tapering fingers ∫ and as white

Gerty (REALITY): as lemon-juice and queen of ointments ∫ could make them 90

Gerty (JUDGING): though it was not true ∫ that she used to wear kid gloves in bed ∫ or take a milk foot-bath either. Bertha Supple told that once ∫ to Edy Boardman, a deliberate lie, when she was black out ∫ at daggers drawn with Gerty

N1: (the girl chums had ∫ of course ∫ their little tiffs ∫ from time to time like the rest of mortals) and she told her ∫ not to let on ∫ whatever she did ∫ that it was her that told her ∫ or she'd never speak to her again. No. Honour where honour is due.

Gerty (NOVEL): There was an innate refinement, a languid queenly *hauteur* about Gerty which was unmistakably evidenced } in her delicate hands and high-arched instep. Had kind fate } but willed her } to be born a gentlewoman of high degree } in her own
100 right } and had she only received the benefit of a good education } Gerty MacDowell
might easily have held her own } beside any lady in the land } and have seen herself
exquisitely gowned } with jewels on her brow } and patrician suitors at her feet } vying
with one another to pay their devoirs to her. Mayhap it was this, the love that might
have been, that lent to her softly-featured face at whiles } a look, tense with suppressed
meaning, that imparted a strange yearning tendency } to the beautiful eyes, a charm few
could resist. Why have women such eyes of witchery? Gerty's were of the bluest Irish
blue, set off by lustrous lashes } and dark expressive brows. Time was } when those
110 brows were not so silkily seductive. It was Madame Vera Verity, directress of the Woman
Beautiful page of the Princess Novelette, who had first advised her } to try eyebrow-leine
} which gave that haunting expression to the eyes, so becoming in leaders of fashion, and
she had never regretted it.

Gerty (REALITY): Then there was blushing scientifically cured } and how to be
tall } increase your height } and you have a beautiful face } but your nose? That would
suit Mrs Dignam } because she had a button one. But Gerty's crowning glory } was her
wealth of wonderful hair. It was dark brown } with a natural wave in it. She had cut it
that very morning } on account of the new moon } and it nestled about her pretty head
} in a profusion of luxuriant clusters } and pared her nails too, Thursday for wealth.

120 **Gerty (NOVEL):** And just now } at Edy's words } as a telltale flush, delicate as the
faintest rose-bloom, crept into her cheeks } she looked so lovely } in her sweet girlish
shyness } that of a surety } God's fair land of Ireland } did not hold her equal.

N1: For an instant } she was silent } with rather sad downcast eyes. She was about
to retort } but something checked the words on her tongue. Inclination prompted her
to speak out: dignity told her to be silent. The pretty lips pouted awhile } but then she
glanced up } and broke out into a joyous little laugh } which had in it } all the freshness
of a young May morning.

Gerty (REALITY): She knew right well, no-one better, what made squinty Edy say
that } because of him cooling in his attentions } when it was simply a lovers' quarrel.
130 As per usual } somebody's nose was out of joint } about the boy that had the bicycle }
off the London bridge road } always riding up and down } in front of her window. Only
now } his father kept him in } in the evenings } studying hard to get an exhibition in the
intermediate } that was on } and he was going to go to Trinity college } to study for a
doctor } when he left the high school } like his brother W.E. Wylie } who was racing in
the bicycle races } in Trinity college university.

Gerty (NOVEL): Little recked he perhaps } for what she felt, that dull aching void in her heart sometimes, piercing to the core. Yet he was young } and perchance he might learn to love her } in time.

Gerty (REALITY): They were protestants in his family } and } of course } Gerty knew Who came first } and after Him the Blessed Virgin } and then Saint Joseph. But 140 he was undeniably handsome } with an exquisite nose } and he was what he looked, every inch a gentleman, the shape of his head too } at the back without his cap on } that she would know anywhere } something off the common } and the way he turned the bicycle at the lamp } with his hands off the bars } and also the nice perfume of those good cigarettes } and besides } they were both of a size too } he and she } and that was why } Edy Boardman thought she was so frightfully clever } because he didn't go } and ride up and down } in front of her bit of a garden.

Gerty (REALITY): Gerty was dressed simply } but with the instinctive taste } of a votary of Dame Fashion } for she felt } that there was just a might } that he might be out. A neat blouse of electric blue } self-tinted by dolly dyes (because it was expected } in 150 the *Lady's Pictorial* } that electric blue would be worn) with a smart vee } opening down to the division } and kerchief pocket (in which she always kept a piece of cotton-wool } scented with her favourite perfume } because the handkerchief spoiled the sit) and a navy three-quarter skirt } cut to the stride } showed off her slim graceful figure } to perfection. She wore a coquettish little love of a hat } of wide-leaved nigger straw } contrast trimmed } with an underbrim of egg-blue chenille } and at the side } a butterfly bow of silk to tone. All Tuesday week afternoon } she was hunting to match that chenille } but at last she found what she wanted } at Clery's summer sales, the very it, slightly shop-soiled } but you would never notice, seven fingers } two and a penny. She did it up 160 } all by herself } and what joy was hers } when she tried it on then, smiling at the lovely reflection } which the mirror gave back to her! And when she put it on the water-jug } to keep the shape } she knew that } that would take the shine } out of some people she knew. Her shoes were the newest thing in footwear } (Edy Boardman prided herself that she was very *petite* } but she never had a foot like Gerty MacDowell, a five, and never would } ash, oak or elm) with patent toecaps } and just one smart buckle over } her high-arched instep. Her well-turned ankle } displayed its perfect proportions } beneath her skirt } and just the proper amount and no more } of her shapely limbs } encased in finespun hose } with high-spliced heels and wide garter tops. 170

N1 : As for undies } they were Gerty's chief care } and who that knows } the fluttering hopes and fears } of sweet seventeen (though Gerty would never see seventeen again) can find it in his heart } to blame her?

Gerty (REALITY): She had four dinky sets } with awfully pretty stitchery, three

garments } and nighties extra, and each set } slotted with different coloured ribbons, rose-pink, pale blue, mauve and pea-green, and she aired them herself } and blued them when they came home from the wash } and ironed them } and she had a brickbat to keep the iron on } because she wouldn't trust those washerwomen } as far as she'd see them } scorching the things. She was wearing the blue for luck, hoping against hope, her own colour } and lucky too } for a bride to have a bit of blue somewhere on her } because the green she wore that day week } brought grief } because his father } brought him in to study } for the intermediate exhibition } and because she thought } perhaps he might be out } because when she was dressing that morning } she nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out } and that was for luck and lovers' meeting } if you put those things on inside out } or if they got untied } that he was thinking about you } so long as it wasn't of a Friday.

Gerty (NOVEL): And yet and yet! That strained look on her face! A gnawing sorrow is there all the time. Her very soul is in her eyes } and she would give worlds } to be in the privacy of her own familiar chamber } where, giving way to tears, she could have a good cry } and relieve her pent-up feelings

Gerty (REALITY): though not too much } because she knew how to cry nicely before the mirror. You are lovely, Gerty, it said.

Gerty (NOVEL): The paly light of evening } falls upon a face infinitely sad and wistful. Gerty MacDowell yearns in vain. Yes, she had known from the very first } that her daydream of a marriage } has been arranged } and the wedding-bells ringing } for Mrs Reggy Wylie T.C.D.

Gerty (REALITY): (because the one who married the elder brother would be Mrs Wylie) and in the fashionable intelligence } Mrs Gertrude Wylie was wearing a sumptuous confection of grey } trimmed with expensive blue fox

Gerty (NOVEL): was not to be. He was too young to understand. He would not believe in love, a woman's birthright. The night of the party } long ago in Stoer's

Gerty (REALITY): (he was still in short trousers)

Gerty (NOVEL): when they were alone } and he stole an arm round her waist } she went white to the very lips. He called her little one } in a strangely husky voice } and snatched a half kiss (the first!) but it was only the end of her nose } and then he hastened from the room } with a remark about refreshments. Impetuous fellow! Strength of character } had never been Reggy Wylie's strong point } and he who would woo and win Gerty MacDowell } must be a man among men. But waiting, always waiting to be asked } and it was leap year too } and would soon be over. No prince charming is her

beau ideal } to lay a rare and wondrous love at her feet } but rather a manly man } with 210
a strong quiet face } who had not found his ideal, perhaps his hair slightly flecked with
grey, and who would understand, take her in his sheltering arms, strain her to him } in
all the strength of his deep passionate nature } and comfort her } with a long long kiss.
It would be like heaven. For such a one } she yearns this balmy summer eve. With all
the heart of her } she longs to be his only, his affianced bride } for riches for poor, in
sickness in health, till death us two part, from this to this day forward.

Gerty (REALITY): And while Edy Boardman was with little Tommy } behind the
push-car } she was just thinking } would the day ever come } when she could call herself }
his little wife to be. Then they could talk about her } till they went blue in the face, Bertha 220
Supple too, and Edy, little spitfire, because she would be twenty-two in November. She
would care for him with creature comforts too } for Gerty was womanly wise } and knew
that a mere man liked that feeling of hominess. Her griddle-cakes done to a golden-brown
hue } and queen Ann's pudding of delightful creaminess } had won golden opinions from
all } because she had a lucky hand } also for lighting a fire, dredge in the fine self-raising
flour } and always stir in the same direction, then cream the milk and sugar } and whisk
well the white of eggs } though she didn't like the eating part } when there were any 230
people } that made her shy } and often she wondered why you couldn't eat something
poetical } like violets or roses } and they would have a beautifully appointed drawing-
room } with pictures and engravings } and the photograph of grandpapa Giltrap's lovely
dog Garryowen } that almost talked } it was so human } and chintz covers for the chairs }
and that silver toast-rack in Clery's summer jumble sales } like they have in rich houses.

Gerty (NOVEL): He would be tall with broad shoulders (she had always admired tall
men for a husband) with glistening white teeth under his carefully trimmed sweeping
moustache } and they would go on the continent for their honeymoon (three wonderful
weeks!) and then, when they settled down in a nice snug and cosy little homely house,
every morning they would both have brekky, simple but perfectly served, for their own 240
two selves } and before he went out to business } he would give his dear little wifey } a
good hearty hug } and gaze for a moment } deep down into her eyes.

N1: Edy Boardman asked Tommy Caffrey } was he done } and he said yes } so then
she buttoned up his little knickerbockers for him } and told him to run off and play with
Jacky } and to be good now } and not to fight. But Tommy said he wanted the ball } and
Edy told him no } that baby was playing with the ball } and if he took it } there'd be wigs
on the green } but Tommy said it was his ball } and he wanted his ball } and he pranced
on the ground, if you please. The temper of him! O, he was a man already } was little
Tommy Caffrey } since he was out of pinnies. Edy told him no, no } and to be off now 250
with him } and she told Cissy Caffrey } not to give in to him.

Tommy: You're not my sister,

N1: naughty Tommy said.

Tommy: It's my ball.

N1: But Cissy Caffrey told baby Boardman to look up, look up high at her finger } and she snatched the ball quickly } and threw it along the sand } and Tommy after it in full career, having won the day.

Cissy: Anything for a quiet life. ~~laughed Ciss.~~

N1: And she tickled tiny tot's two cheeks } to make him forget } and played } here's the lord mayor, here's his two horses, here's his gingerbread carriage } and here he walks
260 in, chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper chin. But Edy } got as cross as two sticks } about him getting his own way like that } from everyone always petting him.

Edy: I'd like to give him something. ~~she said,~~ So I would, where I won't say.

Cissy: On the bee-o-tee-tom,

N1: laughed Cissy merrily.

Gerty (REALITY): Gerty MacDowell bent down her head } and crimsoned at the idea } of Cissy saying an unladylike thing like that out loud } she'd be ashamed of her life to say, flushing a deep rosy red, and Edy Boardman said } she was sure the gentleman opposite } heard what she said. But not a pin } cared Ciss.

Cissy: Let him!

N1: She said } with a pert toss of her head } and a piquant tilt of her nose. Give it to him too } on the same place } as quick as I'd look at him.

270 **Gerty (REALITY):** Madcap Ciss with her golliwog curls. You had to laugh at her sometimes. For instance } when she asked you } would you have some more Chinese tea and jaspberry ram } and when she drew the jugs too } and the men's faces on her nails with red ink } make you split your sides } or when she wanted to go where you know } she said } she wanted to run and pay a visit to the Miss White. That was just like Cissycums. O, and will you ever forget her } the evening she dressed up } in her father's suit and hat and the burned cork moustache } and walked down Tritonville road, smoking a cigarette.

280 **Gerty (NOVEL):** There was none to come up to her for fun. But she was sincerity itself, one of the bravest and truest hearts } heaven ever made, not one of your two-faced things, too sweet to be wholesome.

N (RELIGIOUS): And then } there came out upon the air } the sound of voices } and the pealing anthem of the organ. It was the men's temperance retreat } conducted by the missionary, the reverend John Hughes S.J., rosary, sermon and benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. They were there gathered together } without distinction of social class (and a most edifying spectacle } it was to see) in that simple fane beside the waves, after the storms of this weary world, kneeling before the feet of the immaculate, reciting the litany of Our Lady of Loreto, beseeching her to intercede for them, the old familiar words, holy Mary, holy virgin of virgins.

Gerty (NOVEL): How sad to poor Gerty's ears! Had her father } only avoided the 290
clutches of the demon drink, by taking the pledge } or those powders the drink habit
cured } in Pearson's Weekly, she might now be rolling in her carriage, second to none.
Over and over } had she told herself that } as she mused by the dying embers

Gerty (REALITY): in a brown study } without the lamp } because she hated two
lights } or often-times gazing out of the window } dreamily by the hour } at the rain
falling on the rusty bucket, thinking.

Gerty (NOVEL): But that vile decoction } which has ruined so many hearths and
homes } had cast its shadow over her childhood days. Nay, she had even witnessed }
in the home circle } deeds of violence caused by intemperance } and had seen her own
father, a prey to the fumes of intoxication, forget himself completely } for } if there was 300
one thing } of all things that Gerty knew } it was that the man who lifts his hand to a
woman } save in the way of kindness, deserves to be branded } as the lowest of the low.

N (RELIGIOUS): And still the voices sang in supplication } to the Virgin most
powerful, Virgin most merciful.

Gerty (NOVEL): And Gerty, rapt in thought, scarce saw or heard her companions
} or the twins at their boyish gambols } or the gentleman off Sandymount green } that
Cissy Caffrey called } the man that was so like himself } passing along the strand taking
a short walk.

Gerty (REALITY): You never saw him any way screwed } but still and for all that
} she would not like him for a father } because he was too old or something } or on
account of his face (it was a palpable case of Doctor Fell) or his carbuncly nose with the 310
pimples on it } and his sandy moustache a bit white under his nose. Poor father! With
all his faults } she loved him still when he sang

Father: [*SINGING*] *Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee*

Gerty (REALITY): or

Father: [*SINGING*] *My love and cottage near Rochelle*

Gerty (REALITY): and they had stewed cockles } and lettuce with Lazenby's salad dressing for supper } and when he sang

Father: [*SINGING*] *The moon hath raised*

Gerty (REALITY): with Mr Dignam } that died suddenly and was buried, God have mercy on him, from a stroke. Her mother's birthday that was } and Charley was home on his holidays } and Tom } and Mr Dignam and Mrs } and Patsy and Freddy Dignam } and they were to have had a group taken. No-one would have thought } the end was so
320 near. Now he was laid to rest. And her mother said to him } to let that be a warning to him } for the rest of his days } and he couldn't even go to the funeral } on account of the gout } and she had to go into town } to bring him the letters and samples from his office } about Catesby's cork lino, artistic, standard designs, fit for a palace, gives tiptop wear } and always bright and cheery in the home.

Gerty (NOVEL): A sterling good daughter } was Gerty } just like a second mother in the house, a ministering angel too } with a little heart } worth its weight in gold.

Gerty (REALITY): And when her mother } had those raging splitting headaches } who was it rubbed the menthol cone on her forehead } but Gerty } though she didn't like her mother's taking pinches of snuff } and that was the only single thing } they ever had
330 words about, taking snuff.

Gerty (NOVEL): Everyone thought the world of her } for her gentle ways.

Gerty (REALITY): It was Gerty } who turned off the gas at the main every night } and it was Gerty } who tacked up on the wall of that place } where she never forgot every fortnight the chlorate of lime } Mr Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac, the picture of halcyon days } where a young gentleman } in the costume they used to wear then } with a three-cornered hat } was offering a bunch of flowers } to his lady-love } with oldtime chivalry } through her lattice window. You could see } there was a story behind it.

Gerty (NOVEL): The colours were done something lovely. She was in a soft clinging white } in a studied attitude } and the gentleman was in chocolate } and he looked a
340 thorough aristocrat. She often looked at them dreamily } when she went there } for a certain purpose } and felt her own arms } that were white and soft } just like hers } with the sleeves back } and thought about those times } because she had found out } in Walker's pronouncing dictionary } that belonged to grandpapa Giltrap } about the halcyon days } what they meant.

N1: The twins were now playing } in the most approved brotherly fashion } till at last } Master Jacky } who was really as bold as brass } there was no getting behind that } deliberately kicked the ball } as hard as ever he could } down towards the seaweedy

rocks. Needless to say } poor Tommy was not slow to voice his dismay } but luckily the gentleman in black } who was sitting there by himself } came gallantly to the rescue } and intercepted the ball. Our two champions claimed their plaything } with lusty cries } 350 and to avoid trouble } Cissy Caffrey called to the gentleman } to throw it to her please. The gentleman aimed the ball once or twice } and then threw it up the strand } towards Cissy Caffrey } but it rolled down the slope } and stopped right under Gerty's skirt } near the little pool by the rock. The twins clamoured again for it } and Cissy told her to kick it away } and let them fight for it } so Gerty drew back her foot } but she wished their stupid ball hadn't come rolling down to her } and she gave a kick } but she missed } and Edy and Cissy laughed.

Edy: If you fail } try again. ~~Edy Boardman said.~~

Gerty (REALITY): Gerty smiled assent and bit her lip. A delicate pink crept into her pretty cheek } but she was determined to let them see } so she just lifted her skirt } a little but just enough } and took good aim } and gave the ball a jolly good kick } and it went ever so far } and the two twins after it } down towards the shingle. Pure jealousy } of course } it was nothing else } to draw attention } on account of the gentleman opposite looking. 360

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): She felt the warm flush, a danger signal always with Gerty MacDowell, surging and flaming into her cheeks.

Gerty (NOVEL): Till then } they had only exchanged glances } of the most casual } but now } under the brim of her new hat } she ventured a look at him } and the face that met her gaze there in the twilight, wan and strangely drawn, seemed to her } the saddest } she had ever seen. 370

N (RELIGIOUS): Through the open window of the church } the fragrant incense was wafted } and with it } the fragrant names of her } who was conceived without stain of original sin, spiritual vessel, pray for us, honourable vessel, pray for us, vessel of singular devotion, pray for us, mystical rose. And careworn hearts were there } and toilers for their daily bread } and many who had erred and wandered, their eyes wet with contrition } but for all that } bright with hope } for the reverend father Father Hughes had told them } what the great saint Bernard said } in his famous prayer of Mary, the most pious Virgin's intercessory power } that it was not recorded in any age } that those who implored her powerful protection } were ever abandoned by her. 380

N1: The twins were now playing again } right merrily } for the troubles of childhood } are but as fleeting summer showers. Cissy Caffrey played with baby Boardman } till he crowed with glee, clapping baby hands in air. Peep she cried } behind the hood of the push-car } and Edy asked where was Cissy gone } and then Cissy popped up her head }

and cried ah! and, my word, didn't the little chap enjoy that! And then she told him } to say papa.

Cissy: Say papa, baby. Say pa pa pa pa pa pa pa.

N1: And baby did his level best to say it } for he was very intelligent for eleven months } everyone said } and big for his age } and the picture of health, a perfect little
390 bunch of love, and he would certainly turn out } to be something great, they said.

Baby: Haja ja ja haja.

N1: Cissy wiped his little mouth } with the dribbling bib } and wanted him to sit up properly } and say pa pa pa } but when she undid the strap } she cried out, holy saint Denis, that he was passing wet } and to double the half blanket the other way under him. Of course } his infant majesty was most obstreperous } at such toilet formalities } and he let everyone know it:

Baby: Habaa baaaahabaaa baaaa.

N1: And two great big lovely big tears } coursing down his cheeks. It was all no
400 use soothing him } with no, nono, baby, no } and telling him about the geegee } and where was the puffpuff } but Ciss, always ready-witted, gave him in his mouth } the teat of the sucking-bottle } and the young heathen was quickly appeased.

Gerty (JUDGING): Gerty wished to goodness } they would take their squalling baby } home out of that } and not get on her nerves, no hour to be out, and the little brats of twins.

Gerty (REALITY): She gazed out towards the distant sea. It was like the paintings } that man used to do on the pavement } with all the coloured chalks and such } a pity too } leaving them there } to be all blotted out, the evening and the clouds coming out } and the Bailey light on Howth } and to hear the music like that } and the perfume of those
410 incense } they burned in the church } like a kind of waft.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): And while she gazed } her heart went pitapat. Yes, it was her } he was looking at, and there was meaning in his look.

Gerty (NOVEL): His eyes burned into her } as though they would search her } through and through, read her very soul. Wonderful eyes they were, superbly expressive, but could you trust them?

Gerty (REALITY): People were so queer.

Gerty (NOVEL): She could see at once } by his dark eyes } and his pale intellectual face } that he was a foreigner, the image of the photo } she had of Martin Harvey, the matinee idol,

Gerty (REALITY): only for the moustache } which she preferred } because she wasn't stagestruck like Winny Ripplingham } that wanted they two } to always dress the same } on account of a play } but she could not see } whether he had an aquiline nose } 420 or a slightly *retroussé* } from where he was sitting.

Gerty (NOVEL): He was in deep mourning, she could see that, and the story of a haunting sorrow } was written on his face. She would have given worlds } to know what it was.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): He was looking up so intently, so still, and he saw her kick the ball } and perhaps he could see } the bright steel buckles of her shoes } if she swung them like that } thoughtfully with the toes down. She was glad that something told her } to put on the transparent stockings } thinking Reggy Wylie might be out } but that was far away.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): Here } was that of which she had so often dreamed. It was he who mattered } and there was joy on her face } because she wanted him } because she felt instinctively } that he was like no-one else. The very heart of the girl-woman } 430 went out to him, her dream-husband, because she knew on the instant } it was him.

Gerty (NOVEL): If he had suffered, more sinned against than sinning, or even, even, if he had been himself a sinner, a wicked man, she cared not. Even if he was a protestant or methodist } she could convert him easily } if he truly loved her. There were wounds } that wanted healing with heart-balm.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): She was a womanly woman } not like other flighty girls unfeminine } he had known, those cyclists showing off what they hadn't got } and she just yearned to know all, to forgive all } if she could make him } fall in love with her, make him forget } the memory of the past. Then mayhap } he would embrace her gently, like a real man, crushing her soft body to him, and love her, his ownest girlie, for 440 herself alone.

N (RELIGIOUS): Refuge of sinners. Comfortress of the afflicted. *Ora pro nobis*. Well has it been said } that whosoever } prays to her with faith and constancy } can never be lost or cast away: and fitly } is she too a haven of refuge } for the afflicted } because of the seven dolours } which transpierced her own heart.

Gerty (REALITY): Gerty could picture } the whole scene in the church, the stained glass windows lighted up, the candles, the flowers and the blue banners } of the blessed Virgin's sodality } and Father Conroy was helping Canon O'Hanlon at the altar, carrying things in and out } with his eyes cast down. He looked almost a saint } and his confession- 450 box was so quiet and clean and dark } and his hands were just like white wax } and if ever she became } a Dominican nun in their white habit

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): perhaps he might come to the convent } for the novena of Saint Dominic. He told her that time } when she told him about that in confession, crimsoning up to the roots of her hair } for fear he could see, not to be troubled } because that was only the voice of nature } and we were all subject to nature's laws, he said, in this life } and that that was no sin } because that came from } the nature of woman instituted by God, he said, and that Our Blessed Lady herself } said to the archangel Gabriel } be it done unto me } according to Thy Word.

Gerty (ROMANTIC): He was so kind and holy } and often and often } she thought
460 and thought } could she work a ruched tea-cosy } with embroidered floral design for him
} as a present } or a clock

Gerty (REALITY): but they had a clock } she noticed on the mantelpiece } white and gold with a canary-bird } that came out of a little house } to tell the time } the day she went there } about the flowers } for the forty hours' adoration } because it was hard to know } what sort of a present to give } or perhaps } an album of illuminated views of Dublin } or some place.

N1: The exasperating little brats of twins } began to quarrel again } and Jacky threw the ball out towards the sea } and they both ran after it.

Gerty (JUDGING): Little monkeys } common as ditch-water. Someone ought to take them } and give them a good hiding for themselves } to keep them in their places, the
470 both of them.

N1: And Cissy and Edy shouted after them to come back } because they were afraid } the tide might come in on them } and be drowned.

Cissy: Jacky!

Edy: Tommy!

N1: Not they! What a great notion they had! So Cissy said } it was the very last time } she'd ever bring them out. She jumped up and called them } and she ran down the slope past him, tossing her hair behind her

Gerty (JUDGING): which had a good enough colour } if there had been more of it } but with all the thingamerry } she was always rubbing into it } she couldn't get it to grow long } because it wasn't natural } so she could just go } and throw her hat at it. She ran with long gandery strides } it was a wonder } she didn't rip up her skirt at the side }
480 that was too tight on her } because there was a lot of the tomboy } about Cissy Caffrey } and she was a forward piece } whenever she thought she had a good opportunity to show } and just because she was a good runner } she ran like that } so that he could see

∫ all the end of her petticoat ∫ running and her skinny shanks ∫ up as far as possible. It would have served her just right ∫ if she had tripped up ∫ over something accidentally on purpose ∫ with her high crooked French heels on her ∫ to make her look tall ∫ and got a fine tumble. *Tableau!* That would have been a very charming exposé ∫ for a gentleman like that to witness.

N (RELIGIOUS): Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs, queen of prophets, of all saints, they prayed, queen of the most holy rosary ∫ and then Father Conroy handed the thurible to Canon O’Hanlon ∫ and he put in the incense ∫ and censed the Blessed Sacrament 490

N1: and Cissy Caffrey caught the two twins ∫ and she was itching ∫ to give them a ringing good clip on the ear ∫ but she didn’t ∫ because she thought he might be watching

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): but she never made a bigger mistake in all her life ∫ because Gerty could see without looking ∫ that he never took his eyes off of her

N (RELIGIOUS): and then Canon O’Hanlon handed the thurible back to Father Conroy ∫ and knelt down ∫ looking up at the Blessed Sacrament ∫ and the choir began to sing the *tantum ergo* ∫ and she just swung her foot ∫ in and out in time ∫ as the music rose and fell ∫ to the *tantumer gosa cramen tum*.

Gerty (REALITY): Three and eleven ∫ she paid for those stockings ∫ in Sparrow’s of George’s street ∫ on the Tuesday, no the Monday before Easter ∫ and there wasn’t a brack on them 500

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): and that was what he was looking at, transparent, and not at her insignificant ones ∫ that had neither shape nor form ∫ (the cheek of her!) because he had eyes in his head ∫ to see the difference for himself.

N1: Cissy came up along the strand ∫ with the two twins and their ball

Gerty (JUDGING): with her hat anyhow on her ∫ to one side after her run ∫ and she did look a streel ∫ tugging the two kids ∫ along with the flimsy blouse ∫ she bought only a fortnight before ∫ like a rag on her back ∫ and a bit of her petticoat hanging like a caricature.

Gerty (NOVEL): Gerty just took off her hat for a moment ∫ to settle her hair and a prettier, a daintier head of nutbrown tresses ∫ was never seen on a girl’s shoulders—a radiant little vision, in sooth, almost maddening in its sweetness. You would have to travel many a long mile ∫ before you found a head of hair ∫ the like of that. 510

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): She could almost see ∫ the swift answering flash of admiration in his eyes ∫ that set her tingling in every nerve. She put on her hat ∫ so that

she could see from underneath the brim } and swung her buckled shoe faster } for her breath caught } as she caught the expression in his eyes. He was eying her as a snake eyes its prey. Her woman's instinct told her } that she had raised the devil in him } and at the thought } a burning scarlet swept from throat to brow } till the lovely colour of her face became a glorious rose.

N1 : Edy Boardman was noticing it too } because she was squinting at Gerty, half smiling, with her specs like an old maid, pretending to nurse the baby.

Gerty (JUDGING) : Irritable little gnat she was } and always would be } and that was why no-one could get on with her } poking her nose } into what was no concern of hers.

N1 : And she said to Gerty:

Edy : A penny for your thoughts.

Gerty : What?

N1 : replied Gerty with a smile } reinforced by the whitest of teeth.

Gerty : I was only wondering } was it late.

Gerty (JUDGING) : Because she wished to goodness } they'd take the snotty-nosed twins and their babby home } to the mischief out of that } so that was why she just gave a gentle hint } about its being late.

N1 : And when Cissy came up } Edy asked her the time } and Miss Cissy, as glib as you like, said it was half past kissing time, time to kiss again. But Edy wanted to know } because they were told to be in early.

Cissy : Wait, ~~said Cissy~~, I'll run } ask my uncle Peter over there } what's the time } by his conundrum.

N1 : So over she went } and when he saw her coming } she could see him take his hand } out of his pocket, getting nervous, and beginning to play with his watch-chain, looking up at the church.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS) : Passionate nature though he was } Gerty could see } that he had enormous control over himself.

Gerty (NOVEL) : One moment } he had been there, fascinated by a loveliness } that made him gaze, and the next moment } it was the quiet grave-faced gentleman, self-control expressed in every line } of his distinguished-looking figure.

N1: Cissy said } to excuse her } would he mind } please telling her } what was the right time } and Gerty could see him } taking out his watch, listening to it } and looking up } and clearing his throat } and he said he was very sorry } his watch was stopped } but he thought it must be after eight } because the sun was set.

Gerty (ROMANTIC): His voice had a cultured ring in it } and though he spoke in measured accents } there was a suspicion of a quiver } in the mellow tones.

N1: Cissy said thanks } and came back with her tongue out } and said } uncle said } his waterworks were out of order. 550

N (RELIGIOUS): Then they sang the second verse of the *tantum ergo* } and Canon O'Hanlon got up again and censed the Blessed Sacrament } and knelt down and he told Father Conroy } that one of the candles was just going to set fire to the flowers } and Father Conroy got up and settled it all right

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): and she could see the gentleman winding his watch } and listening to the works } and she swung her leg more } in and out in time. It was getting darker } but he could see } and he was looking all the time } that he was winding the watch } or whatever he was doing to it } and then he put it back } and put his hands back into his pockets. She felt a kind of a sensation } rushing all over her } and she knew } by the feel of her scalp } and that irritation against her stays } that that thing must be coming on } because the last time too } was when she clipped her hair } on account of the moon. His dark eyes fixed themselves on her again } drinking in her every contour, } literally worshipping at her shrine. 560

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): If ever there was undisguised admiration } in a man's passionate gaze } it was there } plain to be seen } on that man's face.

Gerty (NOVEL): It is for you, Gertrude MacDowell, and you know it.

Gerty (REALITY): Edy began to get ready to go } and it was high time for her } and Gerty noticed } that that little hint she gave } had had the desired effect } because it was a long way along the strand } to where there was the place to push up the push-car } and Cissy took off the twins' caps } and tidied their hair } to make herself attractive of course 570

N (RELIGIOUS): and Canon O'Hanlon stood up with his cope poking up at his neck } and Father Conroy handed him the card to read off } and he read out *panem de coelo praestitisti eis*

N1: and Edy and Cissy were talking about the time } all the time } and asking her

Gerty (JUDGING): but Gerty could pay them back in their own coin } and she just answered } with scathing politeness } when Edy asked her } was she heart-broken } about her best boy throwing her over. Gerty winced sharply. A brief cold blaze } shone from her eyes } that spoke volumes of scorn immeasurable. It hurt—O yes, it cut deep }
580 because Edy had her own quiet way of saying things like that } she knew would wound } like the confounded little cat she was.

Gerty (NOVEL): Gerty's lips parted swiftly } to frame the word } but she fought back the sob that rose } to her throat, so slim, so flawless, so beautifully moulded } it seemed one } an artist might have dreamed of. She had loved him better than he knew. Light-hearted deceiver } and fickle like all his sex } he would never understand } what he had meant to her } and for an instant } there was } in the blue eyes } a quick stinging of tears.

Gerty (ROMANTIC): Their eyes were probing her mercilessly } but with a brave effort } she sparkled back in sympathy } as she glanced at her new conquest } for them to see.

Gerty: O.

N1: Responded Gerty, quick as lightning, laughing, and the proud head flashed up.

590 **Gerty:** I can throw my cap } at who I like } because it's leap year.

Gerty (NOVEL): Her words rang out crystal-clear, more musical than the cooing of the ring-dove, but they cut the silence icily. There was that } in her young voice } that told that she was not a one } to be lightly trifled with.

Gerty (JUDGING): As for Mr Reggy } with his swank and his bit of money } she could just chuck him aside } as if he was so much filth } and never again } would she cast } as much as a second thought on him } and tear his silly postcard into a dozen pieces. And if ever after } he dared to presume } she could give him one look of measured scorn } that would make him } shrivel up on the spot. Miss puny little Edy's countenance fell }
600 to no slight extent } and Gerty could see } by her looking as black as thunder } that she was simply in a towering rage } though she hid it, the little kinnatt, because that shaft had struck home } for her petty jealousy

Gerty (NOVEL): and they both knew } that she was something aloof, apart, in another sphere, that she was not of them } and never would be

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): and there was somebody else too } that knew it

Gerty (JUDGING): and saw it } so they could put that in their pipe } and smoke it.

N1: Edy straightened up baby Boardman } to get ready to go } and Cissy tucked in the ball and the spades and buckets } and it was high time too } because the sandman } was on his way for Master Boardman junior. And Cissy told him too } that billy winks was coming } and that baby was to go deedaw } and baby looked just too ducky, laughing up out of his gleeful eyes, and Cissy poked him like that } out of fun } in his wee fat tummy } and baby, without as much as by your leave, sent up his compliments } to all and sundry } on to his brand-new dribbling bib. 610

Cissy: O my! Puddeny pie! ~~protested Ciss.~~ He has his bib destroyed.

N1: The slight *contretemps* claimed her attention } but in two twos } she set that little matter to rights.

Gerty (REALITY): Gerty stifled a smothered exclamation } and gave a nervous cough } and Edy asked what } and she was just going to tell her } to catch it while it was flying } but she was ever ladylike in her deportment } so she simply passed it off } with consummate tact } by saying that that was the benediction

N (RELIGIOUS): because just then } the bell rang out from the steeple } over the quiet seashore } because Canon O'Hanlon was up on the altar } with the veil that Father Conroy put round his shoulders } giving the benediction with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands. 620

N1: How moving the scene } there in the gathering twilight, the last glimpse of Erin, the touching chime of those evening bells } and at the same time } a bat flew forth from the ivied belfry through the dusk, hither, thither, with a tiny lost cry.

Gerty (NOVEL): And she could see } far away } the lights of the lighthouses } so picturesque } she would have loved to do with a box of paints

Gerty (REALITY): because it was easier } than to make a man

Gerty (NOVEL): and soon the lamplighter would be going his rounds } past the presbyterian church grounds } and along by shady Tritonville avenue } where the couples walked } and lighting the lamp near her window } where Reggy Wylie used to turn his free-wheel } like she read in that book *The Lamplighter* by Miss Cummins, author of *Mabel Vaughan* and other tales. For Gerty had her dreams } that no-one knew of. She loved to read poetry } and when she got a keepsake from Bertha Supple } of that lovely confession album } with the coral-pink cover } to write her thoughts in } she laid it in the drawer of her toilet-table } which, though it did not err on the side of luxury, was scrupulously neat and clean. It was there } she kept her girlish treasure trove, the tortoise-shell combs, her child of Mary badge, the white-rose scent, the eyebrow-leine, her alabaster pouncet-box } and the ribbons to change } when her things came home 630 640

from the wash } and there were some beautiful thoughts written in it } in violet ink that she bought in Hely's of Dame Street } for she felt } that she too could write poetry } if she could only express herself } like that poem that appealed to her so deeply } that she had copied out of the newspaper } she found one evening } round the pot-herbs. *Art thou real, my ideal?* it was called by Louis J Walsh, Magherafelt, and after } there was something about *Twilight, wilt thou ever?* } and oftentimes } the beauty of poetry, so sad in its transient loveliness, had misted her eyes } with silent tears } for she felt that the years
650 were slipping by for her, one by one, and } but for that one shortcoming } she knew she need fear no competition

Gerty (REALITY): and that was an accident coming down Dalkey hill } and she always tried to conceal it.

Gerty (NOVEL): But it must end, she felt. If she saw that magic lure in his eyes } there would be no holding back for her. Love laughs at locksmiths. She would make the great sacrifice. Her every effort } would be to share his thoughts. Dearer than the whole world } would she be to him } and gild his days with happiness. There was the all-important question } and she was dying to know } was he a married man } or a widower who had lost his wife } or some tragedy } like the nobleman with the foreign name } from the land of song } had to have her put into a madhouse, cruel only to be
660 kind. But even if—what then? Would it make a very great difference? From everything in the least indelicate } her fine-bred nature instinctively recoiled. She loathed that sort of person, the fallen women } off the accommodation walk beside the Dodder } that went with the soldiers } and coarse men with no respect for a girl's honour, degrading the sex } and being taken up to the police station.

Gerty (JUDGING): No, no: not that.

Gerty (REALITY): They would be just good friends } like a big brother and sister } without all that other } in spite of the conventions of Society } with a big ess.

Gerty (NOVEL): Perhaps it was an old flame } he was in mourning for } from the days beyond recall. She thought she understood. She would try to understand him } because men were so different. The old love was waiting, waiting with little white hands
670 stretched out, with blue appealing eyes. Heart of mine!

Gerty (ROMANTIC): She would follow, her dream of love, the dictates of her heart } that told her } he was her all in all, the only man in all the world } for her } for love was the master guide.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): Nothing else mattered. Come what might } she would be wild, untrammelled, free.

N (RELIGIOUS): Canon O’Hanlon put the Blessed Sacrament back into the tabernacle } and genuflected } and the choir sang *laudate dominum omnes gentes* } and then he locked the tabernacle door } because the benediction was over } and Father Conroy handed him his hat } to put on

N1: and cross-cat Edy asked } wasn’t she coming } but Jacky Caffrey called out:

Jacky: O, look, Cissy!

N1: And they all looked } was it sheet lightning } but Tommy saw it too } over the trees beside the church, blue } and then green and purple. 680

Cissy: It’s fireworks. ~~Cissy Caffrey said.~~

N1: And they all ran down the strand } to see over the houses and the church, helter-skelter, Edy with the push-car } with baby Boardman in it } and Cissy holding Tommy and Jacky by the hand } so they wouldn’t fall running.

Cissy: Come on, Gerty. ~~Cissy called.~~ It’s the bazaar fireworks.

Gerty (REALITY): But Gerty was adamant. She had no intention of being at their beck and call. If they could run like rossies } she could sit } so she said she could see from where she was.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): The eyes that were fastened upon her } set her pulses tingling. She looked at him a moment, meeting his glance, and a light broke in upon her. White-hot passion was in that face, passion silent as the grave, and it had made her } his. 690

Gerty (NOVEL): At last } they were left alone } without the others to pry and pass remarks } and she knew } he could be trusted to the death, steadfast, a sterling man, a man of inflexible honour } to his fingertips.

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): His hands and face were working } and a tremour went over her. She leaned back far } to look up where the fireworks were } and she caught her knee in her hands } so as not to fall back looking up } and there was no-one to see } only him } and her } when she revealed } all her graceful beautifully shaped legs like that, supple soft and delicately rounded, and she seemed to hear } the panting of his heart, his hoarse breathing, because she knew too } about the passion of men like that, hot-blooded, 700

Gerty (JUDGING): because Bertha Supple told her once } in dead secret } and made her swear she’d never } about the gentleman lodger that was staying with them } out of the Congested Districts Board } that had pictures cut out of papers } of those skirt-dancers and high-kickers } and she said } he used to do something not very nice } that you could imagine } sometimes in the bed.

Gerty (**SEXUAL AWARENESS**): But this was altogether different } from a thing like that } because there was all the difference } because she could almost feel him } draw her face to his } and the first quick hot touch of his handsome lips.

Gerty (**JUDGING**): Besides there was absolution } so long as you didn't do the other thing before being married

710 Gerty (**REALITY**): and there ought to be women priests } that would understand } without your telling out

Gerty (**NOVEL**): and Cissy Caffrey too } sometimes had that dreamy kind of dreamy look in her eyes } so that she too, my dear, and Winny Ripplingham } so mad about actors' photographs

Gerty (**REALITY**): and besides } it was on account } of that other thing coming on } the way it did.

N1: And Jacky Caffrey shouted } to look, there was another

Gerty (**SEXUAL AWARENESS**): and she leaned back } and the garters were blue to match } on account of the transparent

N1: and they all saw it } and they all shouted to look, look, there it was

720 Gerty (**SEXUAL AWARENESS**): and she leaned back ever so far } to see the fireworks } and something queer was flying through the air, a soft thing, to and fro, dark. And she saw a long Roman candle } going up over the trees, up, up,

N1: and, in the tense hush, they were all breathless with excitement } as it went higher and higher

Gerty (**SEXUAL AWARENESS**): and she had to lean back more and more } to look up after it, high, high, almost out of sight, and her face was suffused } with a divine, an entrancing blush from straining back } and he could see her other things too, nainsook knickers, the fabric that caresses the skin,

Gerty (**REALITY**): better than those other pettiwidth, the green, four and eleven, on account of being white

730 Gerty (**SEXUAL AWARENESS**): and she let him } and she saw that he saw } and then it went so high } it went out of sight a moment } and she was trembling in every limb } from being bent so far back } that he had a full view } high up above her knee } where no-one ever } not even on the swing or wading } and she wasn't ashamed } and he wasn't either } to look in that immodest way like that } because he couldn't resist } the sight of the wondrous revealment } half offered like those skirt-dancers } behaving so immodest before gentlemen looking } and he kept on looking, looking.

Gerty (NOVEL): She would fain have cried to him chokingly, held out her snowy slender arms to him ∴ to come, to feel his lips ∴ laid on her white brow, the cry of a young girl's love, a little strangled cry, wrung from her, that cry that has rung through the ages.

N1: And then a rocket sprang and bang ∴ shot blind blank ∴ and

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): O!

N1: then the Roman candle burst ∴ and it was like a sigh of

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): O!

N1: and everyone cried

All: O! O!

N1: in raptures ∴ and it gushed out of it ∴ a stream of rain gold hair threads ∴ and they shed ∴ and

All: ah!

N1: they were all greeny dewy stars falling with golden,

740

Gerty (SEXUAL AWARENESS): O so lovely, O, soft, sweet, soft!

N (NOVEL): Then all melted away ∴ dewily in the grey air: all was silent. Ah! She glanced at him ∴ as she bent forward quickly, a pathetic little glance of piteous protest, of shy reproach ∴ under which he coloured like a girl ∴ He was leaning back against the rock behind. Leopold Bloom (for it is he) stands silent, with bowed head ∴ before those young guileless eyes.

N (NOVEL): What a brute he had been! At it again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him ∴ and, wretch that he was, how had he answered? An utter cad he had been! He of all men! But there was an infinite store of mercy ∴ in those eyes, for him too ∴ a word of pardon ∴ even though he had erred ∴ and sinned ∴ and wandered.

Gerty (NOVEL): Should a girl tell? No, a thousand times no. That was their secret, only theirs, alone in the hiding twilight

750

N2: and there was none to know or tell ∴ save the little bat ∴ that flew so softly through the evening ∴ to and fro ∴ and little bats don't tell.

N1: Cissy Caffrey whistled, imitating the boys in the football field ∴ to show what a great person she was: and then she cried:

Cissy: Gerty! Gerty! We're going. Come on. We can see from farther up.

Gerty (NOVEL): Gerty had an idea, one of love's little ruses. She slipped a hand into her kerchief pocket and took out the wadding and waved in reply of course without letting him and then slipped it back. Wonder if he's too far to. She rose.

760 **Gerty (ROMANTIC):** Was it goodbye? No. She had to go but they would meet again, there, and she would dream of that till then, tomorrow, of her dream of yester eve. She drew herself up to her full height. Their souls met in a last lingering glance and the eyes that reached her heart, full of a strange shining, hung enraptured on her sweet flower-like face. She half smiled at him wanly, a sweet forgiving smile, a smile that verged on tears, and then they parted.

N1: Slowly, without looking back she went down the uneven strand to Cissy, to Edy to Jacky and Tommy Caffrey, to little baby Boardman. It was darker now and there were stones and bits of wood on the strand and slippy seaweed. She walked with a certain quiet dignity characteristic of her but with care and very slowly because—
770 because Gerty MacDowell was ...

Bloom (int.): Tight boots? No. She's lame! O!

N2: Mr Bloom watched her as she limped away.

Bloom (CURRENT): Poor girl! That's why she's left on the shelf and the others did a sprint. Thought something was wrong by the cut of her jib. Jilted beauty.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): A defect is ten times worse in a woman. But makes them polite.

Bloom (CURRENT): Glad I didn't know it when she was on show. Hot little devil all the same. I wouldn't mind. Curiosity like a nun or a negress or a girl with glasses. That squinty one is delicate. Near her monthlies, I expect, makes them feel ticklish. I have such a bad headache today.

Bloom (TODAY): Where did I put the letter? Yes, all right.

780 **Bloom (ABSTRACT):** All kinds of crazy longings. Licking pennies. Girl in Tranquilla convent that nun told me liked to smell rock oil. Virgins go mad in the end I suppose. Sister? How many women in Dublin have it today? Martha, she. Something in the air. That's the moon. But then why don't all women menstruate at the same time with the same moon, I mean? Depends on the time they were born I suppose. Or all start scratch then get out of step.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Sometimes Molly and Milly together. Anyhow I got the best of that.

Bloom (TODAY): Damned glad } I didn't do it in the bath this morning } over her silly } I will punish you letter. Made up for that tram-driver this morning. That gouger M'Coy stopping me } to say nothing. And his wife } engagement in the country } valise, voice like a pickaxe.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Thankful for small mercies. Cheap too. Yours for the asking. 790
Because they want it themselves. Their natural craving. Shoals of them every evening } poured out of offices. Reserve better. Don't want it } they throw it at you. Catch em alive, O. Pity they can't see themselves. A dream of well-filled hose. Where was that? Ah, yes. Mutoscope pictures in Capel street: for men only. Peeping Tom. Willy's hat } and what the girls did with it. Do they snapshot those girls } or is it all a fake? *Lingerie* does it. Felt for the curves inside her *déshabillé*. Excites them also } when they're. I'm all clean } come and dirty me. And they like dressing one another } for the sacrifice.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Milly delighted with Molly's new blouse. At first. Put them all on } to take them all off. Molly. Why I bought her the violet garters. Us too: 800
the tie he wore, his lovely socks and turned-up trousers. He wore a pair of gaiters } the night that first we met. His lovely shirt was shining } beneath his what? Of jet.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Say a woman loses a charm } with every pin she takes out. Pinned together. O, Mairy lost the pin of her. Dressed up to the nines for somebody. Fashion part of their charm. Just changes } when you're on the track of the secret. Except the east: Mary, Martha: now as then. No reasonable offer refused.

Bloom (CURRENT): She wasn't in a hurry either. Always off to a fellow } when they are. They never forget an appointment. Out on spec probably. They believe in chance } because like themselves. And the others inclined to give her an odd dig. Girl friends at school, arms round each other's necks } or with ten fingers locked, kissing and 810
whispering secrets about nothing } in the convent garden.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Nuns with whitewashed faces, cool coifs } and their rosaries going up and down, vindictive too } for what they can't get. Barbed wire. Be sure now and write to me. And I'll write to you. Now won't you?

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Molly and Josie Powell.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Till Mr Right comes along, then meet once in a blue moon. *Tableau!* O, look who it is } for the love of God! How are you at all? What have you been doing with yourself? Kiss and delighted to, kiss, to see you. Picking holes in each other's appearance. You're looking splendid. Sister souls. Showing their teeth at one another. How many have you left? Wouldn't lend each other a pinch of salt. 820

Bloom (int.): Ah!

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Devils they are } when that's coming on them. Dark devilish appearance.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Molly often told me } feel things a ton weight. Scratch the sole of my foot. O that way! O, that's exquisite! Feel it myself too. Good to rest } once in a way.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Wonder if it's bad } to go with them then. Safe in one way. Turns milk, makes fiddle-strings snap. Something about withering plants } I read in a garden. Besides } they say if the flower withers } she wears } she's a flirt. All are.

Bloom (CURRENT): Daresay she felt I. When you feel like that } you often meet what you feel. Liked me or what?

830 **Bloom (ABSTRACT):** Dress they look at. Always know a fellow courting: collars and cuffs. Well } cocks and lions do the same } and stags. Same time } might prefer a tie undone } or something. Trousers?

Bloom (CURRENT): Suppose I } when I was? No. Gently does it. Dislike rough and tumble. Kiss in the dark and never tell. Saw something in me. Wonder what. Sooner have me as I am } than some poet chap } with bears-grease plastery hair, lovelock over his dexter optic.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): To aid gentleman in literary.

Bloom (CURRENT): Ought to attend to my appearance } my age. Didn't let her see me in profile.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Still, you never know. Pretty girls and ugly men marrying. Beauty and the beast.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Besides I can't be so } if Molly.

840 **Bloom (CURRENT):** Took off her hat to show her hair. Wide brim. Bought to hide her face, meeting someone } might know her, bend down } or carry a bunch of flowers to smell. Hair strong in rut.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Ten bob } I got for Molly's combings } when we were on the rocks in Holles street. Why not?

Bloom (TODAY): Suppose he gave her money.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Why not? All a prejudice. She's worth ten, fifteen, more, a pound. What? I think so. All that for nothing. Bold hand: Mrs Marion. Did I forget to write address on that letter } like the postcard I sent to Flynn? And the day I went to Drimmie's } without a necktie. Wrangle with Molly it was put me off. No, I remember. Richie Goulding: he's another. Weighs on his mind.

Bloom (TODAY): Funny my watch stopped at half past four.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Dust. Shark liver oil they use to clean. Could do it myself. Save.

Bloom (TODAY): Was that just when he, she?

Bloom (TODAY): O, he did. Into her. She did. Done.

Bloom (int.): Ah!

850

N2: Mr Bloom with careful hand ∩ recomposed his wet shirt.

Bloom (CURRENT): O Lord, that little limping devil. Begins to feel cold and clammy. After-effect not pleasant.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Still ∩ you have to get rid of it someway. They don't care. Complimented ∩ perhaps. Go home to nicey bread and milky ∩ and say night prayers with the kiddies. Well, aren't they? See her as she is ∩ spoil all. Must have the stage setting, the rouge, costume, position, music. The name too. *Amours* of actresses. Nell Gwynn, Mrs Bracegirdle, Maud Branscombe. Curtain up. Moonlight silver effulgence. Maiden discovered with pensive bosom. Little sweetheart ∩ come and kiss me. Still, I feel. The strength it gives a man. That's the secret of it.

860

Bloom (TODAY): Good job ∩ I let off there behind the wall ∩ coming out of Dignam's. Cider that was. Otherwise I couldn't have. Makes you want to sing after. *Lacaus esant taratara.*

Bloom (CURRENT): Suppose I spoke to her. What about? Bad plan however ∩ if you don't know ∩ how to end the conversation. Ask them a question ∩ they ask you another. Good idea if you're stuck. Gain time. But then you're in a cart.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Wonderful of course ∩ if you say: good evening, and you see she's on for it: good evening.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): O ∩ but the dark evening in the Appian way ∩ I nearly spoke to Mrs Clinch ∩ O ∩ thinking she was. Whew! Girl in Meath street that night. All the dirty things ∩ I made her say. All wrong ∩ of course. My arks ∩ she called it. It's so hard to find one who. Aho!

Bloom (ABSTRACT): If you don't answer ∩ when they solicit ∩ must be horrible for them ∩ till they harden.

870

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): And kissed my hand ∩ when I gave her the extra two shillings.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Parrots. Press the button } and the bird will squeak.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Wish she hadn't called me sir. O, her mouth in the dark! And you a married man } with a single girl!

Bloom (ABSTRACT): That's what they enjoy. Taking a man from another woman. Or even hear of it. Different with me. Glad to get away from other chap's wife. Eating off his cold plate.

Bloom (TODAY): Chap in the Burton today } spitting back gum-chewed gristle. French letter still in my pocket-book.

880 **Bloom (ABSTRACT):** Cause of half the trouble. But might happen sometime, I don't think. Come in, all is prepared. I dreamt. What? Worst is beginning. How they change the venue } when it's not what they like. Ask you } do you like mushrooms } because she once knew a gentleman who. Or ask you } what someone was going to say } when he changed his mind } and stopped. Yet if I went the whole hog, say: I want to, something like that.

Bloom (CURRENT): Because I did. She too.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Offend her. Then make it up. Pretend to want something awfully, then cry off } for her sake. Flatters them.

Bloom (CURRENT): She must have been thinking of someone else } all the time. What harm? Must } since she came to the use of reason, he, he and he.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): First kiss does the trick. The propitious moment. Something inside them goes pop. Mushy like, tell by their eye, on the sly. First thoughts are best. Remember that till their dying day.

890 **Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY):** Molly, lieutenant Mulvey that kissed her } under the Moorish wall } beside the gardens. Fifteen } she told me. But her breasts were developed. Fell asleep then. After Glencrea dinner that was } when we drove home. Featherbed mountain. Gnashing her teeth in sleep. Lord mayor had his eye on her too. Val Dillon. Apoplectic.

Bloom (CURRENT): There she is with them } down there for the fireworks. My fireworks. Up like a rocket, down like a stick. And the children, twins they must be, waiting for something to happen.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Want to be grownups. Dressing in mother's clothes. Time enough, understand all the ways of the world.

Bloom (CURRENT): And the dark one } with the mop head and the nigger mouth. I knew she could whistle. Mouth made for that.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Like Molly. Why that high-class whore in Jammet's
∩ wore her veil only to her nose. Would you mind, please, telling me the right time? 900

Bloom (ABSTRACT): I'll tell you the right time ∩ up a dark lane. Say prunes and
prisms ∩ forty times every morning, cure for fat lips.

Bloom (CURRENT): Caressing the little boy too.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Onlookers see most of the game. Of course ∩ they understand
birds, animals, babies. In their line.

Bloom (CURRENT): Didn't look back ∩ when she was going down the strand.
Wouldn't give that satisfaction.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls.

Bloom (CURRENT): Fine eyes she had, clear.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): It's the white of the eye brings that out ∩ not so much the pupil.

Bloom (CURRENT): Did she know ∩ what I? Course. Like a cat ∩ sitting beyond a
dog's jump.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Women never meet one ∩ like that Wilkins in the
high school ∩ drawing a picture of Venus ∩ with all his belongings on show. Call that 910
innocence? Poor idiot! His wife has her work cut out for her.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Never see them sit ∩ on a bench marked *Wet Paint*. Eyes all
over them. Look under the bed ∩ for what's not there. Longing to get the fright of their
lives. Sharp as needles ∩ they are.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): When I said to Molly ∩ the man at the corner of Cuffe
street ∩ was good-looking, thought she might like, twigged at once he had a false arm.
Had, too. Where do they get that? Typist going up Roger Greene's stairs ∩ two at a time
∩ to show her understandings. Handed down from father to, mother to daughter, I mean.
Bred in the bone. Milly for example ∩ drying her handkerchief on the mirror ∩ to save
the ironing. Best place ∩ for an ad to catch a woman's eye ∩ on a mirror. And when I sent 920
her for Molly's Paisley shawl ∩ to Prescott's ∩ by the way ∩ that ad I must, carrying home
the change ∩ in her stocking! Clever little minx. I never told her. Neat way she carries
parcels too. Attract men, small thing like that. Holding up her hand, shaking it, to let the
blood flow back ∩ when it was red. Who did you learn that from? Nobody. Something
the nurse taught me. O, don't they know! Three years old ∩ she was ∩ in front of Molly's
dressing-table, just before we left Lombard street west. Me have a nice pace. Mullingar.
Who knows? Ways of the world. Young student. Straight on her pins anyway ∩ not like
the other.

Bloom (CURRENT): Still she was game. Lord, I am wet. Devil you are. Swell of her
930 calf. Transparent stockings, stretched to breaking point.

Bloom (CURRENT): Not like that frump today. A.E. Rumped stockings. Or the one
in Grafton street. White. Wow! Beef to the heel.

N1: A monkey puzzle rocket burst, spluttering in darting crackles. Zrads and zrads,
zrads, zrads. And Cissy and Tommy and Jacky ran out to see ∫ and Edy after with the
push-car ∫ and then Gerty ∫ beyond the curve of the rocks.

Bloom (int.): Will she? Watch! Watch! See! Looked round. She smelt an onion.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Darling, I saw, your. I saw all.

Bloom (int.): Lord!

Bloom (CURRENT): Did me good ∫ all the same.

Bloom (TODAY): Off colour after Kiernan's, Dignam's.

940 **Bloom (CURRENT):** For this relief ∫ much thanks. In *Hamlet*, that is. Lord! It was
all things combined. Excitement. When she leaned back, felt an ache at the butt of my
tongue. Your head ∫ it simply swirls. He's right. Might have made a worse fool of myself
however. Instead of talking about nothing. Then I will tell you all. Still ∫ it was a kind of
language between us. It couldn't be? No, Gerty they called her.

Bloom (TODAY): Might be false name however ∫ like my name ∫ and the address ∫
Dolphin's barn a blind.

N2: *Her maiden name was Jemina Brown
and she lived with her mother in Irishtown.*

Bloom (CURRENT): Place made me think of that ∫ I suppose.

950 **Bloom (ABSTRACT):** All tarred with the same brush. Wiping pens in their stockings.

Bloom (CURRENT): But the ball rolled down to her ∫ as if it understood. Every
bullet has its billet.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Course ∫ I never could throw anything straight at
school. Crooked as a ram's horn.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Sad however ∫ because it lasts only a few years ∫ till they
settle down to pot-walloping ∫ and papa's pants will soon fit Willy ∫ and fuller's earth
for the baby ∫ when they hold him out to do ah ah. No soft job. Saves them. Keeps them
out of harm's way. Nature. Washing child, washing corpse. Dignam. Children's hands
always round them. Cocoanut skulls, monkeys, not even closed at first, sour milk in their

swaddles and tainted curds. Oughtn't to have given that child ∫ an empty teat to suck. Fill it up with wind.

Bloom (TODAY): Mrs Beaufoy, Purefoy. Must call to the hospital. Wonder ∫ is nurse Callan there still. 960

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): She used to look over some nights ∫ when Molly was in the Coffee Palace. That young doctor O'Hare ∫ I noticed her brushing his coat. And Mrs Breen ∫ and Mrs Dignam ∫ once like that too, marriageable. Worst of all at night ∫ Mrs Duggan told me in the City Arms. Husband rolling in drunk, stink of pub off him ∫ like a polecat. Have that in your nose in the dark, whiff of stale boose. Then ∫ ask in the morning: was I drunk last night?

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Bad policy however ∫ to fault the husband. Chickens come home to roost. They stick by one another like glue. Maybe the women's fault also.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): That's where Molly can knock spots off them. It's the blood of the south. Moorish. Also the form, the figure. Hands felt for the opulent. Just compare ∫ for instance ∫ those others. Wife locked up at home, skeleton in the cupboard. 970 Allow me to introduce my. Then they trot you out ∫ some kind of a nondescript, wouldn't know what to call her. Always see a fellow's weak point ∫ in his wife.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Still there's destiny in it, falling in love. Have their own secrets between them. Chaps that would go to the dogs ∫ if some woman didn't take them in hand. Then little chits of girls, height of a shilling in coppers, with little hubbies. As God made them ∫ he matched them. Sometimes children turn out well enough. Twice nought makes one. Or old rich chap of seventy ∫ and blushing bride. Marry in May ∫ and repent in December.

Bloom (CURRENT): This wet is very unpleasant. Stuck. Well ∫ the foreskin is not back. Better detach. 980

Bloom (int.): Ow!

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Other hand ∫ a six-footer with a wifey up to his watch-pocket. Long and the short of it. Big he ∫ and little she.

Bloom (TODAY): Very strange about my watch.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Wrist-watches are always going wrong.

Bloom (TODAY): Wonder is there any magnetic influence ∫ between the person ∫ because that was about the time ∫ he. Yes, I suppose, at once. Cat's away, the mice will play. I remember looking in Pill lane.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Also that now is magnetism. Back of everything magnetism. Earth } for instance } pulling this } and being pulled. That causes movement. And time, well that's the time } the movement takes. Then if one thing stopped } the whole ghesabo
990 would stop bit by bit. Because it's all arranged. Magnetic needle tells you } what's going on in the sun, the stars. Little piece of steel iron. When you hold out the fork. Come. Come. Tip. Woman and man } that is. Fork and steel.

Bloom (TODAY): Molly, he.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Dress up } and look } and suggest } and let you see and see more } and defy you } if you're a man to see } that } and, like a sneeze coming, legs, look, look } and if you have any guts in you. Tip. Have to let fly.

Bloom (CURRENT): Wonder how is she feeling } in that region. Shame } all put on before third person. More put out } about a hole in her stocking.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Molly, her underjaw stuck out, head back, about the
1000 farmer in the riding-boots and spurs } at the horse show. And when the painters were in Lombard street west. Fine voice that fellow had. How Giuglini began. Smell that } I did. Like flowers. It was too. Violets. Came from the turpentine } probably in the paint. Make their own use of everything. Same time doing it } scraped her slipper on the floor } so they wouldn't hear. But lots of them can't kick the beam, I think. Keep that thing up for hours.

Bloom (CURRENT): Kind of a general all round over me } and half down my back.

Bloom (CURRENT): Wait. Hm. Hm. Yes. That's her perfume. Why she waved her hand. I leave you this } to think of me } when I'm far away on the pillow. What is it? Heliotrope? No. Hyacinth? Hm. Roses, I think. She'd like scent of that kind. Sweet and
1010 cheap: soon sour.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Why Molly likes opoponax. Suits her, with a little jessamine mixed. Her high notes and her low notes. At the dance } night she met him, dance of the hours. Heat brought it out. She was wearing her black } and it had the perfume of the time before. Good conductor, is it? Or bad? Light too. Suppose there's some connection. For instance } if you go into a cellar } where it's dark. Mysterious thing too.

Bloom (CURRENT): Why did I smell it only now? Took its time in coming } like herself, slow but sure. Suppose it's ever so many millions of tiny grains blown across.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Yes, it is. Because those spice islands, Cinghalese this morning, smell them leagues off. Tell you what it is. It's like a fine fine veil or web they have all

over the skin, fine › like › what do you call it › gossamer, and they're always spinning it 1020
out of them, fine as anything, like rainbow colours without knowing it.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Clings to everything she takes off. Vamp of her stockings. Warm shoe. Stays. Drawers: little kick, taking them off. Byby till next time. Also › the cat likes to sniff in her shift on the bed. Know her smell in a thousand. Bathwater too. Reminds me of strawberries and cream. Wonder where it is really. There › or the armpits › or under the neck. Because you get it › out of all holes and corners.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Hyacinth perfume › made of oil of ether or something. Muskrat. Bag under their tails. One grain › pour off odour for years. Dogs at each other behind. Good evening. Evening. How do you sniff? Hm. Hm. Very well, thank you. Animals go by that. Yes now, look at it that way. We're the same. Some women, instance, warn you 1030
off › when they have their period. Come near. Then get a hogo you could hang your hat on. Like what? Potted herrings gone stale or. Boof! Please keep off the grass.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Perhaps they get a man smell off us. What though? Cigary gloves › long John had on his desk › the other day. Breath? What you eat and drink › gives that. No. Mansmell, I mean. Must be connected with that › because priests that are supposed to be › are different. Women buzz round it › like flies round treacle. Railed off the altar › get on to it › at any cost. The tree of forbidden priest. O, father, will you? Let me be the first to. That diffuses itself all through the body, permeates. Source of life. 1040
And it's extremely curious › the smell. Celery sauce. Let me.

N2: Mr Bloom inserted his nose.

Bloom (int.): Hm.

N2: Into the.

Bloom (int.): Hm.

N2: Opening of his waistcoat.

Bloom (CURRENT): Almonds or. No. Lemons it is. Ah no, that's the soap.

Bloom (TODAY): O by the by › that lotion. I knew there was something on my mind. Never went back › and the soap not paid. Dislike carrying bottles › like that hag this morning. Hynes might have paid me that three shillings. I could mention Meagher's › just to remind him. Still › if he works that paragraph. Two and nine. Bad opinion of me › he'll have. Call tomorrow. How much do I owe you? Three and nine? Two and nine, sir. Ah. Might stop him giving credit another time.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Lose your customers that way. Pubs do. Fellows run up a bill 1050
on the slate › and then slinking around the back streets › into somewhere else.

Bloom (CURRENT): Here's this nobleman passed before. Blown in from the bay. Just went as far as ↵ turn back. Always at home at dinnertime. Looks mangled out: had a good tuck in. Enjoying nature now. Grace after meals. After supper ↵ walk a mile. Sure ↵ he has a small bank balance somewhere, government sit. Walk after him now ↵ make him awkward ↵ like those newsboys me ↵ today. Still ↵ you learn something. See ourselves ↵ as others see us.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): So long as women don't mock ↵ what matter? That's the way
1060 to find out. Ask yourself ↵ who is he now. *The Mystery Man on the Beach*, prize titbit story by Mr Leopold Bloom. Payment at the rate of one guinea per column.

Bloom (TODAY): And that fellow today ↵ at the graveside in the brown macintosh. Corns on his kismet however.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Healthy perhaps ↵ absorb all the. Whistle brings rain ↵ they say. Must be some ↵ somewhere. Salt in the Ormond ↵ damp. The body feels the atmosphere. Old Betty's joints are on the rack. Mother Shipton's prophecy ↵ that is ↵ about ships around ↵ they fly in the twinkling. No. Signs of rain ↵ it is. The royal reader.

Bloom (CURRENT): And distant hills seem coming nigh.

Bloom (CURRENT): Howth. Bailey light. Two, four, six, eight, nine. See.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Has to change ↵ or they might think it a house. Wreckers.
1070 Grace Darling. People afraid of the dark. Also glow-worms, cyclists: lighting-up time. Jewels ↵ diamonds ↵ flash better. Women. Light is a kind of reassuring. Not going to hurt you. Better now of course ↵ than long ago. Country roads. Run you through the small guts for nothing. Still ↵ two types there are ↵ you bob against. Scowl or smile. Pardon! Not at all. Best time to spray plants too ↵ in the shade after the sun.

Bloom (CURRENT): Some light still.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Red rays are longest.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Roygbiv ↵ Vance taught us: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet.

Bloom (CURRENT): A star I see. Venus? Can't tell yet. Two. When three ↵ it's
1080 night. Were those night-clouds there all the time? Looks like a phantom ship. No. Wait. Trees ↵ are they? An optical illusion. Mirage. Land of the setting sun ↵ this. Home-rule sun setting in the south-east. My native land, goodnight.

Bloom (CURRENT): Dew falling.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Bad for you, dear, to sit on that stone. Brings on white fluxions. Never have little baby then ∫ less he was big strong ∫ fight his way up through. Might get piles myself. Sticks too like a summer cold, sore on the mouth. Cut with grass or paper ∫ worst. Friction of the position.

Bloom (CURRENT): Like to be that rock ∫ she sat on. O sweet little, you don't know ∫ how nice you looked. I begin to like them at that age. Green apples. Grab at all that offer. Suppose it's the only time we cross legs, seated.

Bloom (TODAY): Also ∫ the library today: those girl graduates. Happy chairs under them.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): But ∫ it's the evening influence. They feel all that. Open like flowers, know their hours, sunflowers, Jerusalem artichokes, in ballrooms, chandeliers, avenues under the lamps.

1090

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Night-stock in Mat Dillon's garden ∫ where I kissed her shoulder. Wish I had a full length oil-painting of her then. June ∫ that was too ∫ I wooed. The year returns. History repeats itself. Ye crags and peaks ∫ I'm with you once again. Life, love, voyage round your own little world.

Bloom (CURRENT): And now? Sad about her lame ∫ of course ∫ but must be on your guard ∫ not to feel too much pity. They take advantage.

Bloom (CURRENT): All quiet on Howth now. The distant hills seem.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Where we. The rhododendrons. I am a fool perhaps. He gets the plums, and I ∫ the plum-stones. Where I come in. All that old hill has seen. Names change: that's all. Lovers: yum yum.

1100

Bloom (CURRENT): Tired I feel now. Will I get up? O wait. Drained all the manhood out of me, little wretch.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): She kissed me. Never again. My youth. Only once it comes. Or hers. Take the train there tomorrow. No.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Returning ∫ not the same. Like kids ∫ your second visit to a house. The new ∫ I want. Nothing new under the sun. Care of P.O. Dolphin's Barn.

Bloom (TODAY): Are you not happy in your? Naughty darling.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): At Dolphin's barn ∫ charades in Luke Doyle's house. Mat Dillon and his bevy of daughters: Tiny, Atty, Floey, Maimy, Louy, Hetty. Molly too. Eighty-seven that was. Year before we. And the old major, partial to his drop of spirits. Curious ∫ she an only child, I an only child. So it returns. Think you're escaping ∫ and

1110 run into yourself. Longest way round ∫ is the shortest way home. And just when he and she. Circus horse walking in a ring. Rip van Winkle we played. Rip: tear in Henny Doyle's overcoat. Van: bread·van delivering. Winkle: cockles and periwinkles. Then I did Rip van Winkle coming back. She leaned on the sideboard watching. Moorish eyes. Twenty years asleep in Sleepy Hollow. All changed. Forgotten. The young are old. His gun rusty from the dew.

Bat: Ba.

Bloom (CURRENT): What is that flying about? Swallow? Bat probably. Thinks I'm a tree, so blind.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Have birds no smell? Metempsychosis. They believed you could be changed into a tree ∫ from grief. Weeping willow.

Bat: Ba.

1120 **Bloom (CURRENT):** There he goes. Funny little beggar. Wonder where he lives. Belfry up there. Very likely. Hanging by his heels ∫ in the odour of sanctity. Bell scared him out, I suppose. Mass seems to be over. Could hear them all at it. Pray for us. And pray for us. And pray for us.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Good idea the repetition. Same thing with ads. Buy from us. And buy from us. Yes, there's the light ∫ in the priest's house. Their frugal meal.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Remember about the mistake in the valuation ∫ when I was in Thom's. Twenty-eight it is. Two houses ∫ they have. Gabriel Conroy's brother is curate.

Bat: Ba.

Bloom (CURRENT): Again. Wonder why they come out at night ∫ like mice. They're a mixed breed.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Birds are like hopping mice. What frightens them, light or noise?

Bloom (CURRENT): Better sit still.

1130 **Bloom (ABSTRACT):** All instinct ∫ like the bird in drouth ∫ got water out of the end of a jar ∫ by throwing in pebbles.

Bloom (CURRENT): Like a little man in a cloak he is ∫ with tiny hands. Weeny bones. Almost see them shimmering, kind of a bluey white.

Bloom (ABSTRACT) : Colours depend on the light you see. Stare the sun } for example } like the eagle } then look at a shoe } see a blotch blob yellowish. Wants to stamp his trademark on everything.

Bloom (TODAY) : Instance, that cat this morning } on the staircase. Colour of brown turf.

Bloom (ABSTRACT) : Say you never see them with three colours. Not true.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY) : That half tabby-white tortoise-shell } in the *City Arms* } with the letter em on her forehead. Body } fifty different colours.

Bloom (CURRENT) : Howth } a while ago } amethyst. Glass flashing.

Bloom (ABSTRACT) : That's how that wise man } what's his name } with the burning glass. Then the heather goes on fire. It can't be tourists' matches. What? Perhaps the sticks dry rub together } in the wind } and light. Or broken bottles in the furze } act as a burning glass } in the sun. Archimedes. I have it! My memory's not so bad. 1140

Bat : Ba.

Bloom (CURRENT) : Who knows } what they're always flying for. Insects?

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY) : That bee last week } got into the room } playing with his shadow on the ceiling. Might be the one bit me, come back to see.

Bloom (ABSTRACT) : Birds too. Never find out. Or what they say. Like our small talk. And says she } and says he. Nerve they have } to fly over the ocean and back. Lots must be killed in storms, telegraph wires. Dreadful life } sailors have too. Big brutes of ocean-going steamers } floundering along in the dark, lowing out like sea-cows. *Faugh a ballagh!* Out of that, bloody curse to you! Others in vessels, bit of a handkerchief 1150 sail, pitched about like snuff at a wake when the stormy winds do blow. Married too. Sometimes away for years } at the ends of the earth somewhere. No ends really } because it's round. Wife in every port } they say. She has a good job } if she minds it } till Johnny comes marching home again. If ever he does. Smelling the tail end of ports. How can they like the sea? Yet they do. The anchor's weighed. Off he sails } with a scapular or a medal on him } for luck. Well. And the tephilim } no what's this they call it } poor papa's father had on his door } to touch. That brought us out of the land of Egypt } and into the house of bondage. Something in all those superstitions } because when you go out } never know what dangers. Hanging on to a plank } or astride of a beam } for grim 1160 life, lifebelt round him, gulping salt water, and that's the last of his nibs } till the sharks catch hold of him. Do fish ever get seasick?

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Then you have a beautiful calm } without a cloud, smooth sea, placid, crew and cargo in smithereens, Davy Jones' locker, moon looking down so peaceful. Not my fault, old cockalorum.

N (NOVEL): A last lonely candle } wandered up the sky } from Mirus bazaar } in search of funds for Mercer's hospital } and broke, drooping, and shed a cluster of violet } but one white stars. They floated, fell: they faded. The shepherd's hour: the hour of
1170 folding: hour of tryst. From house to house, giving his ever-welcome double knock, went the nine o'clock postman, the glow-worm's lamp at his belt } gleaming here and there } through the laurel hedges. And among the five young trees } a hoisted lint-stock } lit the lamp at Leahy's terrace. By screens of lighted windows, by equal gardens } a shrill voice went crying, wailing: *Evening Telegraph, stop press edition! Result of the Gold Cup Race!* and from the door of Dignam's house } a boy ran out and called. Twittering } the bat flew here, flew there. Far out over the sands the coming surf crept, grey. Howth settled for slumber, tired of long days, of yum-yum rhododendrons (he was old) and felt gladly } the night breeze lift, ruffle his fell of ferns. He lay but opened a red eye unsleeping,
1180 deep and slowly breathing, slumberous but awake. And far on Kish bank the anchored light-ship twinkled, winked at Mr Bloom.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Life those chaps out there } must have, stuck in the same spot. Irish Lights board. Penance for their sins. Coastguards too. Rocket and breeches } buoy and lifeboat.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Day we went out for the pleasure cruise } in the Erin's King, throwing them the sack of old papers. Bears in the zoo. Filthy trip. Drunkards out to shake up their livers. Puking overboard to feed the herrings. Nausea. And the women, fear of God in their faces. Milly, no sign of funk. Her blue scarf loose, laughing. Don't know what death is } at that age. And then their stomachs clean. But being lost } they
1190 fear. When we hid behind the tree at Crumlin. I didn't want to. Mamma! Mamma! Babes in the wood. Frightening them with masks too. Throwing them up in the air } to catch them. I'll murder you. Is it only half fun? Or children playing battle. Whole earnest. How can people aim guns at each other. Sometimes they go off. Poor kids! Only troubles } wildfire and nettle-rash. Calomel purge } I got her } for that. After getting better } asleep with Molly. Very same teeth } she has. What do they love? Another themselves? But the morning } she chased her with the umbrella. Perhaps so as not to hurt. I felt her pulse. Ticking. Little hand } it was: now big.

Bloom (TODAY): Dearest Papli.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): All that the hand says } when you touch.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): Loved to count my waistcoat buttons. Her first stays
I remember. Made me laugh to see. Little paps to begin with. Left one is more sensitive, 1200
I think. Mine too. Nearer the heart? Padding themselves out if fat is in fashion. Her
growing pains at night, calling, wakening me. Frightened she was I when her nature
came on her first. Poor child! Strange moment for the mother too. Brings back her
girlhood. Gibraltar. Looking from Buena Vista. O'Hara's tower. The seabirds screaming.
Old Barbary ape that gobbled all his family. Sundown, gunfire for the men to cross the
lines. Looking out over the sea I she told me. Evening like this, but clear, no clouds. I
always thought I I'd marry a lord I or a rich gentleman coming with a private yacht.
Buenas noches, senorita. El hombre ama la muchacha hermosa. Why me? Because you
were so foreign from the others. 1210

Bloom (CURRENT): Better not stick here all night I like a limpet. This weather
makes you dull. Must be getting on for nine I by the light. Go home. Too late for *Leah*.
Lily of Killarney. No. Might be still up. Call to the hospital to see. Hope she's over.

Bloom (TODAY): Long day I've had. Martha, the bath, funeral, house of Keyes,
museum with those goddesses, Dedalus' song. Then that bawler in Barney Kiernan's.
Got my own back there. Drunken ranters I what I said about his God I made him wince.
Mistake to hit back. Or? No. Ought to go home I and laugh at themselves. Always want
to be swilling in company. Afraid to be alone I like a child of two. Suppose he hit me.
Look at it other way round. Not so bad then. Perhaps not to hurt I he meant. Three 1220
cheers for Israel.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Three cheers for the sister-in-law he hawked about, three fangs
in her mouth. Same style of beauty. Particularly nice old party I for a cup of tea. The
sister I of the wife I of the wild man of Borneo I has just come to town. Imagine that
in the early morning I at close range. Everyone to his taste I as Morris said I when he
kissed the cow.

Bloom (TODAY): But Dignam's put the boots on it. Houses of mourning I so
depressing I because you never know. Anyhow I she wants the money. Must call to
those Scottish Widows as I promised.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Strange name. Takes it for granted I we're going to pop off
first.

Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY): That widow on Monday I was it outside Cramer's I
that looked at me. Buried the poor husband I but progressing favourably on the premium. 1230

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Her widow's mite. Well? What do you expect her to do? Must
wheedle her way along. Widower I I hate to see. Looks so forlorn. Poor man O'Connor

∫ wife and five children ∫ poisoned by mussels here. The sewage. Hopeless. Some good matronly woman in a porkpie hat to mother him. Take him in tow, platter face and a large apron. Ladies' grey flannelette bloomers, three shillings a pair, astonishing bargain. Plain and loved, loved for ever, they say. Ugly: no woman thinks she is. Love, lie and be handsome ∫ for tomorrow we die.

Bloom (TODAY): See him sometimes walking about ∫ trying to find out who played the trick. U.p: up. Fate that is. He, not me. Also ∫ a shop often noticed. Curse seems to dog it.

1240 **Bloom (PERSONAL HISTORY):** Dreamt last night? Wait. Something confused. She had red slippers on. Turkish. Wore the breeches. Suppose she does? Would I like her in pyjamas? Damned hard to answer.

Bloom (TODAY): Nannetti's gone. Mailboat. Near Holyhead by now. Must nail that ad of Keyes's. Work Hynes and Crawford. Petticoats for Molly. She has something to put in them.

Bloom (CURRENT): What's that? Might be money.

N2: Mr Bloom stooped and turned over a piece of paper on the strand. He brought it near his eyes and peered.

Bloom (CURRENT): Letter? No. Can't read. Better go. Better. I'm tired to move. Page of an old copybook.

1250 **Bloom (ABSTRACT):** All those holes and pebbles. Who could count them? Never know what you find. Bottle with story of a treasure in it, thrown from a wreck. Parcels post. Children always want to throw things in the sea. Trust? Bread cast on the waters.

Bloom (CURRENT): What's this? Bit of stick.

Bloom (CURRENT): O! Exhausted ∫ that female has me. Not so young now. Will she come here tomorrow? Wait for her somewhere for ever. Must come back. Murderers do. Will I?

N2: Mr Bloom ∫ with his stick ∫ gently vexed the thick sand at his foot.

Bloom (CURRENT): Write a message for her. Might remain. What?

Bloom (CURRENT): I.

1260 **Bloom (CURRENT):** Some flatfoot ∫ tramp on it in the morning. Useless. Washed away. Tide comes here. Saw a pool near her foot. Bend, see my face there, dark mirror, breathe on it, stirs. All these rocks with lines and scars and letters. O, those transparent! Besides they don't know.

Bloom (TODAY): What is the meaning of that other world. I called you naughty boy
} because I do not like.

Bloom (CURRENT): AM. A.

Bloom (CURRENT): No room. Let it go.

N2: Mr Bloom effaced the letters } with his slow boot.

Bloom (ABSTRACT): Hopeless thing } sand. Nothing grows in it. All fades. No fear
of big vessels coming up here. Except Guinness's barges. Round the Kish in eighty days.
Done half by design.

N2: He flung his wooden pen away. The stick fell in silted sand, stuck. 1270

Bloom (CURRENT): Now } if you were trying to do that for a week on end } you
couldn't. Chance. We'll never meet again. But it was lovely. Goodbye, dear. Thanks.
Made me feel so young.

Bloom (CURRENT): Short snooze now } if I had. Must be near nine. Liverpool boat }
long gone. Not even the smoke. And she can do the other. Did too. And Belfast. I won't
go. Race there, race back to Ennis. Let him. Just close my eyes } a moment. Won't sleep,
though. Half dream. It never comes the same. Bat again. No harm in him. Just a few.

Bloom (TODAY): O sweetly } all your little girl-white } up I saw dirty brace-girdle }
made me do } love sticky } we two naughty } Grace darling } she him } half past the bed 1280
} met him pike hoses } frillies for Raoul } de perfume } your wife } black hair } heave
under embon } *senorita* } young eyes } Mulvey } plump bubs } me breadvan Winkle }
red slippers } she rusty sleep } wander } years of dreams } return } tail end } Agendath
} swoony lovey } showed me her } next year } in drawers } return } next in her } next
her } next.

N1: A bat flew. Here. There. Here. Far in the grey } a bell chimed. Mr Bloom with
open mouth, his left boot sanded sideways, leaned, breathed. Just for a few

N2: *Cuckoo*

Cuckoo

Cuckoo.

1290

N (RELIGIOUS): The clock on the mantel-piece in the priest's house } cooed } where
Canon O'Hanlon and Father Conroy and the reverend John Hughes S.J. } were taking tea
} and soda-bread and butter } and fried mutton chops with catsup } and talking about

N2: *Cuckoo*

Cuckoo

Cuckoo.

1300 N1: Because it was a little canary-bird } that came out of its little house } to tell the
time } that Gerty MacDowell noticed the time she was there } because she was as quick
as anything } about a thing like that, was Gerty MacDowell, and she noticed at once }
that that foreign gentleman } that was sitting on the rocks looking } was

N2: *Cuckoo*
Cuckoo
Cuckoo.