



# BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de **Ulises**, Telémaco, y de ***Finnegans Wake***, **L1C2**, de *James Joyce*

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## 1. Reader: Bill Dixon.

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—*Introibo ad altare Dei.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untousured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

—Back to barracks! he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

—The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek!

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on



the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

—My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

—Will he come? The jejune jesuit!

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

—Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

—Yes, my love?

—How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

—God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade.

He shaved warily over his chin.

—He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is his guncase?

—A woful lunatic! Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

—I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If he stays on here I am off.

Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily.

—Scutter! he cried thickly.

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket, said:

—Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:



—The bard's noserag! A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can't you?

He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly.

—God! he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a great sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton*. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks! I must teach you. You must read them in the original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother. Come and look.

## 2. Lectoras: María Paz González y Pilar Pastor

Stephen se levantó y fue hacia el parapeto. Apoyándose en él, miró abajo al agua y al barco correo que pasaba por la bocana de Kingstown.

—¡Nuestra poderosa madre! dijo Buck Mulligan.

Desvió los ojos grises escrutantes abruptamente del mar a la cara de Stephen.

La tía piensa que mataste a tu madre, dijo. Por eso no me deja que tenga nada que ver contigo.

Alguien la mató, dijo Stephen sombríamente.

—Te podías haber arrodillado, maldita sea, Kinch, cuando tu madre moribunda te lo pidió, dijo Buck Mulligan. Soy tan hiperbóreo como tú. Pero pensar en tu madre rogándote en su último aliento que te arrodillaras y rezaras por ella. Y te negaste. Hay algo siniestro en ti ... .

Se interrumpió y se enjabonó de nuevo ligeramente el otro cachete. Una sonrisa tolerante le arqueó los labios.

—¡Pero un retorcido encantador! murmuró para sí. ¡Kinch, el retorcido más encantador del mundo!

Se afeitaba uniformemente y con cuidado, en silencio, se) riamente.

Stephen, un codo recostado en el granito rugoso, apoyó la palma de la mano en la frente y reparó en el borde raído de la manga de su americana negra deslucida. Una pena, que aún no era pena de amor, le carcomía el corazón. Silenciosamente, en sueños se le había aparecido después de su muerte, el cuerpo consumido en una mortaja holgada marrón, despidiendo olor a cera y palo de rosa, su aliento, que se había posado sobre él, mudo, acusador, un tenue olor a cenizas moladas. Más allá del borde del puño deshilachado veía el mar al que aclamaba como inmensa dulce madre



la bienalimentada voz a su lado. El anillo de la bahía y el horizonte retenían una masa de líquido verde apagado. Un cuenco de loza blanca colocado junto a su lecho de muerte reteniendo la bilis verde inerte que había arrancado de su hígado podrido con vómitos espasmódicos quejumbrosos.

Buck Mulligan limpió de nuevo la hoja de la navaja.

–¡Ay, pobre e infeliz chucho apaleado! dijo con voz amable. Tengo que darte una camisa y unos cuantos moqueros. ¿Qué tal los calzones de segunda mano?

–No me quedan mal, contestó Stephen.

Buck Mulligan la emprendió con el hoyo bajo el labio.

–Menuda farsa, dijo guasonamente. Tendrían que ser de segunda pierna. Sabe Dios qué sifilitigandumbas los soltó. Tengo un par que son un encanto a rayas finas, grises. Estarás chulo con ellos. No bromeo, Kinch. Estás imponente cuando te arreglas.

–Gracias, dijo Stephen. No mulos voy a poner si son grises.

–No se los va a poner, dijo Buck Mulligan a su cara en el espejo. Etiqueta ante todo. Mata a su madre pero no se va a poner unos pantalones grises.

Cerró la navaja meticulosamente y con ligeros masajes de los dedos se palpó la piel suave.

Stephen desvió la mirada del mar a la cara oronda de ojos inquietos azulhumo.

Ese tipo con el que estuve anoche en el Ship, dijo Buck Mulligan, dice que tienes p.g.i. Está viviendo en Villachiflados con Conolly Norman. Parálisis general de insania.

Hizo una barrida con el espejo en semicírculo en el aire para difundir la nueva en los contornos del sol radiante en este momento sobre el mar. Los arqueados labios afeitados reían y el borde de los blancos dientes destellantes. La risa atrapó por completo su torso robusto bien formado.

–¡Mírate, dijo, bardo horrendo!

Stephen se inclinó hacia delante y escudriñó el espejo que sostenían frente a él, partido por una raja torcida. El pelo de punta. Como él y otros me ven. ¿Quién eligió esta cara por mí? Este infeliz chucho apaleado al que hay que espulgar. También me lo pregunta.



–Lo trinqué del cuarto de la chacha, dijo Buck Mulligan. Le está bien merecido. La tía siempre coge sirvientas feúchas para Malachi. No le dejes caer en la tentación. Y se llama Ursula.

Riendo de nuevo, apartó el espejo de los ojos escudriñantes de Stephen.

–La rabia de Calibán por no verse la cara en el espejo, dijo. ¡Si Wilde viviera para verte!

Retrocedió y, señalando, dijo con amargura Stephen:

–Todo un símbolo del arte irlandés. El espejo rajado de una sirvienta.

Buck Mulligan repentinamente se cogió del brazo de Stephen y paseó con él por la torre, la navaja y el espejo zurriando en el bolsillo donde los había metido.

–No está bien que me meta así contigo ¿verdad, Kinch? dijo amablemente. Sabe Dios que tienes más valor que cualquiera de ellos.

Otro quite. Teme la lanceta de mi arte como yo temo la suya. La pluma acerada y fría.

–¡El espejo rajado de una sirvienta! Cuéntaselo al cabestro de abajo y sácale una guinea. Apesta a dinero y no te considera un señor. Su viejo se forró vendiendo jalapa a los zulúes o con cualquier otro timo de mierda. Dios, Kinch, si tú y yo al menos trabajáramos juntos podríamos hacer algo por esta isla. Helenizarla.

### **3. Readers: Kate Marriage & Andrew Walsh**

–And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I'm the only one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe.

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another. O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears. A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade. I don't want to be debugged! Don't you play the giddy ox with me!

Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms.

To ourselves... new paganism... omphalos.

–Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at night.



—Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you. What have you against me now?

They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Stephen freed his arm quietly.

—Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

—Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes.

Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said:

—Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death?

Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said:

—What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God?

—You were making tea, Stephen said, and went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room.

—Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.

—You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.*

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek.

—Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that?

He shook his constraint from him nervously.

—And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly:



—I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

—Of what then? Buck Mulligan asked.

—Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel.

—O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his cheeks.

A voice within the tower called loudly:

—Are you up there, Mulligan?

—I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered.

He turned towards Stephen and said:

—Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers.

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof:

—Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding.

His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead:

*And no more turn aside and brood  
Upon love's bitter mystery  
For Fergus rules the brazen cars.*

#### **4. Lector: Damian Palomero.**

Sombras de espesura flotaban silenciosamente por la paz de la mañana desde el hueco de la escalera hacia el mar al que miraba. En la orilla y más adentro el espejo del agua blanquecía, hollado por pisadas livianas de pies apresurados. Blanco seno del mar ensombrecido. Golpes ligados, dos por dos. Una mano punteando las cuerdas del arpa, combinando acordes ligados. Palabras enlazadas de blancoola fulgurando en la marea ensombrecida.

Una nube empezó a tapar el sol lentamente, completamente, sombreando la bahía en un verde más profundo. Yacía a sus pies, cuenco de aguas amargas. La canción de Fergus: la cantaba a solas en casa, manteniendo los largos acordes oscuros. La puerta de ella abierta: quería escuchar mi música. Silencioso de temor y pesar me acerqué a su cabecera. Lloraba en su cama miserable. Por aquellas palabras, Stephen: el misterio del amor amargo.





¿Dónde ahora?

Sus secretos: viejos abanicos de plumas, carnés de baile con borlas, empolvados con almizcle, un dije de cuentas de ámbar en su cajón acerrojado. Una jaula colgaba de la ventana soleada de su casa cuando era niña. Oyó cantar al viejo Royce en la pantomima Turco el terrible y rió con los demás cuando él cantaba:

Yo soy el rapaz  
que puede gozar  
invisibilidad.

Regocijo fantasmal, guardado: almizcle perfumado.

Y no te apartes y le des vueltas.

Guardado en el recuerdo de la naturaleza con sus juguetes de niña. Los recuerdos asedian su mente cavilante. El vaso de agua del grifo de la cocina cuando hubo recibido el sacramento. Una manzana descarozada, rellena de azúcar moreno, asándose para ella en la hornilla en un apagado atardecer otoñal. Las uñas perfectas enrojecidas con la sangre de piojos aplastados de las camisas de los niños.

En sueños, silenciosamente, se le había aparecido, el cuerpo consumido en una mortaja holgada, despidiendo olor a cera y palo de rosa, su aliento, posado sobre él con palabras mudas enigmáticas, un tenue olor a cenizas mojadas.

Sus ojos vidriosos, mirando desde la muerte, para conmovier y doblarme el alma. Clavados en mí sólo. Vela espectro para alumbrar su agonía. Luz espectral en su cara atormentada. Ronca respiración recia en estertores de horror, mientras todos rezaban de rodillas. Sus ojos en mí para fulminarme. Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.

¡Necrófago! ¡Devorador de cadáveres!

¡No, madre! Déjame ser y déjame vivir.

—¡Eh, Kinch!

La voz de Buck Mulligan cantaba desde dentro de la torre. Se acercaba escaleras arriba, llamando de nuevo. Stephen, aún temblando por el lamento de su alma, oyó una cálida luz de sol deslizante y en el aire a su espalda palabras amigas.

—Dedalus, baja, pánfilo. El desayuno está listo. Haines pide disculpas por despertarnos anoche. No pasa nada.

—Ya voy, dijo Stephen, volviéndose.



–Venga, por el amor de Dios, dijo Buck Mulligan. Por el amor mío y por todos los amores.

Su cabeza desapareció y reapareció.

–Le conté lo de tu símbolo del arte irlandés. Dice que es muy agudo. Sácale una libra; anda. Una guinea, mejor dicho.

–Me pagan esta mañana, dijo Stephen.

–¿La escuela de putas? dijo Buck Mulligan. ¿Cuánto? ¿Cuatro libras? Déjame una.

–Si la necesitas, dijo Stephen.

–Cuatro relucientes soberanos, exclamó Buck Mulligan a gusto. Agarraremos una gloriosa borrachera que asombre a los druídicos druidas. Cuatro omnipotentes soberanos.

Alzó las manos y pateó escaleras de piedra abajo, desafinando una tonadilla con acento chulapo londinense:

–¡Ay, lo pasaremos muy divertido, bebiendo güisqui, ceruezay vino!  
¡El día de la coronación, de la coronación!  
¡Ay, lo pasaremos muy divertido el día de la coronación!

Cálida luz de sol jugueteando sobre el mar. El cuenco de afeitarse niquelado relucía, olvidado, en el parapeto. ¿Por qué habría de bajarlo yo? ¿O dejarlo donde está todo el día, amistad olvidada?

Se acercó hasta el cuenco, lo sostuvo en las manos durante un tiempo sintiendo su frescor, aspirando el espumajo aguanoso de la espuma donde la brocha estaba hundida. Del mismo modo llevé la naveta con incienso entonces en Clongowes. Soy otro ahora y sin embargo el mismo. Sirviente también. Servidor de un sirviente.

En la sombría estancia abovedada de la torre la silueta en batín de Buck Mulligan se movía animadamente de un lado para otro alrededor del fogón, tapando y revelando el fulgor amarillo. Dos haces de suave luz cruzaban el suelo embaldosado desde lo alto de las saeteras: y en la unión de los rayos una nube de humo de carbón y humaradas de grasa frita flotaba, girando.

–Nos vamos a asfixiar, dijo Buck Mulligan. Haines, abre la puerta, anda.

Stephen puso el cuenco de afeitarse en el armario. Una figura alta se levantó de la hamaca donde había estado sentada, se dirigió a la entrada y abrió de un tirón la contrapuerta.



–¿Tienes la llave? preguntó una voz.

–Dedalus la tiene, dijo Buck Mulligan. ¡La madre que ... que me asfixio!

Berreó sin quitar la vista del fuego:

–¡Kinch!

–Está en la cerradura, dijo Stephen, avanzando.

La llave chirrió en círculo ásperamente dos veces y, cuando el portón hubo quedado entreabierto, una luz anhelada y aire brillante penetraron. Haines estaba en la entrada mirando hacia fuera. Stephen arrastró su maleta puesta de pie hasta la mesa y se sentó y esperó. Buck Mulligan echó la fritada en la fuente que había junto a él. Después llevó la fuente y una gran tetera a la mesa, las plantó pesadamente sobre la misma y suspiró con alivio.

–Me derrito, dijo, como apuntó la vela al ... . Pero ¡chis! ¡Ni una palabra más sobre ese asunto! ¡Kinch, despierta! Pan, mantequilla, miel. Haines, ven. El rancho está listo. Bendice, Señor, estos alimentos. ¿Dónde está el azúcar? ¡Ay, pardiez, no hay leche!

Stephen fue por la hogaza y el tarro de miel y la mantequera al armario. Buck Mulligan se sentó con mal humor repentino.

–¿Qué casa de putas es ésta? dijo. Le avisé que viniera pasadas las ocho.

–Podemos tomarlo solo, dijo Stephen sediento. Hay un limón en el armario.

–¡Maldito seas tú y tus gustos parisinos! dijo Buck Mulligan. Yo lo que quiero es leche de Sandycove.

Haines vino desde la entrada y dijo tranquilamente: –Esa mujer sube ya con la leche.

–¡La bendición de Dios sea contigo! exclamó Buck Mulligan, levantándose de golpe de la silla. Siéntate. Echa el té ahí ya. El azúcar está en la bolsa. Toma, que no voy a seguir dándole a esos malditos huevos.

Troceó la fritada en la fuente y la echó a paletadas en tres platos, diciendo:

–In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.



## 5. Reader: John Mc Clafferty.

He walked on, waiting to be spoken to, trailing his ashplant by his side. Its ferrule followed lightly on the path, squealing at his heels. My familiar, after me, calling, Steeeeeeeeeeeephen! A wavering line along the path. They will walk on it tonight, coming here in the dark. He wants that key. It is mine. I paid the rent. Now I eat his salt bread. Give him the key too. All. He will ask for it. That was in his eyes.

—After all, Haines began...

Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind.

—After all, I should think you are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me.

—I am a servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an Italian.

—Italian? Haines said.

A crazy queen, old and jealous. Kneel down before me.

—And a third, Stephen said, there is who wants me for odd jobs.

—Italian? Haines said again. What do you mean?

—The imperial British state, Stephen answered, his colour rising, and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.

Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke.

—I can quite understand that, he said calmly. An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame.

The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells: *et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam*: the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars. Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus, the voices blended, singing alone loud in affirmation: and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs. A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a worsting from those embattled angels of the church, Michael's host, who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields.



Hear, hear! Prolonged applause. *Zut! Nom de Dieu!*

—Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines's voice said, and I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either. That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now.

Two men stood at the verge of the cliff, watching: businessman, boatman.

—She's making for Bullock harbour.

The boatman nodded towards the north of the bay with some disdain.

—There's five fathoms out there, he said. It'll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one. It's nine days today.

The man that was drowned. A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, saltwhite. Here I am.

They followed the winding path down to the creek. Buck Mulligan stood on a stone, in shirtsleeves, his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder. A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him, moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water.

—Is the brother with you, Malachi?

—Down in Westmeath. With the Bannons.

—Still there? I got a card from Bannon. Says he found a sweet young thing down there. Photo girl he calls her.

—Snapshot, eh? Brief exposure.

Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots. An elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face. He scrambled up by the stones, water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair, water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth.

Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and, glancing at Haines and Stephen, crossed himself piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone.

—Seymour's back in town, the young man said, grasping again his spur of rock. Chucked medicine and going in for the army.

—Ah, go to God! Buck Mulligan said.

—Going over next week to stew. You know that red Carlisle girl, Lily?

—Yes.

—Spooning with him last night on the pier. The father is rotto with money.

—Is she up the pole?

—Better ask Seymour that.



—Seymour a bleeding officer! Buck Mulligan said.

He nodded to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up, saying tritely:

—Redheaded women buck like goats.

He broke off in alarm, feeling his side under his flapping shirt.

—My twelfth rib is gone, he cried. I'm the *Übermensch*. Toothless Kinch and I, the supermen.

He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where his clothes lay.

—Are you going in here, Malachi?

—Yes. Make room in the bed.

The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes. Haines sat down on a stone, smoking.

—Are you not coming in? Buck Mulligan asked.

—Later on, Haines said. Not on my breakfast.

Stephen turned away.

—I'm going, Mulligan, he said.

—Give us that key, Kinch, Buck Mulligan said, to keep my chemise flat.

Stephen handed him the key. Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes.

—And twopence, he said, for a pint. Throw it there.

Stephen threw two pennies on the soft heap. Dressing, undressing. Buck Mulligan erect, with joined hands before him, said solemnly:

—He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord. Thus spake Zarathustra.

His plump body plunged.

—We'll see you again, Haines said, turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish.

Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon.

—The Ship, Buck Mulligan cried. Half twelve.

—Good, Stephen said.

He walked along the upwardcurving path.



*Liliata rutilantium.  
Turma circumdet.  
Iubilantium te virginum.*

The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly. I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go.

A voice, sweettoned and sustained, called to him from the sea. Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round.

Usurper.

## 6. Reader: Mal Murpphy

**CHEST CEE!** 'Sdense! Corpo di barragio! you spoof of visibility in a freakfog, of mixed sex cases among goats hill cat and plain mousey, Bigamy Bob and his old Shanvocht! The Blackfriars treacle plaster outrage be liddled! Therewith was released in that kingsrick of Humidia a poisoning volume of cloud barrage indeed. Yet all they who heard or redelivered are now with that family of bards and Vergobretas himself and the crowd of Caraculacticors as much no more as be they not yet now or had they then notever been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid those zouave players of Inkermann the mime mumming the mick and his nick miming their maggies, Hilton St Just (Mr Frank Smith), Ivanne Ste Austelle (Mr J. F. Jones), Coleman of Lucan taking four parts, a choir of the O'Daley O'Doyles doublesixing the chorus in *Fenn Mac Call and the Serven Feeries of Loch Neach, Galloper Tropller and Hurleyquinn* the zitherer of the past with his merry men all, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this Eyrawyggla saga (which, thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb to buttom all falsetissues, antilibellous and nonactionable and this applies to its whole wholume) of poor Osti-Fosti, described as quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an exceedingly niced ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone, but a very major poet of the poorly meritory order (he began Tuonisonian but worked his passage up as far as the we-all-hang-together Animandovites) no one end is known. If they whistled him before he had curtains up they are whistling him still after his curtain's doom's doom. *Ei fû*. His husband, poor old A'Hara (Okaroff?) crestfallen by things and down at heels at the time, they squeak, accepted the (Zassnoch!) ardree's shilling at the conclusion of the Crimean war and, having flown his wild geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney, enlisted in Tyrone's horse, the Irish whites, and soldiered a bit with Wolsey under the assumed name of Blanco Fusilovna Bucklovitch (spurious) after which the cawer and the marble halls of Pump Court Columbarium, the home of the old seakings, looked upon each other and queth their haven evermore for it transpires that on the other side of the water it came about that on the field of Vasileff's Cornix inauspiciously with his unit he perished, saying, this papal leafless to old chap give, rawl chawclates for mouterinlouth. *Booil*. Poor old dear Paul Horan, to satisfy his literary as well as his criminal aspirations, at the suggestion thrown out by the doomster in loquacity lunacy, so says the Dublin Intelligence, was thrown into a Ridley's for inmates in the



northern counties. Under the name of Orani he may have been the utility man of the troupe capable of sustaining long parts at short notice. He was. Sordid Sam, a dour decent deblancer, the unwashed, haunted always by his ham, the unwished, at a word from Israfel the Summoner, passed away painlessly after life's upsomdowns one hallowe'en night, ebbrous and in the state of nature, propelled from Behind into the great Beyond by footblows coulinclouted upon his oyster and atlas on behanged and behooved and behicked and behulked of his last fishandblood bedscrappers, a Northwegian and his mate of the Sheawolving class. Though the last straw glimt his baring this stage thunkhard is said (the pitfallen gagged him as 'Promptboxer') to have solemnly said—as had the brief thot but fell in till his head like a bass dropt neck fust in till a bung crate (cogged!): Me drames, O'Loughlins, has come through! Now let the centuple celves of my egourge as Micholas de Cusack calls them,—of all of whose I in my hereinafter of course by recourse demission me—by the coincidance of their contraries reamalgamerge in that indentity of undiscernibles where the Baxters and the Fleshmans may they cease to bidivil uns and (but at this poingt though the iron thrust of his cockspurt start might have prepared us we are wellnigh stinkpotthered by the mustardpunge in the tailend) this outandin brown candlestock melt Nolan's into peese! *Han var*. Disliken as he was to druriodrama, her wife Langley, the prophet, and the decentest dozendest short of a frusker whoever stuck his spickle through his spoke, disappeared, (in which toodoing he has taken all the French leaves unveilable out of Calomnequiller's Pravities) from the sourface of this earth, that austral plain he had transmariied himself to, so entirely spoorlessly (the mother of the book with a dustwhisk tabularasing his obliteration done upon her involucrum) as to tickle the speculative to all but opine (since the Levey who might have been Langley may have really been a redivivus of paganinism or a volunteer Vousden) that the hobo (who possessed a large amount of the humoresque) had transtuled his funster's latitat to its finsterest interrimost. *Bhi she*. Again, if Father San Browne, tea and toaster to that quaintesttest of yarnspinnners is Padre Don Bruno, treu and troster to the queen of Iar-Spain, was the reverend, the sodality director, that eupeptic viceflayer, a barefaced carmelite, to whose palpitating pulpit (which of us but remembers the rarevalent and hornerable Fratomistor Nawlanmore and Brawne.) sinning society sirens (see the [Roman Catholic] presspassim) fortunately became so enthusiastically attached and was an objectionable ass who very occasionally cockaded a raffles ticket on his hat which he wore all to one side like the hangle of his pan (if Her Elegance saw him she'd have the canary!) and was semiprivately convicted of malpractices with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing over the cark in his pocket) that same snob of the dunhill, fully several yearschaums ripper, encountered by the General on that redletter morning or maynoon jovesday and were they? *Fuitfuit*

## 7. Reader: Morgan Fagg. Halloween.