



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Exiles (Acto III)-Ulises E10 (Wandering Rocks) – Finnegans Wake (L1 E3)

Bill Dixon, amenizará la velada

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

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Exiles

A Play in Three Acts

By James Joyce

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Characters

RICHARD ROWAN, a writer.

BERTHA.

ARCHIE, their son, aged eight years.

ROBERT HAND, journalis.

BEATRICE JUSTICE, his cousin, music teacher.

BRIGID and old servant of the Rowan family.

A FISHWOMAN.

At Merrion and Ranelagh suburbs of Dublin. Summer of the year 1912.

Readers: Bill Dixon (Narrator and Richard Rowan); María Paz Gonzalez (Brigid, Archie y fishwoman); Kate Marriage (Bertha); Ophelia Leon (Beatrice Justice); Mal Murphy (Robert Hand).

Third Act

The drawingroom of Richard Rowan's house at Merrion. The folding doors at the right are closed and also the double doors leading to the garden. The green plush curtains are drawn across the window on the left. The room is half dark. It is early in the morning of the next day. Bertha sits beside the window looking out between the curtains. She wears a loose saffron dressing gown. Her hair is combed loosely over the ears and knotted at the neck. Her hands are folded in her lap. Her face is pale and drawn.

[BRIGID comes in through the folding doors on the right with a featherbroom and duster. She is about to cross but, seeing BERTHA, she halts suddenly and blesses herself instinctively.]



BRIGID.

Merciful hour, ma'am. You put the heart across me. Why did you get up so early?

BERTHA.

What time is it?

BRIGID.

After seven, ma'am. Are you long up?

BERTHA.

Some time.

BRIGID.

[*Approaching her.*] Had you a bad dream that woke you?

BERTHA.

I didn't sleep all night. So I got up to see the sun rise.

BRIGID.

[*Opens the double doors.*] It's a lovely morning now after all the rain we had. [*Turns round.*] But you must be dead tired, ma'am. What will the master say at your doing a thing like that? [*She goes to the door of the study and knocks.*] Master Richard!

BERTHA.

[*Looks round.*] He is not there. He went out an hour ago.

BRIGID.

Out there, on the strand, is it?

BERTHA.

Yes.

BRIGID.

[*Comes towards her and leans over the back of a chair.*] Are you fretting yourself, ma'am, about anything?

BERTHA.

No, Brigid.

BRIGID.

Don't be. He was always like that, meandering off by himself somewhere. He is a curious bird, Master Richard, and always was. Sure there isn't a turn in him I don't know. Are you fretting now maybe because he does be in there [*pointing to the study*] half the night at his books? Leave him alone. He'll come back to you again. Sure he thinks the sun shines out of your face, ma'am.

BERTHA.

[*Sadly.*] That time is gone.

BRIGID.

[*Confidentially.*] And good cause I have to remember it—that time when he was paying his addresses to you. [*She sits down beside BERTHA. In a lower voice.*] Do you know that he used to tell me all about you and nothing to his mother, God rest her soul? Your letters and all.

BERTHA.

What? My letters to him?



BRIGID.

[*Delighted.*] Yes. I can see him sitting on the kitchen table, swinging his legs and spinning out of him yards of talk about you and him and Ireland and all kinds of devilment—to an ignorant old woman like me. But that was always his way. But if he had to meet a grand highup person he'd be twice as grand himself. [*Suddenly looks at BERTHA.*] Is it crying you are now? Ah, sure, don't cry. There's good times coming still.

BERTHA.

No, Brigid, that time comes only once in a lifetime. The rest of life is good for nothing except to remember that time.

BRIGID.

[*Is silent for a moment: then says kindly.*] Would you like a cup of tea, ma'am? That would make you all right.

BERTHA.

Yes, I would. But the milkman has not come yet.

BRIGID.

No. Master Archie told me to wake him before he came. He's going out for a jaunt in the car. But I've a cup left overnight. I'll have the kettle boiling in a jiffy. Would you like a nice egg with it?

BERTHA.

No, thanks.

BRIGID.

Or a nice bit of toast?

BERTHA.

No, Brigid, thanks. Just a cup of tea.

BRIGID.

[*Crossing to the folding doors.*] I won't be a moment. [*She stops, turns back and goes towards the door on the left.*] But first I must waken Master Archie or there'll be ructions.

[*She goes out by the door on the left. After a few moments BERTHA rises and goes over to the study. She opens the door wide and looks in. One can see a small untidy room with many bookshelves and a large writingtable with papers and an extinguished lamp and before it a padded chair. She remains standing for some time in the doorway, then closes the door again without entering the room. She returns to her chair by the window and sits down. ARCHIE, dressed as before, comes in by the door on the right, followed by BRIGID.*]

ARCHIE.

[*Comes to her and, putting up his face to be kissed, says:*] *Buon giorno, mamma!*

BERTHA.

[*Kissing him.*] *Buon giorno, Archie!* [*To BRIGID.*] Did you put another vest on him under that one?

BRIGID.

He wouldn't let me, ma'am.

ARCHIE.

I'm not cold, mamma.

BERTHA.

I said you were to put it on, didn't I?



ARCHIE.

But where is the cold?

BERTHA.

[Takes a comb from her head and combs his hair back at both sides.] And the sleep is in your eyes still.

BRIGID.

He went to bed immediately after you went out last night, ma'am.

ARCHIE.

You know he's going to let me drive, mamma.

BERTHA.

[Replacing the comb in her hair, embraces him suddenly.] O, what a big man to drive a horse!

BRIGID.

Well, he's daft on horses, anyhow.

ARCHIE.

[Releasing himself.] I'll make him go quick. You will see from the window, mamma. With the whip. *[He makes the gesture of cracking a whip and shouts at the top of his voice.]* *Avanti!*

BRIGID.

Beat the poor horse, is it?

BERTHA.

Come here till I clean your mouth. *[She takes her handkerchief from the pocket of her gown, wets it with her tongue and cleans his mouth.]* You're all smudges or something, dirty little creature you are.

ARCHIE.

[Repeats, laughing.] Smudges! What is smudges?

[The noise is heard of a milkcan rattled on the railings before the window.]

BRIGID.

[Draws aside the curtains and looks out.] Here he is!

ARCHIE.

[Rapidly.] Wait. I'm ready. Goodbye, mamma! *[He kisses her hastily and turns to go.]* Is pappie up?

BRIGID.

[Takes him by the arm.] Come on with you now.

BERTHA.

Mind yourself, Archie, and don't be long or I won't let you go any more.

ARCHIE.

All right. Look out of the window and you'll see me. Goodbye.

[BRIGID and ARCHIE go out by the door on the left. BERTHA stands up and, drawing aside the curtains still more, stands in the embrasure of the window looking out. The hall door is heard opening: then a slight noise of voices and cans is heard. The door is closed. After a moment or two BERTHA is seen waving her hand gaily in a salute. BRIGID enters and stands behind her, looking over her shoulder.]

BRIGID.

Look at the sit of him! As serious as you like.



BERTHA.

[Suddenly withdrawing from her post.] Stand out of the window. I don't want to be seen.

BRIGID.

Why, ma'am, what is it?

BERTHA.

[Crossing towards the folding doors.] Say I'm not up, that I'm not well. I can't see anyone.

BRIGID.

[Follows her.] Who is it, ma'am?

BERTHA.

[Halting.] Wait a moment.

[She listens. A knock is heard at the hall door.]

BERTHA.

[Stands a moment in doubt, then.] No, say I'm in.

BRIGID.

[In doubt.] Here?

BERTHA.

[Hurriedly.] Yes. Say I have just got up.

[BRIGID goes out on the left. BERTHA goes towards the double doors and fingers the curtains nervously, as if settling them. The hall door is heard to open. Then BEATRICE JUSTICE enters and, as BERTHA does not turn at once, stands in hesitation near the door on the left. She is dressed as before and has a newspaper in her hand.]

BEATRICE.

[Advances rapidly.] Mrs Rowan, excuse me for coming at such an hour.

BERTHA.

[Turns.] Good morning, Miss Justice. *[She comes towards her.]* Is anything the matter?

BEATRICE.

[Nervously.] I don't know. That is what I wanted to ask you.

BERTHA.

[Looks curiously at her.] You are out of breath. Won't you sit down?

BEATRICE.

[Sitting down.] Thank you.

BERTHA.

[Sits opposite her, pointing to her paper.] Is there something in the paper?

BEATRICE.

[Laughs nervously; opens the paper.] Yes.

BERTHA.

About Dick?

BEATRICE.

Yes. Here it is. A long article, a leading article, by my cousin. All his life is here. Do you wish to see it?



BERTHA.

[*Takes the paper, and opens it.*] Where is it?

BEATRICE.

In the middle. It is headed: *A Distinguished Irishman*.

BERTHA.

Is it... for Dick or against him?

BEATRICE.

[*Warmly.*] O, for him! You can read what he says about Mr Rowan. And I know that Robert stayed in town very late last night to write it.

BERTHA.

[*Nervously.*] Yes. Are you sure?

BEATRICE.

Yes. Very late. I heard him come home. It was long after two.

BERTHA.

[*Watching her.*] It alarmed you? I mean to be awakened at that hour of the morning.

BEATRICE.

I am a light sleeper. But I knew he had come from the office and then... I suspected he had written an article about Mr Rowan and that was why he came so late.

BERTHA.

How quick you were to think of that!

BEATRICE.

Well, after what took place here yesterday afternoon—I mean what Robert said, that Mr Rowan had accepted this position. It was only natural I should think...

BERTHA.

Ah, yes. Naturally.

BEATRICE.

[*Hastily.*] But that is not what alarmed me. But immediately after I heard a noise in my cousin's room.

BERTHA.

[*Crumples together the paper in her hands, breathlessly.*] My God! What is it? Tell me.

BEATRICE.

[*Observing her.*] Why does that upset you so much?

BERTHA.

[*Sinking back, with a forced laugh.*] Yes, of course, it is very foolish of me. My nerves are all upset. I slept very badly, too. That is why I got up so early. But tell me what was it then?

BEATRICE.

Only the noise of his valise being pulled along the floor. Then I heard him walking about his room, whistling softly. And then locking it and strapping it.

BERTHA.

He is going away!



BEATRICE.

That was what alarmed me. I feared he had had a quarrel with Mr Rowan and that his article was an attack.

BERTHA.

But why should they quarrel? Have you noticed anything between them?

BEATRICE.

I thought I did. A coldness.

BERTHA.

Lately?

BEATRICE.

For some time past.

BERTHA.

[*Smoothing the paper out.*] Do you know the reason?

BEATRICE.

[*Hesitatingly.*] No.

BERTHA.

[*After a pause.*] Well, but if this article is for him, as you say, they have not quarrelled. [*She reflects a moment.*] And written last night, too.

BEATRICE.

Yes. I bought the paper at once to see. But why, then, is he going away so suddenly? I feel that there is something wrong. I feel that something has happened between them.

BERTHA.

Would you be sorry?

BEATRICE.

I would be very sorry. You see, Mrs Rowan, Robert is my first cousin and it would grieve me very deeply if he were to treat Mr Rowan badly, now that he has come back, or if they had a serious quarrel especially because...

BERTHA.

[*Toying with the paper.*] Because?

BEATRICE.

Because it was my cousin who urged Mr Rowan always to come back. I have that on my conscience.

BERTHA.

It should be on Mr Hand's conscience, should it not?

BEATRICE.

[*Uncertainly.*] On mine, too. Because—I spoke to my cousin about Mr Rowan when he was away and, to a certain extent, it was I...



BERTHA.

[*Nods slowly.*] I see. And that is on your conscience. Only that?

BEATRICE.

I think so.

BERTHA.

[*Almost cheerfully.*] It looks as if it was you, Miss Justice, who brought my husband back to Ireland.

BEATRICE.

I, Mrs Rowan?

BERTHA.

Yes, you. By your letters to him and then by speaking to your cousin as you said just now. Do you not think that you are the person who brought him back?

BEATRICE.

[*Blushing suddenly.*] No. I could not think that.

BERTHA.

[*Watches her for a moment; then turning aside.*] You know that my husband is writing very much since he came back.

BEATRICE.

Is he?

BERTHA.

Did you not know? [*She points towards the study.*] He passes the greater part of the night in there writing. Night after night.

BEATRICE.

In his study?

BERTHA.

Study or bedroom. You may call it what you please. He sleeps there, too, on a sofa. He slept there last night. I can show you if you don't believe me.

[*She rises to go towards the study. BEATRICE half rises quickly and makes a gesture of refusal.*]

BEATRICE.

I believe you, of course, Mrs Rowan, when you tell me.

BERTHA.

[*Sitting down again.*] Yes. He is writing. And it must be about something which has come into his life lately—since we came back to Ireland. Some change. Do you know that any change has come into his life? [*She looks searchingly at her.*] Do you know it or feel it?

BEATRICE.

[*Answers her look steadily.*] Mrs Rowan, that is not a question to ask me. If any change has come into his life since he came back you must know and feel it.

BERTHA.

You could know it just as well. You are very intimate in this house.

BEATRICE.

I am not the only person who is intimate here.



[They both look at each other coldly in silence for some moments. BERTHA lays aside the paper and sits down on a chair nearer to BEATRICE.]

BERTHA.

[Placing her hand on BEATRICE'S knee.] So you also hate me, Miss Justice?

BEATRICE.

[With an effort.] Hate you? I?

BERTHA.

[Insistently but softly.] Yes. You know what it means to hate a person?

BEATRICE.

Why should I hate you? I have never hated anyone.

BERTHA.

Have you ever loved anyone? *[She puts her hand on BEATRICE'S wrist.]* Tell me. You have?

BEATRICE.

[Also softly.] Yes. In the past.

BERTHA.

Not now?

BEATRICE.

No.

BERTHA.

Can you say that to me—truly? Look at me.

BEATRICE.

[Looks at her.] Yes, I can.

[A short pause. BERTHA withdraws her hand, and turns away her head in some embarrassment.]

BERTHA.

You said just now that another person is intimate in this house. You meant your cousin... Was it he?

BEATRICE.

Yes.

BERTHA.

Have you not forgotten him?

BEATRICE.

[Quietly.] I have tried to.

BERTHA.

[Clasping her hands.] You hate me. You think I am happy. If you only knew how wrong you are!

BEATRICE.

[Shakes her head.] I do not.

BERTHA.

Happy! When I do not understand anything that he writes, when I cannot help him in any way, when I don't even understand half of what he says to me sometimes! You could and you can. *[Excitedly.]* But I am afraid for him, afraid for both of them. *[She stands up suddenly and goes towards the davenport.]* He must



not go away like that. [*She takes a writing pad from the drawer and writes a few lines in great haste.*] No, it is impossible! Is he mad to do such a thing? [*Turning to BEATRICE.*] Is he still at home?

BEATRICE.

[*Watching her in wonder.*] Yes. Have you written to him to ask him to come here?

BERTHA.

[*Rises.*] I have. I will send Brigid across with it. Brigid!

[*She goes out by the door on the left rapidly.*]

BEATRICE.

[*Gazing after her, instinctively:*] It is true, then!

[*She glances toward the door of RICHARD'S study and catches her head in her hands. Then, recovering herself, she takes the paper from the little table, opens it, takes a spectacle case from her handbag and, putting on a pair of spectacles, bends down, reading it.* RICHARD ROWAN enters from the garden. He is dressed as before but wears a soft hat and carries a thin cane.]

RICHARD.

[*Stands in the doorway, observing her for some moments.*] There are demons [*he points out towards the strand*] out there. I heard them jabbering since dawn.

BEATRICE.

[*Starts to her feet.*] Mr Rowan!

RICHARD.

I assure you. The isle is full of voices. Yours also, *Otherwise I could not see you*, it said. And her voice. But, I assure you, they are all demons. I made the sign of the cross upside down and that silenced them.

BEATRICE.

[*Stammering.*] I came here, Mr Rowan, so early because... to show you this... Robert wrote it... about you... last night.

RICHARD.

[*Takes off his hat.*] My dear Miss Justice, you told me yesterday, I think, why you came here and I never forget anything. [*Advancing towards her, holding out his hand.*] Good morning.

BEATRICE.

[*Suddenly takes off her spectacles and places the paper in his hands.*] I came for this. It is an article about you. Robert wrote it last night. Will you read it?

RICHARD.

[*Bows.*] Read it now? Certainly.

BEATRICE.

[*Looks at him in despair.*] O, Mr Rowan, it makes me suffer to look at you.

RICHARD.

[*Opens and reads the paper.*] *Death of the Very Reverend Canon Mulhall*. Is that it?

[*BERTHA appears at the door on the left and stands to listen.*]

RICHARD.

[*Turns over a page.*] Yes, here we are! *A Distinguished Irishman*. [*He begins to read in a rather loud hard voice.*] Not the least vital of the problems which confront our country is the problem of her attitude



towards those of her children who, having left her in her hour of need, have been called back to her now on the eve of her long-awaited victory, to her whom in loneliness and exile they have at last learned to love. In exile, we have said, but here we must distinguish. There is an economic and there is a spiritual exile. There are those who left her to seek the bread by which men live and there are others, nay, her most favoured children, who left her to seek in other lands that food of the spirit by which a nation of human beings is sustained in life. Those who recall the intellectual life of Dublin of a decade since will have many memories of Mr Rowan. Something of that fierce indignation which lacerated the heart...

[He raises his eyes from the paper and sees BERTHA standing in the doorway. Then he lays aside the paper and looks at her. A long silence.]

BEATRICE.

[With an effort.] You see, Mr Rowan, your day has dawned at last. Even here. And you see that you have a warm friend in Robert, a friend who understands you.

RICHARD.

Did you notice the little phrase at the beginning: *those who left her in her hour of need?*

[He looks searchingly at BERTHA, turns and walks into his study, closing the door behind him.]

BERTHA.

[Speaking half to herself.] I gave up everything for him, religion, family, my own peace.

[She sits down heavily in an armchair. BEATRICE comes towards her.]

BEATRICE.

[Weakly.] But do you not feel also that Mr Rowan's ideas...

BERTHA.

[Bitterly.] Ideas and ideas! But the people in this world have other ideas or pretend to. They have to put up with him in spite of his ideas because he is able to do something. Me, no. I am nothing.

BEATRICE.

You stand by his side.

BERTHA.

[With increasing bitterness.] Ah, nonsense, Miss Justice! I am only a thing he got entangled with and my son is—the nice name they give those children. Do you think I am a stone? Do you think I don't see it in their eyes and in their manner when they have to meet me?

BEATRICE.

Do not let them humble you, Mrs Rowan.

BERTHA.

[Haughtily.] Humble me! I am very proud of myself, if you want to know. What have they ever done for him? I made him a man. What are they all in his life? No more than the dirt under his boots! *[She stands up and walks excitedly to and fro.]* He can despise me, too, like the rest of them—now. And you can despise me. But you will never humble me, any of you.

BEATRICE.

Why do you accuse me?

BERTHA.

[Going to her impulsively.] I am in such suffering. Excuse me if I was rude. I want us to be friends. *[She holds out her hands.]* Will you?



BEATRICE.

[*Taking her hands.*] Gladly.

BERTHA.

[*Looking at her.*] What lovely long eyelashes you have! And your eyes have such a sad expression!

BEATRICE.

[*Smiling.*] I see very little with them. They are very weak.

BERTHA.

[*Warmly.*] But beautiful.

[*She embraces her quietly and kisses her. Then withdraws from her a little shyly. BRIGID comes in from the left.*]

BRIGID.

I gave it to himself, ma'am.

BERTHA.

Did he send a message?

BRIGID.

He was just going out, ma'am. He told me to say he'd be here after me.

BERTHA.

Thanks.

BRIGID.

[*Going.*] Would you like the tea and the toast now, ma'am?

BERTHA.

Not now, Brigid. After perhaps. When Mr Hand comes show him in at once.

BRIGID.

Yes, ma'am.

[*She goes out on the left.*]

BEATRICE.

I will go now, Mrs Rowan, before he comes.

BERTHA.

[*Somewhat timidly.*] Then we are friends?

BEATRICE.

[*In the same tone.*] We will try to be. [*Turning.*] Do you allow me to go out through the garden? I don't want to meet my cousin now.

BERTHA.

Of course. [*She takes her hand.*] It is so strange that we spoke like this now. But I always wanted to. Did you?

BEATRICE.

I think I did, too.

BERTHA.

[*Smiling.*] Even in Rome. When I went out for a walk with Archie I used to think about you, what you were



like, because I knew about you from Dick. I used to look at different persons, coming out of churches or going by in carriages, and think that perhaps they were like you. Because Dick told me you were dark.

BEATRICE.

[Again nervously.] Really?

BERTHA.

[Pressing her hand.] Goodbye then—for the present.

BEATRICE.

[Disengaging her hand.] Good morning.

BERTHA.

I will see you to the gate.

[She accompanies her out through the double doors. They go down through the garden. RICHARD ROWAN comes in from the study. He halts near the doors, looking down the garden. Then he turns away, comes to the little table, takes up the paper and reads. BERTHA, after some moments, appears in the doorway and stands watching him till he has finished. He lays down the paper again and turns to go back to his study.]

BERTHA.

Dick!

RICHARD.

[Stopping.] Well?

BERTHA.

You have not spoken to me.

RICHARD.

I have nothing to say. Have you?

BERTHA.

Do you not wish to know—about what happened last night?

RICHARD.

That I will never know.

BERTHA.

I will tell you if you ask me.

RICHARD.

You will tell me. But I will never know. Never in this world.

BERTHA.

[Moving towards him.] I will tell you the truth, Dick, as I always told you. I never lied to you.

RICHARD.

[Clenching his hands in the air, passionately.] Yes, yes. The truth! But I will never know, I tell you.

BERTHA.

Why, then, did you leave me last night?

RICHARD.

[Bitterly.] In your hour of need.



BERTHA.

[*Threateningly.*] You urged me to it. Not because you love me. If you loved me or if you knew what love was you would not have left me. For your own sake you urged me to it.

RICHARD.

I did not make myself. I am what I am.

BERTHA.

To have it always to throw against me. To make me humble before you, as you always did. To be free yourself. [*Pointing towards the garden.*] With her! And that is your love! Every word you say is false.

RICHARD.

[*Controlling himself.*] It is useless to ask you to listen to me.

BERTHA.

Listen to you! She is the person for listening. Why would you waste your time with me? Talk to her.

RICHARD.

[*Nods his head.*] I see. You have driven her away from me now, as you drove everyone else from my side—every friend I ever had, every human being that ever tried to approach me. You hate her.

BERTHA.

[*Warmly.*] No such thing! I think you have made her unhappy as you have made me and as you made your dead mother unhappy and killed her. Womankiller! That is your name.

RICHARD.

[*Turns to go.*] *Arrivederci!*

BERTHA.

[*Excitedly.*] She is a fine and high character. I like her. She is everything that I am not—in birth and education. You tried to ruin her but you could not. Because she is well able for you—what I am not. And you know it.

RICHARD.

[*Almost shouting.*] What the devil are you talking about her for?

BERTHA.

[*Clasping her hands.*] O, how I wish I had never met you! How I curse that day!

RICHARD.

[*Bitterly.*] I am in the way, is it? You would like to be free now. You have only to say the word.

BERTHA.

[*Proudly.*] Whenever you like I am ready.

RICHARD.

So that you could meet your lover—freely?

BERTHA.

Yes.

RICHARD.

Night after night?



BERTHA.

[Gazing before her and speaking with intense passion.] To meet my lover! *[Holding out her arms before her.]* My lover! Yes! My lover!

[She bursts suddenly into tears and sinks down on a chair, covering her face with her hands. RICHARD approaches her slowly and touches her on the shoulder.]

RICHARD.

Bertha! *[She does not answer.]* Bertha, you are free.

BERTHA.

[Pushes his hand aside and starts to her feet.] Don't touch me! You are a stranger to me. You do not understand anything in me—not one thing in my heart or soul. A stranger! I am living with a stranger!

[A knock is heard at the hall door. BERTHA dries her eyes quickly with her handkerchief and settles the front of her gown. RICHARD listens for a moment, looks at her keenly and, turning away, walks into his study. ROBERT HAND enters from the left. He is dressed in dark brown and carries in his hand a brown Alpine hat.]

ROBERT.

[Closing the door quietly behind him.] You sent for me.

BERTHA.

[Rises.] Yes. Are you mad to think of going away like that—without even coming here—without saying anything?

ROBERT.

[Advancing towards the table on which the paper lies, glances at it.] What I have to say I said here.

BERTHA.

When did you write it? Last night—after I went away?

ROBERT.

[Gracefully.] To be quite accurate, I wrote part of it—in my mind—before you went away. The rest—the worst part—I wrote after. Much later.

BERTHA.

And you could write last night!

ROBERT.

[Shrugs his shoulders.] I am a welltrained animal. *[He comes closer to her.]* I passed a long wandering night after... in my office, at the vicechancellor's house, in a nightclub, in the streets, in my room. Your image was always before my eyes, your hand in my hand. Bertha, I will never forget last night. *[He lays his hat on the table and takes her hand.]* Why do you not look at me? May I not touch you?

BERTHA.

[Points to the study.] Dick is in there.

ROBERT.

[Drops her hand.] In that case children be good.

BERTHA.

Where are you going?



ROBERT.

To foreign parts. That is, to my cousin Jack Justice, *alias* Doggy Justice, in Surrey. He has a nice country place there and the air is mild.

BERTHA.

Why are you going?

ROBERT.

[*Looks at her in silence.*] Can you not guess one reason?

BERTHA.

On account of me?

ROBERT.

Yes. It is not pleasant for me to remain here just now.

BERTHA.

[*Sits down helplessly.*] But this is cruel of you, Robert. Cruel to me and to him also.

ROBERT.

Has he asked... what happened?

BERTHA.

[*Joining her hands in despair.*] No. He refuses to ask me anything. He says he will never know.

ROBERT.

[*Nods gravely.*] Richard is right there. He is always right.

BERTHA.

But, Robert, you must speak to him.

ROBERT.

What am I to say to him?

BERTHA.

The truth! Everything!

ROBERT.

[*Reflects.*] No, Bertha. I am a man speaking to a man. I cannot tell him everything.

BERTHA.

He will believe that you are going away because you are afraid to face him after last night.

ROBERT.

[*After a pause.*] Well, I am not a coward any more than he. I will see him.

BERTHA.

[*Rises.*] I will call him.

ROBERT.

[*Catching her hands.*] Bertha! What happened last night? What is the truth that I am to tell? [*He gazes earnestly into her eyes.*] Were you mine in that sacred night of love? Or have I dreamed it?

BERTHA.

[*Smiles faintly.*] Remember your dream of me. You dreamed that I was yours last night.



ROBERT.

And that is the truth—a dream? That is what I am to tell?

BERTHA.

Yes.

ROBERT.

[Kisses both her hands.] Bertha! *[In a softer voice.]* In all my life only that dream is real. I forget the rest. *[He kisses her hands again.]* And now I can tell him the truth. Call him.

[BERTHA goes to the door of RICHARD'S study and knocks. There is no answer. She knocks again.]

BERTHA.

Dick! *[There is no answer.]* Mr Hand is here. He wants to speak to you, to say goodbye. He is going away. *[There is no answer. She beats her hand loudly on the panel of the door and calls in an alarmed voice.]* Dick! Answer me!

[RICHARD ROWAN comes in from the study. He comes at once to ROBERT but does not hold out his hand.]

RICHARD.

[Calmly.] I thank you for your kind article about me. Is it true that you have come to say goodbye?

ROBERT.

There is nothing to thank me for, Richard. Now and always I am your friend. Now more than ever before. Do you believe me, Richard?

[RICHARD sits down on a chair and buries his face in his hands. BERTHA and ROBERT gaze at each other in silence. Then she turns away and goes out quietly on the right. ROBERT goes towards RICHARD and stands near him, resting his hands on the back of a chair, looking down at him. There is a long silence. A FISHWOMAN is heard crying out as she passes along the road outside.]

THE

Fresh Dublin bay herrings! Fresh Dublin bay herrings! Dublin bay herrings!

FISHWOMAN.

ROBERT.

[Quietly.] I will tell you the truth, Richard. Are you listening?

RICHARD.

[Raises his face and leans back to listen.] Yes.

[ROBERT sits on the chair beside him. The FISHWOMAN is heard calling out farther away.]

THE

Fresh herrings! Dublin bay herrings!

FISHWOMAN.

ROBERT.

I failed, Richard. That is the truth. Do you believe me?

RICHARD.

I am listening.

ROBERT.

I failed. She is yours, as she was nine years ago, when you met her first.

RICHARD.

When we met her first, you mean.



ROBERT.

Yes. [*He looks down for some moments.*] Shall I go on?

RICHARD.

Yes.

ROBERT.

She went away. I was left alone—for the second time. I went to the vicechancellor's house and dined. I said you were ill and would come another night. I made epigrams new and old—that one about the statues also. I drank claret cup. I went to my office and wrote my article. Then...

RICHARD.

Then?

ROBERT.

Then I went to a certain nightclub. There were men there—and also women. At least, they looked like women. I danced with one of them. She asked me to see her home. Shall I go on?

RICHARD.

Yes.

ROBERT.

I saw her home in a cab. She lives near Donnybrook. In the cab took place what the subtle Duns Scotus calls a death of the spirit. Shall I go on?

RICHARD.

Yes.

ROBERT.

She wept. She told me she was the divorced wife of a barrister. I offered her a sovereign as she told me she was short of money. She would not take it and wept very much. Then she drank some melissa water from a little bottle which she had in her satchel. I saw her enter her house. Then I walked home. In my room I found that my coat was all stained with the melissa water. I had no luck even with my coats yesterday: that was the second one. The idea came to me then to change my suit and go away by the morning boat. I packed my valise and went to bed. I am going away by the next train to my cousin, Jack Justice, in Surrey. Perhaps for a fortnight. Perhaps longer. Are you disgusted?

RICHARD.

Why did you not go by the boat?

ROBERT.

I slept it out.

RICHARD.

You intended to go without saying goodbye—without coming here?

ROBERT.

Yes.

RICHARD.

Why?

ROBERT.

My story is not very nice, is it?



RICHARD.

But you have come.

ROBERT.

Bertha sent me a message to come.

RICHARD.

But for that...?

ROBERT.

But for that I should not have come.

RICHARD.

Did it strike you that if you had gone without coming here I should have understood it—in my own way?

ROBERT.

Yes, it did.

RICHARD.

What, then, do you wish me to believe?

ROBERT.

I wish you to believe that I failed. That Bertha is yours now as she was nine years ago, when you—when we—met her first.

RICHARD.

Do you want to know what I did?

ROBERT.

No.

RICHARD.

I came home at once.

ROBERT.

Did you hear Bertha return?

RICHARD.

No. I wrote all the night. And thought. [*Pointing to the study.*] In there. Before dawn I went out and walked the strand from end to end.

ROBERT.

[*Shaking his head.*] Suffering. Torturing yourself.

RICHARD.

Hearing voices about me. The voices of those who say they love me.

ROBERT.

[*Points to the door on the right.*] One. And mine?

RICHARD.

Another still.

ROBERT.

[*Smiles and touches his forehead with his right forefinger.*] True. My interesting but somewhat melancholy cousin. And what did they tell you?



RICHARD.

They told me to despair.

ROBERT.

A queer way of showing their love, I must say! And will you despair?

RICHARD.

[*Rising.*] No.

[*A noise is heard at the window. ARCHIE'S face is seen flattened against one of the panes. He is heard calling.*]

ARCHIE.

Open the window! Open the window!

ROBERT.

[*Looks at RICHARD.*] Did you hear his voice, too, Richard, with the others—out there on the strand? Your son's voice. [*Smiling.*] Listen! How full it is of despair!

ARCHIE.

Open the window, please, will you?

ROBERT.

Perhaps, there, Richard, is the freedom we seek—you in one way, I in another. In him and not in us. Perhaps...

RICHARD.

Perhaps...?

ROBERT.

I said *perhaps*. I would say almost surely if...

RICHARD.

If what?

ROBERT.

[*With a faint smile.*] If he were mine.

[*He goes to the window and opens it. ARCHIE scrambles in.*]

ROBERT.

Like yesterday—eh?

ARCHIE.

Good morning, Mr Hand. [*He runs to RICHARD and kisses him.*] *Buon giorno, babbo.*

RICHARD.

Buon giorno, Archie.

ROBERT.

And where were you, my young gentleman?

ARCHIE.

Out with the milkman. I drove the horse. We went to Booterstown. [*He takes off his cap and throws it on a chair.*] I am very hungry.



ROBERT.

[Takes his hat from the table.] Richard, goodbye. *[Offering his hand.]* To our next meeting!

RICHARD.

[Rises, touches his hand.] Goodbye.

[BERTHA appears at the door on the right.]

ROBERT.

[Catches sight of her: to ARCHIE.] Get your cap. Come on with me. I'll buy you a cake and I'll tell you a story.

ARCHIE.

[To BERTHA.] May I, mamma?

BERTHA.

Yes.

ARCHIE.

[Takes his cap.] I am ready.

ROBERT.

[To RICHARD and BERTHA.] Goodbye to pappà and mamma. But not a big goodbye.

ARCHIE.

Will you tell me a fairy story, Mr Hand?

ROBERT.

A fairy story? Why not? I am your fairy godfather.

[They go out together through the double doors and down the garden. When they have gone BERTHA goes to RICHARD and puts her arm round his waist.]

BERTHA.

Dick, dear, do you believe now that I have been true to you? Last night and always?

RICHARD.

[Sadly.] Do not ask me, Bertha.

BERTHA.

[Pressing him more closely.] I have been, dear. Surely you believe me. I gave you myself—all. I gave up all for you. You took me—and you left me.

RICHARD.

When did I leave you?

BERTHA.

You left me: and I waited for you to come back to me. Dick, dear, come here to me. Sit down. How tired you must be!

[She draws him towards the lounge. He sits down, almost reclining, resting on his arm. She sits on the mat before the lounge, holding his hand.]

BERTHA.

Yes, dear. I waited for you. Heavens, what I suffered then—when we lived in Rome! Do you remember the terrace of our house?



RICHARD.

Yes.

BERTHA.

I used to sit there, waiting, with the poor child with his toys, waiting till he got sleepy. I could see all the roofs of the city and the river, the *Tevere*. What is its name?

RICHARD.

The Tiber.

BERTHA.

[*Caressing her cheek with his hand.*] It was lovely, Dick, only I was so sad. I was alone, Dick, forgotten by you and by all. I felt my life was ended.

RICHARD.

It had not begun.

BERTHA.

And I used to look at the sky, so beautiful, without a cloud and the city you said was so old: and then I used to think of Ireland and about ourselves.

RICHARD.

Ourselves?

BERTHA.

Yes. Ourselves. Not a day passes that I do not see ourselves, you and me, as we were when we met first. Every day of my life I see that. Was I not true to you all that time?

RICHARD.

[*Sighs deeply.*] Yes, Bertha. You were my bride in exile.

BERTHA.

Wherever you go, I will follow you. If you wish to go away now I will go with you.

RICHARD.

I will remain. It is too soon yet to despair.

BERTHA.

[*Again caressing his hand.*] It is not true that I want to drive everyone from you. I wanted to bring you close together—you and him. Speak to me. Speak out all your heart to me. What you feel and what you suffer.

RICHARD.

I am wounded, Bertha.

BERTHA.

How wounded, dear? Explain to me what you mean. I will try to understand everything you say. In what way are you wounded?

RICHARD.

[*Releases his hand and, taking her head between his hands, bends it back and gazes long into her eyes.*] I have a deep, deep wound of doubt in my soul.

BERTHA.

[*Motionless.*] Doubt of me?



RICHARD.

Yes.

BERTHA.

I am yours. [*In a whisper.*] If I died this moment, I am yours.

RICHARD.

[*Still gazing at her and speaking as if to an absent person.*] I have wounded my soul for you—a deep wound of doubt which can never be healed. I can never know, never in this world. I do not wish to know or to believe. I do not care. It is not in the darkness of belief that I desire you. But in restless living wounding doubt. To hold you by no bonds, even of love, to be united with you in body and soul in utter nakedness—for this I longed. And now I am tired for a while, Bertha. My wound tires me.

[*He stretches himself out wearily along the lounge. BERTHA holds his hand still, speaking very softly.*]

BERTHA.

Forget me, Dick. Forget me and love me again as you did the first time. I want my lover. To meet him, to go to him, to give myself to him. You, Dick. O, my strange wild lover, come back to me again!

[*She closes her eyes.*]

Ulises. Episodio 10. Las Rocas Errantes

Time: 3 pm

Location: the streets of Dublin.

Characters: Conmee; Mrs M' Guinness; Corny; Sailor; Molly; Katey, Boody; Boylan; Stephen; Artifoni; Miss Dunne; Lambert, Love; Lenehan, M'Coy; Bloom; Simon; Dilly; Kernan; Power; Haines; Farrel; Stripling; Dignam; Eljah; Helly's; Maginni; Breen; Elederly Female; Goulding; Old Women; Cavalcade.

1. Lectora: María Paz Gonzalez

El superior, el muy reverendo John Conmee S. J. volvió a acomodar su reloj plano en el bolsillo interior mientras bajaba los escalones del presbiterio. Las tres me nos cinco. Tiempo suficiente para ir andando hasta Artane. ¿Cómo era que se llamaba ese chico? Dignam. Sí. Vere dignum et iustum est. El Hermano Swan era la persona indicada. La carta de Mr. Cunningham. Sí. Complacerle, a ser posible. Buen católico practicante: útil para la época de misiones.

Un marinero con una sola pierna, columpiándose al avanzar en perezosas sacudidas de sus muletas, gruñía unas notas. Se paró con una sacudida ante el convento de las hermanas de la caridad y alargó una gorra de visera limosnera al muy reverendo John Conmee S. J. El Padre Conmee lo bendijo abandonándolo al sol que más calienta pues su bolsa contenía, como bien sabía él, una sola corona de plata.

El Padre Conmee cruzó hacia Mountjoy Square. Pensó, pero no por mucho tiempo, en soldados y marineros, cuyas piernas habían sido arrancadas por balas de cañón, y terminaban sus días en el pabellón de indigentes, y en las palabras del cardenal Wolsey: Si hubiera servido a mi Dios como he servido a mi



rey no me habría Él abandonado en la vejez. Caminó bajo la sombra arbórea de hojas en parpadeo solar: y hacia él avanzaba la esposa de Mr. David Sheehy Miembro del Parlamento.

—Muy bien, desde luego, Padre. ¿Y usted, Padre?

El Padre Conmee estaba muy pero que muy bien desde luego. Iría a Buxton seguramente a tomar las aguas. Y sus chicos ¿iban bien en Belvedere? ¿De veras? El Padre Conmee se alegraba desde luego de oírlo. ¿Y Mr. Sheehy en persona? Aún en Londres. La cámara aún en sesión, pues claro que sí. Un tiempo ideal que hacía, delicioso desde luego. Sí, era muy probable que el Padre Bernard Vaughan viniera de nuevo a predicar. Sí, sí: un éxito extraordinario. Un hombre excepcional realmente.

El Padre Conmee se alegraba mucho de ver a la esposa de Mr. David Sheehy Miembro del Parlamento con tan buen aspecto y le rogaba diera recuerdos a Mr. David Sheehy Miembro del Parlamento. Sí, por supuesto que les haría una visita.

—Buenas tardes, Mrs. Sheehy.

El Padre Conmee se quitó el sombrero de seda y sonrió, al despedirse, a las cuentas de azabache de la mantilla con irisaciones de tinta al sol. Y sonrió una vez más, al marcharse. Se había cepillado los dientes, como bien sabía él, con buyo.

El Padre Conmee caminó y, al caminar, sonrió pues pensó en los ojos graciosos y en el acento chulapo londinense del Padre Bernard Vaughan.

—¡Eh! ¡Pilatos! ¿Por qué no ablandas a esa chusma chusca?

Hombre fervoroso, no obstante. Realmente lo era. Y realmente hacía el bien a su modo. Sin ningún género de dudas. Amaba a Irlanda, decía, y amaba todo lo irlandés. De buena familia además ¿quién lo hubiera imaginado? Eran galeses ¿no?

Ah, que no se le olvidara. Esa carta al padre provincial.

El Padre Conmee detuvo a tres pequeños escolares en la esquina de Mountjoy Square. Sí, eran de Belvedere. De primaria. Aajá. ¿Y eran buenos en el colegio? Vaya. Eso estaba pero que muy bien. ¿Y cómo se llamaba? Jack Sohan. ¿Y éste? Ger. Gallaher. ¿Y este otro hombrecito? Se llamaba Brunny Lynam. Vaya, qué nombre más bonito.

El Padre Conmee se sacó una carta del pecho y dándosela al señorito Brunny Lynam señaló el buzón rojo en la esquina de Fitzgibbon Street.

—Pero mucho cuidado con no echarle tú dentro del buzón, hombrecito, dijo.

Los niños seifisgaron al Padre Conmee y rieron:

—No, no, Padre.



–Bien, pues a ver si sabes echar una carta, dijo el Padre Conmee.

El señorito Brunny Lynam cruzó la calle corriendo y metió la carta del Padre Conmee al padre provincial por la boca del buzón rojo vivo. El Padre Conmee sonrió y asintió y sonrió y prosiguió a lo largo de Mountjoy Square East.

Mr. Denis J. Maginm, profesor de baile etc., con sombrero de copa, levita color pizarra con vueltas de seda, plastrón blanco, pantalones lavanda ceñidos, guantes canarios y botas en punta de charol, andando con grave apostura se echó muy respetuosamente hacia el bordillo al pasar al lado de Lady Maxwell en la esquina de Dignam's Court.

¿No era ésa Mrs. M'Guinness?

Mrs. M'Guinness, majestuosa, cabelloplateada, hizo una leve inclinación hacia el Padre Conmee desde la acera del otro lado por la que bogaba. Y el Padre Conmee sonrió y saludó. ¿Qué tal estaba?

Qué andares más elegantes tenía. Como Mary, la reina escocesa, nada menos. ¡Y pensar que era prestamista! ¡Vaya, hombre! Con ese semblante tan ... ¿cómo diría? ... tan de reina.

El Padre Conmee bajó por Great Charles Street y echó un vistazo a la iglesia protestante totalmente cerrada a su izquierda. El licenciado reverendo T. R Greene predicará (Deo volente). El beneficiado le llamaban. Al Padre Conmee sí que le beneficiaría decir unas cuantas cosas. Pero hay que tener caridad. Ignorancia invencible. Actuaban de acuerdo con sus luces.

El Padre Conmee dobló la esquina y caminó por North Circular Road. Era extraño que no hubiese una línea de tranvías en una vía pública tan importante. Indudablemente debería haberla.

Una caterva de escolares puestos de cartera cruzó desde Richmond Street. Todos se quitaron las gorras desaliñadas. El Padre Conmee los saludó repetidas veces benignamente. Chicos de las Escuelas Cristianas.

El Padre Conmee olió a incienso a mano derecha mientras caminaba. Iglesia de Saint Joseph, Portland Row. Para mujeres mayores y virtuosas. El Padre Conmee se quitó el sombrero ante el Sagrado Sacramento. Virtuosas: pero también en ocasiones desagradables.

Cerca de la mansión Aldborough el Padre Conmee pensó en aquel noble derrochador. Y ahora oficinas o algo parecido. El Padre Conmee comenzó a caminar por North Strand Road y fue saludado por Mr. William Gallagher de pie a la puerta de su establecimiento. El Padre Conmee saludó a Mr. William Gallagher y percibió los olores que despedían las hojas de panceta y las anchas orzas de mantequilla. Pasó por donde Grogan el estanquero contra cuya pared se apoyaban tablonces de noticias que decían de una catástrofe horrenda en Nueva York. En América esas cosas pasaban constantemente. Una desgracia que la gente muera de esa manera, sin preparar. Sin embargo, un acto de contrición perfecta.

El Padre Conmee pasó por la taberna de Daniel Bergin contra cuya ventana ganduleaban dos desocupados. Le saludaron y fueron saludados.



El Padre Conmee pasó por la funeraria de H. J. O'Neill donde Kelleher Copetón sumaba cantidades en el libro-diario mientras masticaba una brizna de paja. Un guardia en su ronda saludó al Padre Conmee y el Padre Conmee saludó al guardia. En Youkstetter, la tocinería, el Padre Conmee observó los embutidos de cerdo, blanco y negro y rojo, que se extendían ordenadamente enroscados en tubos. Fondeada bajo los árboles de Charleville Mall el Padre Conmee vio una gabarra de turba, un caballo de tiro con la cabeza gacha, un gabarrero con sombrero de paja sucia sentado en medio de la barca, fumando y embelesado con una rama de álamo encima de él. Aquello era idílico: y el Padre Conmee reflexionó sobre la providencia del Creador que había hecho que la turba estuviera en los pantanos donde los hombres podían extraerla y acarrearla a la ciudad o a la aldea para hacer fuego en los hogares de los pobres.

En el puente de Newcomen el muy reverendo John Conmee S. J. de la iglesia de Saint Francis Xavier, en Upper Gardiner Street, se subió a un tranvía con destino a las afueras.

De un tranvía con destino al centro se bajó el reverendo Nicholas Dudley coadjutor de la iglesia de Saint Agatha, en North William Street, en el puente de Newcomen.

En el puente de Newcomen el Padre Conmee se subió a un tranvía con destino a las afueras porque le desagradaba recorrer a pie el camino cutre que cruzaba Mud Island.

El Padre Conmee se sentó en una esquina del tranvía, el billete azul remetido cuidadosamente en el ojal de un orondo guante de cabritilla, mientras que cuatro chelines, una moneda de seis-peniques y cinco peniques se deslizaron de la palma del otro orondo guante al monedero. Al pasar por la iglesia de hiedra reflexionó en que el revisor solía hacer su visita justo cuando descuidadamente habías tirado el billete. La solemnidad de los ocupantes del coche le pareció al Padre Conmee excesiva para un trayecto tan corto y barato. Al Padre Conmee le gustaba el decoro campechano.

El día era agradable. El caballero de las gafas enfrente del Padre Conmee había terminado una explicación y bajó la mirada. Su mujer, supuso el Padre Conmee.

Un bostezo minúsculo abrió la boca de la mujer del caballero de las gafas. Se llevó un puño menudo enguantado a la boca, bostezó con exquisita discreción, tabaleando con el puño menudo enguantado en la boca que se le abría y sonrió minúsculamente, dulcemente.

El Padre Conmee percibió su perfume en el coche. Percibió también que el hombre premioso al otro lado de ella iba sentado en el borde del asiento.

El Padre Conmee en el comulgatorio colocó la hostia con dificultad en la boca del viejo premioso de la cabeza temblona.

En el puente de Annesley se detuvo el tranvía y, cuando estaba a punto de iniciar la marcha, una vieja se levantó repentinamente de su sitio para apearse. El cobrador tiró de la correa del timbre para detenerle el coche. Fue saliendo con un cesto y una bolsa de la compra: y el Padre Conmee vio al cobrador ayudarla a bajar a ella a su bolsa y a su cesto: y el Padre Conmee pensó que, como casi se había pasado del trayecto de a penique, debía de ser una de esas pobres almas a las que siempre había que repetirles vaya



en paz, h& mía, que ya han sido absueltas, rece por mí. Pero tenían tantas preocupaciones en la vida, tantos desvelos, pobres criaturas.

Desde las vallas publicitarias Mr. Eugene Stratton hacía una mueca con gordos labios perrengues al Padre Conmee.

El Padre Conmee pensó en las almas de negros y cobrizos y amarillos y en su sermón sobre San Pedro Claver S. J. y las misiones en África y en la propagación de la fe y en los millones de almas negras y cobrizas y amarillas que no habían recibido el bautismo de agua cuando les llegase la última hora como ladrón en mitad de la noche. Ese libro del jesuita belga, *Le Nombre des Élus*, le parecía al Padre Conmee un planteamiento razonable. Eran millones de almas humanas las creadas por Dios a Su imagen y semejanza a quienes la fe (Deo volente) no les había llegado. Pero eran almas de Dios, creadas por Dios. Al Padre Conmee le parecía una pena que todas se perdieran, una gran pérdida, si se puede decir.

En la parada de Howth Road el Padre Conmee se apeó, fue saludado por el cobrador y saludó a su vez.

Malahide Road estaba tranquilo. Le agradaba al Padre Conmee, tanto la calle como el nombre. Campanas festivas repicaban en la alegre Malahide. Lord Talbot de Malahide, con derecho hereditario al Almirantazgo de Malahide y mares adyacentes. Luego vino la llamada a las armas y ella fue virgen, esposa y viuda en un mismo día. Aquellos tiempos antiguos fueron buenos tiempos, tiempos de lealtad en pueblos festivos, viejos tiempos en la baronía.

El Padre Conmee, andando, pensó en su librito *Viejos tiempos en la baronía* y en el libro que podría escribirse sobre casas de jesuitas y en Mary Rochfort, hija de Lord Molesworth, primera condesa de Belvedere.

Una dama lánguida, ya no joven, caminaba solitaria por la orilla del Lough Ennel, Mary, primera condesa de Belvedere, andando lánguidamente al atardecer, sin sobresaltarse cuando una nutria se zambulló. ¿Quién podía conocer la verdad? ¿No el celoso Lord Belvedere ni tampoco su confesor si no había cometido adulterio enteramente, *eiaculatio serninis inter vas naturale mulieris*, con el hermano de su esposo? Se habría confesado a medias si no hubiera del todo pecado como las mujeres hacían. Sólo Dios lo sabía y ella y él, el hermano de su esposo.

El Padre Conmee pensó en esa incontinencia tiránica, necesaria sin embargo para la raza humana sobre la tierra, y en los caminos de Dios que no eran nuestros caminos.

Don Juan Conmee caminaba y se movía en tiempos de antaño. Era humanitario y enaltecido además. En la mente portaba secretos confesados y sonreía a caras nobles sonrientes en salones encerados, techados con rebosantes racimos de fintas. Y las manos de una novia y de un novio, noble con noble, fueron trabadas por Don Juan Conmee.

Hacía un día adorable.

La portalada de un campo le mostraba al Padre Conmee un vasto espacio de coles, que le hacían reverencias con anchas hojas arrancadas. El cielo le mostraba un hato de nubecillas blancas cayendo lentamente con el viento. Moutonner, decían los franceses. Palabra precisa y entrañable.



El Padre Conmee, leyendo los oficios, contempló un hato de aborregadas nubes sobre Rathcoffey. Le cosquillaba los tobillos finamente calcetados el rastrojo del campo de Clongowes. Paseaba por allí, leyendo al atardecer, y oía el bullicio de las filas de niños en sus juegos, bullicio juvenil en el tranquilo atardecer. Él era su rector: su reinado era apacible.

El Padre Conmee se quitó los guantes y sacó el breviario de cantos rojos. Un registro marfil le señalaba la página.

Nonas. Debería haberlas leído antes del almuerzo. Pero Lady Maxwell había venido.

El Padre Conmee leyó para sí el Pater y el Ave y se santiguó. Deus in adiutorium.

Caminó calmosamente y leyó mudamente las nonas, caminando y leyendo hasta llegar a Res en Beati immaculati:

Principium verborum tuorum veritas: in eternum omnia iudicia iustitias tuae.

Un joven ruborizado salió por el hueco de un seto y tras él venía una joven con unas margaritas silvestres cabeceando en la mano. El joven se quitó la gorra precipitadamente: la joven se inclinó con precipitación y con sumo cuidado se desprendió de la falda liviana una brizna pegada.

El Padre Conmee los bendijo a ambos gravemente y pasó una fina página de su breviario. Sin:

—Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis formidavit cor meum.

2. Reader: Bill Dixon

Corny Kelleher closed his long daybook and glanced with his drooping eye at a pine coffinlid sentried in a corner. He pulled himself erect, went to it and, spinning it on its axle, viewed its shape and brass furnishings. Chewing his blade of hay he laid the coffinlid by and came to the doorway. There he tilted his hatbrim to give shade to his eyes and leaned against the doorcase, looking idly out.

Father John Conmee stepped into the Dollymount tram on Newcomen bridge.

Corny Kelleher locked his largefooted boots and gazed, his hat downtilted, chewing his blade of hay.

Constable 57C, on his beat, stood to pass the time of day.

—That's a fine day, Mr Kelleher.

—Ay, Corny Kelleher said.

—It's very close, the constable said.

Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hayjuice arching from his mouth while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles street flung forth a coin.

—What's the best news? he asked.

—I seen that particular party last evening, the constable said with bated breath.

* * *



A onelegged sailor crutched himself round MacConnell's corner, skirting Rabaiotti's icecream car, and jerked himself up Eccles street. Towards Larry O'Rourke, in shirtsleeves in his doorway, he growled unamiably:

—*For England...*

He swung himself violently forward past Katey and Boody Dedalus, halted and growled:

—*home and beauty.*

J. J. O'Molloy's white careworn face was told that Mr Lambert was in the warehouse with a visitor.

A stout lady stopped, took a copper coin from her purse and dropped it into the cap held out to her. The sailor grumbled thanks, glanced sourly at the unheeding windows, sank his head and swung himself forward four strides.

He halted and growled angrily:

—*For England...*

Two barefoot urchins, sucking long liquorice laces, halted near him, gaping at his stump with their yellowslobbered mouths.

He swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, halted, lifted his head towards a window and bayed deeply:

—*home and beauty.*

The gay sweet chirping whistling within went on a bar or two, ceased. The blind of the window was drawn aside. A card *Unfurnished Apartments* slipped from the sash and fell. A plump bare generous arm shone, was seen, held forth from a white petticoatbodice and taut shiftstraps. A woman's hand flung forth a coin over the area railings. It fell on the path.

One of the urchins ran to it, picked it up and dropped it into the minstrel's cap, saying:

—There, sir.

* * *

Katey and Boody Dedalus shoved in the door of the closesteamng kitchen.

—Did you put in the books? Boody asked.

Maggy at the range rammed down a greyish mass beneath bubbling suds twice with her potstick and wiped her brow.

—They wouldn't give anything on them, she said.

Father Conmee walked through Clongowes fields, his thinsocked ankles tickled by stubble.

—Where did you try? Boody asked.

—M'Guinness's.

Boody stamped her foot and threw her satchel on the table.

—Bad cess to her big face! she cried.

Katey went to the range and peered with squinting eyes.

—What's in the pot? she asked.

—Shirts, Maggy said.

Boody cried angrily:

—Crickey, is there nothing for us to eat?



Katey, lifting the kettle lid in a pad of her stained skirt, asked:

—And what's in this?

A heavy fume gushed in answer.

—Peasoup, Maggy said.

—Where did you get it? Katey asked.

—Sister Mary Patrick, Maggy said.

The lacquey rang his bell.

—Barang!

Boody sat down at the table and said hungrily:

—Give us it here.

Maggy poured yellow thick soup from the kettle into a bowl. Katey, sitting opposite Boody, said quietly, as her fingertip lifted to her mouth random crumbs:

—A good job we have that much. Where's Dilly?

—Gone to meet father, Maggy said.

Boody, breaking big chunks of bread into the yellow soup, added:

—Our father who art not in heaven.

Maggy, pouring yellow soup in Katey's bowl, exclaimed:

—Boody! For shame!

A skiff, a crumpled throwaway, Elijah is coming, rode lightly down the Liffey, under Loopline bridge, shooting the rapids where water chafed around the bridgepiers, sailing eastward past hulls and anchorchains, between the Customhouse old dock and George's quay.

* * *

The blond girl in Thornton's bedded the wicker basket with rustling fibre. Blazes Boylan handed her the bottle swathed in pink tissue paper and a small jar.

—Put these in first, will you? he said.

—Yes, sir, the blond girl said. And the fruit on top.

—That'll do, game ball, Blazes Boylan said.

She bestowed fat pears neatly, head by tail, and among them ripe shamefaced peaches.

Blazes Boylan walked here and there in new tan shoes about the fruitsmelling shop, lifting fruits, young juicy crinkled and plump red tomatoes, sniffing smells.

H. E. L. Y.'S filed before him, tallwhitehatted, past Tangier lane, plodding towards their goal.

He turned suddenly from a chip of strawberries, drew a gold watch from his fob and held it at its chain's length.

—Can you send them by tram? Now?

A darkbacked figure under Merchants' arch scanned books on the hawker's cart.

—Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?

—O, yes, Blazes Boylan said. Ten minutes.

The blond girl handed him a docket and pencil.

—Will you write the address, sir?



Blazes Boylan at the counter wrote and pushed the docket to her.

—Send it at once, will you? he said. It's for an invalid.

—Yes, sir. I will, sir.

Blazes Boylan rattled merry money in his trousers' pocket.

—What's the damage? he asked.

The blond girl's slim fingers reckoned the fruits.

Blazes Boylan looked into the cut of her blouse. A young pullet. He took a red carnation from the tall stemglass.

—This for me? he asked gallantly.

The blond girl glanced sideways at him, got up regardless, with his tie a bit crooked, blushing.

—Yes, sir, she said.

Bending archly she reckoned again fat pears and blushing peaches.

Blazes Boylan looked in her blouse with more favour, the stalk of the red flower between his smiling teeth.

—May I say a word to your telephone, missy? he asked roguishly.

3. Lectora: Pilar Pastor

Ma! dijo Almidano Artifoni.

Contempló por encima del hombro de Stephen la molondra nudosa de Goldsmith.

Dos coches atestados de turistas pasaron lentamente, las mujeres delante, empuñando el pasamanos. Rostros pálidos. Los brazos de los hombres con naturalidad alrededor de las formas encogidas de ellas. Alejaron la mirada del Tnnity y la dirigieron al soportal de columnatas cegadas del banco de Irlanda donde las palomas zuuureaban.

Anch'io ho avuto di queste idee, dijo Almidano Artifoni, quand' ero giovine come Leí. Eppoi mi sono convinto che il mondo è una bestia. È peccato. Perchè la sua voce sarebbe un cespite di rendita, via. Invece, Lei si sacrifica.

—Sacrificio incruento, dijo Stephen sonriendo, haciendo oscilar la vara de fresno en lento balanceo por el centro, grácilmente.

—Speriamo, dijo la cara redonda amostachada placenteramente. Ma, dia: retta a me. Ci rifletta.

Junto a la adusta mano pétrea de Grattan, mandando parar, un tranvía de Inchicore descargó soldados en desorden de una banda de las tierras altas de Escocia.

—Ci rifletterò, dijo Stephen recorriendo con la mirada la apretada pemera del pantalón.

—Ma, sul serio eh? dijo Almidano Artifoni.



Su gruesa mano cogió firmemente la de Stephen. Ojos humanos. Contemplaron con curiosidad un instante y se desviaron apresuradamente hacia un tranvía de Dalkey.

–Eccolo, dijo Almidano Artifoni con amigable premura. Venga a trovarmi e ci pensi. Addio, caro.

Arrivederla, maestro, dijo Stephen, quitándose el sombrero cuando la mano quedó suelta. Egrazie.

–Di che? dijo Almidano Artifoni. Scusi eh? Tante belle cose!

Almidano Artifoni, levantando una batuta de enrolladas partituras a modo de señal, trotó con recios pantalones tras el tranvía de Dalkey. En vano trotó, haciendo señales en vano entre la bulla de escoceses de rodillas desnudas que contrabandeaban instrumentos de música por la verja del Trinity.

Miss Dunne ocultó el ejemplar de La mujer de blanco de la biblioteca de Capel Street en el fondo del cajón y enrolló una hoja de papel llamativo en el carro de su máquina de escribir.

Hay demasiado misterio en el libro. ¿Quiere a ésa, a Manon? Lo devolveré y sacaré otro de Mary Cecil Haye.

El disco salió disparado ranura abajo, se bamboleó un ratito, cesó y los miró extasiado: seis.

* * *

Miss Dunne tecleó en el teclado:

–16 de junio de 1904.

Cinco hombres–anuncio blancoenchisterados por entre la esquina de Monypeny y el pedestal donde no estaba la estatua de Wolfe Tone, anguilearon para darle la vuelta a H.E.L.Y'S y se retiraron con penoso caminar por donde habían venido.

Luego clavó la mirada en el gran cartel de Mane Kendall, adorable vedette, y arrellanándose lánguidamente, garabateó en el cuaderno varios dieciséis y eses mayúsculas. Cabello mostaza y mejillas repintadas. No es muy agraciada ¿verdad? La forma en que se levanta esa menudencia de falda. A saber si estará ése en el concierto de la banda esta noche. Si pudiera conseguir que esa modista me hiciera una falda concertina como la de Susy Nagle. Son de impresión. Shannon y toda la gente bien del club náutico no le quitaban los ojos de encima. Quiera Dios que no me tenga aquí hasta las siete.

El teléfono sonó groseramente al lado de su oído.

–Diga. Sí, señor. No, señor. Los llamaré después de las cinco. Sólo esos dos, señor, para Belfast y Liverpool. Muy bien, señor. Entonces me puedo marchar después de las seis si usted no ha vuelto. A las y cuarto. Sí, señor. Veintisiete chelines con seis. Se lo diré. Sí, una, siete, seis.

Garabateó tres cifras en un sobre.



–¡Mr. Boylan! ¡Oiga! Ese caballero del Sport vino preguntando por usted. Mr. Lenehan, sí. Dijo que estaría en el Ormond a las cuatro. No, señor. Sí, señor. Les llamaré después de las cinco.

* * *

Dos caras sonrosadas se volvieron a la flama de la antorcha minúscula.

–¿Quién va? preguntó Ned Lambert. ¿Eres Crotty?

–Ringabella y Crosshaven, replicó una voz a tientas buscando pie.

–Hola, Jack ¿es usted? dijo Ned Lambert, levantando en señal de saludo un cimbreante listón entre los arcos tremolantes. Venga. Cuidado no tropiece.

La cerilla en la mano levantada del clérigo se consumió en una larga suave llama y fue dejada caer. A los pies de ellos el punto rojo expiró: y aire enrarecido se cemió a su alrededor.

–¡Cuán interesante! dijo un acento refinado en las sombras.

–Sí, señor, dijo Ned Lambert enérgicamente. Estamos en la histórica sala de consejos de la abadía de Saint Mary donde el sedoso Thomas se proclamó a si mismo rebelde en 1534. Éste es el lugar más histórico de todo Dublín. O'Madden Burke va a escribir algo sobre ello uno de estos días. El viejo edificio del banco de Irlanda estuvo ahí enfrente hasta los tiempos de la unión y el templo judío primitivo también estuvo aquí antes de que construyeran la sinagoga allá en Adelaide Road. ¿Usted no había estado aquí antes, verdad, Jack?

–No, Ned.

–Él bajaba a caballo por Dame Walk, dijo el acento refinado, si es que puedo confiar en mi memoria. La mansión de los Kildares estaba en Thomas Court.

–Eso es, dijo Ned Lambert. Eso es, sí señor.

–Sería usted tan amable pues, dijo el clérigo, de dejarme la próxima vez quizá

–Por supuesto, dijo Ned Lambert. Traiga la cámara fotográfica cuando guste. Yo me encargaré de quitar los sacos de las ventanas. La puede tomar desde aquí o desde aquí.

En la aún débil luz se movió de un lado para otro, bordoneando con el listón los sacos de semillas apilados y los puntos estratégicos en el suelo.

Desde una cara larga una barba y una mirada caían sobre un tablero de ajedrez.

–Le estoy sumamente agradecido, Mr. Lambert, dijo el clérigo. No quiero robarle su valioso tiempo



–Estoy a su disposición, señor, dijo Ned Lambert. Déjese caer por aquí cuando guste. La próxima semana, digamos. ¿Ve usted?

–Sí, sí. Buenas tardes, Mr. Lambert. Encantado de haberle conocido.

–El placer es mío, señor, contestó Ned Lambert.

Siguió a su invitado hasta la salida y luego lanzó el listón revoloteando por entre los pilares. Junto con J. J. O'Molloy se encaminó lentamente hacia Mary's Abbey donde unos carreteros cargaban en carros sacos de harina de algarroba y de areca, O'Connor, Wexford.

Se detuvo a leer la tarjeta que tenía en la mano.

–Reverendo Hugh C. Love, Rathcoffey. Dirección actual: Saint Michael, Sallins. Es un joven agradable. Está escribiendo un libro sobre los Fitzgeralds me contó. Está muy al día en historia, rediez.

La joven con sumo cuidado se desprendió de la falda liviana una brizna pegada.

–Pensé que andaba metido en una nueva conspiración de la pólvora, dijo J. J. O'Molloy.

Ned Lambert se crujió los dedos al aire.

–¡Dios! exclamó. Se me olvidó contarle aquella sobre el conde de Kildare después de que prendiera fuego a la catedral de Cashel. ¿La conoce? Me jode haberlo hecho, va y dice, pero juro por Dios que pensaba que el arzobispo estaba dentro. Puede que no le gustara, sin embargo. ¿Qué? Por todos los santos, se la contaré de todas formas. Ese fue el gran conde, Fitzgerald el Grande. Apasionados que eran todos ellos, los Geraldines.

Los caballos por los que pasaba respingaron nerviosamente bajo los arcos flojos. Dio una palmada a un anca moteada que se estremecía cerca de él y voceó:

–¡Sooo, bonito!

Se volvió a J. J. O'Molloy y preguntó:

–Bien, Jack. ¿Qué pasa? ¿Qué problema tiene? Espere un momento. Deténgase.

Boquiabierto y con la cabeza echada hacia atrás se quedó quieto y, tras un instante, estomudó fuertemente.

–¡Achís! dijo. ¡Dios!

–El polvo de esos sacos, dijo J. J. O'Molloy educadamente.

–No, dijo sofocado Ned Lambert, pillé un... . resfriado ante... . Dios... anteanoche... y había una corriente de todos los diablos... .



Sostuvo el pañuelo listo para el siguiente...

–Estuve... . Glasnevin por la mañana... pobrecillo... cómo se llama... ¡Achís!... ¡Vaya por Dios!

* * *

Tom Rochford tomó el disco superior del montón que asía contra su chaleco burdeos.

–¿Ven ustedes? dijo. Digamos que es el cuadro número seis. Aquí dentro, ven ustedes. Cuadro en escena.

Lo deslizó en la hendidura izquierda como demostración. Salió disparado ranura abajo, se bamboleó un ratito, cesó, mirándolos extasiado: seis.

Abogados del pasado, arrogantes, elegantes, contemplaron pasar desde la oficina de tasación pública hacia el tribunal Nisi Prius a Richie Goulding que portaba la cartera de Goulding, Collis y Ward y escucharon el frufrú desde la sala del almirantazgo del tribunal supremo hasta el tribunal de apelación de una mujer anciana con dientes postizos que sonreían incrédulamente y una falda de seda negra de mucho vuelo.

–¿Ven ustedes? dijo. Ya ven cómo el último que inserté está aquí: cuadros aparecidos. El impacto. El apalancamiento ¿ven?

Les mostró la columna creciente de discos a la derecha.

–Buena idea, dijo Napias Flynn, sorbiéndose. Así que uno que llegue tarde sabe qué cuadro está en escena y qué cuadros han aparecido.

–¿Ven? dijo Tom Rochford.

Deslizó un disco por su cuenta: y observó cómo se disparaba, se bamboleaba, miraba extasiado, se paraba: cuatro. Cuadro en escena.

–Lo voy a ver ahora en el Onnond, dijo Lenehan, y le tantearé. Un buen cuadro se merece otro igual.

–Hágalo, dijo Tom Rochford. Dígale que estoy Boylanbullendo de impaciencia.

–Buenas tardes, dijo M'Coy abruptamente. Cuando ustedes dos empiezan

Napias Flynn se encorvó hacia la palanca, sorbiéndose ante ella.

–¿Pero cómo funciona esto, Tommy? preguntó.

–Agur, dijo Lenehan. Hasta luego.

Siguió a M'Coy que se marchaba cruzando la plazuela minúscula de Crampton Court.



–Es un héroe, dijo simplemente.

–Lo sé, dijo M'Coy. Lo del sumidero, quiere decir.

–¿Sumidero? dijo Lenehan. Se escurrió por una tapa de registro abajo.

Dejaron atrás el odeón de Dan Lowry donde Mane Kendall, adorable vedette, les sonreía desde un cartel con una sonrisa repintada.

Bajando por la acera de Sycamore Street cerca del odeón Empire Lenehan le explicó a M'Coy cómo había ocurrido todo aquello. Uno de esos registros semejante a una jodida tubería de gas y allí estaba el pobre diablo atraricado en él, medio asfixiado con los gases de la cloaca. Pero para abajo que se fue Tom Rochford de todas formas, chaleco de corredor de apuestas y todo, con la sogá alrededor. Y qué diantres como que consiguió atarle la sogá al pobre diablo y los subieron para arriba a los dos.

–La hazaña de un héroe, dijo.

A la altura del Dolphm se detuvieron para dejar que el coche ambulancia pasara galopando en dirección a Jervis Street.

–Por aquí, dijo, caminando hacia la derecha. Quiero entrar un segundo en Lynam para ver cómo se cotiza Cetro de salida. ¿Qué hora es por su reloj y cadena de oro?

M'Coy miró con ojos de miope el interior de la oficina umbría de Marcus Tertius Moses, luego el reloj de casa O'Neill.

–Pasadas las tres, dijo. ¿Quién la monta?

–O'Madden, dijo Lenehan. Y una potra de mucho brío que es.

Mientras esperaba en Temple Bar M'Coy fue empujando una cáscara de plátano con suaves puntapiés desde la acera hasta la alcantarilla. Alguien podría meterse un buen batacazo si viene con una tajada en la oscuridad.

La verja del paseo se abrió de par en par para facultar la salida de la comitiva virreinal.

–A la par, dijo Lenehan al regresar. Me he topado con Lyons Gallito ahí dentro que iba a apostar por un jodido caballo que alguien le ha sugerido y que no tiene la más remota. Por aquí.

Subieron por los escalones y siguieron bajo Merchants' Arch. Una figura dorsoscura inspeccionaba libros en el tenderete de un vendedor ambulante.

–Ahí está, dijo Lenehan.

–A saber lo que estará comprando, dijo M'Coy, echando una ojeada para atrás.



–Leopoldo o el Brotebloom en el centeno, dijo Lenehan.

–Pierde la cabeza por los saldos, dijo M'Coy. Estaba con él un día y le compró un libro a una vieja de Liffey Street por dos chelines. Tenía hermosos grabados que valían el doble de lo pagado, estrellas y la luna y cometas de largas colas. Era de astronomía.

Lenehan se rió.

–Le contaré una muy buena sobre colas de cometas, dijo. Pongámonos al sol.

Cruzaron hacia el puente de hierro y fueron a lo largo de Wellington Quay junto al muro del río.

El señorito Patrick Aloysius Dignam salía de casa Mangan, antes Fehrenbach, portando libra y media de filetes de cerdo.

–Hubo una gran comilona en el reformatorio de Glenree, dijo Lenehan animadamente. La cena anual, ya sabe. De alto copete. El alcalde estaba allí, Val Dillon era, y Sir Charles Cameron y Dan Dawson dio un discurso y hubo música. Bartell d'Arcy cantó y Benjamin Dollard

–Ya lo sé, le cortó M'Coy. Mi señora cantó allí una vez.

–¿Ah, sí? dijo Lenehan.

Una tarjeta Apartamentos sin amueblar reapareció en la corredera de la ventana del número 7 de Eccles Street. Interrumpió la historia un momento pero rompió a reír con risa resollante.

–Pero espere a que le cuente, dijo. Delahunt el de Candem Street llevaba el servicio de comestibles y un servidor de usted era el jefe de bebestibles. Bloom y la mujer estaban allí. La cantidad de cosas que nos metimos entre pecho y espalda: oporto y jerez y curaço de los que dimos buena cuenta. Fue el desmadre. A los líquidos siguieron los sólidos. Fiambres a porrillo y empanadas

–Lo sé, dijo M'Coy. El año en que mi señora estuvo

Lenehan le cogió del brazo efusivamente.

–Pero espere a que le cuente, dijo. Tuvimos un refrigerio de medianoche también después de toda la juerga y cuando despegamos de allí daban ya las putas luces de la mañana de la resaca anterior. Camino de casa hacía una noche de invierno magnífica como para meterse en la Montaña Plumón. Bloom y Chris Callinan iban en un lado del coche y yo estaba con su mujer en el otro. Empezamos a cantar a tres y a dos voces: Ved, el destello mañanero. Iba bien alumbrada con una buena carga de oporto de Delahunt en la barriga. A cada bandazo del jodido coche ya me la tenía encima. ¡Menudo revoltijo! Tiene un buen par, que Dios la bendiga. Así.

Extendió las manos encovadas alejándolas de él un codo, frunciendo el ceño:

–Estuve remetiéndole la manta y arreglándole el boa todo el tiempo. ¿.Sabe a qué me refiero?



Sus manos moldearon copiosas curvas de aire. Apretó los ojos con placer, contrayéndosele el cuerpo, y rumbó un dulce gorjeo desde sus labios.

—El mozo estaba en guardia de todas formas, dijo con un suspiro. Es una yegua de mucho brío de eso no hay duda. Bloom iba señalando todas las estrellas y cometas del firmamento a Chris Callinan y al calesero: la osa mayor y Hércules y el dragón, y la biblia en pasta. Pero yo, vaya por Dios, que andaba perdido, como quien dice, en la vía láctea. Él se las conoce todas, se lo juro. Por fin ella descubrió una chiquitita chiquitina a millas de distancia. ¿Y qué estrella es ésa, Poldy? va y dice ella. Vaya por Dios, dejó a Bloom todo cortado. Ésa ¿no? dice Chris Callinan, seguro que ésa es sólo lo que se dice una pichita de nada. Vaya por Dios, que no andaba muy lejos de dar en el blanco. Lenehan se paró y se apoyó contra el muro del río, resoplando con risa suave.

—No puedo más, jadeó.

La cara blanca de M'Coy sonreía a instantes y se fue poniendo grave. Lenehan comenzó a andar de nuevo. Se levantó la gorra náutica y se rascó el colodrillo rápidamente. Miró de soslayo a M'Coy en la luz del sol.

—Es un hombre completo y culto, ese Bloom, dijo seriamente. No es uno del montón o uno más ... ya sabe ... Tiene algo de artista el bueno de Bloom.

4. Reader: Kate Marriage

Mr Bloom turned over idly pages of *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, then of Aristotle's *Masterpiece*. Crooked botched print. Plates: infants cuddled in a ball in bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered cows. Lots of them like that at this moment all over the world. All butting with their skulls to get out of it. Child born every minute somewhere. Mrs Purefoy.

He laid both books aside and glanced at the third: *Tales of the Ghetto* by Leopold von Sacher Masoch.

—That I had, he said, pushing it by.

The shopman let two volumes fall on the counter.

—Them are two good ones, he said.

Onions of his breath came across the counter out of his ruined mouth. He bent to make a bundle of the other books, hugged them against his unbuttoned waistcoat and bore them off behind the dingy curtain.

On O'Connell bridge many persons observed the grave deportment and gay apparel of Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c.

Mr Bloom, alone, looked at the titles. *Fair Tyrants* by James Lovebirch. Know the kind that is. Had it? Yes.

He opened it. Thought so.

A woman's voice behind the dingy curtain. Listen: the man.

No: she wouldn't like that much. Got her it once.

He read the other title: *Sweets of Sin*. More in her line. Let us see.

He read where his finger opened.

—All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!

Yes. This. Here. Try.



—Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands felt for the opulent curves inside her déshabillé.

Yes. Take this. The end.

—You are late, he spoke hoarsely, eying her with a suspicious glare.

The beautiful woman threw off her sable-trimmed wrap, displaying her queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint. An imperceptible smile played round her perfect lips as she turned to him calmly.

Mr Bloom read again: *The beautiful woman*.

Warmth showered gently over him, cowing his flesh. Flesh yielded amply amid rumpled clothes: whites of eyes swooning up. His nostrils arched themselves for prey. Melting breast ointments (*for him! For Raoul!*). Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime (*her heaving embonpoint!*). Feel! Press! Crished! Sulphur dung of lions!

Young! Young!

An elderly female, no more young, left the building of the courts of chancery, king's bench, exchequer and common pleas, having heard in the lord chancellor's court the case in lunacy of Potterton, in the admiralty division the summons, *ex parte* motion, of the owners of the Lady Cairns versus the owners of the barque Mona, in the court of appeal reservation of judgment in the case of Harvey versus the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.

Phlegmy coughs shook the air of the bookshop, bulging out the dingy curtains. The shopman's uncombed grey head came out and his unshaven reddened face, coughing. He raked his throat rudely, puked phlegm on the floor. He put his boot on what he had spat, wiping his sole along it, and bent, showing a rawskinned crown, scantily haired.

Mr Bloom beheld it.

Mastering his troubled breath, he said:

—I'll take this one.

The shopman lifted eyes bleared with old rheum.

—*Sweets of Sin*, he said, tapping on it. That's a good one.

* * *

The lacquey by the door of Dillon's auctionrooms shook his handbell twice again and viewed himself in the chalked mirror of the cabinet.

Dilly Dedalus, loitering by the curbstone, heard the beats of the bell, the cries of the auctioneer within. Four and nine. Those lovely curtains. Five shillings. Cosy curtains. Selling new at two guineas. Any advance on five shillings? Going for five shillings.

The lacquey lifted his handbell and shook it:

—Barang!

Bang of the lastlap bell spurred the halfmile wheelmen to their sprint. J. A. Jackson, W. E. Wylie, A. Munro and H. T. Gahan, their stretched necks wagging, negotiated the curve by the College library.

Mr Dedalus, tugging a long moustache, came round from Williams's row. He halted near his daughter.

—It's time for you, she said.

—Stand up straight for the love of the lord Jesus, Mr Dedalus said. Are you trying to imitate your uncle John, the cornetplayer, head upon shoulder? Melancholy God!

Dilly shrugged her shoulders. Mr Dedalus placed his hands on them and held them back.



—Stand up straight, girl, he said. You'll get curvature of the spine. Do you know what you look like? He let his head sink suddenly down and forward, hunching his shoulders and dropping his underjaw.

—Give it up, father, Dilly said. All the people are looking at you.

Mr Dedalus drew himself upright and tugged again at his moustache.

—Did you get any money? Dilly asked.

—Where would I get money? Mr Dedalus said. There is no-one in Dublin would lend me fourpence.

—You got some, Dilly said, looking in his eyes.

—How do you know that? Mr Dedalus asked, his tongue in his cheek.

Mr Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along James's street.

—I know you did, Dilly answered. Were you in the Scotch house now?

—I was not, then, Mr Dedalus said, smiling. Was it the little nuns taught you to be so saucy? Here. He handed her a shilling.

—See if you can do anything with that, he said.

—I suppose you got five, Dilly said. Give me more than that.

—Wait awhile, Mr Dedalus said threateningly. You're like the rest of them, are you? An insolent pack of little bitches since your poor mother died. But wait awhile. You'll all get a short shrift and a long day from me. Low blackguardism! I'm going to get rid of you. Wouldn't care if I was stretched out stiff. He's dead. The man upstairs is dead.

He left her and walked on. Dilly followed quickly and pulled his coat.

—Well, what is it? he said, stopping.

The lacquey rang his bell behind their backs.

—Barang!

—Curse your bloody blatant soul, Mr Dedalus cried, turning on him.

The lacquey, aware of comment, shook the lolling clapper of his bell but feebly:

—Bang!

Mr Dedalus stared at him.

—Watch him, he said. It's instructive. I wonder will he allow us to talk.

—You got more than that, father, Dilly said.

—I'm going to show you a little trick, Mr Dedalus said. I'll leave you all where Jesus left the jews. Look, there's all I have. I got two shillings from Jack Power and I spent twopence for a shave for the funeral.

He drew forth a handful of copper coins, nervously.

—Can't you look for some money somewhere? Dilly said.

Mr Dedalus thought and nodded.

—I will, he said gravely. I looked all along the gutter in O'Connell street. I'll try this one now.

—You're very funny, Dilly said, grinning.

—Here, Mr Dedalus said, handing her two pennies. Get a glass of milk for yourself and a bun or a something. I'll be home shortly.

He put the other coins in his pocket and started to walk on.

The viceregal cavalcade passed, greeted by obsequious policemen, out of Parkgate.



—I'm sure you have another shilling, Dilly said.

The lacquey banged loudly.

Mr Dedalus amid the din walked off, murmuring to himself with a pursing mincing mouth gently:

—The little nuns! Nice little things! O, sure they wouldn't do anything! O, sure they wouldn't really! Is it little sister Monica!

* * *

From the sundial towards James's gate walked Mr Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked for Pulbrook Robertson, boldly along James's street, past Shackleton's offices. Got round him all right. How do you do, Mr Crimmins? First rate, sir. I was afraid you might be up in your other establishment in Pimlico. How are things going? Just keeping alive. Lovely weather we're having. Yes, indeed. Good for the country. Those farmers are always grumbling. I'll just take a thimbleful of your best gin, Mr Crimmins. A small gin, sir. Yes, sir. Terrible affair that *General Slocum* explosion. Terrible, terrible! A thousand casualties. And heartrending scenes. Men trampling down women and children. Most brutal thing. What do they say was the cause? Spontaneous combustion. Most scandalous revelation. Not a single lifeboat would float and the firehose all burst. What I can't understand is how the inspectors ever allowed a boat like that... Now, you're talking straight, Mr Crimmins. You know why? Palm oil. Is that a fact? Without a doubt. Well now, look at that. And America they say is the land of the free. I thought we were bad here.

I smiled at him. *America*, I said quietly, just like that. *What is it? The sweepings of every country including our own. Isn't that true?* That's a fact.

Graft, my dear sir. Well, of course, where there's money going there's always someone to pick it up.

Saw him looking at my frockcoat. Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy appearance. Bowls them over.

—Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said. How are things?

—Hello, Bob, old man, Mr Dedalus answered, stopping.

Mr Kernan halted and preened himself before the sloping mirror of Peter Kennedy, hairdresser. Stylish coat, beyond a doubt. Scott of Dawson street. Well worth the half sovereign I gave Neary for it. Never built under three guineas. Fits me down to the ground. Some Kildare street club toff had it probably. John Mulligan, the manager of the Hibernian bank, gave me a very sharp eye yesterday on Carlisle bridge as if he remembered me.

Aham! Must dress the character for those fellows. Knight of the road. Gentleman. And now, Mr Crimmins, may we have the honour of your custom again, sir. The cup that cheers but not inebriates, as the old saying has it.

North wall and sir John Rogerson's quay, with hulls and anchorchains, sailing westward, sailed by a skiff, a crumpled throwaway, rocked on the ferrywash, Elijah is coming.

Mr Kernan glanced in farewell at his image. High colour, of course. Grizzled moustache. Returned Indian officer. Bravely he bore his stumpy body forward on spatted feet, squaring his shoulders. Is that Ned Lambert's brother over the way, Sam? What? Yes. He's as like it as damn it. No. The windscreen of that motorcar in the sun there. Just a flash like that. Damn like him.

Aham! Hot spirit of juniper juice warmed his vitals and his breath. Good drop of gin, that was. His frocktails winked in bright sunshine to his fat strut.

Down there Emmet was hanged, drawn and quartered. Greasy black rope. Dogs licking the blood off the street when the lord lieutenant's wife drove by in her nobby.

Bad times those were. Well, well. Over and done with. Great toppers too. Fourbottle men.



Let me see. Is he buried in saint Michan's? Or no, there was a midnight burial in Glasnevin. Corpse brought in through a secret door in the wall. Dignam is there now. Went out in a puff. Well, well. Better turn down here. Make a detour.

Mr Kernan turned and walked down the slope of Watling street by the corner of Guinness's visitors' waitingroom. Outside the Dublin Distillers Company's stores an outside car without fare or jarvey stood, the reins knotted to the wheel. Damn dangerous thing. Some Tipperary bosthoon endangering the lives of the citizens. Runaway horse.

Denis Breen with his tomes, weary of having waited an hour in John Henry Menton's office, led his wife over O'Connell bridge, bound for the office of Messrs Collis and Ward.

Mr Kernan approached Island street.

Times of the troubles. Must ask Ned Lambert to lend me those reminiscences of sir Jonah Barrington. When you look back on it all now in a kind of retrospective arrangement. Gaming at Daly's. No cardsharpping then. One of those fellows got his hand nailed to the table by a dagger. Somewhere here lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped from major SIRR. Stables behind Moira house.

Damn good gin that was.

Fine dashing young nobleman. Good stock, of course. That ruffian, that sham squire, with his violet gloves gave him away. Course they were on the wrong side. They rose in dark and evil days. Fine poem that is: Ingram. They were gentlemen. Ben Dollard does sing that ballad touchingly. Masterly rendition.

At the siege of Ross did my father fall.

A cavalcade in easy trot along Pembroke quay passed, outriders leaping, leaping in their, in their saddles. Frockcoats. Cream sunshades.

Mr Kernan hurried forward, blowing pursily.

His Excellency! Too bad! Just missed that by a hair. Damn it! What a pity!

* * *

Stephen Dedalus watched through the webbed window the lapidary's fingers prove a timedulled chain. Dust webbed the window and the showtrays. Dust darkened the toiling fingers with their vulture nails. Dust slept on dull coils of bronze and silver, lozenges of cinnabar, on rubies, leprous and winedark stones.

Born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil, lights shining in the darkness. Where fallen archangels flung the stars of their brows. Muddy swinesnouts, hands, root and root, gripe and wrest them.

She dances in a foul gloom where gum bums with garlic. A sailorman, rustbearded, sips from a beaker rum and eyes her. A long and seafed silent rut. She dances, capers, wagging her sowish haunches and her hips, on her gross belly flapping a ruby egg.

Old Russell with a smeared shammy rag burnished again his gem, turned it and held it at the point of his Moses' beard. Grandfather ape gloating on a stolen hoard.

And you who wrest old images from the burial earth? The brainsick words of sophists: Antisthenes. A lore of drugs. Orient and immortal wheat standing from everlasting to everlasting.

Two old women fresh from their whiff of the briny trudged through Irishtown along London bridge road, one with a sanded tired umbrella, one with a midwife's bag in which eleven cockles rolled.

The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos from the powerhouse urged Stephen to be on. Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one and both.



But stun myself too in the blow. Shatter me you who can. Bawd and butcher were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A look around.

Yes, quite true. Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time. You say right, sir. A Monday morning, 'twas so, indeed.

Stephen went down Bedford row, the handle of the ash clacking against his shoulderblade. In Clohissey's window a faded 1860 print of Heenan boxing Sayers held his eye. Staring backers with square hats stood round the roped prizering. The heavyweights in tight loincloths proposed gently each to other his bulbous fists. And they are throbbing: heroes' hearts.

He turned and halted by the slanted bookcart.

—Twopence each, the huckster said. Four for sixpence.

Tattered pages. *The Irish Beekeeper. Life and Miracles of the Curé of Ars. Pocket Guide to Killarney.*

I might find here one of my pawned schoolprizes. *Stephano Dedalo, alumno optimo, palmam ferenti.*

Father Conmee, having read his little hours, walked through the hamlet of Donnycarney, murmuring vespers.

Binding too good probably. What is this? Eighth and ninth book of Moses. Secret of all secrets. Seal of King David. Thumbed pages: read and read. Who has passed here before me? How to soften chapped hands. Recipe for white wine vinegar. How to win a woman's love. For me this. Say the following talisman three times with hands folded:

—*Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen.*

Who wrote this? Charms and invocations of the most blessed abbot Peter Salanka to all true believers divulged. As good as any other abbot's charms, as mumbling Joachim's. Down, baldynoddle, or we'll wool your wool.

—What are you doing here, Stephen?

Dilly's high shoulders and shabby dress.

Shut the book quick. Don't let see.

—What are you doing? Stephen said.

A Stuart face of nonesuch Charles, lank locks falling at its sides. It glowed as she crouched feeding the fire with broken boots. I told her of Paris. Late lieabed under a quilt of old overcoats, fingering a pinchbeck bracelet, Dan Kelly's token. *Nebrakada femininum.*

—What have you there? Stephen asked.

—I bought it from the other cart for a penny, Dilly said, laughing nervously. Is it any good?

My eyes they say she has. Do others see me so? Quick, far and daring. Shadow of my mind.

He took the coverless book from her hand. Chardenal's French primer.

—What did you buy that for? he asked. To learn French?

She nodded, reddening and closing tight her lips.

Show no surprise. Quite natural.

—Here, Stephen said. It's all right. Mind Maggy doesn't pawn it on you. I suppose all my books are gone.

—Some, Dilly said. We had to.

She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.



We.

Agenbite of inwit. Inwit's agenbite.

Misery! Misery!

5. Lector: Damian Gallagher

–Hola, Simon, dijo el Padre Cowley. ¿Qué tal van las cosas?

–Hola, Bob, viejo, contestó Mr. Dedalus, parándose.

Mr. Kernan se detuvo y se atildó ante el espejo inclinado de Peter Kennedy, peluquero. Americana con estilo, sin género de dudas. Scott de Dawson Street. Bien vale el medio soberano que le di a Neary por ella. No te las hacen por menos de tres guineas. Me sienta de perlas. De algún cursi del club de Kildare Street probablemente. John Mulligan, el director del Banco Hibernico, me midió con la mirada ayer en el puente de Carlisle como si me recordara.

¡Ajá! Hay que representar el papel para ellos. Señor de los caminos. Caballero. Y bien, Mr. Crimmins, nos concederá el honor de ser nuestro cliente de nuevo, señor. La copa que reanima pero no embriaga, como dice el viejo dicho.

North Wall y Sir John Rogerson's Quay, con cascos y capones, navegando hacia el oeste, pasó navegando un esquife, un prospecto arrugado, mecido en el oleaje del transbordador, Elías vuelve.

Mr. Kernan echó una mirada de despedida a su imagen. Buen color, claro está. Bigote canoso. Oficial jubilado de la India. Valientemente tiraba de su cuerpo repolludo adelante sobre pies abotinados, sacando el pecho. ¿Es ése el hermano de Ned Lambert en la acera de enfrente, Sam? ¿Eh? Sí. Su viva estampa. No. El parabrisas de ese automóvil de ahí al sol. Tan sólo un chispazo ya ves. La viva estampa de él.

¡Rajá! El licor ardiente del jugo de enebro le calentó las entrañas y el aliento. Una buena gota de ginebra había sido ésa. Los faldones de su levita hacían guiños al sol brillante con su graso contoneo.

Por ahí abajo a Emmet colgaron, destriparon y descuartizaron. Soga negra grasienta. Los perros lamiendo la sangre de la calle cuando la esposa del virrey pasó en su calesín.

Malos tiempos aquellos. Bueno, bueno. Ya pasaron. Grandes borrachines también. Hombres de cuatro–botellas. Veamos. ¿Está enterrado en Saint Michan? O no, hubo un entierro a medianoche en Glasnevin. El cadáver lo metieron por una puerta secreta en el muro. Dignam está allí ahora. Se esfumó en un santiamén. Bueno, bueno. Mejor será que doble para abajo aquí. Daré un rodeo.

Mr. Keman dobló y descendió por la cuesta de Watling Street por la esquina de la sala de espera de las visitas de Guinness. Delante de los almacenes de la Compañía Destiladora de Dublín había un charrete parado sin pasajero ni calesero, las riendas anudadas a la rueda. Maldita sea, eso es peligroso. Algún boberas de Tipperary poniendo en peligro las vidas de los ciudadanos. Caballo desbocado.



Denis Breen con sus tomos, cansado de haber esperado una hora en el despacho de John Henry Menton, llevaba a su mujer por el puente de O'Connell, camino del despacho de Messrs. Collis y Ward.

Mr. Keman se aproximó a Island Street. Tiempos de conflictos. Tengo que pedirle a Ned Lambert que me preste esas memorias de Sir Jonah Barrington. Cuando lo repasas ahora todo eso en una especie de ordenación retrospectiva. Apuestas en Daly. Nada de trampas en aquel entonces. A uno de aquellos socios le clavaron la mano a la mesa con una daga. Por estos alrededores Lord Edward Fitzgerald escapó del Comandante de Plaza SIRR. Las cuerdas detrás de Casa Moira.

Pero que muy buena que era esa ginebra.

Lindo joven rozagante de la nobleza. Buena cepa, claro está. Aquel rufián, aquel caballero de pega, de guantes violetas, lo delató. Claro que estaban en el bando equivocado. Se alzaron en días oscuros y funestos. Lindo poema ese: Ingram. Eran caballeros. Ben Dollard sí que canta esa balada con sentimiento. Interpretación magistral.

En el cerco de Ross mi padre cayó.

Una comitiva a trote corto a lo largo de Pembroke Quay pasaba, los batidores botando, botando en sus, en sus monturas. Levitas. Parasoles color crema.

Mr. Keman apretó el paso, resoplando convulsionadamente.

¡Su Excelencia! ¡Lástima! Me lo perdí por los pelos. ¡Maldita sea! ¡Qué pena!

Stephen Dedalus observaba por el escaparate telarañoso los dedos del lapidario comprobando una cadena desgastada por el tiempo. El polvo entamaba el escaparate y las bandejas de la vitrina. El polvo oscurecía los atareados dedos de uñas buitreras. El polvo dormía sobre espirales mates de bronce y plata, losanges de cinabno, sobre rubíes, piedras desmochadas y vinoscuras.

Nacidos todos en la oscura tierra agusanada, motas frías de fuego, malditas, luces brillando en la oscuridad. Adonde los arcángeles caídos arrojaron las estrellas de sus frentes. Enfangados hocicos de puercos, manos, hozan y hozan, las gafan y arrancan.

Ella baila en sombras inmundas donde goma arde con ajo. Un marinero, barbaherrumbroso, sorbe ron de un tazón y la ojea. Una larga brama silenciosa en el mar alimentada. Ella baila, corcovea, meneando sus nalgas cerdunas y las caderas, con un huevo de rubí palpitando en su panza carnosa.

El viejo Russell con un trapo de gamuza embadurnado pulía de nuevo su gema, la volvía y mantenía en la punta de su barba de Moisés. Simio abuelo regodeándose en riquezas robadas.

¿Y vosotros que arrancáis viejas imágenes de la tierra tumularia? Las palabras vesánicas de los sofistas: Antístenes. Un saber ancestral de drogas. Naciente e inmortal trigo que existe desde siempre y por siempre.



Dos viejas vigorizadas tras su buchada de aire salobre caminaban penosamente por Inshtown a lo largo de London Bridge Road, una con un fatigado paraguas enarenado, la otra con un bolso de matrona en el que rodaban once veneras.

El runruno de aleteantes correas de cuero y el zumbido de las dinamos de la central eléctrica incitaron a Stephen a proseguir. Seres sin ser. ¡Párate! Latido siempre fuera de ti y el latido siempre dentro. Tu corazón del que cantas. Yo entre ellos. ¿Dónde? Entre dos mundos bramantes donde ellos se arremolinan, yo. Destrózalos, uno y dos. Pero desquiciarme yo también en el golpe. Destrózame tú que puedes. Alcahuete y camicero eran las palabras. ¡Oiga! Todavía no por ahora. Un vistazo alrededor.

Sí, totalmente cierto. Muy grande y maravilloso y marca la hora fenomenal. Decís bien, señor. El lunes por la mañana. Así fue, cierto.

Stephen bajó por Bedford Row, la empuñadura del fresno zurriando contra la paletilla. En el escaparate de Clohissey un grabado descolondo de 1860 de Heenan boxeando contra Sayers le llamó la atención. Apostadores embobados con altos sombreros de copa rodeaban el ring acordelado. Los pesos—pesados con ceñidas calzonas ofrendaban cortésmente el uno al otro sus puños bulbosos. Y están latiendo: corazones de héroes.

Giró y se detuvo cerca del inclinado tenderete de libros. —Dos peniques cada uno, dijo el mercachifle. Cuatro por seis peniques.

Páginas pingajosas. El apicultor irlandés. Viday milagros del venerable cura de Ars. Guía de bolsillo de Killarney.

Puede que encuentre aquí empeñado alguno de mis premios del colegio. Stephano Dedalo, alumno óptimo, palmam ferenti.

El Padre Conmee, habiendo leído las primeras horas canónicas, pasaba por la aldea de Donnycamey, murmurando las vísperas.

Encuadernación demasiado buena quizá. ¿Qué es esto? Libro octavo y noveno de Moisés. Enigma de todos los enigmas. El sello del Rey David. Páginas llenas de dedadas: leídas y releídas. ¿Quién ha pasado por aquí antes que yo? Cómo suavizar las manos agrietadas. Receta para hacer vinagre de vino blanco. Cómo conquistar el amor de una mujer. Esto es lo mío. Diga el siguiente conjuro tres veces con las manos juntas:

—¡Se elyilo nebrakada femininum! ¡Amor me solo! ¡Sanktus! Amén.

¿Quién escribió esto? Hechizos y encantamientos del bienaventurado abad Pedro Salanka revelados a todos los verdaderos creyentes. Tan buenos como los hechizos de cualquier otro abad, como los del musitante Joaquín. Abajo, calvatrueno, o te trasquilamos la lana.

—¿Qué haces aquí, Stephen?

Los hombros altos y el vestido desharrapado de Dilly.



Cierra el libro rápido. No dejes ver.

—¿Tú qué haces? dijo Stephen.

Una cara de Estuardo de Carlos el sin igual, lacios mechones cayéndole a los lados. Le ardía cuando ella se agachaba para atizar el fuego con las botas rotas. Le hablé de París. Dormilona bajo una colcha de viejos abrigos, manoseando una pulsera de similor, recuerdo de Dan Kelly. Nebrakadafemininum.

—¿Qué tienes ahí?

—Lo compré en el otro tenderete por un penique, dijo Dilly, riéndose nerviosamente. ¿Merece la pena?

Mis ojos dicen que tiene. ¿Me ven otros así? Expresivos, distantes y osados. Sombra de mi mente.

Le cogió de la mano el libro sin cubiertas. Compendio elemental de francés de Chardenal.

—¿Para qué compraste eso? preguntó. ¿Para aprender francés?

Ella asintió, enrojeciéndose y apretando con fuerza los labios.

No muestres sorpresa. Con naturalidad.

—Toma, dijo Stephen. Está bien. Cuidado que no te lo empeñe Maggy. Supongo que todos mis libros ya han volado.

—Algunos, dijo Dilly. No hubo más remedio.

Se ahoga. Mordedura. Sálvala. Mordedura. Todo está contra nosotros. Me ahogará con ella, ojos y cabello. Rodetes desmadejados de cabello algamanna a mi alrededor, de mi corazón, de mi alma. Verde muerte salada.

Nosotros.

Mordedura de la conciencia. De la conciencia la mordedura.

¡Miseria! ¡Miseria!

—Hola, Simon, dijo el Padre Cowley. ¿Qué tal van las cosas?

—Hola, Bob, viejo, contestó Mr. Dedalus, parándose.

Se dieron la mano ruidosamente delante del anticuario Reddy e Hija. El Padre Cowley se cepillaba el bigote hacia abajo a menudo con mano acucharada.

—¿Qué hay de nuevo? dijo Mr. Dedalus.



–Pues no mucho, dijo el Padre Cowley. Estoy atrincherado, Simon, con dos hombres merodeando fuera de la casa intentando perpetrar un allanamiento.

–Estupendo, hombre, dijo Mr. Dedalus. ¿De quién se trata?

–Bueno, dijo el Padre Cowley. Un fulano logrero que conocemos.

–Con joroba ¿no? preguntó Mr. Dedalus.

–El mismo, Simon, contestó el Padre Cowley. Reuben y otros de la misma ralea. Estoy precisamente esperando a Ben Dollard. Va a hablar con Long John para que haga que me quiten a esos dos hombres de encima. Lo único que quiero es un respiro.

Miró con vaga esperanza arriba y abajo del muelle, una gran nuez abultándole en la garganta.

–Lo sé, dijo Mr. Dedalus, asintiendo. ¡El pobre incapaz de Ben! Siempre le está haciendo un favor a alguien. ¡Quieto! Se puso las gafas y miró hacia el puente de hierro por un instante.

–Ahí viene, por Dios, dijo, el mismo que viste y calza. El chaqué azul suelto y sombrero alto de copa sobre bombachos de Ben Dollard cruzaron el muelle con paso vigoroso desde el puente de hierro. Vino hacia ellos despaciosamente, rascándose activamente detrás de los faldones.

Al aproximarse Mr. Dedalus le saludó:

–Coged a ese tipo de los pantalones ridículos.

–Cogedle, venga, dijo Ben Dollard.

Mr. Dedalus ojeó con frío desdén errante diversos rasgos de la persona de Ben Dollard. Luego, volviéndose hacia el Padre Cowley con una señal de la cabeza, masculló con sorna:

–¿Bonita vestimenta, no, para un día de verano?

–Que Dios eterno maldiga su alma, gruñó Ben Dollard furiosamente, he tirado más ropa en lo que llevo de vida de la que usted haya visto jamás.

Allí junto a ellos sonreía radiante, a ellos primero y después a sus ropas holgadas de algunas partes de las cuales Mr. Dedalus pelaba pelusas, diciendo:

–Las hicieron para un hombre de buen año, Ben, de todas formas.

–Mala suerte tenga el judío que las hizo, dijo Ben Dollard. Gracias sean dadas a Dios que todavía no ha cobrado.

–Y cómo va ese basso profundo, Benjamin? preguntó el Padre Cowley.



Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, murmurando, ojovidrioso, pasó a zancadas por delante del club de Kildare Street.

Ben Dollard frunció el ceño y, poniendo repentinamente boca de cantor, soltó una nota profunda.

–¡Ooo! dijo.

–Muy bien, dijo Mr. Dedalus, asintiendo a su vozarrón.

–¿Qué les parece eso? dijo Ben Dollard. ¿Se conserva? ¿Eh?

Se volvió hacia los dos.

–Suficiente, dijo el Padre Cowley, asintiendo también.

El reverendo Hugh C. Love caminaba desde la vieja sala capitular de Saint Mary's Abbey dejando atrás James y Charles Kennedy, refinadores, asistido por Geraldines altos y apuestos, hacia el recinto de portazgo más allá del vado de zarzos.

Ben Dollard con una fuerte inclinación hacia el frontal de las tiendas los condujo hacia delante, los regocijados dedos al aire.

–Vengan conmigo a la oficina del intendente de policía, dijo. Les quiero enseñar el nuevo descubrimiento de alguacil que Rock ha hecho. Es un cruce de Lobengula con Lynchehaun. Merece la pena verlo, les adelanto. Vengan. Vi a John Henry Menton casualmente en la Bodega hace un momento y me va a costar un ojo de la cara si no ... Esperen un rato Vamos por buen camino, me lo huelo, Bob, créame usted de veras.

–Por unos días dígame, el Padre Cowley dijo ansiosamente.

Ben Dollard se detuvo con la mirada fija, el orificio sonoro abierto, un botón que le pendía de un hilo de la chaqueta meneándose el revés brillante mientras se limpiaba las pastosas pitarras que le cegaban los ojos para oír bien.

–Cómo que por unos días? tronó. ¿Es que el casero no le ha embargado por el alquiler?

–Sí que lo ha hecho, dijo el Padre Cowley.

–Entonces la requisitoria de nuestro amigo no vale ni el papel sobre la que va impresa, dijo Ben Dollard. El casero tiene prelación. Le di todos los detalles. Windsor Avenue, 29. ¿No se llama Love?

–Así es, dijo el Padre Cowley. El reverendo Mr. Love. Es pastor en algún lugar del país. Pero ¿está seguro de eso? –Puede decirle a Barrabás de mi parte, dijo Ben Dollard, que se meta esa requisitoria por donde le quepa.

Arrastró al Padre Cowley hacia delante resueltamente, enlazado a su corpulencia.



–Le caben hasta tarugos, dijo Mr. Dedalus, dejando caer las gafas sobre la delantera de la americana, mientras los seguía.

–El chico estará perfectamente, dijo Martin Cunningham, al salir por la verja de Castleyard.

El policía se tocó la frente.

–Que Dios le bendiga, dijo Martin Cunningham, animadamente.

Hizo una seña al calesero que esperaba, que tiró de las riendas y se puso en marcha hacia Lord Edward Street. Bronce junto a oro, la cabeza de Miss Kennedy junto a la de Miss Douce, aparecieron por encima de las cortinillas del hotel Ormond.

–Sí, dijo Martin Cunningham, tocándose la barba. Le escribí al Padre Conmee exponiéndole el caso.

–Podría probar con nuestro amigo, sugirió Mr. Power indicando hacia atrás.

–¿Boyd? dijo Martin Cunningham secamente. Ni me lo mencione.

John Wyse Nolan, quedándose atrás, leyendo la lista, los siguió rápidamente por Cork Hill abajo.

En la escalinata del ayuntamiento el concejal Nannetti, descendiendo, hizo un saludo al edil Cowley y al concejal Abraham Lyon que ascendían.

El coche del Castillo vacío entró rodando por Upper Exchange Street.

–Mire, Martin, dijo John Wyse Nolan, dándoles alcance en las oficinas del Mail. Veo que Bloom ha suscrito cinco chelines.

–Muy cierto, dijo Martin Cunningham, tomando la lista. Y además los dio los cinco chelines.

–Sin decir esta boca es mía además, dijo Mr. Power.

–Raro pero cierto, añadió Martin Cunningham. John Wyse Nolan abrió unos ojos como platos.

–Hay que admitir que hay mucha bondad en el judío, citó, elegantemente.

Caminaron por Parliament Street abajo.

–Por ahí va Jimmy Henry, dijo Mr. Power, derecho al establecimiento de Kavanagh.

–Cierto, dijo Martin Cunningham. Mire por dónde va.

Delante de la Maison Claire Boylan Botero salió al paso del cuñado de Jack Mooney, giboso, tajado, que se dirigía al barrio de Liberties.



John Wyse Nolan se quedó atrás con Mr. Power, mientras que Martin Cunningham tomó del codo a un hombrecillo pulcro con traje de ojo de perdiz, que caminaba inseguro, con pasos presurosos por delante de los relojes de Mickey Anderson.

–Los callos del ayudante del secretario del Ayuntamiento le están molestando, dijo John Wyse Nolan a Mr. Power.

Siguieron caminando y doblaron la esquina hacia la bodega de James Kavanagh. El coche del Castillo vacío estaba frente a ellos parado ante la puerta de Essex. Martin Cunningham, sin parar de hablar, mostraba a menudo la lista a la que Jimmy Henry no miraba.

–Y Long John Fanning anda también por ahí, dijo John Wyse Nolan, hecho y derecho.

La figura alta de Long John Fanning llenaba la entrada donde estaba parado.

–Buenos días, señor Intendente de Policía, dijo Martin Cunningham, mientras todos se detenían y saludaban.

Long John Fanning no se apartó para dejarles paso. Retiró su gran puro Henry Clay decididamente y sus grandes ojos fieros inteligentemente examinaron airados todas las caras.

–¿Prosiguen los padres conscriptos sus deliberaciones de paz? dijo con suntuoso estilo acre al ayudante del secretario del Ayuntamiento.

La de Dios es Cristo estaban armando, dijo Jimmy Henry malhumoradamente, acerca de su maldita lengua irlandesa. Dónde estaba el oficial de justicia, era lo que él quería saber, para mantener el orden en la sala de sesiones. Con el viejo Barlow el macero en cama con asma, no había maza en la mesa, ni orden, ni siquiera quórum, y Hutchinson, el alcalde, en Llandudno y el pequeño Lorcan Sherlock haciendo de locum tenens por él. Maldita lengua irlandesa, lengua de nuestros abuelos.

Long John Fanning sopló un penacho de humo por entre los labios.

Martín Cunningham hablaba a intervalos, rizándose la punta de la barba, al ayudante del secretario del Ayuntamiento y al intendente de policía mientras que John Wyse Nolan guardaba silencio.

–¿A qué Dignam se refiere? preguntó Long John Fanning.

Jimmy Henry hizo una mueca y levantó el pie izquierdo.

–¡Ay, mis callos! dijo lastimeramente. Vengan para arriba por lo que más quieran a ver si me puedo sentar en algún sitio. ¡Uf? ¡Ay! ¡Cuidado!

Desabridamente se abrió camino junto al flanco de Long John Fanning y entró y subió escaleras arriba.

–Vamos para arriba, dijo Martin Cunningham al intendente de policía. No creo que usted le conociera o quizá sí, tal vez.



Junto con John Wyse Nolan Mr. Power les siguió adentro.

—Era un bendito, dijo Mr. Power a la espalda robusta de Long John Fanning ascendiendo hacia Long John Fanning en el espejo.

Algo bajito. Dignam el del despacho de Menton es el que digo, dijo Martin Cunningham.

Long John Fanning no era capaz de recordarle.

Un chacoloteo de cascos sonaba por el aire.

—¿Qué es eso? dijo Martin Cunningham.

Todos giraron sobre sus talones. John Wyse Nolan bajó de nuevo. Desde la fresca sombra de la entrada vio pasar los caballos por Parliament Street, arreos y cuartillas lustrosas centelleando a la luz del sol. Alegremente pasaron ante sus fríos ojos hostiles, no apresuradamente. En las monturas de los delanteros, los delanteros botando, cabalgaban los batidores.

—¿Qué era eso? preguntó Martin Cunningham, mientras subían escaleras arriba.

—El virrey y gobernador general de Irlanda, contestó John Wyse Nolan desde el pie de la escalera.

Mientras pisaban por la gruesa alfombra Buck Mulligan susurró detrás de su panamá a Haines:

—El hermano de Parnell. Ahí en el rincón.

Eligieron una mesita al lado de la ventana, frente a un hombre de cara alargada cuya barba y mirada caían absortas sobre un tablero de ajedrez.

—¿Es él? preguntó Haines, volviéndose en el asiento.

—Sí, dijo Mulligan. Ese es John Howard, su hermano, nuestro oficial mayor del ayuntamiento.

John Howard Pamell cambió un alfil blanco discretamente y la garra gris de nuevo subió hasta la frente donde descansó. Un instante después, bajo la pantalla de la misma, sus ojos miraron vivazmente, con brillo fantasmal, a su contrincante y cayeron de nuevo sobre el tablero de operaciones.

—Tomaré un melange, dijo Haines a la camarera.

—Dos melanges, dijo Buck Mulligan. Y tráiganos unos panecillos con mantequilla y unos pastelillos también.

Cuando se hubo ido dijo, riéndose:

—Lo llamamos C.P.D. porque sirven los más condenados pastelillos de Dublín. Ah, pero te perdiste a Dedalus con lo de Hamlet.



Haines abrió su libro recién comprado.

–Lo siento, pero Shakespeare es terreno abonado para todas las mentes que han perdido el equilibrio.

El marinero cojo gruñó a la entrada del sótano del número 14 de Nelson Street:

–Inglaterra espera

El chaleco lila de Buck Mulligan se rebulló alegremente con su risa.

–Deberías verle, dijo, cuando su cuerpo pierde el equilibrio. El Aengus errante le llamo yo.

–Estoy seguro de que tiene una ideéfixe, dijo Haines, pellizcándose la barbilla reflexivamente con el pulgar y el índice. Ahora estoy especulando sobre cuál podría ser. Ese tipo de personas siempre la tienen.

Buck Mulligan se echó hacia delante sobre la mesa gravemente.

–Le sorbieron el seso, dijo, con visiones del infierno. Nunca llegará a captar la nota ática. La nota de Swinburne, de todos los poetas, la muerte blanca y el nacimiento bermejo. Ésa es su tragedia. Nunca podrá llegar a ser poeta. El gozo de crear

–El castigo eterno, dijo Haines, asintiendo lacónicamente. Ya veo. Le estuve tanteando esta mañana sobre creencias. Algo tenía en mente, lo vi. Es bastante interesante porque el profesor Pokorny de Viena entrevé un aspecto interesante en todo eso.

Los ojos acechantes de Buck Mulligan vieron llegar a la camarera. La ayudó a descargar la bandeja.

–No encuentra ni rastro del infierno en la antigua mitología irlandesa, dijo Haines, en medio de las reconfortantes tazas. La idea moral parece faltar, el sentido de destino, de retribución. Es bastante extraño que tenga justamente esa idea fija. ¿Escribe algo para vuestro movimiento?

Hundió dos terrones de azúcar hábilmente en la nata montada. Buck Mulligan partió un panecillo humeante en dos y embadumó con mantequilla la humosa miga. Mordió un trozo tierno hambrientamente.

–Diez años, dijo, masticando y riéndose. Va a escribir algo en diez años.

–Muy lejano parece, dijo Haines, pensativamente levantando la cuchara. Aun así, no me extrañaría que lo hiciera después de todo.

Probó una cucharada del cono cremoso de su taza.

–Ésta es auténtica crema irlandesa supongo, dijo con transigencia. No quiero que me engañen.



Elías, esquife, ligero prospecto arrugado, pasó navegando hacia el este junto a flancos de barcos y a traineras, en medio de un archipiélago de corchos, más allá de New Wapping Street por delante del transbordador de Benson, y junto a la goleta trimástil Rosevean de Bridgwater con ladrillos.

Almidano Artifoni dejó atrás Holles Street, las caballerizas de Sewell. Tras él Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaunce Tisdall Farrell, con bastonparaguasguardapolvo colgando, evitó la farola delante de la casa de Mr. Law Smith y, cruzando, caminó a lo largo de Merrion Square. Distantemente tras él un mozalbete ciego bordoneaba su camino por el tapial de College Park.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaunce Tisdall Farrell caminó hasta los reconfortantes escaparates de Mr. Lewis Wemer, después giró y caminó de vuelta a zancadas por Memon Square, el bastonparaguasguardapolvo colgando.

En la esquina de la casa de Wilde se detuvo, frunció el ceño al nombre de Elías que se anunciaba en Metropolitan Hall, frunció el ceño a los distantes arriates de Duke's Lawn. Su anteojo resplandeció frunciendo el ceño al sol. Enseñando dientes ratoniles masculló:

—Coactus volui.

Siguió a zancadas hacia Clare Street, rechinando palabras airadas.

Al pasar zaqueando delante del escaparate dental de Mr. Bloom el vaivén de su guardapolvo rozó bruscamemente el ángulo de un delgado bastón bordoneante y avanzó incontenible hacia delante, tras haber chocado con un cuerpo sin nervio. El mozalbete ciego volvió la cara enfermiza hacia la figura que zaqueaba.

—¡Dios te confunda, dijo ásperamente, quienquiera que seas! ¡Estás más cegato que yo, hijo de la gran puta!

Enfrente del bar Ruggy O'Donohoe el señorito Patrick Aloysius Dignar, manoteando la libra y media de filetes de cerdo de casa Mangan, antes Fehrenbach, por la que había sido mandado, iba por la cálida Wicklow Street remoloneando. Era puñeteramente aburrido estar sentado en el saloncito con Mrs. Stoer y Mrs. Quigley y Mrs. MacDowell y la cortina echada y toda la gente sonándose y dando sorbitos al jerez leonado de primera que el tío Bamey había traído de Tunney. Y todos comiendo pedazos de la tarta de frutas casera, hablando por los codos todo el puñetero tiempo y suspirando.

Después de Wicklow Lane el escaparate de Madame Doyle, sombrerera de gala, le hizo detenerse. Se quedó mirando adentro a los dos boxeadores con los torsos al aire levantando los puños en posición de defensa. Desde los espejos laterales dos señoritos Dignam de luto miraban boquiabiertos silenciosamente. Myler Keogh, el favorito de Dublín, se enfrentará al sargento mayor Bennett, el magullas de Portobello, por una bolsa de cincuenta soberanos. Diantres, qué buen combate de ver. Myler Keogh, ése es el tipo que le tira el gancho el de la faja verde. Dos pavos la entrada, soldados a mitad de precio. Podría fácilmente darle el esquinzazo a la vieja. El señorito Dignam a su izquierda se volvió cuando él se volvió. Ese de luto soy yo. ¿Cuándo es? El veintidós de mayo. Claro que esa puñetera función ya ha pasado. Se volvió hacia la derecha y a su derecha el señorito Dignam se volvió, la gorra torcida, el cuello vuelto para arriba. Al abrochárselo, la barbilla levantada, vio la imagen de Mane Kendall, adorable



vedette, junto a los dos boxeadores. Una de esas fulanas que salen en las cajetillas de pitillos que fuma Stoer que su viejo casi le mata por una vez que lo cogió.

El señorito Dignam se bajó el cuello y siguió remoloneando. El mejor boxeador en cuanto a fuerza fue Fitzsimons. Un metido en la boca del estómago de ese tipo te manda a tomar viento fresco una semana, tío. Pero el mejor boxeador en cuanto a técnica fue Jem Corbet antes de que Fitzsimons le pusiera fuera de combate, esquivando los golpes y todo lo demás.

En Grafton Street el señorito Dignam vio una flor roja en la boca de un cursi que llevaba un elegantísimo par de calcos y escuchaba lo que el borracho le estaba contando y sonreía burlonamente todo el tiempo.

Ningún tranvía para Sandymount.

El señorito Dignam caminó por Nassau Street, se cambió los filetes de cerdo de mano. El cuello se le volvió de nuevo para arriba y se tiró de él para abajo. El puñetero pasador era demasiado pequeño para el ojal de la camisa, que se vaya a hacer puñetas. Se encontró unos escolares con carteras. No voy a ir mañana tampoco, no asistiré hasta el lunes. Se encontró a otros escolares. ¿Se dan cuenta de que voy de luto? Tío Bamey dijo que lo pondría en el periódico esta noche. Entonces lo verán todos en el periódico y leerán mi nombre impreso y el nombre de papa.

La cara se le puso toda gris en vez de estar roja como era y había una mosca que le subía hasta el ojo. El chirrido que había cuando estaban atomillando los tornillos en el ataúd: y los topetazos cuando lo bajaban por las escaleras.

Papa estaba dentro y mama lloraba en el saloncito y el tío Bamey diciéndole a los hombres cómo pasarlo por el chaflán. Un ataúd bien grande era, y alto y de aspecto pesado. ¿Cómo ocurrió? La última noche papa estaba ajumado y estaba allí de pie en el descansillo pidiendo a voces las botas para irse a Tunney a seguir bebiendo y parecía gordo y chico en camisa. No lo veré más. La muerte, es eso. Papa está muerto. Mi padre está muerto. Me dijo que fuera un buen hijo para mama. No pude oír las otras cosas que dijo pero vi cómo la lengua y los dientes intentaban decirlo mejor. Pobre papa. Ése fue Mr. Dignam, mi padre. Espero que esté en el Purgatorio ahora porque fue a confesarse con el Padre Conroy el sábado por la noche.

Reader: Mal Murphy

William Humble, earl of Dudley, and lady Dudley, accompanied by lieutenantcolonel Heseltine, drove out after luncheon from the viceregal lodge. In the following carriage were the honourable Mrs Paget, Miss de Courcy and the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. in attendance.

The cavalcade passed out by the lower gate of Phoenix park saluted by obsequious policemen and proceeded past Kingsbridge along the northern quays. The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the metropolis. At Bloody bridge Mr Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted him vainly from afar. Between Queen's and Whitworth bridges lord Dudley's viceregal carriages passed and were unsaluted by Mr Dudley White, B. L., M. A., who stood on Arran quay outside Mrs M. E.

White's, the pawnbroker's, at the corner of Arran street west stroking his nose with his forefinger, undecided whether he should arrive at Phibsborough more quickly by a triple change of tram or by hailing a car or on foot through Smithfield, Constitution hill and Broadstone terminus. In the porch of Four Courts



Richie Goulding with the costbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward saw him with surprise. Past Richmond bridge at the doorstep of the office of Reuben J Dodd, solicitor, agent for the Patriotic Insurance Company, an elderly female about to enter changed her plan and retracing her steps by King's windows smiled credulously on the representative of His Majesty. From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devan's office Poddle river hung out in fealty a tongue of liquid sewage. Above the crossblind of the Ormond hotel, gold by bronze, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head watched and admired. On Ormond quay Mr Simon Dedalus, steering his way from the greenhouse for the subsheriff's office, stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low. His Excellency graciously returned Mr Dedalus' greeting. From Cahill's corner the reverend Hugh C. Love, M. A., made obeisance unperceived, mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons. On Grattan bridge Lenehan and M' Coy, taking leave of each other, watched the carriages go by. Passing by Roger Greene's office and Dollard's big red printinghouse Gerty MacDowell, carrying the Catesby's cork lino letters for her father who was laid up, knew by the style it was the lord and lady lieutenant but she couldn't see what Her Excellency had on because the tram and Spring's big yellow furniture van had to stop in front of her on account of its being the lord lieutenant. Beyond Lundy Foot's from the shaded door of Kavanagh's winerooms John Wyse Nolan smiled with unseen coldness towards the lord lieutenantgeneral and general governor of Ireland. The Right Honourable William Humble, earl of Dudley, G. C. V. O., passed Micky Anderson's all times ticking watches and Henry and James's wax smartsuited freshcheeked models, the gentleman Henry, *dernier cri* James. Over against Dame gate Tom Rochford and Nosey Flynn watched the approach of the cavalcade. Tom Rochford, seeing the eyes of lady Dudley fixed on him, took his thumbs quickly out of the pockets of his claret waistcoat and doffed his cap to her. A charming *soubrette*, great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and lifted skirt smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl of Dudley, and upon lieutenantcolonel H. G. Heseltine, and also upon the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. From the window of the D. B. C. Buck Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely, gazed down on the viceregal equipage over the shoulders of eager guests, whose mass of forms darkened the chessboard whereon John Howard Parnell looked intently. In Fownes's street Dilly Dedalus, straining her sight upward from Chardenal's first French primer, saw sunshades spanned and wheelspokes spinning in the glare. John Henry Menton, filling the doorway of Commercial Buildings, stared from winebig oyster eyes, holding a fat gold hunter watch not looked at in his fat left hand not feeling it. Where the foreleg of King Billy's horse pawed the air Mrs Breen plucked her hastening husband back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast and saluted the second carriage. The honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C., agreeably surprised, made haste to reply.

At Ponsonby's corner a jaded white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons halted behind him, E.L.Y.'S, while outriders pranced past and carriages. Opposite Pigott's music warerooms Mr Denis J Maginni, professor of dancing &c, gaily apparelled, gravely walked, outpassed by a viceroy and unobserved. By the provost's wall came jauntily Blazes Boylan, stepping in tan shoes and socks with skyblue clocks to the refrain of *My girl's a Yorkshire girl*.

Blazes Boylan presented to the leaders' skyblue frontlets and high action a skyblue tie, a widebrimmed straw hat at a rakish angle and a suit of indigo serge. His hands in his jacket pockets forgot to salute but he offered to the three ladies the bold admiration of his eyes and the red flower between his lips. As they drove along Nassau street His Excellency drew the attention of his bowing consort to the programme of music which was being discoursed in College park. Unseen brazen highland laddies blared and drumthumped after the *cortège*:



But though she's a factory lass
And wears no fancy clothes.
Baraabum.
Yet I've a sort of a
Yorkshire relish for
My little Yorkshire rose.
Baraabum.

Thither of the wall the quartermile flat handicappers, M. C. Green, H. Shrift, T. M. Patey, C. Scaife, J. B. Jeffs, G. N. Morphy, F. Stevenson, C. Adderly and W. C. Huggard, started in pursuit. Striding past Finn's hotel Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell stared through a fierce eyeglass across the carriages at the head of Mr M. E. Solomons in the window of the Austro-Hungarian viceconsulate. Deep in Leinster street by Trinity's postern a loyal king's man, Hornblower, touched his tallyho cap. As the glossy horses pranced by Merrion square Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, waiting, saw salutes being given to the gent with the topper and raised also his new black cap with fingers greased by porksteak paper. His collar too sprang up. The viceroy, on his way to inaugurate the Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's hospital, drove with his following towards Lower Mount street. He passed a blind stripling opposite Broadbent's. In Lower Mount street a pedestrian in a brown macintosh, eating dry bread, passed swiftly and unscathed across the viceroy's path. At the Royal Canal bridge, from his hoarding, Mr Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to Pembroke township. At Haddington road corner two sanded women halted themselves, an umbrella and a bag in which eleven cockles rolled to view with wonder the lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain. On Northumberland and Lansdowne roads His Excellency acknowledged punctually salutes from rare male walkers, the salute of two small schoolboys at the garden gate of the house said to have been admired by the late queen when visiting the Irish capital with her husband, the prince consort, in 1849 and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door.



MY GIRL'S A YORKSHIRE GIRL
("Ee! By Gum, She's A Champion!")

Two young fellows were talking about their girls, girls, girls,
Sweethearts they left behind, sweethearts for whom they pined
One said, 'My little shy little lass has a waist so trim and small
Grey are her eyes so bright, but best best of all,'

Chorus: *'My girls a Yorkshire girl, Yorkshire through and through
My girl's a Yorkshire girl
Eh by gum, she's champion
Though she's a factory lass, and wears no fancy clothes
I've a sort of a Yorkshire relish for my little Yorkshire Rose.'*

When the first finished singing in praise of Rose, Rose, Rose
Poor number two looked vexed, saying in tones perplexed
'My lass works in a factory too, and also has eyes of grey
Her name is Rose as well, and strange, strange to say,

Chorus:

To a cottage in Yorkshire they heid to Rose, Rose, Rose
Meaning to make it clear, which was the boy most dear
Rose, their Rose didn't answer the bell, but her husband did instead
Loudly he sang to them as off, off they fled.

Chorus:

Written and composed by **C.W. Murphy & Dan Lipton**
Performed by **Charles R. Whittle** (1874-1947)
Also performed by **Florrie Gallimore** (1867-1944)



Love's Old Sweet Song

James Lynam Molloy, Clifton Bingham

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall.
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam
Softly it wove itself into our dream

Just a song at twilight
When the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go
Though the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song
Comes love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more
Footsteps may falter, weary grows our way
Still we can hear it at the close of day
So till the end when life's dim shadows fall
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Just a song at twilight
When the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go

Though the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song
Comes love's old sweet song.