



# BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de *Ulysses* E14 (*Circe –Nighttown*) y de *Finnegans Wake* (L1E3),  
de James Joyce

**Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid**

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### *FINNEGANS WAKE- L1E3. Book I: The Book of Parents. Chapter III: His Trial and Incarceration.*

*...A police account in court of the encounter...; the two girls again and blackmail; the gate keeping him out of trouble... "Batory at the Gate": a German lodger abuses HCE because he won't give out any drink; resisting peacefully, HCE simply lists the abusive names he's called..*

#### **1. Bill Dixon**

To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagiants to take its free of the air and just analectralyse that very chymerical combination, the gasbag where the warderworks. And try to pour somour heiterscene up thealmostfere. In the bottled heliose case continuing, Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine breast of medals, and a conscientious scripturereader to boot in the brick and tin choorch round the coroner, swore like a Norewheezian taillur on the stand before the proper functionary that he was up against a right querrshnorrt of a mand in the butcher of the blues who, he guntinued, on last epening after delivering some carcasses mattonchepps and meatjutes on behalf of Messrs Otto Sands and Eastman, Limericked, Victuallers, went and, with his unmitigated astonissment, hickicked at the dun and dorass against all the runes and, when challenged about the pretended hick (it was kickup and down with him) on his solemn by the imputant imputed, said simply: I appop pie oath, Phillyps Captain. You did, as I sostressed before. You are deepknee in error, sir, Madam Tomkins, let me then tell you, replied with a gentlewomanly salaam MackPartland, (the meatman's family, and the oldest in the world except nick, name.) And Phelps was flayful with his peeler. But his phizz fell.

Now to the obverse. From velveteens to dimities is barely a fivefinger span and hence these camelback excesses are thought to have been instigated by one or either of the causing causes of all, those rushy hollow heroines in their skirtsleeves, be she magretta be she the posque. Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Lupita Lorette, shortly after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all her dear placid life before her and paled off while the other soiled dove that's her sister-in-love, Luperca Latouche, finding one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasingly for binocular man and that her jambs were jimjoyed to see each other, the nautchy girly soon found her fruitful hat too small for her and rapidly taking time, look, she rapidly took to necking, partying and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumber closets or in the greenawn ad huck (there are certain intimacies in all ladies' lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the sweet churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney *a la Zingara* which our own little Graunya of the chilired cheeks dished up to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole. Houri of the coast of emerald, arrah of the lacesive poghue, Aslim-all-Muslim, the resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinster's even, true dotter of a dearmud, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch old Cromwell's Quarters) with so valkirry a licence as sent many a poor pucker packing to perdition, again and again, ay, and again sfidare him, tease fido, eh tease fido, eh eh tease fido, toos topples topple, stop, dug of a dog of a dgiaour, ye! Angealousmei! And did not he, like Arcoforty, farfar off Bissavolo,



missbrand her behaveyous with iridescent huecry of down right mean false sop lap sick dope?  
Tawfulsdreck! A reine of the shee, a shebeen quean, a queen of pranks.

## 2. Ultan Cronin

A kingly man, of royal mien, regally robed, exalted be his glory! So gave so take: Now not, not now! He would just a min. Suffering trumpet! He thought he want. Whath? Hear, O hear, living of the land! Hungreb, dead era, hark! He hea, eyes ravenous on her lippling lills. He hear her voi of day gon by. He hears! Zay, zay, zay! But, by the beer of his profit, he cannot answer. Upterputty till rise and shine! Nor needs none shaft ne stele from Phenicia or Little Asia to obelise on the spout, neither pobalclock neither folksstone, nor sunkenness in Tomar's Wood to bewray how erpressgangs score off the rued. The mouth that tells not will ever attract the unthinking tongue and so long as the obseen draws theirs which hear not so long till allearth's dumbnation shall the blind lead the deaf. Tatcho, tawney yeeklings! The column of lumps lends the pattirin of the leaves behind us. If violence to life, limb and chattels, often as not, has been the expression, direct or through an agent male, of womanhid offended, (ah! ah!), has not levy of black mail from the times the fairies were in it, and fain for wilde erthe blothoms followed an impressive private reputation for whispered sins?

Now by memory inspired, turn wheel again to the whole of the wall. Where Gyant Blyant fronts Peannlueamoore There was once upon a wall and a hooghoog wall a was and such a wallhole did exist. Ere ore or ire in Aaarlund. Or you Dair's Hair or you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams ended with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags if he strikes a lousaforitch and we'll come to those baregazed shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good old gaggles and Isther Estarr play Yesther Asterr. In the drema of Sorestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged that shack under fair rental of one yearlyng sheep, (prime) value of sixpence, and one small yearlyng goat (cadet) value of eightpence, to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the reminants of his years; and when everything was got up for the purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pigdirt hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplade's eggday, unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.

## 3. Michael Connolly

O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be always remembered in connection with what has gone before that there was a northroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer holedigs, digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of Dirty Dick's free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye Sammons were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a Kommerzial (Gorbotipacco, he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber) from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) II/- in the week (Gosh, these wholly romads!) of conscience



money in the first deal of Yuly wheil he was, swishing beesnest with blessure, and swobbing broguen eeriesch myth brockendootsch, making his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankofurto Siding, a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on him the Lynn O'Brien, a meltoned lammswolle, disturbed, and wider he might the same zurichschicken other he would, with tosend and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey's damages become. Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass, that the game of gaze and bandstand butchery was merely a Patsy O'Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks raugh at pinnacle's peak and after this sort.

Humphrey's unsolicited visitor, Davy or Titus, on a burgley's clan march from the middle west, a hikely excellent crude man about road who knew his Bullfoost Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance untidled to Cloudy Green, deposend his bockstump on the waityoumaywantme, after having blew some quaker's (for you! Oates!) in through the houseking's keyhole to attract attention, bleated through the gale outside which the tairor of his clothes was hogcalling, first, be the hirsuiter, that he would break his bulsheywigger's head for him, next, be the heeltapper, that he would break the gage over his lankyduckling head the same way he would crack a nut with a monkeywrench and, last of all, be the stirabouter, that he would give him his (or theumperom's or anybloody else's) thickerthanwater to drink and his bleday steppebrodhar's into the bucket. He demanded more wood alcohol to pitch in with, alleging that his granfather's was all taxis and that it was only after ten o'connell, and this his isbar was a public oven for the sake of irsk irskusky, and then, not easily discouraged, opened the wrathfloods of his atillarey and went on at a wicked rate, weathering against him in mooxed metaphores from eleven thirty to two in the afternoon without even a luncheonette interval for House, son of Clod, to come out, you jewbeggar, to be Executed Amen.

#### 4. Mal Murphy

Earwicker, that patternmind, that paradigmatic ear, receptoretentive as his of Dionysius, longsuffering although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of his conservatory, behind faminebuilt walls, his thermos flask and ripidian flabel by his side and a walrus whiskerbristle for a tuskpick, compiled, while he mourned the flight of his wild guineese, a long list (now feared in part lost) to be kept on file of all abusive names he was called (we have been compelled for the rejoicement of foinne loidies ind the humours of Milltown etcetera by Josephine Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with Inkermann and so on and sononward, lacies in loo water, flee, celestials, one clean turv): *Firstnighter, Informer, Old Fruit, Yellow Whigger, Wheatears, Goldy Geit, Bogside Beauty, Yass We've Had His Badannas, York's Porker, Funnyface, At Baggotty's Bend He Bumped, Grease with the Butter, Opendoor Ospices, Cainandabler, Ireland's Eighth Wonderful Wonder, Beat My Price, Godsoilman, Moonface the Murderer, Hoary Hairy Hoax, Midnight Sunburst, Remove that Bible, Hebdromadary Publocation, Tummer the Lame the Tyrannous, Blau Clay, Tight before Teatime, Real Your Pantojoke, Acoustic Disturbance, Thinks He's Gobblasst the Good Dook of Ourguile, W.D.'s Grace, Gibbering Bayamouth of Dublin, His Farther was a Mundzucker and She had him in a Growler, Burnham and Bailey, Artist, Unworthy of the Homely Protestant Religion, Terry Cotter, You're Welcome to Waterfood, signed the Ribbonmen, Lobsterpot Lardling, All for Arthur of this Town, Hooshed the Cat from the Bacon, Leathertogs Donald, The Ace and Deuce of Paupering, O'Reilly's Delights to Kiss the Man behind the Borrel, Magogagog, Swad Puddlefoot, Gouty*



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*Ghibeline, Loose Luther, Hatches Cocks' Eggs, Muddle the Plan, Luck before Wedlock, I Divorce Thee Husband, Tanner and a Make, Go to Hellena or Come to Connies, Piobald Puffpuff His Bride, Purged out of Burke's, He's None of Me Causin, Barebarean, Peculiar Person, Grunt Owl's Factotem, Twelve Months Aristocrat, Lycanthrope, Flunkey Beadle Vamps the Tune Letting on He's Loney, Thunder and Turf Married into Clandorf, Left Boot Sent on Approval, Cumberer of Lord's Holy Ground, Stodge Arschmann, Awnt Yuke, Tommy Furlong's Pet Plagues, Archdukon Cabbanger, Last Past the Post, Kennealey Won't Tell Thee off Nancy's Gown, Scuttle to Cover, Salary Grab, Andy Mac Noon in Annie's Room, Awl Out, Twitchbratschballs, Bombard Street Bester, Sublime Porter, A Ban for Le King of the Burgaans and a Bom for Ye Sur of all the Rutledges, O'Phelim's Cutprice, And at Number Wan Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with Feathers end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler, Enclosed find the Sons of Fingal, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife and Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apeegeequanee Chimmuck, Plowp Goes his Whistle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He— — Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Vee was a Vindner, Sower Rapes, Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite, — 'Man Devoyd of the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humborg, Hraabhraab, Coocoohandler, Dirt,*

## **5. Kate Marriage**

*Miching Daddy, Born Burst Feet Foremost, Woolworth's Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist, Guiltyepig's Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister Fatmate, In Custody of the Polis, Boawwill's Alocutionist, Deposed, but anarchistically respectful of the liberties of the noninvasive individual, did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such sedentarity, though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive resistant in the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up Kimmage Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in the fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was on at the time and he thought the rowmish devowtion known as the howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn. That more than considerably unpleasant bullocky before he rang off drunkishly pegged a few glatt stones, all of a size, by way of final mocks for his grapes, at the wicket in support of his words that he was not guilphy but, after he had so slaunga vollayed, reconnoitring through his semisubconscious the seriousness of what he might have done had he really polished off his terrible intentions finally caused him to change the bawling and leave downg the whole grumus of brookpebbles pangpung and, having sobered up a bit, paces his groundould diablen lionndub, the flay the flegm, the floedy fleshener, (purse, purse, pursyfurse, I'll splish the splume of them all!) this backblocks boor brusksly put out his langwedge and quite quit the paleologic scene, telling how by his selfdenying ordnance he had left Hyland on the dissenting table, after exhorting Earwicker or, in slightly modified phraseology, Messrs or Missrs Earwicker, Seir, his feminisible name of multitude, to cocoa come outside to Mockerloo out of that for the honour of Crumlin, with his broody old flishguds, Gog's curse to thim, so as he could brianslog and burst him all dizzy, you go bail, like Potts Fracture did with Keddle Flatnose and nobodyatall with Wholyphamous and build rocks over him, or if he didn't, for two and thirty straws, be Cacao Campbell, he didn't know what he wouldn't do for him nor nobody else nomore nor him after which, batell martell, a brisha a milla a stroka a boola, so the rage of Malbruk, playing on the least change of his manjester's voice, the first heroic couplet from the fuguall tropical, Opus Elf, Thortytoe: *My schemes into obeyance for This time has had to fall:* they bit goodbyte to their thumb and, his bandol eer his solgier, dripdropdrap on pool or poldier, wishing the loff a*



falladelfian in the morning, proceeded with a Hubbleforth slouch in his slips backwards (*Et Cur Heli!*) in the directions of the duff and demb institutions about ten or eleven hundred years lurch away in the moonshiny gorge of Patself on the Bach. Adyoe!





### **ULYSSES, E15, CIRCE, "Arrival in Nighttown"**

*"Because of the length and confusing nature of the Nighttown episode, I have divided it into nine parts: 1) Arrival in Nighttown; 2) Encounter with the watch; 3) Encounter with Zoe; 4) in the brothel – Virag; 5) Bella; 6) Prelude to the dance; 7) The dance; 8) The assault; 9) The recognition."*

**Time: 12 midnight**

**Location: Bella Cohen's brothel, 82 Tyrone Street (now Railway Street), in the red-light district of Dublin, between Talbot Street and the present Sean MacDermott Street Lower.**

#### **6. Bill Dixon**

*(The Mabbot street entrance of nighttown, before which stretches an uncobbled tram siding set with skeleton tracks, red and green will-o'-the-wisps and danger signals. Rows of grimy houses with gaping doors. Rare lamps with faint rainbow fans. Round Rabaiotti's halted ice gondola stunted men and women squabble. They grab wafers between which are wedged lumps of coral and copper snow. Sucking, they scatter slowly. Children. The swancomb of the gondola, highreared, forges on through the murk, white and blue under a lighthouse. Whistles call and answer.)*

THE CALLS: Wait, my love, and I'll be with you.

THE ANSWERS: Round behind the stable.

*(A deafmute idiot with goggle eyes, his shapeless mouth dribbling, jerks past, shaken in Saint Vitus' dance. A chain of children's hands imprisons him.)*

THE CHILDREN: Kithogue! Salute!

THE IDIOT: *(Lifts a palsied left arm and gurgles.)* Grhahute!

THE CHILDREN: Where's the great light?

THE IDIOT: *(Gobbling.)* Ghaghahest.

*(They release him. He jerks on. A pigmy woman swings on a rope slung between two railings, counting. A form sprawled against a dustbin and muffled by its arm and hat snores, groans, grinding growling teeth, and snores again. On a step a gnome totting among a rubbishpit crouches to shoulder a sack of rags and bones. A crone standing by with a smoky oil lamp rams her last bottle in the maw of his sack. He heaves his booty, tugs askew his peaked cap and hobbles off mutely. The crone makes back for her lair, swaying her lamp. A bandy child, asquat on the doorstep with a paper shuttlecock, crawls sidling after her in spurts, clutches her skirt, scrambles up. A drunken navvy grips with both hands the railings of an area, lurching heavily. At a corner two night watch in shouldercapes, their hands upon their staffholsters, loom tall. A plate crashes: a woman screams: a child wails. Oaths of a man roar, mutter, cease. Figures wander, lurk, peer from warrens. In a room lit by a candle stuck in a bottleneck a slut combs out the tatts from the hair of a scrofulous child. Cissy Caffrey's voice, still young, sings shrill from a lane.)*



CISSY CAFFREY:

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

*(Private Carr and Private Compton, swaggersticks tight in their oxters, as they march unsteadily rightaboutface and burst together from their mouths a volleyed fart. Laughter of men from the lane. A hoarse virago retorts.)*

THE VIRAGO: Signs on you, hairy arse. More power the Cavan girl.

CISSY CAFFREY: More luck to me. Cavan, Cootehill and Belturbet. *(She sings.)*

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

*(Private Carr and Private Compton turn and counterretort, their tunics bloodbright in a lampglow, black sockets of caps on their blond cropped polls. Stephen Dedalus and Lynch pass through the crowd close to the redcoats.)*

PRIVATE COMPTON: *(Jerks his finger.)* Way for the parson.

PRIVATE CARR: *(Turns and calls.)* What ho, parson!

CISSY CAFFREY: *(Her voice soaring higher.)*

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

*(Stephen, flourishing the ashplant in his left hand, chants with joy the introit for paschal time. Lynch, his jockeycap low on his brow, attends him, a sneer of discontent wrinkling his face.)*

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

*(The famished snaggletusks of an elderly bawd protrude from a doorway.)*

THE BAWD: *(Her voice whispering huskily.)* Sst! Come here till I tell you. Maidenhead inside. Sst!

STEPHEN: *(Altius aliquantulum.)* Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista.

THE BAWD: *(Spits in their trail her jet of venom.)* Trinity medicals. Fallopian tube. All prick and no pence.





## 7. María Paz González y Pilar Pastor (Bloom y “otros pesrsonajes”)

EDY BOARDMAN

(peleona) Agarra y dice: Te he visto allí arriba en Faithful Place con tu pimpollo, el engrasador ese del ferrocarril, con su sombrero de vamosalacama. No me digas, digo yo. Eso no te importa, agarro y digo. A mí no m'as visto nunca de pesca con un auténtico escocés casado, digo yo. ¡Qué tipa! ¡Una fresca eso es lo que es! ¡Terca como una mula! Y saliendo con dos tipos al mismo tiempo, Kilbride, el conductor, y el cabo Oliphant.

STEPHEN

(tríumphaliter) Salvi facti sunt.

(Blande la vara de fresno, haciendo pedazos la imagen de la farola, destrozando luz por el mundo. Un perro de aguas color hígado y blanco en busca de despojos se desliza detrás de él, gruñendo. Lynch lo ahuyenta de una patada)

LYNCH

¿Y ahora?

STEPHEN

(mira hacia detrás) Y ahora ese gesto, no la música no el olor, sería un lenguaje universal, el don de lenguas haciendo visible no el sentido inculto sino la primera entelequia, el ritmo estructural.

LYNCH

Filoteología pornosófica. ¡Metafísica en Mecklenburgh Streef

STEPHEN

Tenemos a Shakespeare tiranizado por una fierecilla y a Sócrates dominado por su mujer. Incluso al sapientísimo estaginta lo enfrenó, lo embrió y lo montó una ligera de cascos.

LYNCH

¡Bah!



STEPHEN

De todas fonnas ¿quién quiere un par de gestos para ilustrar lo que es una hogaza y una farra? Este movnniento ilustra la hogaza y la jarra de pan o vino en Omar. Tenme el bastón.

LYNCH

Maldito bastón asqueroso. ¿Adónde vamos?

STEPHEN

Lince lascivo, a la belle dame sans merci, Georgina Johnson, ad deam qui laetificat íuventutem meam.

(Stephen le larga con ímpetu la vara defresnoy lentamente le tiende las manos, echando la cabeza para atrás hasta que las dos manos están a un palmo del pecho, vueltas hacia abajo, en planos que se intersectan, los dedos apunto de separarse, la izquierda algo más alta.)

LYNCH

¿Cuál es la jarra del pan? Tampoco es para pelearse. Eso o la aduana. Ilustradlo. Venga, coge la muleta y anda.

(Pasan. Tommy Caffreygatea hasta unafarola de gasy, agarrándola, trepa a espasmos. Desde el extremo más alto se desliza hacia abajo. jacky Carey se agarra para trepar. El peón da un bandazo contra la farola. Los mellizos se escabullen en la oscuridad. El peón, tambaleándose, presiona un índice contra la aleta de la narizy lanza por el otro agujero un largo chorro de moco líquido. Echándose al hombro la farola se va dando traspies por entre elgentío con su fameante tederó.

Culebras de niebla de río se arrastran lentamente. De sumideros, fisuras, pozos negros, muladares surgen por todas partes estancados vapores. Un resplandor cabriola por el sur más allá de los confines del río hacia el mar. El peón, avanzando a traspies, parte al gentío y da bandazos hacia el apartadero de tranvía. Al otro lado bajo el puente delferrocanyl aparece Bloom, arrebatado, resoplando, atiborrando un bolsillo lateral con pan y chocolate. Desde el escaparate de la peluquería de Gillen un retrato sobreimprimido le muestra la galana imagen de Nelson. Un espejo cóncavo a un lado le presenta al abandonado perdido lugubroso Booloohoom. El grave Gladstone lo ve como es, Bloom como Bloom. Pasa, atravesado por la mirada fija del truculento Wellington, pero en el espejo convexo hacen un mohín desimpresionados los ojos de lechón del cachetón gordinflón de jovipoldo dolido escoldo.

En la puerta de Antonio Rabaiotti Bloom se detiene, empapado bajo el brillante arco voltaico. Desaparece. Al momento reaparecey aprieta elpaso.)



BLOOM

Pescaito y papas. No vale. ¡Ah!

(Desaparece por la puerta de casa Olhausen, la tocinería, bajo la persiana enrollable que desciende. Un instante después emerge por debajo de la persiana, Poldo boqueante, Bloohoom bufante. En cada mano lleva un paquete, uno que contiene una manita de cerdo tibia, el otro un pie de cordero finó, espolvoreado con granos de pimienta. jadea, irguiéndose. Luego inclinándose hacia un lado se estruja un paquete contra las costis y se queja)

BLOOM

Una punzada en el costado. ¿Para qué habré corrido?

(Toma aliento con cuidado y avanza lentamente hacia el apartadero con farolas. El resplandor cabriola de nuevo)

BLOOM

¿Qué es eso? ¿Una luz intermitente? Un reflector.

(De pie en la esquina de casa Cormack, vigilando)

BLOOM

¿Aurora borealis o una fundición? Ah, la brigada, desde luego. Al sur, de todas formas. Gran llamada. Pudiera ser la casa de él. Beggar's Bush. Estamos a salvo. (tararea animosamente) ¡Londres se quema, Londres se quema! ¡En llamas, en llamas! (e echa el ojo al peón dando bandazos por entre el gentío al otro lado de Talbot Street) Lo perderé. Corre. Aprisa. Mejor que cruce aquí.

(Se lanza como un dardo a cruzar la calle. Gritan unos granujillas.)

LOS GRANUJILLAS

¡Tenga cuidado, señor!

(Dos ciclistas, con linternas de papel encendidas volanderas, atraviesan, raspándole, los timbres repiqueteando)

LOS TIMBRES

Paradparadtoos.

BLOOM



(separa erguido, herido por un espasmo) ¡Ay!

(Mira a su alrededor, se lanza adelante como un dardo repentinamente. Por entre la niebla que sube un dragón vagón de obras, que viaja con precaución, tuerce pesadamente hacia el, el enorme faro delantero rojo guiñando, el trole siseando en el cable. El maquinista pisotea su gong.)

#### EL GONG

Tan Tan Blan Tras Tor Ton Bloo.

(El freno cruje violentamente. Bloom, alzando una mano blancoenguantada de policía, se aparta tropezando pernientumecido de la vía. El maquinista, tirado hacia delante, chato, sobre el volante, vocea al pasar ante el desliziéndose sobre cadenas y cuñas.)

#### EL MAQUINISTA

Eh, calzonazos ¿es que estás haciendo un triple?

(Bloom da un triplesalto al bordillo y se detiene de nuevo. Se quita un pegote de barro del cachete con una mano llena de paquetes)

#### BLOOM

Prohibido el paso. Apurado estuvo pero me curó la punzada. Hay que retomar los ejercicios de Sandow. Abajo sobre las manos. Asegurarse contra accidentes en la calle también. La Providencial. (Se palpa el bolsillo del pantalón) Pobre mamá y su panacea. El tacón fácilmente se engancha en la vía o el cordón de la bota en los dientes de una rueda. El día en que la rueda del coche celular me descascarilló el zapato en la esquina de casa Leonard. El tercer intento es decisivo. Un doble estoy haciendo. Conductor insolente. Debería denunciarlo. La tensión los pone nerviosos. Podría ser el tipo que se interpuso esta mañana con aquella mujer llamativa. Mismo estilo de belleza. Ha sido rápido de todas formas. El paso envarado. Verdades que se dicen de broma. Aquel calambre horroroso en Lad Lane. Algo venenoso que comí. Da suerte. ¿Por qué? Probablemente ganado de chanchullo. La marca de la bestia. (cierra los ojos un instante) Una pizca mareado. Lo del mes o efecto de lo otro. Agotamiento mental. Esa sensación de cansancio. Demasiado para mí. ¡Ay!

(Una figura siniestra se apoya sobre piernas entrelazadas contra la pared de 0 Beirne, un rostro desconocido, inyectado de oscuro mercurio. Desde debajo del «sombbrero» de ancha ala la figura le mira con ojos malignos)

#### BLOOM

Bueñas noches, señorita Blanca. ¿Que calle es esta?

#### LA FIGURA



(impertérrita, alza un brazo a modo de señal) Santo y seña. Sraid Mabbot.

BLOOM

Jaja. Mercí. Esperanto. Slan leatb. (masculla) Espía de la liga gaélica, enviado por ese tragafuegos.

(Da unos pasos al frente. Un trapero con saco al hombro le corta el paso. Se echa a la izquierdo, el trapisaquero a la izquierda.)

BLOOM

Disculpe.

(Se aparta a la derecha, el saquitrapero a la derecha)

BLOOM

Disculpe.

(Gira avanza, se echa a un lado, éste pasa adelantey sigue)

BLOOM

Mantenga la derecha, la derecha, la derecha. Si hay una señal instalada por el Club de Viajeros de Stepside ¿quién consiguió ese bien público? Yo que me perdí y escribí en las páginas de El Ciclista Irlandés la carta con el título En la remota Stepside. Mantenga, mantenga, mantenga la derecha. Trapos viejos a medianoche. Un pensta más probablemente. Primer sitio adonde el asesino se dirige. Lavarse los pecados del mundo.

(Jacky Caffrey, acosado por Tommy Caffrey, choca de lleno contra Bloom.)

BLOOM

Oh

(Aturdido, sobre depiles corvas, se detiene. Tommy y Jacky se esfuman por ahí, por allá. Bloom tiente con manos llenas de paquetes el bolsillo del reloj, bolsillodemonedero, bolsadecartera, delicias del pecado, jabónpatata)



## 8. Michael Connolly & Morgan Fagg ( Bloom and Rudolph...)

BLOOM: Beware of pickpockets. Old thieves' dodge. Collide. Then snatch your purse.

*(The retriever approaches sniffing, nose to the ground. A sprawled form sneezes. A stooped bearded figure appears garbed in the long caftan of an elder in Zion and a smokingcap with magenta tassels. Horned spectacles hang down at the wings of the nose. Yellow poison streaks are on the drawn face.)*

RUDOLPH: Second halfcrown waste money today. I told you not go with drunken goy ever. So you catch no money.

BLOOM: *(Hides the crubeen and trotter behind his back and, crestfallen, feels warm and cold feetmeat.)* Ja, ich weiss, papachi.

RUDOLPH: What you making down this place? Have you no soul? *(With feeble vulture talons he feels the silent face of Bloom.)* Are you not my son Leopold, the grandson of Leopold? Are you not my dear son Leopold who left the house of his father and left the god of his fathers Abraham and Jacob?

BLOOM: *(With precaution.)* I suppose so, father. Mosenthal. All that's left of him.

RUDOLPH: *(Severely.)* One night they bring you home drunk as dog after spend your good money. What you call them running chaps?

BLOOM: *(In youth's smart blue Oxford suit with white vestslips, narrowshouldered, in brown Alpine hat, wearing gent's sterling silver waterbury keyless watch and double curb Albert with seal attached, one side of him coated with stiffening mud.)* Harriers, father. Only that once.

RUDOLPH: Once! Mud head to foot. Cut your hand open. Lockjaw. They make you kaputt, Leopoldleben. You watch them chaps.

BLOOM: *(Weakly.)* They challenged me to a sprint. It was muddy. I slipped.

RUDOLPH: *(With contempt.)* Goim nachez! Nice spectacles for your poor mother!

BLOOM: Mamma!

ELLEN BLOOM: *(In pantomime dame's stringed mobcap, widow Twankey's crinoline and bustle, blouse with muttonleg sleeves buttoned behind, grey mittens and cameo brooch, her plaited hair in a crispine net, appears over the staircase banisters, a slanted candlestick in her hand, and cries out in shrill alarm.)* O blessed Redeemer, what have they done to him! My smelling salts! *(She hauls up a reef of skirt and ransacks the pouch of her striped blay petticoat. A phial, an Agnus Dei, a shrivelled potato and a celluloid doll fall out.)* Sacred Heart of Mary, where were you at all at all?

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

A VOICE: *(Sharply.)* Poldy!

BLOOM: Who? *(He ducks and wards off a blow clumsily.)* At your service.

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

BLOOM: Molly!





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

BLOOM: (*Shifts from foot to foot.*) No, no. Not the least little bit.

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

MARION: Nebrakada! Femininum!

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

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

MARION: So you notice some change? (*Her hands passing slowly over her trinketed stomacher, a slow friendly mockery in her eyes.*) O Poldy, Poldy, you are a poor old stick in the mud! Go and see life. See the wide world.

BLOOM: I was just going back for that lotion whitewax, orangeflower water. Shop closes early on Thursday. But the first thing in the morning. (*He pats divers pockets.*) This moving kidney. Ah!

(*He points to the south, then to the east. A cake of new clean lemon soap arises, diffusing light and perfume.*)

THE SOAP:

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

(*The freckled face of Sweny, the druggist, appears in the disc of the soapsun.*)

SWENY: Three and a penny, please.

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

MARION: (*Softly.*) Poldy!

BLOOM: Yes, ma'am?

MARION: *Ti trema un poco il cuore?*

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

BLOOM: Are you sure about that *Voglio?* I mean the pronunciati...

(*He follows, followed by the sniffing terrier. The elderly bawd seizes his sleeve, the bristles of her chinmole glittering.*)

THE BAWD: Ten shillings a maidenhead. Fresh thing was never touched. Fifteen. There's no-one in it only her old father that's dead drunk.

(*She points. In the gap of her dark den furtive, rainbedraggled, Bridie Kelly stands.*)

BRIDIE: Hatch street. Any good in your mind?



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

THE BAWD: *(Her wolfeyes shining.)* He's getting his pleasure. You won't get a virgin in the flash houses. Ten shillings. Don't be all night before the polis in plain clothes sees us. Sixtyseven is a bitch.

*(Leering, Gerty Macdowell limps forward. She draws from behind, ogling, and shows coyly her bloodied clout.)*

GERTY: With all my worldly goods I thee and thou. *(She murmurs.)* You did that. I hate you.

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

THE BAWD: Leave the gentleman alone, you cheat. Writing the gentleman false letters. Streetwalking and soliciting. Better for your mother take the strap to you at the bedpost, hussy like you.

GERTY: *(To Bloom.)* When you saw all the secrets of my bottom drawer. *(She paws his sleeve, slobbering.)* Dirty married man! I love you for doing that to me.

*(She glides away crookedly. Mrs Breen in man's frieze overcoat with loose bellows pockets, stands in the causeway, her roguish eyes wideopen, smiling in all her herbivorous buckteeth.)*

## 9. Elena Carcedo y Pilar Pastor (Bloom y Mrs Breen, respectivamente)

Mr... .

BLOOM

*(tose severamente)* Señora, cuando la vez última tuvimos el placer por carta fechada el dieciséis de los corrientes ... .

MRS. BREEN

¡Mr. Bloom! ¡Usted aquí abajo en los nidales del pecado! ¡Bien que le he pillado! ¡Bribón!

BLOOM

*(precipitadamente)* No diga tan fuerte mi nombre. ¿Qué estará usted pensando de mí? No me delate. Las paredes oyen. ¿Cómo está usted? Hace años desde que yo. Está usted espléndida. Absolutamente maravillosa. Un tiempo muy agradable que tenemos para esta época del año. El negro refracta el calor. Un atajo a casa por aquí. Barrio interesante. Auxilio de mujeres perdidas. Asilo de la Magdalena. Soy el secretario ... .

MRS. BREEN

*(levanta un dedo)* ¡Vamos, no me meta cuentos! Sé de alguien a quien no le va a gustar esto. ¡Ay espere a que vea a Molly! *(taimadamente)* ¡Explíquese sin más demora o apechugue con las consecuencias!



## BLOOM

(mira atrás) Ella decía a menudo que le gustaría visitar. Conocer los barrios bajos. Lo exótico, usted comprende. Sirvientes negros con librea también si tuviera dinero. Otelo negro y bruto. Eugene Stratton. Incluso al de los palillos y el último de la fila en los Christies de Livermore. Hermanos Bohee. Deshollinador dicho sea de paso.

(Tom y Sam Bohee, cantantes pintados de negro con trajes blancos de brin, calcetines color escarlata, cuellos altos de negro zumbón tiesoalmidonados y un gran áster escarlata en el ojal; salen saltando. A cada uno le cuelga el banjo. Las manos negroides más pálidas y pequeñas pulsan las cuerdas jlontrasteantes. Con el resplandor de colmillos y ojos blancos de café repiquetean una danza breakdown con torpes chanclos, trasteando, cantando, espalda contra espalda, punta tacón, tacón punta, con labios de perrengue bezudochaszumantes)

## TOM Y SAM

Alguien hay en casa con Dina,

Alguien hay en casa, bien me lo sé yo,

Alguien hay en casa con Dina

Tocando el banjo.

(Se quitan bruscamente máscaras negras de toscas caras de rorros: luego, cloqueando y sonriendo sofocadamente, zangarreando, floreado, se van tranlarín tranlarán bailando el caquebal.)

## BLOOM

(con agria sonrisa enternecedora) ¿Algo frívolo, quiere, si le apetece? ¿Le gustaría quizás que le diera un achuchón sólo durante una milésima de segundo?

## MRS. BREEN

(chilla alegremente) ¡Ay, qué bobo que es usted! ¡Debería mirarse al espejo!

## BLOOM

Por consideración a los viejos tiempos. Sólo quería decir un partido a cuatro, un revoltijo mixto matrimonial con nuestros respectivos esposados. Usted sabe que yo le tenía aprecio. (sombriamente) Fui yo quien le envió aquella misiva amorosa con lo de querida gacela por San Valentín.



MRS. BREEN

¡Gloria bendita, menudo fantoche está usted hecho! Sencillamente tronchante. (extiende la mano con curiosidad) ¿Qué esconde detrás de la espalda? Ande, dígamelo, sea bueno.

BLOOM

(la coge de la muñeca con su mano libre) Josie Powell, ésa sí que fue la debutante más bonita de Dublín. ¡Cómo vuela el tiempo! ¿Se acuerda, volviendo atrás en orden retrospectivo, la Nochebuena, la inauguración de la casa de Georgina Simpson mientras jugaban al juego de Irving Bishop, lo de encontrar el alfiler con los ojos tapados y leer el pensamiento? Motivo ¿qué hay en esta caja de rapé?

\MRS. BREEN

Usted fue la estrella de la noche con su recitación seriocómica y hacía bien el papel. Siempre fue usted el favorito de las señoras.

BLOOM

(caballero de damas, esmoquin con vueltas de seda tornasolado, insignia azul masónica en el ojal, corbata de lazo negro, pasadores de madreperla, una copa prismática de champán ladeada en la mano) Señoras y caballeros, por Irlanda, el hogar y la belleza.

MRS. BREEN

Los buenos tiempos pasados que ya no volverán. Vieja y dulce canción de amor.

BLOOM

(marcadamente bajando la voz) Confieso que me estoy reconcomiendo de curiosidad por averiguar si una cosa de cierta persona se está reconcomiendo en estos momentos.

MRS. BREEN

(efusivamente) ¡Tremendamente reconcomida! ¡Londres se está reconcomiendo y yo estoy sencillamente reconcomida por completo! (se restriega contra él) Después de los juegos de misterio de salón y de los buscapiés del árbol nos sentábamos en la otomana de la escalera. Bajo el muérdago. Ni amor ni señoría quieren compañía.

BLOOM

(con sombrero púrpura tipo napoleón con una medialuna ámbar, sus dedos y el pulgar bajan lentamente hasta la suave húmeda palma carnosa que ella le rinde gentilmente) La hora



embrojada de la noche. Yo saqué la astilla de esta mano, cuidadosa y lentamente. (tiernamente, mientras le pone en el dedo un anillo de rubí) Lá ci darem la mano.

MRS. BREEN

(en traje de noche de una pieza hecho en azul clarodeluna, diadema de sílfide de oropel en la frente con su carnet de baile caído junto a la zapatilla de raso azul-luna, curva la palma con suavidad, respirando aceleradamente) Voglio e non ... .. ¡Está usted caliente! ¡Está usted que escalda! La mano izquierda más cerca del corazón.

BLOOM

Cuando usted eligió lo que ahora tiene dijeron que era la bella y la bestia. No se lo perdonaré nunca. (el puño cerrado en la frente) Piense lo que significa. Todo lo que significaba usted para mí entonces. (roncamente) ¡Mujer, esto me está matando!

(Denis Breen, blanquienchisterado, con cartelones de Wisdom Hely, les pasa arrastrando los pies en zapatillas, dirigiendo al frente la apagada barba, mascullando a derecha e izquierda. El pequeño Alf Bergan, envuelto en capa de as de espadas, le sigue a izquierday derecha, doblado de risa.)

ALF BERGAN

(señala mofándose los cartelones) Q.T.C.: colgado.

MRS. BREEN

(a Bloom) Se la están corriendo bien. (le mira con ternura) ¿Por qué no me besó en la herida para que sanara? Usted bien que quería.

BLOOM

(asombrado) ¡La mejor amiga de Molly! ¿Cómo hubiera podido usted?

MRS. BREEN

(con la lengua pulposa entre los labios, ofrece un beso de pichón) Jnjn. La respuesta un jamón con chorreras. ¿Tiene usted por ahí un regalito para mí?

BLOOM

(sin pensárselo) Casher. Un aperitivo para la cena. El hogar sin fiambre en pote está incompleto. Estuve en Leab, Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Vigorosa intérprete de Shakespeare. Desgraciadamente tiré el programa. Un sitio estupendo ahí a la vuelta para los pies de cerdo. Toque.



(Richie Goulding con tres sombreros de señora prendidos en la cabeza, aparece, el cuerpo echado para un lado por el peso de la negra cartera de expedientes de Collisy Ward sobre la que hay pintados una calaveray fémures con cal blanca. La abrey la enseña llena de morcilla., arenques ahumados, abadejilfos Findon y píldoras envasadas apretadamente.)

RICHIE

La mejor oferta de Dub.

(Calvo Pat, sorderas como una tapia, de pie en el bordillo, doblando la servilleta, atento a atender.)

PAT

(avanza con una fuente ladeada de salsa virtizirtiéndose) Carne con riñones. Botella de cerveza. Je je je. Espera a que yo atienda.

RICHIE

Diossanto. Jamás jomíyo naa ... .

(Con la cabeza gacha marcha tenazmente adelante. El peón, que pasa dando bandazos, le cornea con su llameante cuerno puado.)

RICHIE

(con un grito de dolor, la mano en la espalda) ¡Ay! ¡El mal de Bright! ¡Las asaduras!

BLOOM

(señala alpeón) Un espía. No llame la atención. Odio los gentíos estúpidos. No estoy para placeres. Estoy en un grave apuro.

MRS. BREEN

Las tonterías y filfas de siempre con sus cuentos chinos.

BLOOM

Me gustaría contarle un secretillo de cómo es que estoy aquí. Pero no debe contarlo. Ni siquiera a Molly. Tengo razones muy personales.

MRS. BREEN

(toda curiosidad) No, no, por nada del mundo.





BLOOM

Andemos. ¿Le parece?

MRS. BREEN

Vamos.

(La alcahueta hace una seña que pasa desatendida. Bloom sigue con Mrs. Breen. El terrier les sigue, gañendo penosamente, meneando la cola.)

LA ALCAHUETA

¡Lecha de judío!

BLOOM

(con traje deportivo color harina-de-avena, una ramita de madreelva en la solapa, camisa amarilla a la moda, pañuelo de cuello a cuadritos blancos y negros con cruz de San Andrés, botines blancos, guardapolvo colorgamuza al brazo, botos de rojo leonado, prismáticos en bandoleray un bombín gris) ¿Se acuerda usted de hace muchísimo tiempo, hace años y años, justo después de que destetaran a Milly, Manonette la llamábamos, que fuimos todos juntos a las carreras de Fairyhouse, no fue así?

MRS. BREEN

(con elegante traje sastre azul sajón, sombrero blanco de velludoy velete de redecilla) De Leopardstown.

BLOOM

Quiero decir, Leopardstown. Y Molly ganó siete chelines en un tresañal que se llamaba Nolidigas y volviendo a casa por Foxrock en aquel viejo break descuajaringado cincoplazas usted estaba en la flor de su vida entonces y tenía puesto ese sombrero nuevo de velludo blanco con ribete de piel-detopo que Mrs. Hayes le aconsejó que comprara porque estaba rebajado a diecinueve con once, un poco de alambre y un trapo viejo de velvetón, y me apuesto lo que quiera que lo hizo a propósito ... .

MRS. BREEN

¡Desde luego que lo hizo, la muy gata! ¡No me lo diga! ¡Menuda consejera!

BLOOM

Porque no le sentaba a usted ni la mitad de bien que la otra toquita de estambre tan mona con el ala de ave del paraíso que tanto le admiraba yo puesta y de verdad que estaba usted pero



que muy atractiva con ella aunque fue una pena matarla, criatura traviesa y cruel, una cosilla tan pequeña como ésa con un corazoncito del tamaño de un alfiler.

MRS. BREEN

(le aprieta el brazo, sonrío afectadamente) ¡Traviesa y cruel que era yo!

BLOOM

(en voz baja, reservadamente, cada vez más rápidamente) Y Molly se estaba comiendo un emparedado de carne a la pimienta de la cesta del almuerzo de Mrs. Joe Gallaher. Francamente, aunque ella tenía sus consejeros y admiradores, a mí jamás me gustó mucho su estilo. Era ... .

MRS. BREEN

Demasiado ... .

BLOOM

Sí. Y Molly se reía porque Rogers y O'Reilly Cables Cruzados estaban imitando a un gallo cuando pasamos por una granja y Marcus Tertius Moses, el comerciante de té, nos adelantó en una calesa con su hija, Dancer Moses se llamaba, y el caniche en el regazo amoscado y usted me preguntó si alguna vez había oído o leído o sabido o me había encontrado con ... .

MRS. BREEN

(ansiosamente) Sí, sí, sí, sí, sí, sí, sí.

(Se evapora de su lado. Seguido del perro que gañe sigue hacia las puertas del infierno. Bajo una arcada una mujer, encorvada hacia delante, las piernas abiertas, mea como una vaca. Delante de una taberna cerrada un puñado de ociosos escucha lo que su obrajero de hoCÍCorroto les relata con ronco humor carrasposo. Un par de ellos sin brazos se agitan luchando, gruñendo, en tullida escaramuza temulenta.)

## 10. Mul Murphy & Kate Mariage

THE GAFFER: (*Crouches, his voice twisted in his snout.*) And when Cairns came down from the scaffolding in Beaver street what was he after doing it into only into the bucket of porter that was there waiting on the shavings for Derwan's plasterers.

THE LOITERERS: (*Guffaw with cleft palates.*) O jays!

(*Their paintspeckled hats wag. Spattered with size and lime of their lodges they frisk limblessly about him.*)

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

THE LOITERERS: Jays, that's a good one. Glauber salts. O jays, into the men's porter.



*(Bloom passes. Cheap whores, singly, coupled, shawled, dishevelled, call from lanes, doors, corners.)*

THE WHORES:

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

*(He plodges through their sump towards the lighted street beyond. From a bulge of window curtains a gramophone rears a battered brazen trunk. In the shadow a shebeenkeeper haggles with the navy and the two redcoats.)*

THE NAVVY: *(Belching.)* Where's the bloody house?

THE SHEBEENKEEPER: Purdon street. Shilling a bottle of stout. Respectable woman.

THE NAVVY: *(Gripping the two redcoats, staggers forward with them.)* Come on, you British army!

PRIVATE CARR: *(Behind his back.)* He aint half balmy.

PRIVATE COMPTON: *(Laughs.)* What ho!

PRIVATE CARR: *(To the navy.)* Portobello barracks canteen. You ask for Carr. Just Carr.

THE NAVVY: *(Shouts.)*

We are the boys. Of Wexford.

PRIVATE COMPTON: Say! What price the sergeantmajor?

PRIVATE CARR: Bennett? He's my pal. I love old Bennett.

THE NAVVY: *(Shouts.)*

The galling chain.  
 And free our native land.

*(He staggers forward, dragging them with him. Bloom stops, at fault. The dog approaches, his tongue outlolling, panting.)*

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

*(He gazes ahead, reading on the wall a scrawled chalk legend Wet Dream and a phallic design.)* Odd! Molly drawing on the frosted carriagepane at Kingstown. What's that like? *(Gaudy dollwomen loll in the lighted doorways, in window embrasures, smoking birdseye*



*cigarettes. The odour of the sick-sweet weed floats towards him in slow round ovalling wreaths.)*

THE WREATHS: Sweet are the sweets. Sweets of sin.

BLOOM: My spine's a bit limp. Go or turn? And this food? Eat it and get all pigsticky. Absurd I am. Waste of money. One and eightpence too much. *(The retriever drives a cold snivelling muzzle against his hand, wagging his tail.)* Strange how they take to me. Even that brute today. Better speak to him first. Like women they like *rencontres*. Stinks like a polecat. *Chacun son goût*. He might be mad. Dogdays. Uncertain in his movements. Good fellow! Fido! Good fellow! Garryowen! *(The wolf-dog sprawls on his back, wriggling obscenely with begging paws, his long black tongue lolling out.)* Influence of his surroundings. Give and have done with it. Provided nobody. *(Calling encouraging words he shambles back with a furtive poacher's tread, dogged by the setter into a dark stalestunk corner. He unrolls one parcel and goes to dump the crubeen softly but holds back and feels the trotter.)* Sizeable for threepence. But then I have it in my left hand. Calls for more effort. Why? Smaller from want of use. O, let it slide. Two and six.

*(With regret he lets the unrolled crubeen and trotter slide. The mastiff mauls the bundle clumsily and gluts himself with growling greed, crunching the bones. Two rain-caped watch approach, silent, vigilant. They murmur together.)*