

BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de Ulises, de James Joyce

Circe (II)

Ateneo de Madrid
25 de mayo 2016



ULYSSES
by James Joyce

Episode 15, Circe. Episodio 15, Circe

6. Prelude to dance

BLOOM: *(Gently)* Give me back that potato, will you?

ZOE: Forfeits, a fine thing and a superfine thing.

BLOOM: *(With feeling)* It is nothing, but still, a relic of poor mamma.

ZOE:

Give a thing and take it back

God'll ask you where is that

You'll say you don't know

God'll send you down below.

BLOOM: There is a memory attached to it. I should like to have it.

STEPHEN: To have or not to have that is the question.

ZOE: Here. *(She hauls up a reef of her slip, revealing her bare thigh, and unrolls the potato from the top of her stocking)* Those that hides knows where to find.

BELLA: *(Frowns)* Here. This isn't a musical peepshow. And don't you smash that piano. Who's paying here?

(She goes to the pianola. Stephen fumbles in his pocket and, taking out a banknote by its corner, hands it to her.)

STEPHEN: *(With exaggerated politeness)* This silken purse I made out of the sow's ear of the public. Madam, excuse me. If you allow me. *(He indicates vaguely Lynch and Bloom)* We are all in the same sweepstake, Kinch and Lynch. *Dans ce bordel où tenons nostre état.*

LYNCH: *(Calls from the hearth)* Dedalus! Give her your blessing for me.

STEPHEN: *(Hands Bella a coin)* Gold. She has it.

BELLA: *(Looks at the money, then at Stephen, then at Zoe, Florry and Kitty)* Do you want three girls? It's ten shillings here.

STEPHEN: *(Delightedly)* A hundred thousand apologies. *(He fumbles again and takes out and hands her two crowns)* Permit, *brevi manu*, my sight is somewhat troubled.

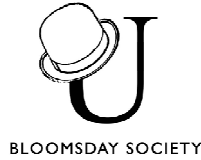
(Bella goes to the table to count the money while Stephen talks to himself in monosyllables. Zoe bends over the table. Kitty leans over Zoe's neck. Lynch gets up, rights his cap and, clasping Kitty's waist, adds his head to the group.)

FLORRY: *(Strives heavily to rise)* Ow! My foot's asleep. *(She limps over to the table. Bloom approaches.)*

BELLA, ZOE, KITTY, LYNCH, BLOOM: *(Chattering and squabbling)* The gentleman... ten shillings... paying for the three... allow me a moment... this gentleman pays separate... who's touching it?... ow! ... mind who you're pinching... are you staying the night or a short time?... who did?... you're a liar, excuse me... the gentleman paid down like a gentleman... drink... it's long after eleven.

STEPHEN: *(At the pianola, making a gesture of abhorrence)* No bottles! What, eleven? A riddle!

ZOE: *(Lifting up her pettigown and folding a half sovereign into the top of her stocking)* Hard earned on the flat of my back.



LYNCH: *(Lifting Kitty from the table)* Come!

KITTY: Wait. *(She clutches the two crowns)*

FLORRY: And me?

LYNCH: Hoopla! *(He lifts her, carries her and bumps her down on the sofa.)*

STEPHEN:

The fox crew, the cocks flew,

The bells in heaven

Were striking eleven.

'Tis time for her poor soul

To get out of heaven.

BLOOM: *(Quietly lays a half sovereign on the table between bella and florry)* So. Allow me. *(He takes up the poundnote)* Three times ten. We're square.

BELLA: *(Admiringly)* You're such a slyboots, old cocky. I could kiss you.

ZOE: *(Points)* Him? Deep as a drawwell. *(Lynch bends Kitty back over the sofa and kisses her. Bloom goes with the poundnote to Stephen.)*

BLOOM: This is yours.

STEPHEN: How is that? *Les distraït* or absentminded beggar. *(He fumbles again in his pocket and draws out a handful of coins. An object falls.)* That fell.

BLOOM: *(Stooping, picks up and hands a box of matches)* This.

STEPHEN: Lucifer. Thanks.

BLOOM: *(Quietly)* You had better hand over that cash to me to take care of. Why pay more?

STEPHEN: *(Hands him all his coins)* Be just before you are generous.

BLOOM: I will but is it wise? *(He counts)* One, seven, eleven, and five. Six. Eleven. I don't answer for what you may have lost.

STEPHEN: Why striking eleven? *Proparoxyton*. Moment before the next *Lessing* says. *Thirsty fox*. *(He laughs loudly)* Burying his grandmother. Probably he killed her.

BLOOM: That is one pound six and eleven. One pound seven, say.

STEPHEN: Doesn't matter a rambling damn.

BLOOM: No, but...

STEPHEN: *(Comes to the table)* Cigarette, please. *(Lynch tosses a cigarette from the sofa to the table)* And so Georgina Johnson is dead and married. *(A cigarette appears on the table. Stephen looks at it)* Wonder. Parlour magic. Married. Hm. *(He strikes a match and proceeds to light the cigarette with enigmatic melancholy)*

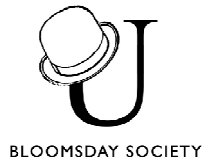
LYNCH: *(Watching him)* You would have a better chance of lighting it if you held the match nearer.

STEPHEN: *(Brings the match near his eye)* Lynx eye. Must get glasses. Broke them yesterday. Sixteen years ago. Distance. The eye sees all flat. *(He draws the match away. It goes out.)* Brain thinks. Near: far. Ineluctable modality of the visible. *(He frowns mysteriously)* Hm. Sphinx. The beast that has twobacks at midnight. Married.

ZOE: It was a commercial traveller married her and took her away with him.

FLORRY: *(Nods)* Mr Lambe from London.

STEPHEN: Lamb of London, who takest away the sins of our world.



LYNCH: *(Embracing Kitty on the sofa, chants deeply) Dona nobis pacem.*

(The cigarette slips from Stephen 's fingers. Bloom picks it up and throws it in the grate.)

BLOOM: Don't smoke. You ought to eat. Cursed dog I met. *(To Zoe)* You have nothing?

ZOE: Is he hungry?

STEPHEN: *(Extends his hand to her smiling and chants to the air of the bloodoath in the Dusk of the Gods)*

Hangende Hunger,

Fragende Frau,

Macht uns alle kaputt

(...)

ZOE: *(Examining Stephen's palm)* Woman's hand.

STEPHEN: *(Murmurs)* Continue. Lie. Hold me. Caress. I never could read His handwriting except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock.

ZOE: What day were you born?

STEPHEN: Thursday. Today.

ZOE: Thursday's child has far to go. *(She traces lines on his hand)* Line of fate. Influential friends.

FLORRY: *(Pointing)* Imagination.

ZOE: Mount of the moon. You'll meet with a... *(She peers at his hands abruptly)* I won't tell you what's not good for you. Or do you want to know?

BLOOM: *(Detaches her fingers and offers his palm)* More harm than good. Here. Read mine.

BELLA: Show. *(She turns up bloom's hand)* I thought so. Knobby knuckles for the women.

ZOE: *(Peering at bloom's palm)* Gridiron. Travels beyond the sea and marry money.

BLOOM: Wrong.

ZOE: *(Quickly)* O, I see. Short little finger. Henpecked husband. That wrong?

(Black Liz, a huge rooster hatching in a chalked circle, rises, stretches her wings and clucks.)

BLACK LIZ: Gara. Klook. Klook. Klook.

(She sidles from her newlaid egg and waddles off)

BLOOM: *(Points to his hand)* That weal there is an accident. Fell and cut it twentytwo years ago. I was sixteen.

ZOE: I see, says the blind man. Tell us news.

STEPHEN: See? Moves to one great goal. I am twentytwo. Sixteen years ago he was twentytwo too. Sixteen years ago I twentytwo tumbled. Twentytwo years ago he sixteen fell off his hobbyhorse. *(He winces)* Hurt my hand somewhere. Must see a dentist. Money?

(Zoe whispers to Florry. They giggle. Bloom releases his hand and writes idly on the table in backhand, pencilling slow curves.)

FLORRY: What?

(A hackneycar, number three hundred and twentyfour, with a gallantbuttocked mare, driven by James Barton, Harmony Avenue, Donnybrook, trots past. Blazes Boylan and Lenehan sprawl swaying on the sideseats. The Ormond boots crouches behind on the axle. Sadly over the crossblind Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy gaze.)

THE BOOTS: *(Jogging, mocks them with thumb and wriggling wormfingers)* Haw haw have you the horn?



(Bronze by gold they whisper.)

ZOE: *(To Florry) Whisper.*

(They whisper again)

(Over the well of the car Blazes Boylan leans, his boater straw set sideways, a red flower in his mouth. Lenehan in yachtman's cap and white shoes officiously detaches a long hair from Blazes Boylan's coat shoulder.)

LENEHAN: Ho! What do I here behold? Were you brushing the cobwebs off a few quims?

BOYLAN: *(Seated, smiles)* Plucking a turkey.

LENEHAN: A good night's work.

BOYLAN: *(Holding up four thick bluntungulated fingers, winks)* Blazes Kate! Up to sample or your money back. *(He holds out a forefinger)* Smell that.

LENEHAN: *(Smells gleefully)* Ah! Lobster and mayonnaise. Ah!

ZOE AND FLORRY: *(Laugh together)* Ha ha ha ha.

BOYLAN: *(Jumps surely from the car and calls loudly for all to hear)* Hello, Bloom! Mrs Bloom dressed yet?

BLOOM: *(In flunkey's prune plush coat and kneebreeches, buff stockings and powdered wig)* I'm afraid not, sir. The last articles...

BOYLAN: *(Tosses him sixpence)* Here, to buy yourself a gin and splash. *(He hangs his hat smartly on a peg of Bloom's antlered head)* Show me in. I have a little private business with your wife, you understand?

BLOOM: Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. Madam Tweedy is in her bath, sir.

MARION: He ought to feel himself highly honoured. *(She plops splashing out of the water)* Raoul darling, come and dry me. I'm in my pelt. Only my new hat and a carriage sponge.

BOYLAN: *(A merry twinkle in his eye)* Topping!

BELLA: What? What is it?

(Zoe whispers to her.)

MARION: Let him look, the pishogue! Pimp! And scourge himself! I'll write to a powerful prostitute or Bartholomona, the bearded woman, to raise weals out on him an inch thick and make him bring me back a signed and stamped receipt.

BOYLAN: *(clasps himself)* Here, I can't hold this little lot much longer. *(he strides off on stiff cavalry legs)*

BELLA: *(Laughing)* Ho ho ho ho.

BOYLAN: *(To Bloom, over his shoulder)* You can apply your eye to the keyhole and play with yourself while I just go through her a few times.

BLOOM: Thank you, sir. I will, sir. May I bring two men chums to witness the deed and take a snapshot? *(He holds out an ointment jar)* Vaseline, sir? Orangeflower...? Lukewarm water...?

KITTY: *(From the sofa)* Tell us, Florry. Tell us. What.

(Florry whispers to her. Whispering lovewords murmur, liplapping loudly, poppysmic plopslop.)

MINA KENNEDY: *(Her eyes upturned)* O, it must be like the scent of geraniums and lovely peaches! O, he simply idolises every bit of her! Stuck together! Covered with kisses!

LYDIA DOUCE: *(Her mouth opening)* Yummy. O, he's carrying her round the room doing it! Ride a cockhorse. You could hear them in Paris and New York. Like mouthfuls of strawberries and cream.

KITTY: *(Laughing)* Hee hee hee.

BOYLAN'S VOICE: *(Sweetly, hoarsely, in the pit of his stomach)* Ah! Gooblazgruk brukarchkrasht!

MARION'S VOICE: *(Hoarsely, sweetly, rising to her throat)* O! Weeshwashtkissinapooisthnapoohuck?

BLOOM: *(His eyes wildly dilated, clasps himself)* Show! Hide! Show! Plough her! More! Shoot!

BELLA, ZOE, FLORRY, KITTY: Ho ho! Ha ha! Hee hee!

LYNCH: *(Points)* The mirror up to nature. *(He laughs)* Hu hu hu hu hu!



(Stephen and Bloom gaze in the mirror. The face of William Shakespeare, beardless, appears there, rigid in facial paralysis, crowned by the reflection of the reindeer antlered hatrack in the hall.)

SHAKESPEARE: *(In dignified ventriloquy)* 'Tis the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind. *(To Bloom)* Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible. Gaze. *(He crows with a black capon's laugh)* Iagogo! How my Oldfellow chokit his Thursdaymornun. Iagogogo!

BLOOM: *(Smiles yellowly at the three whores)* When will I hear the joke?

ZOE: Before you're twice married and once a widower.

BLOOM: Lapses are condoned. Even the great Napoleon when measurements were taken next the skin after his death...

(Mrs Dignam, widow woman, her snubnose and cheeks flushed with deathtalk, tears and Tunney's tawny sherry, hurries by in her weeds, her bonnet awry, rouging and powdering her cheeks, lips and nose, a pen chivvying her brood of cygnets. Beneath her skirt appear her late husband's everyday trousers and turnedup boots, large eights. She holds a Scottish widows' insurance policy and a large marquee umbrella under which her brood run with her, Patsy hopping on one shod foot, his collar loose, a hank of porksteaks dangling, freddy whimpering, Susy with a crying cod's mouth, Alice struggling with the baby. She cuffs them on, her streamers flaunting aloft.)

(...)

LYNCH: *(Oommelling on the sofa)* Rmm Rmm Rmm Rrrrrmmmm.

STEPHEN: *(Gabbles with marionette jerks)* Thousand places of entertainment to expense your evenings with lovely ladies saling gloves and other things perhaps hers heart beerchops perfect fashionable house very eccentric where lots cocottes beautiful dressed much about princesses like are dancing cancan and walking there parisian clowneries extra foolish for bachelors foreigners the same if talking a poor english how much smart they are on things love and sensations voluptuous. Misterys very selects for is pleasure must to visit heaven and hell show with mortuary candles and they tears silver which occur every night. Perfectly shocking terrific of religion's things mockery seen in universal world. All chic womans which arrive full of modesty then disrobe and squeal loud to see vampire man debauch nun very fresh young with *dessous troublants*. *(He clacks his tongue loudly)* Ho, là là! *Ce pif qu'il a!*

LYNCH: *Vive le vampire!*

THE WHORES: Bravo! Parleyvoo!

STEPHEN: *(Grimacing with head back, laughs loudly, clapping himself)* Great success of laughing. Angels much prostitutes like and holy apostles big damn ruffians. *Demimondaines* nicely handsome sparkling of diamonds very amiable costumed. Or do you are fond better what belongs they moderns pleasure turpitude of old mans? *(He points about him with grotesque gestures which Lynch and the whores reply to)* Caoutchouc statue woman reversible or lifesize tompeeptom of virgins nudities very lesbic the kiss five ten times. Enter, gentleman, to see in mirror every positions trapezes all that machine there besides also if desire act awfully bestial butcher's boy pollutes in warm veal liver or omlet on the belly *pièce de Shakespeare*.

BELLA: *(Clapping her belly sinks back on the sofa, with a shout of laughter)* An omelette on the... Ho! ho! ho! ho!... omelette on the...

STEPHEN: *(Mincingly)* I love you, sir darling. Speak you englishman tongue for *double entente cordiale*. O yes, *mon loup*. How much cost? Waterloo. Watercloset. *(He ceases suddenly and holds up a forefinger)*

BELLA: *(Laughing)* Omelette...

THE WHORES: *(Laughing)* Encore! Encore!

STEPHEN STEPHEN: Mark me. I dreamt of a watermelon.

ZOE: Go abroad and love a foreign lady.

LYNCH: Across the world for a wife.

FLORRY: Dreams goes by contraries.



STEPHEN: *(Extends his arms)* It was here. Street of harlots. In Serpentine avenue Beelzebub showed me her, a fussy widow. Where's the red carpet spread?

BLOOM: *(Approaching Stephen)* Look...

STEPHEN: No, I flew. My foes beneath me. And ever shall be. World without end. *(He cries)* Pater! Free!

BLOOM: I say, look...

STEPHEN: Break my spirit, will he? *O merde alors!* *(He cries, his vulture talons sharpened)* Hola! Hillyho! *(Simon Dedalus' voice hilloes in answer, somewhat sleepy but ready.)*

SIMON: That's all right. *(He swoops uncertainly through the air, wheeling, uttering cries of heartening, on strong ponderous buzzard wings)* Ho, boy! Are you going to win? Hoop! Pschatt! Stable with those halfcastes. Wouldn't let them within the bawl of an ass. Head up! Keep our flag flying! An eagle gules volant in a field argent displayed. Ulster king at arms! Haihoop! *(He makes the beagle's call, giving tongue)* Bulbul! Burbblburbblbl! Hai, boy!

(The fronds and spaces of the wallpaper file rapidly across country. A stout fox, drawn from covert, brush pointed, having buried his grandmother, runs swift for the open, brighteyed, seeking badger earth, under the leaves. The pack of staghounds follows, nose to the ground, sniffing their quarry, beaglebaying, burblbrbling to be blooded. Ward Union huntsmen and huntswomen live with them, hot for a kill. From Six Mile Point, Flathouse, Nine Mile Stone follow the footpeople with knotty sticks, hayforks, salmongaffs, lassos, flockmasters with stockwhips, bearbaiters with tomtoms, toreadors with bullswords, greynegroes waving torches. The crowd bawls of dicers, crown and anchor players, thimblriggers, broadsmen. Crows and touts, hoarse bookies in high wizard hats clamour deafeningly.)

THE CROWD:

Card of the races. Racing card!

Ten to one the field!

Tommy on the clay here! Tommy on the clay!

Ten to one bar one! Ten to one bar one!

Try your luck on Spinning Jenny!

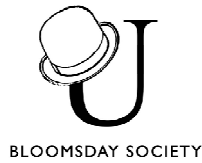
Ten to one bar one!

Sell the monkey, boys! Sell the monkey!

I'll give ten to one!

Ten to one bar one!

(A dark horse, riderless, bolts like a phantom past the winningpost, his mane moonfoaming, his eyeballs stars. The field follows, a bunch of bucking mounts. Skeleton horses, Sceptre, Maximum the Second, Zinfandel, the Duke of Westminster's Shotover, Repulse, the Duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, prix de Paris. Dwarfs ride them, rustyarmoured, leaping, leaping in their, in their saddles. Last in a drizzle of rain on a brokenwinded isabelle nag, Cock of the North, the favourite, honey cap, green jacket, orange sleeves, Garrett Deasy up, gripping the reins, a hockeystick at the ready. His nag on spavined whitegaitered feet jogs along the rocky road.)



7. The dance

ZOE

(hace girar el manubrio) Aquí lo tenéis.

(Echa dos peniques en la ranura. Luces de oro, rosay violeta se encienden. El cilindro gira ronroneando un vals algo vacilante. El Profesor Goodwin, con peluca terminada en coleta atada con lazo, en traje de gala, vistiendo una capa amplia con cogotera manchada, doblado en dos por la increíble edad cruza inseguro la habitación, las manos aleteando. Se sienta minúsculo en la banqueta del pianoy levantay aporrea con palitroques de brazos sin manos el teclado, asintiendo con gracia de damisela, la coleta en movimiento)

ZOE

(gira sobre sí misma, zapateando con el tacón) A bailar. ¿Alguien que quiera? ¿Quién baila? Echad a un lado la mesa.

(La pianola con luces cambiantes toca a ritmo de vals el preludio de Mi chica es una chica de Yorkshire. Stephen tira la vara de fresno en la mesay coge a Zoe por la cintura. Florry y Bella empujan la mesa hacia la chimenea. Stephen, abrazando a Zoe con delicadeza exagerada, empieza a valsar por la habitación. Bloom está aparte. La manga de ella cayendo de sus gráciles brazos revela una flor de carne blanca de la vacuna. Entre las cortinas el Profesor Maginni mete una pierna sobre cuya punta del pie gira un sombrero de copa. De una hábil patada lo envía girando a su coronilla y airosoensombrerado entra patinando. Viste levita color pizarra con solapas de seda color clarete, gola de tul crema, un chaleco verde descotado, cuello duro con plastrón blanco, pantalones lavanda ceñidos, escaarpines de charol y guantes canarios. En el ojal lleva una inmensa dalia. Hace rotar en direcciones opuestas un bastón jaspeado, luego lo embute en la sobaquera. Coloca una mano levemente en el esternón, hace una reverencia, y se acaricia la flory los botones.)

MAGINNI

Poesía del movimiento, el arte de la calistenia. No hay relación con la escuela de Madam Legget Byrne ni con la de Levenston. Se conciertan bailes de máscaras. Apostura. El paso de Katty Lanner. Así.

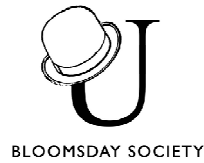
¡Obsérvenme! Mis habilidades terpsicóreas. (avanza en minuet tres pasos sobre ágiles patas de abeja)

Tout le monde en avant! Révérence! Tout le monde en place!

(El preludio cesa. El Profesor Goodwin, batiendo brazos imprecisos, se encoge, se hunde, la capa de color vivo cayendo sobre la banqueta. La melodía con ritmo más firme de vals suena. Stephen y Zoe dan vueltas a su aire. Las luces cambian, fulguran, se desvanecen oro rosadas violeta.)

LA PIANOLA

Dos mozos hablaban de sus chicas, chicas, chicas, las novias que atrás dejaron



(Desde un rincón las horas del amanecer salen corriendo, cabello dorado, con sandalias gráciles, de azul de niña, cinturitas de avispa, con manos inocentes. Bailan con viveza, haciendo rotar sus cuerdas de saltar. Las horas del mediodía las siguen de oro ambarino. Riendo, enlazadas, altas peinetas centelleantes, atrapan el sol en espejos burlones, levantando los brazos.)

MAGINNI

(hace plifplaf con manos de guantes mudos) Carré! Avant deux! ¡Respirad con regularidad! Balancé!

(Las horas del amanecer y del mediodía valsan en sus sitios, dando vueltas, avanzando unas hacia otras, modelando sus curvas, haciéndose reverencias las unas a las otras. Los Maestranes detrás de ellas arquean y suspenden los brazos, con manos que descienden, tocan, se elevan de los hombros)

LAS HORAS

Me puedes tocar el.

LOS MAESTRANTES

¿Te puedo tocar el?

LAS HORAS

¡Venga, pero suavemente!

LOS MAESTRANTES

¡Venga, y tan suavemente!

LA PIANOLA

Mi mocita vergonzosa tiene una cinturita.

(Zoe y Stephen dan vueltas vigorosamente con ritmo más libre. Las horas crepusculares avanzan desde largas sombras de los campos, diseminadas, rezagándose, ojilánguidas, las mejillas delicadas con alheña y tenue lozanía falsa. Van de gasa gris con oscuras mangas de murciélago que aletean en la brisa de los campos.)

MAGINNI

Avant huit! Traversé! Salut! Cours de mains! Croisé!

(Las horas de la noche, una a una, se escabullen sigilosamente hasta el último sitio. Las horas de la mañana, del mediodía y las crepusculares retroceden ante ellas. Llevan antifaces, con el cabello a dagas y pulseras de cascabeles apagados. Cansadas reverenciaban bajo los velos.)

LAS PULSERAS

¡Dingdón! ¡Dingdón!

ZOE

(rotando, la mano en la frente) ¡Oh!

MAGINNI



Les tiroirs! Chaîne de dames! La corbeille! Dos à dosa

(Arabesqueando cansadamente tejen un diseño en el sudo, tejiendo, destjiendo, reverenciando, rotando, sencillamente arremolinándose.)

ZOE

¡Estoy mareada!

(Se suelta, cae abatida en una silla. Stephen coge a Floriy y da vueltas con ella.)

MAGINNI

Boulangère! Les ronds! Les ponts! Chevaux de bois! Escargots!

(Trenzándose, separándose, con manos alternantes las horas de la noche se enlazan unas a otras con brazos arqueantes en un mosaico de movimientos. Stephen y Florry dan vueltas desangeladamente.)

MAGINNI

Dancez avec vos dames! Changez de dames! Donnez le petit bouquet à votre dame! Remerciez!

LA PIANOLA

La mejor, la mejor de todas,

¡Rataplán!

KITTY

(se levanta de un salto) ¡Anda, estaban tocando eso en el tiiovivo de la feria del Mirus!

(Corre hacia Stephen. Éste dada a Flony bruscamente y coge a Kitty. Un penetrante silbido áspero de avetoro que chilla suena estridente. Quejirrefunfubarbotante el pesado carrusel de Toft da vueltas a la habitación lentamente en círculos y círculos por la habitación)

LA PIANOLA

Mi chica es una chica de Yorkshire.

ZOE

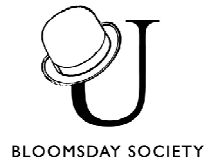
Yorkshire de la cabeza a los pies. ¡Vamos todos!

(Coge a Florry y valsa.)

STEPHEN

Pas seul!

(Hace rodar a Kitty hasta los brazos de Lynch, echa mano de la vara de fresno en la mesa y sale a bailar. Todos ruedan giran vallan rotan Bloombella Kittylynch Floriyzoe mujeres yuyubosas. Stephen con sombrero vara de fresno hace la rana en el medio echa piernas por alto con pateo al cielo boca cerrada la mano apretada bajo muslo. Con un tañido tilín bummartilleante el azuzador matamoros resopla destellos azul verde amarillo de las vueltas del pesado tiiovivo de Toft con jinetes y serpientes doradas colgadas, las vísceras brincando en fandango hollan ensucian pisan y caen de nuevo.)



LA PIANOLA

Aunque sea una moza de fábrica
y no lleve perlería.

(Estrechamente asidos veloces más veloces con flama írompideslumbre desfilando pasan
dardodisparados apiñados. ¡Rataplán

TUTTI

¡Encore! ¡Bis! ¡Bravo! ¡Encore!

SIMON

¡Piensa en la gente de tu madre!

STEPHEN

Danza de la muerte.

(Tan otro talán tan de la campana del portero, caballo, penco, novillo, cochinitos, Conmee sobre
asnodecristo, marinero de muleta y pierna coja en bote brazos cruzados tirando de cuerdas amarrando
zapatean una saloma hasta el tuétano. ¡Rataplán! Sobre pencos cerdos caballos enjaezados puercos de
Gadarene Capetón en ataúd tiburones de acero apedrean a Nelson manco perico dos pícaras
Frauenzimmer manchadas de ciruelas de un cochecito cayendo vociferando. Caray ése es un campeón.
Par azulmecha de barriles rudo. vísperas Love en coche de alquiler aireándose Botero ciegos ciclistas
bacalaodoblaos Dilly con bizcotela sin perlerzá. Luego en la última montaña rusa apiñados arribay abajo
chocan contra colchona algo como un virnyy «reine» gusto por rosa tinapiñada de chocanshire.

¡Rataplán!

Las parejas se apartan. Stephen gira vertiginosamente. La habitación gira a su vez. Con los ojos cerrados
se tambalea. Railes rojos vuelan hacia despacio. Estrellas todas alrededor de soles dan vueltas en
círculo. Brillantes títulas danzan en las paredes. Separa en seco)

STEPHEN

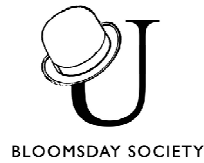
¡So!

(La madre de Stephen, demacrada, se eleva yerta a través del suelo, de gris lepra con una corona de
azahar marchitoy un velo de novia rasgado, la cara carcomiday sin nariz, verde del moho de la tumba.
Tiene poco pelo y desmaddado. Fea las cuencas de los ojos huecas garzoencirculadas en Stephen y abre
la boca desdentada emitiendo una palabra silenciosa. Un coro de vírgenesy confesores canta sin voz)

EL CORO

Liliata rutilantium te confessorum

lubilantium te virginum



(De pie en lo alto de una torre Buck Mulligan, con traje de mamarracho de colores entremezclados buriely amarilloygorra de payaso con campanilla, se queda mirándola boquiabierto, un humeante panecillo partido en dosy untado de mantequilla en la mano.)

BUCK MULLIGAN

Ha muerto bestialmente. ¡Qué pena! Mulligan conoce a la afligida madre. (levanta la mirada) ¡Malachi mercurial!

LA MADRE

(con la sonrisa sutil de la locura de la muerte) Una vez fui la bella May Goulding. Estoy muerta.

STEPHEN

(horrorizado) Lémur ¿quién eres? No. ¿Qué truco de camuñas es éste?

BUCK MULLIGAN

(agita la campanilla de la gorra) ¡Menuda farsa! Kinch chucho infeliz mató a la perra infeliz. Ha estirado la pata. (lágrimas de mantequillafundida caen de sus ojos sobre elpanecifo) ¡Nuestra inmensa dulce madre! Epi oinopa ponton.

LA MADRE

(se acerca, respirando sobre el suavemente su aliento a cenizas mojadas) Todos tienen que pasar por esto, Stephen. Más mujeres que hombres en el mundo. Tú también. El momento llegará.

STEPHEN

(asfixiándose de espanto, remordimiento y horror) Dicen que yo te maté, madre. Él ha mancillado tu memoria. El cáncer lo hizo, yo no. El destino.

LA MADRE

(un hilo de bilis verde chorreándole de la comisura de la boca) Cantaste esa canción para mí. El misterio del amor amargo.

STEPHEN

(ansiosamente) Dime la palabra, madre, si la conoces ahora. La palabra que todos conocen.

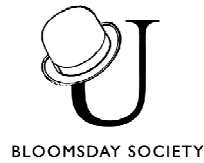
LA MADRE

¿Quién te salvó la noche que saltaste al tren en Dalkey con Paddy Lee? ¿Quién sintió lástima de ti cuando estabas triste entre extraños? La oración es todopoderosa. Oración por las ánimas benditas en el manual de las ursulinas e indulgencia de cuarenta días. Arrepiéntete, Stephen.

STEPHEN

¡El necrófago! ¡Hiena!

LA MADRE



Pido por ti en mi otro mundo. Que Dilly te haga aquel arroz hervido por las noches después de tu trabajo intelectual. Durante años y años te quise, ay, hijo mío, mi primogénito, cuando estabas en mi vientre.

ZOE

(abanicándose con el soplillo) ¡Me derrito!

FLORRY

(señala a Stephen) ¡Míralo! Está blanco.

BLOOM

(va a la ventana a abrirla más) Mareado.

LA MADRE

(con ojos abrasadores) ¡Arrepiéntete! ¡Ay, el fuego del infierno!

STEPHEN

(resoplando) ¡Su sublimado no corrosivo! ¡El devoracadáveres! Cabeza en carneviva y huesos ensangrentados.

LA MADRE

(la cara acercándose más y más, despidiendo aliento a cenizas) ¡Ten cuidado! (alza su ennegrecido brazo derecho marchito lentamente hacia el pecho de Stephen con el dedo extendido) ¡Cuídate de la mano de Dios!

(Un cangrejo verde con malignos ojos rojos clava profundo sus pinzas gesticulantes en el corazón de Stephen.)

STEPHEN

(estrangulado de rabia, sus rasgos contraídos grises y viejos) ¡Mierda!

BLOOM

(en la ventana) ¿Qué?

STEPHEN

Ah non, par exemple! ¡La imaginación intelectual! Conmigo todo o nada de nada. Non serviam!

FLORRY

Dadle un poco de agua fría. Esperad. (sale precipitadamente)

LA MADRE

(retuerce las manos lentamente, gimoteando desesperadamente) ¡Oh Sagrado Corazón de Jesús, ten misericordia de él! ¡Sálvale del infierno, oh Sagrado Corazón Divino!

STEPHEN



¡No! ¡No! ¡No! ¡Doblegad mi espíritu, todos vosotros, si sois capaces! ¡Os pondré a todos bajo mi yugo!

LA MADRE

(en la agonía de los estertores de muerte) ¡Tened misericordia de Stephen, Señor, hacedlo por mí!

Indecible fue mi angustia al expirar con amor, pena y agonía en el Monte Calvario.

STEPHEN

Notbung!

(Levanta la vara de fresno en alto con ambas manos y hace añicos la lucerna. La lívida llama última del tiempo da un brinco y, en la oscuridad que siguió, devastación de todo despacio, cristal destrozado y desplome de mampostería.)

EL CHORRO DE GAS

¡Piufunn!

BLOOM

¡Tranquilo!

LYNCH

(avanza precipitadamente y coge a Stephen por la mano) ¡Vamos! ¡Ya está bien! ¡No te vuelvas loco!

BELLA

¡Policía!

(Stephen, &yándo la vara de fresno, la cabeza y brazos echados para detrás tiesos, golpea el suelo y sale huyendo de la habitación, por entre las putas de la puerta.)

BELLA

(chilla) ¡Cogedlo!

(Las dos putas corren hacia la puerta del vestíbulo. Lynch y Kitty y Zoe salen de estampida de la habitación. Hablan con gran excitación. Bloom los sigue, regresa)

LAS PUTAS

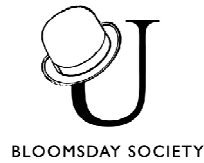
(apiñadas en la entrada, señalando) Por ahí abajo.

ZOE

(señalando) Ahí. Ahí pasa algo.

BELLA

¿Quién paga la lámpara? (coge a Bloom por los faldones de la americana) Vamos, tú estabas con él. La lámpara está rota.



BLOOM

(corre al vestíbulo, corre de vuelta) ¿Qué lámpara, mujer?

UNA PUTA

Se ha roto la americana.

BELLA

(sus ojos duros de rabiay codicia, señala) ¿Quién va a pagar esto? Diez chelines. Eres testigo.

BLOOM

(empuña la vara defresno de Stephen) ¿Yo? ¿Diez chelines? No le ha desvalijado ya bastante? ¿Es que él no?

BELLA

(en voz alta) Vamos, nada de fanfarronadas. Esto no es un burdel. Una casa de a diez chelines.

BLOOM

(La cabeza debajo de la lámpara, tira de la cadena. Gimoteando, el chorro de gas ilumina una pantalla púrpura malva hecha añicos. Alza la vara defresno) Sólo está roto el fanal. Esto es todo lo que ha... .

BELLA

(retrocede encogiday chilla) ¡Jesús! ¡No lo haga!

BLOOM

(desviando un golpe) Para mostrarle cómo le dio al papel. No hay daños ni por valor de seis peniques. ¡Diez chelines!

FLORRY

(con un vaso de agua, entra) ¿Dónde está?

BELLA

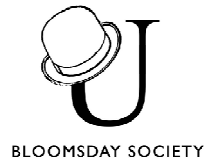
¿Quiere que llame a la policía?

BLOOM

Sí, sí, ya lo sé. Tienen un matón en el local. Pero si es un estudiante del Trnity. Parroquianos de su establecimiento. Caballeros que pagan el arrendamiento. (hace una señal masónica) ¿Sabe lo que quiero decir? Sobrino del rector. No querrá un escándalo.

BELLA

(con enfado) Trmity. Vienen por aquí a armar barullo después de las regatas y no pagan nada. ¿Es usted el que da las órdenes aquí o? ¿Dónde está? ¡Le voy a demandar! ¡Le voy a poner como chupa de dómine, claro que lo haré! (grita) ¡Zoe! ¡Zoe!



BLOOM

(con insistencia) ¿Y si fuera su propio hijo de Oxford? (advirtiéndole) Lo sé.

BELLA

(casi sin habla) Quién es. ¡Desconocido!

ZOE

(en la entrada) Aquí hay bronca.

8. The assault

THE HUE AND CRY: (*Helterskelterpelterwelter*) He's Bloom! Stop Bloom! Stopabloom! Stopperrobber! Hi! Hi! Stophim on the corner!

(*At the corner of Beaver Street beneath the scaffolding Bloom panting stops on the fringe of the noisy quarrelling knot, a lot not knowing a jot what hi! hi! row and wrangle round the whowhat brawltogether.*)

STEPHEN: (*With elaborate gestures, breathing deeply and slowly*) You are my guests. Uninvited. By virtue of the fifth of George and seventh of Edward. History to blame. Fabled by mothers of memory.

PRIVATE CARR: (*To Cissy Caffrey*) Was he insulting you?

STEPHEN: Addressed her in vocative feminine. Probably neuter. Ungenitive.

VOICES: No, he didn't. I seen him. The girl there. He was in Mrs Cohen's. What's up? Soldier and civilian.

CISSY CAFFREY: I was in company with the soldiers and they left me to do—you know, and the young man run up behind me. But I'm faithful to the man that's treating me though I'm only a shilling whore.

STEPHEN: (*Catches sight of Lynch's and Kitty's heads*) Hail, Sisyphus. (*He points to himself and the others*) Poetic. Uropoetic.

VOICES: Shes faithfultheman.

CISSY CAFFREY: Yes, to go with him. And me with a soldier friend.

PRIVATE COMPTON: He doesn't half want a thick ear, the blighter. Biff him one, Harry.

PRIVATE CARR: (*To Cissy*) Was he insulting you while me and him was having a piss?

LORD TENNYSON: (*Gentleman poet in Union Jack blazer and cricket flannels, bareheaded, flowingbearded*) Theirs not to reason why.

PRIVATE COMPTON: Biff him, Harry.

STEPHEN: (*To Private Compton*) I don't know your name but you are quite right. Doctor Swift says one man in armour will beat ten men in their shirts. Shirt is synechdoche. Part for the whole.

CISSY CAFFREY: (*To The Crowd*) No, I was with the privates.

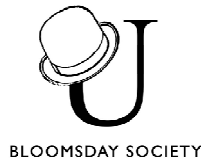
STEPHEN: (*Amiably*) Why not? The bold soldier boy. In my opinion every lady for example...

PRIVATE CARR: (*His cap awry, advances to Stephen*) Say, how would it be, governor, if I was to bash in your jaw?

STEPHEN: (*Looks up to the sky*) How? Very unpleasant. Noble art of selfpretence. Personally, I detest action. (*He waves his hand*) Hand hurts me slightly. *Enfin ce sont vos oignons.* (*To Cissy Caffrey*) Some trouble is on here. What is it precisely?

DOLLY GRAY: (*From her balcony waves her handkerchief, giving the sign of the heroine of Jericho*) Rahab. Cook's son, goodbye. Safe home to Dolly. Dream of the girl you left behind and she will dream of you.

(*The soldiers turn their swimming eyes.*)



BLOOM: (*Elbowing through the crowd, plucks Stephen's sleeve vigorously*) Come now, professor, that carman is waiting.

STEPHEN: (*Turns*) Eh? (*He disengages himself*) Why should I not speak to him or to any human being who walks upright upon this oblate orange? (*He points his finger*) I'm not afraid of what I can talk to if I see his eye. Retaining the perpendicular.

(*He staggers a pace back*)

BLOOM: (*Propping him*) Retain your own.

STEPHEN: (*Laughs emptily*) My centre of gravity is displaced. I have forgotten the trick. Let us sit down somewhere and discuss. Struggle for life is the law of existence but but human philirenists, notably the tsar and the king of England, have invented arbitration. (*He taps his brow*) But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king.

BIDDY THE CLAP: Did you hear what the professor said? He's a professor out of the college.

CUNTY KATE: I did. I heard that.

BIDDY THE CLAP: He expresses himself with such marked refinement of phraseology.

CUNTY KATE: Indeed, yes. And at the same time with such apposite trenchancy.

PRIVATE CARR: (*Pulls himself free and comes forward*) What's that you're saying about my king?

(*Edward the Seventh appears in an archway. He wares a white jersey on which an image of the Sacred Heart is stitched with the insignia of Garter and Thistle, Golden Fleece, Elephant of Denmark, Skinner's and Probyn's horse, Lincoln's Inn bencher and ancient and honourable artillery company of Massachusetts. He sucks a red jujube. He is robed as a grand elect perfect and sublime mason with trowel and apron, marked made in Germany. In his left hand he holds a plasterer's bucket on which is printed Défense d'uriner. A roar of welcome greets him.*)

PRIVATE CARR: (*To Stephen*) Say it again.

STEPHEN: (*Nervous, friendly, pulls himself up*) I understand your point of view though I have no king myself for the moment. This is the age of patent medicines. A discussion is difficult down here. But this is the point. You die for your country. Suppose. (*He places his arm on Private Carr's sleeve*) Not that I wish it for you. But I say: Let my country die for me. Up to the present it has done so. I didn't want it to die. Damn death. Long live life!

EDWARD THE SEVENTH: (*Levitates over heaps of slain, in the garb and with the halo of Joking Jesus, a white jujube in his phosphorescent face*)

My methods are new and are causing surprise. To make the blind see I throw dust in their eyes.

STEPHEN: Kings and unicorns! (*He fills back a pace*) Come somewhere and we'll... What was that girl saying?...

PRIVATE COMPTON: Eh, Harry, give him a kick in the knackers. Stick one into Jerry.

BLOOM: (*To the privates, softly*) He doesn't know what he's saying. Taken a little more than is good for him. Absinthe. Greeneyed monster. I know him. He's a gentleman, a poet. It's all right.

STEPHEN: (*Nods, smiling and laughing*) Gentleman, patriot, scholar and judge of impostors.

PRIVATE CARR: I don't give a bugger who he is.

PRIVATE COMPTON: We don't give a bugger who he is.

STEPHEN: I seem to annoy them. Green rag to a bull.

(*Kevin Egan of Paris in black Spanish tasselled shirt and peep-o'-day boy's hat signs to Stephen.*)

KEVIN EGAN: H'lo! *Bonjour!* The *vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes*.

(*Patrice Egan peeps from behind, his rabbitface nibbling a quince leaf.*)

PATRICE: *Socialiste!*

DON EMILE PATRIZIO FRANZ RUPERT POPE HENNESSY: (*In medieval hauberk, two wild geese volant on his helm, with noble indignation points a mailed hand against the privates*) Werf those eykes to footboden, big grand porcos of johnnyellows todos covered of gravy!



BLOOM: *(To Stephen)* Come home. You'll get into trouble.

STEPHEN: *(Swaying)* I don't avoid it. He provokes my intelligence.

BIDDY THE CLAP: One immediately observes that he is of patrician lineage.

THE VIRAGO: Green above the red, says he. Wolfe Tone.

THE BAWD: The red's as good as the green. And better. Up the soldiers! Up King Edward!

A ROUGH: *(Laughs)* Ay! Hands up to De Wet.

THE CITIZEN: *(With a huge emerald muffler and shillelagh, calls)*

May the God above

Send down a dove

With teeth as sharp as razors

To slit the throats

Of the English dogs

That hanged our Irish leaders

(...)

STEPHEN: Stick, no. Reason. This feast of pure reason.

CISSY CAFFREY: *(Pulling Private Carr)* Come on, you're boosed. He insulted me but I forgive him. *(Shouting in his ear)* I forgive him for insulting me.

BLOOM: *(Over Stephen's shoulder)* Yes, go. You see he's incapable.

PRIVATE CARR: *(Breaks loose)* I'll insult him.

(He rushes towards Stephen, fist outstretched, and strikes him in the face. Stephen totters, collapses, falls, stunned. He lies prone, his face to the sky, his hat rolling to the wall. Bloom follows and picks it up.)

MAJOR TWEEDY: *(Loudly)* Carbine in bucket! Cease fire! Salute!

THE RETRIEVER: *(Barking furiously)* Ute ute ute ute ute ute ute.

THE CROWD: Let him up! Don't strike him when he's down! Air! Who? The soldier hit him. He's a professor. Is he hurted? Don't manhandle him! He's fainted!

A HAG: What call had the redcoat to strike the gentleman and he under the influence. Let them go and fight the Boers!

THE BAWD: Listen to who's talking! Hasn't the soldier a right to go with his girl? He gave him the coward's blow.

(They grab at each other's hair, claw at each other and spit)

THE RETRIEVER: *(Barking)* Wow wow wow.

BLOOM: *(Shoves them back, loudly)* Get back, stand back!

PRIVATE COMPTON: *(Tugging his comrade)* Here. Bugger off, Harry. Here's the cops! *(Two raincaped watch, tall, stand in the group.)*

FIRST WATCH: What's wrong here?



PRIVATE COMPTON: We were with this lady. And he insulted us. And assaulted my chum. (*The retriever barks*) Who owns the bleeding tyke?

CISSY CAFFREY: (*With expectation*) Is he bleeding!

A MAN: (*Rising from his knees*) No. Gone off. He'll come to all right.

BLOOM: (*Glances sharply at the man*) Leave him to me. I can easily...

SECOND WATCH: Who are you? Do you know him?

PRIVATE CARR: (*Lurches towards the watch*) He insulted my lady friend.

BLOOM: (*Angrily*) You hit him without provocation. I'm a witness. Constable, take his regimental number.

SECOND WATCH: I don't want your instructions in the discharge of my duty.

PRIVATE COMPTON: (*Pulling his comrade*) Here, bugger off Harry. Or Bennett'll shove you in the lockup.

PRIVATE CARR: (*Staggering as he is pulled away*) God fuck old Bennett. He's a whitearsed bugger. I don't give a shit for him.

FIRST WATCH: (*Takes out his notebook*) What's his name?

BLOOM: (*Peering over the crowd*) I just see a car there. If you give me a hand a second, sergeant...

FIRST WATCH: Name and address.

(*Corny Kelleher, weepers round his hat, a death wreath in his hand, appears among the bystanders.*)

BLOOM: (*Quickly*) O, the very man! (*He whispers*) Simon Dedalus' son. A bit sprung. Get those policemen to move those loafers back.

SECOND WATCH: Night, Mr Kelleher.

CORNY KELLEHER: (*To the watch, with drawling eye*) That's all right. I know him. Won a bit on the races. Gold cup. Throwaway. (*He laughs*) Twenty to one. Do you follow me?

FIRST WATCH: (*Turns to the crowd*) Here, what are you all gaping at? Move on out of that.

(*The crowd disperses slowly, muttering, down the lane.*)

CORNY KELLEHER: Leave it to me, sergeant. That'll be all right. (*He laughs, shaking his head*) We were often as bad ourselves, ay or worse. What? Eh, what?

FIRST WATCH: (*Laughs*) I suppose so.

CORNY KELLEHER: (*Nudges the second watch*) Come and wipe your name off the slate. (*He lolls, wagging his head*) With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom. What, eh, do you follow me?

SECOND WATCH: (*Genially*) Ah, sure we were too.

CORNY KELLEHER: (*Winking*) Boys will be boys. I've a car round there.

SECOND WATCH: All right, Mr Kelleher. Good night.

CORNY KELLEHER: I'll see to that.

BLOOM: (*Shakes hands with both of the watch in turn*) Thank you very much, gentlemen. Thank you. (*He mumbles confidentially*) We don't want any scandal, you understand. Father is a wellknown highly respected citizen. Just a little wild oats, you understand.

FIRST WATCH: O. I understand, sir.

SECOND WATCH: That's all right, sir.

FIRST WATCH: It was only in case of corporal injuries I'd have to report it at the station.

BLOOM: (*Nods rapidly*) Naturally. Quite right. Only your bounden duty.

SECOND WATCH: It's our duty.

CORNY KELLEHER: Good night, men.

THE WATCH: (*Saluting together*) Night, gentlemen. (*They move off with slow heavy tread*)

BLOOM: (*Blows*) Providential you came on the scene. You have a car?...



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY



CORNY KELLEHER: (*Laughs, pointing his thumb over his right shoulder to the car brought up against the scaffolding*) Two commercials that were standing fizz in Jammet's. Like princes, faith. One of them lost two quid on the race. Drowning his grief. And were on for a go with the jolly girls. So I landed them up on Behan's car and down to nighttown.

DISTANT VOICES: Dublin's burning! Dublin's burning! On fire, on fire!

(Brimstone fires spring up. Dense clouds roll past. Heavy Gatling guns boom. Pandemonium. Troops deploy. Gallop of hoofs. Artillery. Hoarse commands. Bells clang. Backers shout. Drunkards bawl. Whores screech. Foghorns hoot. Cries of valour. Shrieks of dying. Pikes clash on cuirasses. Thieves rob the slain. Birds of prey, winging from the sea, rising from marshlands, swooping from eyries, hover screaming, gannets, cormorants, vultures, goshawks, climbing woodcocks, peregrines, merlins, black grouse, sea eagles, gulls, albatrosses, barnacle geese. The midnight sun is darkened. The earth trembles. The dead of Dublin from Prospect and Mount Jerome in white sheepskin overcoats and black goatfell cloaks arise and appear to many. A chasm opens with a noiseless yawn. Tom Rochford, winner, in athlete's singlet and breeches, arrives at the head of the national hurdle handicap and leaps into the void. He is followed by a race of runners and leapers. In wild attitudes they spring from the brink. Their bodies plunge. Factory lasses with fancy clothes toss redhot Yorkshire baraabombs. Society ladies lift their skirts above their heads to protect themselves. Laughing witches in red cutty sarks ride through the air on broomsticks. Quakerlyster plasters blisters. It rains dragons' teeth. Armed heroes spring up from furrows. They exchange in amity the pass of knights of the red cross and fight duels with cavalry sabres: Wolfe Tone against Henry Grattan, Smith O'Brien against Daniel O'Connell, Michael Davitt against Isaac Butt, Justin M'Carthy against Parnell, Arthur Griffith against John Redmond, John O'Leary against Lear O'Johnny, Lord Edward Fitzgerald against Lord Gerald Fitzedward, The O'Donoghue of the Glens against The Glens of The O'Donoghue. On an eminence, the centre of the earth, rises the feldaltar of Saint Barbara. Black candles rise from its gospel and epistle horns. From the high barbicans of the tower two shafts of light fall on the smokepalled altarstone. On the altarstone Mrs Mina Purefoy, goddess of unreason, lies, naked, fettered, a chalice resting on her swollen belly. Father Malachi O'Flynn in a lace petticoat and reversed chasuble, his two left feet back to the front, celebrates camp mass. The Reverend Mr Hugh C Haines Love M. A. in a plain cassock and mortarboard, his head and collar back to the front, holds over the celebrant's head an open umbrella.)

(...)

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(Corny Kelleker, weepers round his hat, a death wreath in his hand, appears among the bystanders.)

BLOOM: *(Quickly)* O, the very man! *(He whispers)* Simon Dedalus' son. A bit sprung. Get those policemen to move those loafers back.

SECOND WATCH: Night, Mr Kelleher.

CORNY KELLEHER: *(To the watch, with drawling eye)* That's all right. I know him. Won a bit on the races. Gold cup. Throwaway. *(He laughs)* Twenty to one. Do you follow me?

FIRST WATCH: *(Turns to the crowd)* Here, what are you all gaping at? Move on out of that.

(The crowd disperses slowly, muttering, down the lane.)

CORNY KELLEHER: Leave it to me, sergeant. That'll be all right. *(He laughs, shaking his head)* We were often as bad ourselves, ay or worse. What? Eh, what?

FIRST WATCH: *(Laughs)* I suppose so.

CORNY KELLEHER: *(Nudges the second watch)* Come and wipe your name off the slate. *(He tilts, wagging his head)* With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom. What, eh, do you follow me?

SECOND WATCH: *(Genially)* Ah, sure we were too.

CORNY KELLEHER: *(Winking)* Boys will be boys. I've a car round there.

SECOND WATCH: All right, Mr Kelleher. Good night.

CORNY KELLEHER: I'll see to that.

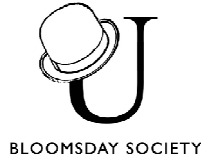
BLOOM: *(Shakes hands with both of the watch in turn)* Thank you very much, gentlemen. Thank you. *(He mumbles confidentially)* We don't want any scandal, you understand. Father is a wellknown highly respected citizen. Just a little wild oats, you understand.

FIRST WATCH: O. I understand, sir.

SECOND WATCH: That's all right, sir.

FIRST WATCH: It was only in case of corporal injuries I'd have to report it at the station.

BLOOM: *(Nods rapidly)* Naturally. Quite right. Only your bounden duty.



SECOND WATCH: It's our duty.

CORNY KELLEHER: Good night, men.

THE WATCH: *(Saluting together)* Night, gentlemen. *(They move off with slow heavy tread)*

BLOOM: *(Blows)* Providential you came on the scene. You have a car?...

CORNY KELLEHER: *(Laughs, pointing his thumb over his right shoulder to the car brought up against the scaffolding)* Two commercials that were standing fizz in Jammet's. Like princes, faith. One of them lost two quid on the race. Drowning his grief. And were on for a go with the jolly girls. So I landed them up on Behan's car and down to nighttown.

(...)

CORNY KELLEHER: Sure it was Behan our jarvey there that told me after we left the two commercials in Mrs Cohen's and I told him to pull up and got off to see. *(He laughs)* Sober hearseddrivers a speciality. Will I give him a lift home? Where does he hang out? Somewhere in Cabra, what?

BLOOM: No, in Sandycove, I believe, from what he let drop.

(Stephen, prone, breathes to the stars. Corny Kelleher, asquint, drawls at the horse. Bloom, in gloom, looms down.)

CORNY KELLEHER: *(Scratches his nape)* Sandycove! *(He bends down and calls to Stephen)* Eh! *(He calls again)* Eh! He's covered with shavings anyhow. Take care they didn't lift anything off him.

BLOOM: No, no, no. I have his money and his hat here and stick.

CORNY KELLEHER: Ah, well, he'll get over it. No bones broken. Well, I'll shove along. *(He laughs)* I've a rendezvous in the morning. Burying the dead. Safe home!

THE HORSE: *(Neighs)* Hohohohohome.

BLOOM: Good night. I'll just wait and take him along in a few...

(Corny Kelleher returns to the outside car and mounts it. The horse harness jingles.)

CORNY KELLEHER: *(From the car, standing)* Night.

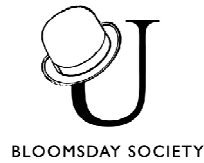
9. The recognition

BLOOM

Buenas.

(El calesero da un tirón de las riendas y alza el látigo con ánimo. Coche y caballo retroceden lentamente, con dificultad, y se vuelven. Kelleher Copetón en el asiento lateral balancea la cabeza adelantey atrás en señal de regocijo por el aprieto de Bloom. El calesero se une a el en el mudo divertimento pantomímico asintiendo desde el asiento más leyáno. Bloom sacude la cabeza en muda respuesta regoc~ada. Con el pulgar y la palma de la mano Kelleher Copetón le vuelve a asegurar que los dos polis dejarán que el sueño continúe pues qué otra cosa se puede hacer. Con un asentimiento lento Bloom le transmite su gratitud pues eso es exactamente lo que Stephen necesita. El coche tintinea agururú al volver la esquina del agururú callejón. Kelleber Copetón de nuevo le reasegurarú con la mano. Bloom con la mano asegurarú a Kelleher Copetón que está reaseguradogurarurururú. Los cascos tableteantesy los arrees tintineantes se hacen más débiles con su agurulú lulú lÚN. Bloom, sosteniendo en la mano el sombrero de Stephen, festoneado con virutas, y la vara de fresno, permanece de pie irresoluto. Luego se inclina hacia ely le sacude por el hombro.)

BLOOM



¡Eh! ¡Jo! (No hay respuesta. Se inclina de nuevo.) ¡Mr. Dedalus! (no hay respuesta) El nombre si lo llamas. Sonámbulo. (se inclina de nuevo y, vacilando, acerca la boca a la cara de la figura postrada)
¡Stephen! (No hay respuesta. Llama de nuevo.) ¡Stephen!

STEPHEN

(frunce el ceño) ¿Quién? Pantera negra. Vampiro. (suspira y se estira, luego murmura en voz confusa alargando las vocales)

¿Quién ... conduce ... Fergus ahora

y horada ... sombra tejida de la espesura..?

(Se vuelve hacia el lado izquierdo, suspirando, doblándose totalmente.)

BLOOM

Poesía. Muy culto. Lástima. (se inclina de nuevo y le desabrocha a Stephen los botones del chaleco) Para respirar. (cepilla las virutas de madera de las ropas a Stephen con manos y dedos ligeros) Una libra con siete. No se ha lastimado a pesar de todo. (escucha) ¿Qué?

STEPHEN

(murmura)

... . sombras ... la espesura

... blanco seno... mar ensombrecido.

(Estira los brazos, suspira de nuevo y se hace un ovillo. Bloom sosteniendo el sombrero y la vara defresno, permanece de pie. Un perro ladra en la distancia. Bloom aprieta y afloja su apretadura de la vara defresno. Recorre con la mirada la carayfigura de Stephen)

BLOOM

(comulga con la noche) La cara me recuerda á su pobre madre. En la sombra de la espesura. El profundo blanco seno. Ferguson, creo que le cogí. Una chica. Cualquiere chica. Lo mejor que podría pasarle.

(murmura) juro que siempre confirmaré, por siempre ocultaré, nunca revelaré, parte o partes, arte o artes (murmura) en las ásperas arenas del mar ... a una distancia de cable de remolque de la orilla donde la marea fluye y refluye

(Silencioso, pensativo, alerta permanece en guardia, los dedos en los labios en actitud de maestro secreto. Junto a la oscura pared una figura aparece lentamente, un niño hechizador de once años, cambiado por otro, raptado, en traje de Eton con zapatos de cristal y un casquito de bronce, sosteniendo un libro en la mano. Lee de derecha a izquierda inaudiblemente, sonriendo, besando la página.)

BLOOM

(hondamente impresionado, llama inaudiblemente) ¡Rudy!



RUDY

(mira fijamente, sin ver, a los ojos de Bloom y sigue leyendo, besando, sonriendo. Tiene la cara delicada color malva. En el traje lleva botones de diamantes y rubíes. En la mano izquierda Ebre sostiene una fina varita de marfil con un lazo violeta. Un corderito blanco asoma por el bolsillo del chaleco)