



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Ulises E7 (Eolo) – Finnegan's Wake (L1 E3)

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

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1. Ulysses: Aeolus. Readers: Kate Marriage & Mul Murphy

IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN METROPOLIS

Before Nelson's pillar trams slowed, shunted, changed trolley, started for Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey, Clonskea, Rathgar and Terenure, Palmerston Park and upper Rathmines, Sandymount Green, Rathmines, Ringsend and Sandymount Tower, Harold's Cross. The hoarse Dublin United Tramway Company's timekeeper bawled them off:

—Rathgar and Terenure!

—Come on, Sandymount Green!

Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck moved from their railheads, swerved to the down line, glided parallel.

—Start, Palmerston Park!

THE WEARER OF THE CROWN

Under the porch of the general post office shoeblacks called and polished. Parked in North Prince's street His Majesty's vermilion mailcars, bearing on their sides the royal initials, E. R., received loudly flung sacks of letters, postcards, lettercards, parcels, insured and paid, for local, provincial, British and overseas delivery.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float. On the brewery float bumped dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen out of Prince's stores.

—There it is, Red Murray said. Alexander Keyes.

—Just cut it out, will you? Mr Bloom said, and I'll take it round to the *Telegraph* office.

The door of Ruttledge's office creaked again. Davy Stephens, minute in a large capecoat, a small felt hat crowning his ringlets, passed out with a roll of papers under his cape, a king's courier.

Red Murray's long shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in four clean strokes. Scissors and paste.

—I'll go through the printingworks, Mr Bloom said, taking the cut square.

—Of course, if he wants a par, Red Murray said earnestly, a pen behind his ear, we can do him one.

—Right, Mr Bloom said with a nod. I'll rub that in.

We.

WILLIAM BRAYDEN, ESQUIRE, OF OAKLANDS, SANDYMOUNT

Red Murray touched Mr Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered:

—Brayden.



Mr Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a stately figure entered between the newsboards of the *Weekly Freeman and National Press* and the *Freeman's Journal and National Press*. Dullthudding Guinness's barrels. It passed stately up the staircase, steered by an umbrella, a solemn beardframed face. The broadcloth back ascended each step: back. All his brains are in the nape of his neck, Simon Dedalus says. Welts of flesh behind on him. Fat folds of neck, fat, neck, fat, neck.

—Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour? Red Murray whispered.

The door of Ruttledge's office whispered: ee: cree. They always build one door opposite another for the wind to. Way in. Way out.

Our Saviour: beardframed oval face: talking in the dusk. Mary, Martha. Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights: Mario the tenor.

—Or like Mario, Mr Bloom said.

—Yes, Red Murray agreed. But Mario was said to be the picture of Our Saviour.

Jesusmario with rogy cheeks, doublet and spindle legs. Hand on his heart. In *Martha*.

Co-ome thou lost one,
Co-ome thou dear one!

THE CROZIER AND THE PEN

—His grace phoned down twice this morning, Red Murray said gravely.

They watched the knees, legs, boots vanish. Neck.

A telegram boy stepped in nimbly, threw an envelope on the counter and stepped off posthaste with a word:

—*Freeman!*

Mr Bloom said slowly:

—Well, he is one of our saviours also.

A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counterflap, as he passed in through a sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage, along the now reverberating boards. But will he save the circulation? Thumping. Thumping.

He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered, stepping over strewn packing paper. Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet.

WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS

Hynes here too: account of the funeral probably. Thumping. Thump. This morning the remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam. Machines. Smash a man to atoms if they got him caught. Rule the world today. His machineries are pegging away too. Like these, got out of hand: fermenting. Working away, tearing away. And that old grey rat tearing to get in.

HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT

Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body, admiring a glossy crown.



Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for College green. He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth. It's the ads and side features sell a weekly, not the stale news in the official gazette. Queen Anne is dead. Published by authority in the year one thousand and. Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis, barony of Tinnahinch. To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute showing return of number of mules and jennets exported from Ballina. Nature notes. Cartoons. Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story. Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots. Country bumpkin's queries. Dear Mr Editor, what is a good cure for flatulence? I'd like that part. Learn a lot teaching others. The personal note. M. A. P. Mainly all pictures. Shapely bathers on golden strand. World's biggest balloon. Double marriage of sisters celebrated. Two bridegrooms laughing heartily at each other. Cuprani too, printer. More Irish than the Irish.

The machines clanked in threefour time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralysed there and no-one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing. Want a cool head.

—Well, get it into the evening edition, councillor, Hynes said.

Soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is backing him, they say.

The foreman, without answering, scribbled press on a corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter. He handed the sheet silently over the dirty glass screen.

—Right: thanks, Hynes said moving off.

Mr Bloom stood in his way.

—If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch, he said, pointing backward with his thumb.

—Did you? Hynes asked.

—Mm, Mr Bloom said. Look sharp and you'll catch him.

—Thanks, old man, Hynes said. I'll tap him too.

He hurried on eagerly towards the *Freeman's Journal*.

Three bob I lent him in Meagher's. Three weeks. Third hint.

WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK

Mr Bloom laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk.

—Excuse me, councillor, he said. This ad, you see. Keyes, you remember?

Mr Nannetti considered the cutting awhile and nodded.

—He wants it in for July, Mr Bloom said.

The foreman moved his pencil towards it.

—But wait, Mr Bloom said. He wants it changed. Keyes, you see. He wants two keys at the top.

Hell of a racket they make. He doesn't hear it. Nannan. Iron nerves. Maybe he understands what I.

The foreman turned round to hear patiently and, lifting an elbow, began to scratch slowly in the armpit of his alpaca jacket.

—Like that, Mr Bloom said, crossing his forefingers at the top.

Let him take that in first.



Mr Bloom, glancing sideways up from the cross he had made, saw the foreman's sallow face, think he has a touch of jaundice, and beyond the obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper. Clank it. Clank it. Miles of it unreeled. What becomes of it after? O, wrap up meat, parcels: various uses, thousand and one things.

Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred woodwork.

HOUSE OF KEY(E)S

—Like that, see. Two crossed keys here. A circle. Then here the name. Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on.

Better not teach him his own business.

—You know yourself, councillor, just what he wants. Then round the top in leaded: the house of keys. You see? Do you think that's a good idea?

The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched there quietly.

—The idea, Mr Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Tourists, you know, from the isle of Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that?

I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that *voglio*. But then if he didn't know only make it awkward for him. Better not.

—We can do that, the foreman said. Have you the design?

—I can get it, Mr Bloom said. It was in a Kilkenny paper. He has a house there too. I'll just run out and ask him. Well, you can do that and just a little par calling attention. You know the usual. Highclass licensed premises. Longfelt want. So on.

The foreman thought for an instant.

—We can do that, he said. Let him give us a three months' renewal.

A typesetter brought him a limp galley page. He began to check it silently. Mr Bloom stood by, hearing the loud throbs of cranks, watching the silent typesetters at their cases.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL

Want to be sure of his spelling. Proof fever. Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his spellingbee conundrum this morning. It is amusing to view the unpar one ar alleled embarra two ars is it? double ess ment of a harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry with a y of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall. Silly, isn't it? Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry.

I should have said when he clapped on his topper. Thank you. I ought to have said something about an old hat or something. No. I could have said. Looks as good as new now. See his phiz then.

Sllt. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch of quirefolded papers. Sllt. Almost human the way it sllt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too sllt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Sllt.



NOTED CHURCHMAN AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

The foreman handed back the galley page suddenly, saying:

—Wait. Where's the archbishop's letter? It's to be repeated in the *Telegraph*. Where's what's his name?

He looked about him round his loud unanswering machines.

—Monks, sir? a voice asked from the casting box.

—Ay. Where's Monks?

—Monks!

Mr Bloom took up his cutting. Time to get out.

—Then I'll get the design, Mr Nannetti, he said, and you'll give it a good place I know.

—Monks!

—Yes, sir.

Three months' renewal. Want to get some wind off my chest first. Try it anyhow. Rub in August: good idea: horseshow month. Ballsbridge. Tourists over for the show.

A DAYFATHER

He walked on through the caseroom passing an old man, bowed, spectacled, aproned. Old Monks, the dayfather. Queer lot of stuff he must have put through his hands in his time: obituary notices, pubs' ads, speeches, divorce suits, found drowned. Nearing the end of his tether now. Sober serious man with a bit in the savingsbank I'd say. Wife a good cook and washer. Daughter working the machine in the parlour. Plain Jane, no damn nonsense.

AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER

He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type. Reads it backwards first. Quickly he does it. Must require some practice that. mangiD kcirtaP. Poor papa with his haggadah book, reading backwards with his finger to me. Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear! All that long business about that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage *alleluia*. *Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu*. No, that's the other. Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons. And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher. And then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat. Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well. Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all. How quickly he does that job. Practice makes perfect. Seems to see with his fingers.

Mr Bloom passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery on to the landing. Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps. Better phone him up first. Number? Yes. Same as Citron's house. Twentyeight. Twentyeight double four.



ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP

He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works. Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there.

He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? Ah, the soap I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned, into the hip pocket of his trousers.

What perfume does your wife use? I could go home still: tram: something I forgot. Just to see: before: dressing. No. Here. No.

A sudden screech of laughter came from the *Evening Telegraph* office. Know who that is. What's up? Pop in a minute to phone. Ned Lambert it is.

He entered softly.

2. Ulises: Eolo. Lectoras: Concha D'Olhaberrague&Pilar Pastor

ERÍN, VERDE GEMA DEL MAR PLATEADO

—El espectro avanza repartiendo pasta, murmuró el profesor MacHugh suavemente, degalletaslleno al polvoriento cristal de la ventana.

Mr. Dedalus, desviando la mirada atenta de la chimenea vacía a la cara inquisidora de Ned Lambert, preguntó a ésta agriamente:

—¡Por las llagas de Cristo! ¿No te daría ardores en el culo?

Ned Lambert, sentado en la mesa, continuó leyendo:

—O también, reparad en el serpenteo de un gorgoteante ria chuelo que murmulla en su curso, si bien riñendo con los obstáculos petrosos, hacia las agitadas aguas de los azulados dominios de Neptuno, por entre márgenes de musgo, abanicado por los más suaves céfiros, mecido por la gloriosa luz del sol o bajo las sombras que se agolpan sobre su pecho meditabundo por el cimbrado follaje de los gigantes de la espesura. ¿Qué le parece, Simon? preguntó por encima del borde del periódico. ¿Qué le parece eso, eh?

—Mezclando bebidas, dijo Mr. Dedalus.

Ned Lambert, riéndose, se golpeó con el periódico en las rodillas, repitiendo:

—El pecho meditabundo y el cimbranalgado follaje. ¡Hay que ver! ¡Hay que ver!

—Y Jenofonte dejó caer la mirada sobre Maratón, dijo Mr. Dedalus, mirando otra vez la chimenea y de allí a la ventana, y Maratón miró al mar.



–Ya está bien, exclamó el profesor MacHugh desde la ventana. No quiero oír más tonterías.

Terminó de comer la galleta en cuarto creciente que había estado mordisqueando y, hambreado, se dispuso a mordisquear la galleta de la otra mano.

Rimbombancias. Floripondios. Ned Lambert se va a coger un día libre por lo que veo. Más bien le estropea a uno el día, un entierro desde luego lo estropea. Tiene influencia dicen. El viejo Chatterton, el rector, es su tío–abuelo o tío–bisabuelo. Cerca de los noventa dicen. Artículo de fondo para su muerte escrito desde hace tiempo quizá. Sigue vivo por fastidiarlos. Puede que caiga él primero. Johnny, haz sitio a tu tío. El muy honorable Hedges Eyre Chatterton. Diría que le extiende uno o dos talones temblorosos de vez en cuando para un apuro. El gordo le va a tocar cuando estire la pata. Aleluya.

–Y aún hay algo más, dijo Ned Lambert.

–¿De qué se trata? preguntó Mr. Bloom.

–Un fragmento descubierto recientemente de Cicerón, contestó el profesor MacHugh en tono pomposo. Nuestra hermosa tierra.

CORTO PERO AL GRANO

–¿La tierra de quién? dijo Mr. Bloom sencillamente.

–Una pregunta de lo más pertinente, dijo el profesor entre masticaciones. Con énfasis en de quién.

–De Dan Dawson, dijo Mr. Dedalus.

–¿Es su discurso de anoche? preguntó Mr. Bloom.

Ned Lambert asintió.

–Pero escuchen esto, dijo.

El pomo de la puerta le pegó a Mr. Bloom en los riñones al abrirse hacia dentro de un empujón.

–Discúlpeme, dijo J. J. O'Molloy, entrando.

Mr. Bloom se echó resueltamente a un lado.

–Disculpe usted, dijo.

–Buenos días, Jack.



–Pase. Pase.

–Buenos días.

–¿Cómo está, Dedalus?

–Bien. ¿Y usted?

J. J. O'Molloy sacudió la cabeza.

TRISTE

El tipo más agudo entre los jóvenes abogados solía ser. Decadencia pobre hombre. Esos arreboles febriles indican el fin de un hombre. Está que se va. Qué está pasando, me pregunto. Preocupaciones económicas.

–O también si al menos trepásemos hasta los picachos de las apiñadas montañas.

–Tiene un aspecto estupendo.

–¿Se puede ver al director? preguntó J. J. O'Molloy, mirando hacia la puerta interior.

–Claro que sí, dijo el profesor MacHugh. Se le puede ver y oír. Está en su sanctasanctórum con Lenehan.

J. J. O'Molloy fue lentamente hasta el escritorio inclinado y empezó a pasar para atrás las páginas rosas de la carpeta.

Cientela mengua. Un podía habersido. Descorazonándose. Juego. Deudas de honor. Recogiendo tempestades. Solía conseguir buenos anticipos de D. y T. Fitzgerald. Las pelucas para mostrar la materia gris. Con los sesos en la mano como la estatua en Glasnevin. Creo que escribe algo para el Express con Gabriel Conroy. Tipo muy instruido. Myles Crawford empezó en el Independent. Curioso cómo giran con el viento esos periodistas en cuanto huelen una vacante. Veletas. Siempre cambiando de chaqueta. No sabría a quién creer. Una historia te parece buena hasta que oyes la siguiente. Se tiran al cuello unos a otros sin más en los periódicos y luego todo queda en nada. Cómo te va hombre al momento siguiente.

–Ah, escuchen esto por el amor de Dios, imploró Ned Lambert. O también si al menos trepásemos hasta los picachos de las apiñadas montañas...

–¡Ampulosidad! interrumpió el profesor malhumoradamente. ¡Ya tenemos bastante de tanta filatería!

–Picachos, prosiguió Ned Lambert, que se remontan hasta lo más alto, para bañar nuestras almas, por decirlo así...



–Para que le bañen la boca, dílo Mr. Dedalus. ¡Dios santo y eterno! ¿Sí? ¿Está tomando algo para eso?

Por decirlo así, en el panorama sin par del portfolio de Irlanda, incomparable, a pesar de sus bien aclamados prototipos en otras excelentes regiones alardeadas, por su propia belleza, de boscosa arboleda y llanos ondulantes y pastos suculentos de verde primavera¿ saturadas de translúcido fulgor trascendente de nuestro apacible misterioso crepúsculo irlandés...

–La luna, dijo el profesor MacHugh. Se ha olvidado de Hamlet.

SU JERGA NATAL

Que envuelve el paisaje a lo ancho y largo hasta que el fulgurante orbe de la luna refulja para irradiar su plateada efulgencia...

–¡Vaya! exclamó Mr. Dedalus, dando rienda suelta a un quejido desesperanzado. ¡Caca podrida! Ya está bien, Ned. La vida es demasiado corta.

Se quitó el sombrero de copa y, soplándose impacientemente el frondoso bigote, se peinó el pelo a lo galés con el rastrillo de los dedos.

Ned Lambert echó el periódico a un lado, riéndose entre dientes muy a gusto. Un instante después una ronca tos en risotada reventó en la cara desafeitada con gafas negras del profesor MacHugh.

–¡Blandengue! exclamó.

LO QUE DIJO WETHERUP

Muy bonito burlarse de esto ahora una vez imprimido pero se lo tragan como rosquillas después de todo. Estuvo trabajando en la rama de panadería además ¿no? Por eso lo llaman Blandengue. Supo arrimarse a buen árbol de todas formas. La hija prometida a ese tipo de la oficina de contribuciones con coche. Lo enganchó pero que muy bien. Fiestas. Hospitalidad. Comilonas. Wetherup siempre lo dijo. Se les atrapa por el estómago.

La puerta interior se abrió violentamente y una cara escarlata picuda, coronada con una cresta de pelo plumoso, penetró por ella. Los Ojos de intenso azul miraron fijamente alrededor y la voz áspera preguntó:

–¿Qué pasa?

–¡Y aquí llega el caballero de pega en persona! dijo el profesor MacHugh grandiosamente.

–¡Váyase al cuerno, so jodido pedagogo! dijo el director en reconocimiento.

–Venga, Ned, dijo Mr. Dedalus, poniéndose el sombrero. Necesito una copa después de esto.



—¡Copas! exclamó el director. No se sirven copas antes de la misa.

—Tiene mucha razón, dijo Mr. Dedalus, saliendo. Vamos, Ned.

Ned Lambert se ladeó para bajar de la mesa. Los ojos azules del director vagaron hacia la cara de Mr. Bloom, nublada por una sonrisa.

—Nos acompaña, Myles? preguntó Ned Lambert.

GLORIOSAS BATALLAS REMEMORADAS

—¡La milicia de North Cork! exclamó el director, acercándose a largos pasos hasta la repisa de la chimenea. ¡Ganábamos todas las veces! ¡Oficiales de North Cork y españoles!

—¿Dónde fue eso, Myles? preguntó Ned Lambert echando un vistazo pensativo a sus punteras.

—¡En Ohio! gritó el director.

—Sí, claro, rediez, asintió Ned Lambert.

Al salir susurró a J. J. O'Molloy:

—Temblores incipientes. Un caso penoso.

—¡Ohio! graznó el director en tono de tiple alto desde su levantada cara escarlata. ¡Mi Ohio!

—¡Un crítico perfecto! dijo el profesor. Larga, breve y larga.

¡OH, ARPA EOLIA!

Sacó un carrete de hilo interdental del bolsillo del chaleco y, cortando un trozo, lo hizo vibrar esmeradamente entre dos y dos de sus resonantes dientes sin limpiar.

—Bimban, bamban.

Mr. Bloom, al ver que no había moros en la costa, se dirigió a la puerta interior.

—Un momento, Mr. Crawford, dijo. Quería tan sólo hacer una llamada acerca de un anuncio.

Entró.

—¿Qué pasa con el editorial de esta noche? preguntó el profesor MacHugh, acercándose al director y poniéndole una mano firme en el hombro.

—Todo irá bien, dijo Myles Crawford más calmadamente. No se preocupe. Hola, Jack. Irá bien.



–Buenos días, Myles, dijo J. J. O'Molloy, dejando que las páginas que sostenía se deslizaran laciamente otra vez dentro de la carpeta. ¿Aparece el caso del timo ese de Canadá hoy?

El teléfono ronroneó dentro.

–Veintiocho. No. Veinte. Cuatro cuatro, sí.

DESCUBRIR AL GANADOR

Lenehan salió del despacho interior con las pruebas de los Deportes.

–¿Quién quiere una pista segura para la Copa de Oro? preguntó. Cetro con O. Madden encima.

Echó las pruebas sobre la mesa.

Chillidos de muchachos gaceteros descalzos en el vestíbulo se acercaron apremiantes y la puerta se abrió de golpe.

–Callad, dijo Lenehan. Oigo pidasas.

El profesor MacHugh atravesó la habitación a largos pasos y cogió al encogido granujilla por el cuello de la camisa mientras los otros salían precipitadamente del recibidor y escaleras abajo. Las pruebas crujieron con la corriente, flotaron suavemente en el aire pintarrajos azules y bajo la mesa cayeron a tierra.

–No he sido yo, señor. Fue ese grandullón que me empujó, señor.

–Échelo y cierre la puerta, dijo el director. Sopla un huracán.

Lenehan empezó a recoger manoteando las pruebas del suelo, rezongando al agacharse dos veces.

–Esperando el especial de las carreras, señor, dijo el gacetero. Fue Pat Farrell el que me empujó, señor.

Señaló a dos caras que miraban asomadas al marco de la puerta.

–Ése, señor.

–Fuera de aquí, dijo el profesor MacHugh bruscamente.

Echó al chico a empellones y dio un portazo.

J. J. O'Molloy pasaba chascando las carpetas, murmurando, buscando:

–Continúa en la página seis, cuarta columna.



–Sí, aquí el Evening Telegraph, telefoneaba Mr. Bloom desde el despacho interior. ¿Está el patrón... ? Sí, Telegraph... ¿Adónde? ¡Ya! ¿Qué salón de subastas? ... ¡Ya! Entiendo. Bien. Lo atraparé.

SOBREVIENE UNA COLISIÓN

El timbre ronroneó de nuevo al colgar. Entró apresuradamente y se chocó con Lenehan que se levantaba trabajosamente con la segunda hoja.

–Pardon, monsieur, dijo Lenehan, agarrándose a él un instante y haciendo una mueca.

–Por mi culpa, dijo Mr. Bloom, aguantando el agarrón. ¿Se ha hecho daño? Tengo prisa.

–La rodilla, dijo Lenehan.

Puso cara de broma y gimió, restregándose la rodilla: –La acumulación del anno Domini.

–Lo siento, dijo Mr. Bloom.

Fue a la puerta y, manteniéndola entreabierta, se paró. J. J. O'Molloy pasaba las pesadas páginas a manotazos. El ruido de dos voces estridentes, y una armónica, de los gaceteros en cucullas en los escalones de la puerta resonaba en el desnudo vestíbulo:

–Somos los chicos de Wexford

que lucharon con la espaday el corazón.

SALE BLOOM

–Voy sólo a darme una vuelta al Bachelor's Walk, dijo Mr. Bloom, por lo de ese anuncio para Yaves. Quiero dejarlo solucionado. Me dicen que está por allí en Dillon.

Les miró un momento indecisamente a las caras. El director que, echado contra la repisa de la chimenea, había apoyado la cabeza en la mano, repentinamente extendió hacia delante un brazo en toda su amplitud.

–¡Várase! dijo. Tiene el mundo por delante.

–Vuelvo en seguida, dijo Mr. Bloom, saliendo ligero.

J. J. O'Molloy cogió las pruebas de la mano de Lenehan y las leyó, soplando delicadamente para separarlas, sin hacer comentario.

–Conseguiré ese anuncio, dijo el profesor, mirando fijamente a través de sus lentes de montura negra por encima de las cortinillas. Miren a esos pillos detrás de él.



—Dígame. ¿Dónde? exclamó Lenehan, corriendo hacia la ventana.

UN CORTEJO CALLEJERO

Ambos sonrieron por encima de las cortinillas a la fila de gaceteros que hacían el tonto tras la estela de Mr. Bloom, el último zigzagueando, blanca en la brisa cometa quimérica, una cola de blancos lazos.

—Miren al granuja detrás de él en ladra, dijo Lenehan, y se tronchará de risa. ¡Ay, es como para desternillarse! Imitándole los torpes pies planos y los andares. Las cogen al vuelo. Más listos que el hambre.

Empezó una mazurca en veloz caricatura a través de la habitación sobre deslizantes pies pasando la chimenea hasta J. J. O'Molloy que colocó las pruebas en sus manos receptoras.

—¿Qué es eso? dijo Myles Crawford sobresaltado. ¿Dónde han ido a parar los otros dos?

—Quiénes? dijo el profesor, dándose la vuelta. Han ido ahí abajo al Oval a echar un trago. Paddy Hooper está allí con Jack Hall. Vino anoche.

—Vámonos entonces, dijo Myles Crawford. ¿Dónde está mi sombrero?

Entró nerviosamente en el despacho interior, separando la abertura de la chaqueta, tintineando las llaves en el bolsillo de atrás. Tintinearón luego en el aire y contra la madera cuando acerrojó el cajón de su escritorio.

—Está medio cuba, dijo el profesor MacHugh en voz baja.

—Eso parece, dijo J. J. O'Molloy, sacando una pitillera mientras meditaba murmurando, pero no es siempre lo que parece. ¿Quién es el que tiene más cerillas?

3. Ulysses: Aeolus. Readers: Bill Dixon & Damian Gallagher

THE CALUMET OF PEACE

He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself. Lenehan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn. J. J. O'Molloy opened his case again and offered it.

—*Thanky vous*, Lenehan said, helping himself.

The editor came from the inner office, a straw hat awry on his brow. He declaimed in song, pointing sternly at professor MacHugh:

'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,
'Twas empire charmed thy heart.

The professor grinned, locking his long lips.



—Eh? You bloody old Roman empire? Myles Crawford said.

He took a cigarette from the open case. Lenehan, lighting it for him with quick grace, said:

—Silence for my brandnew riddle!

—*Imperium romanum*, J. J. O'Molloy said gently. It sounds nobler than British or Brixton. The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire.

Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling.

—That's it, he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire. We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

—Wait a moment, professor MacHugh said, raising two quiet claws. We mustn't be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome, imperial, imperious, imperative.

He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs, pausing:

—What was their civilisation? Vast, I allow: but vile. Cloacae: sewers. The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said: *It is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah*. The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: *It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset*.

—Which they accordingly did do, Lenehan said. Our old ancient ancestors, as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's, were partial to the running stream.

—They were nature's gentlemen, J. J. O'Molloy murmured. But we have also Roman law.

—And Pontius Pilate is its prophet, professor MacHugh responded.

—Do you know that story about chief baron Palles? J. J. O'Molloy asked. It was at the royal university dinner. Everything was going swimmingly ...

—First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready?

Mr O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed, came in from the hallway. Stephen Dedalus, behind him, uncovered as he entered.

—*Entrez, mes enfants!* Lenehan cried.

—I escort a suppliant, Mr O'Madden Burke said melodiously. Youth led by Experience visits Notoriety.

—How do you do? the editor said, holding out a hand. Come in. Your governor is just gone.

???

Lenehan said to all:

—Silence! What opera resembles a railwayline? Reflect, ponder, excogitate, reply.

Stephen handed over the typed sheets, pointing to the title and signature.

—Who? the editor asked.

Bit torn off.

—Mr Garrett Deasy, Stephen said.

—That old pelters, the editor said. Who tore it? Was he short taken?



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY



On	swift	sail	flaming
From	storm	and	south
He	comes,	pale	vampire,
Mouth to my mouth.			

—Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their shoulders. Foot and mouth? Are you turned...?

Bullockbefriending bard.

SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN RESTAURANT

—Good day, sir, Stephen answered blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr Garrett Deasy asked me to...

—O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and I knew his wife too. The bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake! The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter. Oho!

A woman brought sin into the world. For Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greeks. O'Rourke, prince of Breffni.

—Is he a widower? Stephen asked.

—Ay, a grass one, Myles Crawford said, his eye running down the typescript. Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna. Don't you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell, graf von Tirconnell in Ireland. Sent his heir over to make the king an Austrian fieldmarshal now. Going to be trouble there one day. Wild geese. O yes, every time. Don't you forget that!

—The moot point is did he forget it, J. J. O'Molloy said quietly, turning a horseshoe paperweight. Saving princes is a thank you job.

Professor MacHugh turned on him.

—And if not? he said.

—I'll tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A Hungarian it was one day...

LOST CAUSES NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED

—We were always loyal to lost causes, the professor said. Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination. We were never loyal to the successful. We serve them. I teach the blatant Latin language. I speak the tongue of a race the acme of whose mentality is the maxim: time is money. Material domination. *Dominus!* Lord! Where is the spirituality? Lord Jesus? Lord Salisbury? A sofa in a westend club. But the Greek!

KYRIE ELEISON!

A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes, lengthened his long lips.

—The Greek! he said again. *Kyrios!* Shining word! The vowels the Semite and the Saxon know not. *Kyrie!* The radiance of the intellect. I ought to profess Greek, the language of the mind. *Kyrie eleison!* The closetmaker and the cloacemaker will never be lords of our spirit. We



are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit, not an *imperium*, that went under with the Athenian fleets at Aegospotami. Yes, yes. They went under. Pyrrhus, misled by an oracle, made a last attempt to retrieve the fortunes of Greece. Loyal to a lost cause.

He strode away from them towards the window.

—They went forth to battle, Mr O’Madden Burke said greily, but they always fell.

—Boohoo! Lenehan wept with a little noise. Owing to a brick received in the latter half of the *matinée*. Poor, poor, poor Pyrrhus!

He whispered then near Stephen’s ear:

LENEHAN’S LIMERICK

—There’s	a	ponderous	pundit	MacHugh
Who	wears	goggles	of	ebony
As	he	mostly	sees	double
To	wear	them	why	trouble?

I can’t see the Joe Miller. Can you?

In mourning for Sallust, Mulligan says. Whose mother is beastly dead.

Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket.

—That’ll be all right, he said. I’ll read the rest after. That’ll be all right.

Lenehan extended his hands in protest.

—But my riddle! he said. What opera is like a railwayline?

—Opera? Mr O’Madden Burke’s sphinx face reriddled.

Lenehan announced gladly:

—*The Rose of Castile*. See the wheeze? Rows of cast steel. Gee!

He poked Mr O’Madden Burke mildly in the spleen. Mr O’Madden Burke fell back with grace on his umbrella, feigning a gasp.

—Help! he sighed. I feel a strong weakness.

Lenehan, rising to tiptoe, fanned his face rapidly with the rustling tissues.

The professor, returning by way of the files, swept his hand across Stephen’s and Mr O’Madden Burke’s loose ties.

—Paris, past and present, he said. You look like communards.

—Like fellows who had blown up the Bastile, J. J. O’Molloy said in quiet mockery. Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you? You look as though you had done the deed. General Bobrikoff.

OMNIUM GATHERUM

—We were only thinking about it, Stephen said.

—All the talents, Myles Crawford said. Law, the classics...

—The turf, Lenehan put in.

—Literature, the press.



—If Bloom were here, the professor said. The gentle art of advertisement.
—And Madam Bloom, Mr O'Madden Burke added. The vocal muse. Dublin's prime favourite.
Lenehan gave a loud cough.
—Ahem! he said very softly. O, for a fresh of breath air! I caught a cold in the park. The gate was open.

"YOU CAN DO IT!"

The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder.
—I want you to write something for me, he said. Something with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your face. *In the lexicon of youth...*
See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer.
—Foot and mouth disease! the editor cried in scornful invective. Great nationalist meeting in Borris-in-Ossory. All balls! Bulldosing the public! Give them something with a bite in it. Put us all into it, damn its soul. Father, Son and Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy.
—We can all supply mental pabulum, Mr O'Madden Burke said.
Stephen raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare.
—He wants you for the pressgang, J. J. O'Molloy said.

THE GREAT GALLAHER

—You can do it, Myles Crawford repeated, clenching his hand in emphasis. Wait a minute. We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he was on the shaughraun, doing billiardmarking in the Clarence. Gallaher, that was a pressman for you. That was a pen. You know how he made his mark? I'll tell you. That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known. That was in eightyone, sixth of May, time of the invincibles, murder in the Phoenix park, before you were born, I suppose. I'll show you.
He pushed past them to the files.
—Look at here, he said turning. The *New York World* cabled for a special. Remember that time?
Professor MacHugh nodded.
—*New York World*, the editor said, excitedly pushing back his straw hat. Where it took place. Tim Kelly, or Kavanagh I mean. Joe Brady and the rest of them. Where Skin-the-Goat drove the car. Whole route, see?
—Skin-the-Goat, Mr O'Madden Burke said. Fitzharris. He has that cabman's shelter, they say, down there at Butt bridge. Holohan told me. You know Holohan?
—Hop and carry one, is it? Myles Crawford said.
—And poor Gumley is down there too, so he told me, minding stones for the corporation. A night watchman.
Stephen turned in surprise.
—Gumley? he said. You don't say so? A friend of my father's, is it?



—Never mind Gumley, Myles Crawford cried angrily. Let Gumley mind the stones, see they don't run away. Look at here. What did Ignatius Gallaher do? I'll tell you. Inspiration of genius. Cabled right away. Have you *Weekly Freeman* of 17 March? Right. Have you got that?

He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point.

—Take page four, advertisement for Bransome's coffee, let us say. Have you got that? Right. The telephone whirred.

A DISTANT VOICE

—I'll answer it, the professor said, going.

—B is parkgate. Good.

His finger leaped and struck point after point, vibrating.

—T is viceregal lodge. C is where murder took place. K is Knockmaroon gate.

The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles. An illstarved dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his waistcoat.

—Hello? *Evening Telegraph* here... Hello?... Who's there?... Yes... Yes... Yes.

—F to P is the route Skin-the-Goat drove the car for an alibi, Inchicore, Roundtown, Windy Harbour, Palmerston Park, Ranelagh. F.A.B.P. Got that? X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street.

The professor came to the inner door.

—Bloom is at the telephone, he said.

—Tell him go to hell, the editor said promptly. X is Davy's publichouse, see?

4. Ulises: Eolo. Lectores: Nieves Morán&Elena Carcedo

AGUDO, MUCHO

—Agudo, dijo Lenehan. Mucho.

—Se la sirvió en bandeja, dijo Myles Crawford, la jodida historia completa.

Pesadilla de la que nunca despiertas.

—Yo lo vi, dijo el director orgullosamente. Yo estaba presente. Dick Adams, el jodido corquense con el mejor corazón de entre los que jamás haya dado Dios el soplo de la vida, y yo.

Lenehan hizo una reverencia a una figura de aire, al tiempo que anunciaba:

—Madame, soy Adán. Y Abel antes de ver Elba.

—¡La historia! exclamó Myles Crawford. La Vieja, ese pe1 nódico de Prince Street, llegó la primera. Hubo llanto y rechinar de dientes por ello. De un anuncio. Gregor Grey había hecho el diseño. Eso le ayudó a subir. Luego Paddy Hooper se trajinó a Te Pe que le llevó al Star. Ahora



está con Blumenfeld. Eso es la prensa. Eso es tener talento. ¡Pyatt! ¡Él, que fue papá de todos ellos!

–El padre del periodismo sensacionalista, confirmó Lenehan, y el cuñado de Chris Callinan.

–¿Oiga? ¿Está ahí? Sí, está aquí aún. Véngase usted para acá.

–¿Dónde se encuentra a un periodista como ése ahora, eh? exclamó el director.

Dejó caer las páginas.

–Odidamente jagudo, dijo Lenehan a Mr. O'Madden Burke.

–Muy avisado, dijo Mr. O'Madden Burke.

El profesor MacHugh llegó del despacho interior.

–Hablando de invencibles, dijo, han visto que unos vendedores ambulantes han sido llevados ante el magistrado... .

–Sí, sí, dijo J. J. O'Molloy ansiosamente. Lady Dudley iba andando camino de su casa por el parque viendo los árboles que el ciclón del año pasado había tirado y se le ocurrió comprar una vista de Dublín. Y resultó ser una tarjeta conmemorativa de Joe Brady o del Número Uno o del Pellejocabra. ¡Justo delante de la residencia virreinal, imagínense!

–Sólo están en la sección de bagatelas, dijo Myles Crawford. ¡Bah! ¡La prensa y la abogacía! ¿Dónde se encuentra a un hombre ahora en la abogacía como aquellos de antes, como Whiteside, como Isaac Butt, como el picodeoro de O'Hagan. ¿Eh? Ah, sandeces. ¡Bah! Sólo de segunda fila.

Su boca continuó contrayéndose sin hablar en nervioso rictus de desdén.

¿Desearía alguna aquella boca para besarla? ¿Cómo lo sabes? ¿Por qué lo escribiste entonces?

RIMAS Y RAZONES RAZONADAS

Boca, soca. ¿Es la boca algo soca? ¿O la soca una boca? Algo debe haber. Soca, ñoca, toca, bloca. Rimas: dos hombres vestidos iguales, que parecen iguales, de dos en dos.

... .. la tua pace

... .. che parlar ti piace

Mentre che il vento, come fa, si tace.



Las vio de tres en tres, chicas que se acercaban, de verde, de rosa, de rojo, entrelazándose, per l'aer perso, de malva, de púrpura, quella pacifica oriafiamma, de oro onflama, di remirar fe più ardenti. Pero yo ancianos, penitentes, pies de plomo, baoscuridajo de la noche: boca soca: tumba entrañas chirumba.

–Hable por usted mismo, dijo Mr. O'Madden Burke.

NO OS PREOCUPÉIS DEL MAÑANA...

J. J. O'Molloy, sonriendo pálidamente, recogió el guante.

–Mi querido Myles, dijo, echando el cigarrillo a un lado, usted ha interpretado mal mis palabras. No hablo en favor, como ahora se propugna, de la tercera profesión qua profesión sino que sus piernas corquenses lo están llevando demasiado lejos. ¿Por qué no se refiere también a Henry Grattan y a Flood y a Demóstenes y a Edmund Burke? A Ignatius Gallaher ya lo conocemos y a su jefe de Chapelizod, Harmsworth el de la prensa de tres al cuarto, y a su primo americano el de la porquería sensacionalista de Bowery por no mencionar a Paddy Kelly's Budget, Pue's Occurrences y a nuestro vigilante amigo The Skibbereen Eagle. ¿Por qué referirse a un maestro de la elocuencia forense como Whiteside? Cada día tiene bastante con su periódico.

VÍNCULOS CON LOS DÍAS PASADOS DE ANTAÑO

–Grattan y Flood escribieron en este mismísimo periódico, le gritó el director a la cara. Voluntarios irlandeses. ¿Dónde estáis ahora? Fundado en 1763. Dr. Lucas. ¿A quién tienen ahora como John Philpot Currant? ¡Bah!

–Bueno, dijo J. J. O'Molloy, Bushe procurador de la corona, por ejemplo.

–¿Bushe? dijo el director. Bueno, sí: Bushe, sí. Ése sí lleva algo de ello en la sangre. Kendal Bushe o mejor dicho Seymour Bushe.

–Hubiera sido magistrado desde hace ya tiempo, dijo el profesor, de no haber sido por Pero no importa.

J. J. O'Molloy se volvió a Stephen y dijo queda y lentamente:

–Creo que una de las alocuciones más brillantes que haya escuchado jamás en mi vida salió de los labios de Seymour Bushe. Fue en aquel caso de fratricidio, el caso del asesinato Childs. Bushe lo defendió.

Y vertió en el pórtico de mis oídos.

Por cierto ¿cómo se enteró de eso? Murió mientras dormía. ¿O la otra historia, la de la bestia de dos espaldas?



—¿Cómo fue eso? preguntó el profesor.

ITALIA, MAGISTRA ARTIUM

—Habló del derecho probatorio romano, dijo J. J. O'Molloy, en contraposición al anterior código de Moisés, la lex talionis. Y citó el Moisés de Miguel Ángel en el Vaticano.

—Ajá.

—Unas cuantas palabras bien escogidas, prologó Lenehan. ¡Silencio!

Pausa. J. J. O'Molloy sacó la pitillera.

Falsa calma. Algo completamente habitual.

Mensajero sacó su caja de cerillas obsequiosamente y le encendió el cigarro.

A menudo he pensado desde entonces al mirar atrás hacia aquel extraño episodio que fue aquella pequeña acción, trivial en sí misma, aquel encender de una cerilla, lo que determinó todo el curso posterior de nuestras dos vidas.

UNA ALOCUCIÓN BRILLANTE

J. J. O'Molloy prosiguió, moldeando las palabras:

—Dijo sobre eso: esa efigie pétrea en música escarchada, astaday terrible, de la forma humana divina, ese símbolo eterno de sabiduría y de profecía, si algo hay que la imaginación o la mano de escultor haya tallado en el mármol como alma transfigurada y como transfiguradora de almas que merezca vivir, eso merece vivir.

Su grácil mano con un ademán agració eco y caída de tono.

—¡Elegante! dijo Myles Crawford de inmediato.

—El divino aflato, dijo Mr. O'Madden Burke.

—¿Le gusta? le preguntó J. J. O'Molloy a Stephen.

Stephen, cortada su sangre por la gracia del lenguaje y el gesto, se sonrojó. Cogió un cigarrillo de la pitillera. J. J. O'Molloy ofreció la pitillera a Myles Crawford. Lenehan les encendió los cigarrillos como anteriormente y cogió su trofeo, diciendo:

—Gracibus muchibus.



UN HOMBRE CON UNA GRAN MORAL

–El profesor Magennis me ha estado hablando de usted, le dijo J. J. O'Molloy a Stephen. ¿Qué piensa en realidad de ese cenáculo hermético, los poetas de secretos opalinos: A. E. maestro de místicos? Todo comenzó con esa mujer Blavatsky. Menuda fullera. A. E. le ha estado contando a un entrevistador yanqui que usted vino a él de madrugada a preguntarle sobre planos de conciencia. Magennis cree que debía de estar tomándole el pelo a A. E. Es un hombre con una gran moral, ese Magennis.

Hablando de mí. ¿Qué dijo? ¿Qué dijo? ¿Qué dijo de mí? No preguntes.

–No, gracias, dijo el profesor MacHugh, apartando a un lado la pitillera. Espere un momento. Déjeme decir una cosa. La mejor manifestación de oratoria que he escuchado jamás fue un discurso pronunciado por John F. Taylor para la asociación histórica de la universidad. El juez Fitzgibbon, el actual presidente del Tribunal Supremo, acababa de hablar y el tema de debate era un ensayo (nuevo para aquellos tiempos), abogando por el restablecimiento de la lengua irlandesa.

Se volvió hacia Myles Crawford y dijo:

–Conoce a Gerald Fitzgibbon. Así que puede imaginarse el estilo de su discurso.

–Está junto con Tim Healy, dijo J. J. O'Molloy, según se rumorea, en la comisión administrativa del Trinity College.

–Está con una linda criaturita, dijo Myles Crawford, con pololos de niño. Siga. éY bien?

–Era el discurso, tome nota, dijo el profesor, de un orador consumado, lleno de cortés arrogancia que derramaba con una disciplinada dicción no diré las copas del furor pero sí la contumelia de un hombre orgulloso sobre el nuevo movimiento. Entonces era un movimiento nuevo. Éramos débiles, y por tanto sin valor.

Cerró los finos labios alargados un instante pero, ansioso por continuar, levantó una mano abierta a sus lentes y, con el pulgar y el anular temblorosos que tocaban ligeramente las negras monturas, los reajustó en un nuevo enfoque.

IN PROMPTU

Con tono normal se dirigió a J. J. O'Molloy:

–Taylor llegó, debe saberlo, habiéndose levantado enfermo de la cama. Que se hubiera preparado el discurso no lo creo pues no había ni un solo taquígrafo en la sala. La delgada cara morena dejaba ver una barba de varios días. Llevaba una chalina suelta de seda blanca y en conjunto parecía (aunque no lo estaba) un hombre en las últimas.



Su mirada se desvió de inmediato pero lentamente de la cara de J. J. O'Molloy a la de Stephen y luego se posó de inmediato en el suelo, buscando. El cuello de algodón desalmidonado le asomaba por detrás de la cabeza inclinada, manchado por el cabello marchito. Aún buscando dijo:

—Cuando el discurso de Fitzgibbon se acabó John F. Taylor se levantó para responder. Brevemente, si mal no recuerdo, sus palabras fueron éstas.

Levantó la cabeza firmemente. Los ojos se tomaron reflexivos una vez más. Crustáceos estúpidos nadaron en las gruesas lentes de un lado a otro, buscando salida.

Comenzó:

—Sr. Presidente, damas y caballeros: Grande fue mi admiración al escuchar las consideraciones dirigidas a la juventud de Irlanda hace un momento por mi ilustrado amigo. Me sentí transportado a un país muy lejos de este país, a una época remota de esta época, como si me hallara en el antiguo Egipto y escuchara el discurso de algún sumo sacerdote de aquella tierra dirigiéndose al joven Moisés.

Sus oyentes mantuvieron los cigarrillos suspendidos para escuchar, los humos ascendiendo en frágiles tallos que florecían con el discurso. Y deja que nuestros humos sinuosos. Nobles palabras vienen ahora. Alerta. ¿Podrías intentarlo tú ahora?

—Y me pareció que oía la voz de aquel sumo sacerdote egipcio elevándose hasta un tono idéntico de arrogancia y de orgullo. Oía sus palabras y su sentido me fue revelado.

DE LOS PADRES DE LA IGLESIA

Me fue revelado que aquellas cosas son buenas que no obstante están infectas las cuales si no fueran infinitamente buenas o de no ser que fueran buenas podrían estar infectas. ¡Ay, maldito seas! Eso es de San Agustín.

—¿Por qué no aceptáis vosotros los judíos nuestra cultura, nuestra religión y nuestra lengua? Sois una tribu de pastores nómadas: nosotros un pueblo poderoso. Vosotros no tenéis ciudades ni riquezas: nuestras ciudades son centros de humanidad y nuestras galeras, trirremes y cuadrirremes, cargadas con todo tipo de mercaderías surcan los mares del mundo conocido. Vosotros acabáis de emerger de unas condiciones primitivas: nosotros tenemos una literatura, un sacerdocio, una historia centenaria y una forma de gobierno.

Nilo.

Niño, hombre, efigie.

A las orillas del Nilo las nenemarias se arrodillan, cuna de anea: un hombre diestro en combate: petnastado, petribarbudo, corazón de piedra.



–Vosotros rezáis a un ídolo oscuro y local: nuestros templos, suntuosos y misteriosos, son las moradas de Isis y Osiris, de Horus y de Ammón Ra. De vosotros es la esclavitud, el temor y la sumisión: de nosotros el trueno y los mares. Israel es débil y pocos son sus hijos: Egipto es una huestey terribles son sus armas. Vagabundos y braceros se os llama: el mundo tiembla ante nuestro nombre.

Un silencioso eructo de hambre quebró su discurso. Levantó la voz sobre el mismo audazmente:

Pero, damas y caballeros, si el joven Moisés hubiera escuchado y aceptado ese modo de ver la vida, si hubiera doblegado la cabeza y doblegado la voluntad y doblegado el espíritu ante aquella arrogante admonición nunca hubiera sacado al pueblo elegido de la casa de servidumbre, ni seguido la columna de nube por el día. Nunca habría hablado con el Eterno en medio de relámpagos en la cumbre del Monte Sinaí ni habría nunca bajado con la luz de la inspiración fulgurando en su rostro y portando en los brazos las tablas de la ley, grabadas en la lengua del proscrito.

Calló y los miró, disfrutando del silencio.

¡OMINOSO –PARA ÉL!

J. J. O'Molloy dijo no sin pesadumbre:

–Y sin embargo murió sin haber pisado la tierra prometida.

–Un repentino fallecimiento – momentáneo – aunque – por – prolongada – enfermedad – a menudo – previamente – expectorado, añadió Lenehan. Y con un gran futuro detrás de él.

El tropel de pies descalzos se oyó precipitándose por el vestíbulo y pisando sordamente escaleras arriba.

–Eso es oratoria, dijo el profesor sin que nadie lo desmintiera.

Lo que el viento se llevó. Huestes en Mullaghmast y Tara de los reyes. Millas de pórticos de oídos. Las palabras del tribuno, berreadas y esparcidas a los cuatro vientos. Un pueblo cobijado en su voz. Ruido muerto. Registros etéreos de todo lo que alguna vez en algún lugar cualquiera que fuera existió. Amadle y alabadle: a mí nunca más.

Tengo dinero.

–Caballeros, dijo Stephen. Como punto siguiente en el orden del día ¿puedo sugerir que se levante la sesión en este momento?

–Me deja sin aliento. ¿No es por casualidad un cumplido a la francesa? preguntó Mr. O'Madden Burke. Es la hora, a mi parecer, cuando la jarra de vino, hablando metafóricamente, más se agradece en la vetusta hostería.



–Así es y he aquí que se resuelve resueltamente. Aquellos que a favor estén digan sí, anunció Lenehan. Los que no que no digan. La declaro aprobada. ¿A qué buchinche en especial ... ? Mi voto es por: ¡Mooney!

Se puso al frente, amonestando:

–Rehusaremos muy severamente ingurgitar bebidas fuertes ¿de acuerdo? Sí, no lo haremos. De ninguna de las maneras.

Mr. O'Madden Burke, que le seguía de cerca, dijo con una estocada de paraguas de aliado:

–¡Ponte en guardia, Macduff!

–¡De tal palo tal astilla! exclamó el director, dando una palmada a Stephen en el hombro. Vayámonos. ¿Dónde están esas puñeteras llaves?

Se rebuscó en el bolsillo sacando las hojas mecanografiadas aplastadas.

–Fiebre aftosa. Ya sé. Estará bien. Lo insertaremos. ¿Dónde están? Está bien.

Volvió a guardar las hojas y entró en el despacho interior.

CONFIEMOS

J. J. O'Molloy, a punto de seguirle, dijo quedamente a Stephen:

–Espero que esté vivo cuando se publique. Myles, un momento.

Entró en el despacho interior cerrando la puerta tras de sí.

–Vamos, Stephen, dijo el profesor. Está bien eso ¿no es así? Tiene la visión del profeta. ¡Fuit Rium! El saqueo de la procelosa Troya. Reinos de este mundo. Los amos del Mediterráneo son campesinos egipcios hoy.

El primer muchacho gacetero bajó sordamente las escaleras pisándoles los talones y se precipitó a la calle, voceando:

–¡Extra de las carreras!

Dublín. Tengo mucho, pero que mucho que aprender. Doblaron a la izquierda por Abbey Street.

–Yo también tengo una visión, dijo Stephen.

–¿Sí? dijo el profesor, dando un saltito para ponerse al paso. Crawford nos seguirá.



Otro gacetero les pasó como un disparo, voceando mientras corría:

—¡Extra carreras!

5. Ulysses: Aeolus. Readers: Mal Murphy & Morgan Fagg.

DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN

Dubliners.

—Two Dublin vestals, Stephen said, elderly and pious, have lived fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane.

—Where is that? the professor asked.

—Off Blackpitts, Stephen said.

Damp night reeking of hungry dough. Against the wall. Face glistening tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts. Akasic records. Quicker, darlint!

On now. Dare it. Let there be life.

—They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar. They save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox. They shake out the threepenny bits and sixpences and coax out the pennies with the blade of a knife. Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers. They put on their bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it may come on to rain.

—Wise virgins, professor MacHugh said.

LIFE ON THE RAW

—They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf at the north city diningrooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins, proprietress... They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn. They give two threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle slowly up the winding staircase, grunting, encouraging each other, afraid of the dark, panting, one asking the other have you the brawn, praising God and the Blessed Virgin, threatening to come down, peeping at the airslits. Glory be to God. They had no idea it was that high.

Their names are Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe. Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she rubs on Lourdes water, given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a passionist father. Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double X for supper every Saturday.

—Antithesis, the professor said nodding twice. Vestal virgins. I can see them. What's keeping our friend?

He turned.

A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps, scattering in all directions, yelling, their white papers fluttering. Hard after them Myles Crawford appeared on the steps, his hat aureoling his scarlet face, talking with J. J. O'Molloy.

—Come along, the professor cried, waving his arm.

He set off again to walk by Stephen's side.



RETURN OF BLOOM

—Yes, he said. I see them.

Mr Bloom, breathless, caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the offices of the *Irish Catholic* and *Dublin Penny Journal*, called:

—Mr Crawford! A moment!

—*Telegraph*! Racing special!

—What is it? Myles Crawford said, falling back a pace.

A newsboy cried in Mr Bloom's face:

—Terrible tragedy in Rathmines! A child bit by a bellows!

INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR

—Just this ad, Mr Bloom said, pushing through towards the steps, puffing, and taking the cutting from his pocket. I spoke with Mr Keyes just now. He'll give a renewal for two months, he says. After he'll see. But he wants a par to call attention in the *Telegraph* too, the Saturday pink. And he wants it copied if it's not too late I told councillor Nannetti from the *Kilkenny People*. I can have access to it in the national library. House of keys, don't you see? His name is Keyes. It's a play on the name. But he practically promised he'd give the renewal. But he wants just a little puff. What will I tell him, Mr Crawford?

K.M.A.

—Will you tell him he can kiss my arse? Myles Crawford said throwing out his arm for emphasis. Tell him that straight from the stable.

A bit nervy. Look out for squalls. All off for a drink. Arm in arm. Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond. Usual blarney. Wonder is that young Dedalus the moving spirit. Has a good pair of boots on him today. Last time I saw him he had his heels on view. Been walking in muck somewhere. Careless chap. What was he doing in Irishtown?

—Well, Mr Bloom said, his eyes returning, if I can get the design I suppose it's worth a short par. He'd give the ad, I think. I'll tell him...

K.M.R.I.A.

—He can kiss my royal Irish arse, Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder. Any time he likes, tell him.

While Mr Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile he strode on jerkily.

RAISING THE WIND

—*Nulla bona*, Jack, he said, raising his hand to his chin. I'm up to here. I've been through the hoop myself. I was looking for a fellow to back a bill for me no later than last week. Sorry, Jack. You must take the will for the deed. With a heart and a half if I could raise the wind anyhow.

J. J. O'Molloy pulled a long face and walked on silently. They caught up on the others and walked abreast.



—When they have eaten the brawn and the bread and wiped their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in they go nearer to the railings.

—Something for you, the professor explained to Myles Crawford. Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson's pillar.

SOME COLUMN!—THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID

—That's new, Myles Crawford said. That's copy. Out for the waxies' Dargle. Two old trickies, what?

—But they are afraid the pillar will fall, Stephen went on. They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are: Rathmines' blue dome, Adam and Eve's, saint Laurence O'Toole's. But it makes them giddy to look so they pull up their skirts...

THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES

—Easy all, Myles Crawford said. No poetic licence. We're in the archdiocese here.

—And settle down on their striped petticoats, peering up at the statue of the onehanded adulterer.

—Onehanded adulterer! the professor cried. I like that. I see the idea. I see what you mean.

DAMES DONATE DUBLIN'S CITS SPEEDPILLS VELOCITOUS AEROLITHS, BELIEF

—It gives them a crick in their necks, Stephen said, and they are too tired to look up or down or to speak. They put the bag of plums between them and eat the plums out of it, one after another, wiping off with their handkerchiefs the plumjuice that dribbles out of their mouths and spitting the plumstones slowly out between the railings.

He gave a sudden loud young laugh as a close. Lenehan and Mr O'Madden Burke, hearing, turned, beckoned and led on across towards Mooney's.

—Finished? Myles Crawford said. So long as they do no worse.

SOPHIST WALLOPS HAUGHTY HELEN SQUARE ON PROBOSCIS. SPARTANS GNASH MOLARS. ITHACANS VOW PEN IS CHAMP.

—You remind me of Antisthenes, the professor said, a disciple of Gorgias, the sophist. It is said of him that none could tell if he were bitterer against others or against himself. He was the son of a noble and a bondwoman. And he wrote a book in which he took away the palm of beauty from Argive Helen and handed it to poor Penelope.

Poor Penelope. Penelope Rich.

They made ready to cross O'Connell street.

HELLO THERE, CENTRAL!

At various points along the eight lines tramcars with motionless trolleys stood in their tracks, bound for or from Rathmines, Rathfarnham, Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey,



Sandymount Green, Ringsend and Sandymount Tower, Donnybrook, Palmerston Park and Upper Rathmines, all still, becalmed in short circuit. Hackney cars, cabs, delivery waggons, mailvans, private broughams, aerated mineral water floats with rattling crates of bottles, rattled, rolled, horsedrawn, rapidly.

WHAT?—AND LIKEWISE—WHERE?

—But what do you call it? Myles Crawford asked. Where did they get the plums?

VIRGILIAN, SAYS PEDAGOGUE. SOPHOMORE PLUMPS FOR OLD MAN MOSES.

—Call it, wait, the professor said, opening his long lips wide to reflect. Call it, let me see. Call it: *deus nobis hæc otia fecit*.

—No, Stephen said. I call it *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine* or *The Parable of The Plums*.

—I see, the professor said.

He laughed richly.

—I see, he said again with new pleasure. Moses and the promised land. We gave him that idea, he added to J. J. O'Molloy.

HORATIO IS CYNOSURE THIS FAIR JUNE DAY

J. J. O'Molloy sent a weary sidelong glance towards the statue and held his peace.

—I see, the professor said.

He halted on sir John Gray's pavement island and peered aloft at Nelson through the meshes of his wry smile.

DIMINISHED DIGITS PROVE TOO TITILLATING FOR FRISKY FRUMPS. ANNE WIMBLES, FLO WANGLES—YET CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

—Onehanded adulterer, he said smiling grimly. That tickles me, I must say.

—Tickled the old ones too, Myles Crawford said, if the God Almighty's truth was known.

6. Finnegans Wake. L1E3. Reader: Bill Dixon

Fifthly, how parasoliloquisingly truetoned on his first time of hearing the wretch's statement that, muttering Irish, he had had had o' gloriously a' lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree, the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in Ramitdown's ship hotel since the morning moment he could dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthepluttered up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow's bonnet a'top o'it, he falsetook for a cattlepillar with purest peaceablest intentions.



Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudojocax axplanation how, according to his own story, he vas a process server and was merely trying to open zozimus a bottlop stoub by mortially hammering his *magnum bonum* (the curter the club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots about the swan, Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with nothing his hald barra tinnteack and came down with homp, shtemp and jumphet to the tiltyard from the wastes a'sleep in his obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the norse of guns playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Dulyln, said war' prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he'd wealthes in mormon halls when wokenp by a fourth loud snore out of his land of byelo while hickstrey's maws was grazing in the moonlight by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating from the blind pig and anything like it (oonagh!oonagh!) in the whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering babel allowder the door and sideposts, he always said, was not in the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of boose which would not rouse him out o' slumber deep but reminded him loads more of the martiallawsey marsed of foreign musikants' instrumongs or the overthrewer to the third last days of Pompery, if anything. And that after this most nooningless knockturn the young reine came down desperate and the old liffopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she cud be, ruining all the bouchers' schurts and the backers' wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejaneyjailey they were all night wasching the walters of, the weltering walters off. Whyte.

Just one moment. A pinch in time of the ideal, musketeers! Alphas, Burkos and Caramis, leave Astrelea for the astrollajerries and for the love of the saunces and the honour of Keavens pike puddywhackback to Pamintul. And roll away the reel world, the reel world, the reel world! And call all your smokeblushes, Snowwhite and Rosered, if you will have the real cream! Now for a strawberry frolic! Filons, filoosh! *Cherchons la flamme!* Fammfamm! Fammfamm!

Come on, ordinary man with that large big nonobli head, and that blanko berbecked fischial ekksprezzion Machinsky Scapolopolos, Duzinascu or other. Your machelar's mutton leg's getting musclebound from being too pulled. Noah Beery weighed stone thousand one when Hazel was a hen. Now her fat's falling fast. Therefore, chatbags, why not yours? There are 29 sweet reasons why blossomtime's the best. Elders fall for green almonds when they're raised on bruised stone root ginger though it winters on their heads as



if aucturnned round their waistbands. If you'd had pains in your hairs you wouldn't look so orgibald. You'd have Colley Macaires on your lump of lead. Now listen, Mr Leer! And stow that sweatyfunnyadams Simper! Take an old geeser who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, tableau vivant. He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they will be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west in a guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and they twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet's tail up right and shooting popguns at the stars. Creampuffs all to dime! Every nice, missymackenzies! For dear old grumpapar, he's gone on the razzledar, through gazing and crazing and blazing at the stars. Compree! She wants her wardrobe to hear from above by return with cash so as she can buy her Peter Robinson trousseau and cut a dash with Arty, Bert or possibly Charley Chance (who knows?) so tolloll Mr Hunker you're too dada for me to dance (so off she goes!) and that's how half the gels in town has got their bottom drars while grumpapar he's trying to hitch his braces on to his trars. But old grum he's not so clean dippy between sweet you and yum (not on your life, boy! not in those trousers! not by a large jugful!) for someplace on the sly, where Furphy he isn't by, old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two, chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as simple as A. B. C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they all were afloat in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo, a tofftuff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can you? Finny.

Ack, ack, ack. With which clap, trap and soddenment, three to a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate seem to be implicitly in the same bateau, so to singen, bearing also several of the earmarks of design, for there is in fact no use in putting a tooth in a snipery of that sort and the amount of all those sort of things which has been going on onceaday in and twiceaday out every other nachtistag among all kinds of promiscious individuals at all ages in private homes and reeboos publikiss and allover all and elsewhere throughout secular sequence the country over and overabroad has been particularly stupendous. To be continued. Federals' Uniteds' Transports' Unions' for Exultations' of Triumphants' Ecstasies.