



ATENE  
DE MADRID



## The year of Ulysses: 2022 marks the centenary of Joyce's experimental masterpiece



**Bloomsday Society:** Lectura de *Ulises, Episodio VI, HADES*, de James Joyce

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

Miércoles, 27 de abril de 2022



## HADES

Time: 11.a.m.

Location: The route from Newbridge Avenue, Sandymount, to Glasnevin Cemetery; Glasnevin Cemetery

### 1. Ulysses (Hades). Reader: Bill Dixon.

Martin Cunningham, first, poked his silkhatted head into the creaking carriage and, entering deftly, seated himself. Mr Power stepped in after him, curving his height with care.

—Come on, Simon.

—After you, Mr Bloom said.

Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in, saying:

—Yes, yes.

—Are we all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. Come along, Bloom.

Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it twice till it shut tight. He passed an arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriagewindow at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Nose whiteflattened against the pane. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Glad to see us go we give them such trouble coming. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd wake. Then getting it ready. Laying it out. Molly and Mrs Fleming making the bed. Pull it more to your side. Our windingsheet. Never know who will touch you dead. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and the hair. Keep a bit in an envelope. Grows all the same after. Unclean job.

All waited. Nothing was said. Stowing in the wreaths probably. I am sitting on something hard. Ah, that soap: in my hip pocket. Better shift it out of that. Wait for an opportunity.

All waited. Then wheels were heard from in front, turning: then nearer: then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and swaying. Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind. The blinds of the avenue passed and number nine with its craped knocker, door ajar. At walking pace.

They waited still, their knees jogging, till they had turned and were passing along the tramtracks. Tritonville road. Quicker. The wheels rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the doorframes.

—What way is he taking us? Mr Power asked through both windows.

—Irishtown, Martin Cunningham said. Ringsend. Brunswick street.

Mr Dedalus nodded, looking out.

—That's a fine old custom, he said. I am glad to see it has not died out.

All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by passers. Respect. The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the smoother road past Watery lane. Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man, clad in mourning, a wide hat.

—There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus, he said.

—Who is that?



—Your son and heir.

—Where is he? Mr Dedalus said, stretching over across.

The carriage, passing the open drains and mounds of rippedup roadway before the tenement houses, lurched round the corner and, swerving back to the tramtrack, rolled on noisily with chattering wheels. Mr Dedalus fell back, saying:

—Was that Mulligan cad with him? His *fidus Achates*!

—No, Mr Bloom said. He was alone.

—Down with his aunt Sally, I suppose, Mr Dedalus said, the Goulding faction, the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie, papa's little lump of dung, the wise child that knows her own father.

Mr Bloom smiled joylessly on Ringsend road. Wallace Bros: the bottleworks: Dodder bridge.

Richie Goulding and the legal bag. Goulding, Collis and Ward he calls the firm. His jokes are getting a bit damp. Great card he was. Waltzing in Stamer street with Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning, the landlady's two hats pinned on his head. Out on the rampage all night. Beginning to tell on him now: that backache of his, I fear. Wife ironing his back. Thinks he'll cure it with pills. All breadcrumbs they are. About six hundred per cent profit.

—He's in with a lowdown crowd, Mr Dedalus snarled. That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts. His name stinks all over Dublin. But with the help of God and His blessed mother I'll make it my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate. I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me.

He cried above the clatter of the wheels:

—I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son. A counterjumper's son. Selling tapes in my cousin, Peter Paul M'Swiney's. Not likely.

He ceased. Mr Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild face and Martin Cunningham's eyes and beard, gravely shaking. Noisy selfwilled man. Full of his son. He is right. Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the sergeant grinning up. She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched. Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.

Got big then. Had to refuse the Greystones concert. My son inside her. I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent. Learn German too.

—Are we late? Mr Power asked.

—Ten minutes, Martin Cunningham said, looking at his watch.

Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down. Her tomboy oaths. O jumping Jupiter! Ye gods and little fishes! Still, she's a dear girl. Soon be a woman. Mullingar. Dearest Papli. Young student. Yes, yes: a woman too. Life, life.



## 2. Ulises (Hades). Lectora: Nieves Morán

El coche daba violentas sacudidas, los cuatro torsos balanceándose.

–Copetón nos podría haber proporcionado un cacharro más espacioso, dijo Mr. Power.

–Sí que podría, dijo Mr. Dedalus, si no tuviera tanto ojo como tiene. ¿Me sigue?

Cerró el ojo izquierdo. Martin Cunningham empezó a quitarse migajas de pan de debajo de los muslos.

–¿Qué es esto, dijo, en el nombre del Señor? ¿Migas?

–Alguien parece haber celebrado una merendola aquí recientemente, dijo Mr. Power.

Todos levantaron los muslos y miraron con enojo el cuero enmohecido y sin botones de los asientos. Mr. Dedalus, arrugando la nariz, miró abajo frunciendo el ceño y dijo:

A no ser que esté muy equivocado ... ¿Qué le parece, Martin?

–A mí me lo ha parecido también, dijo Martin Cunningham.

Mr. Bloom dejó caer el muslo. Me alegro de haber tomado ese baño. Siento los pies bien limpios. Pero ojalá Mrs. Fleming hubiera zurcido estos calcetines mejor.

Mr. Dedalus suspiró resignadamente.

–Después de todo, dijo, es la cosa más natural del mundo.

–¿Se ha presentado Tom Kernan? preguntó Martin Cunningham, rizándose la punta de la barba delicadamente.

–Sí, contestó Mr. Bloom. Está detrás con Ned Lambert y Hynes.

–¿Y Kelleher Copetón en persona? preguntó Mr. Power.

–En el cementerio, dijo Martin Cunningham.

–Me encontré con M'Coy esta mañana, dijo Mr. Bloom. Dijo que intentaría venir.

El coche se detuvo en seco.

–¿Qué pasa?

–Hemos parado.

–¿Dónde estamos?



Mr. Bloom sacó la cabeza por la ventanilla.

–El gran canal, dijo.

Fábrica de gas. Dicen que cura la tos ferina. Menos mal que Milly no la pasó. ¡Pobres niños! Se doblan hasta ponerse morados de las convulsiones. Una pena de verdad. Salió bien parada con respecto a enfermedades en comparación. Sólo sarampión. Té de linaza. Escarlatina, epidemias de gripe. Buscando víctimas para la muerte. No se pierda esta oportunidad. El asilo de perros allá. ¡Pobre Athos! Sé bueno con Athos, Leopold, es mi última voluntad. Hágase tu voluntad. Obedecemos a los que están en la sepultura. Garabatos al morir. Lo tomó a pecho, se consumió de dolor. Bestia tranquila. Los perros de los viejos generalmente lo son.

Una gota de lluvia le escupió en el sombrero. Se echó hacia detrás y vio un instante de lluvia salpicar de lunares las losas grises. Espaciada. Curioso. Como por un colador. Lo sabía. Las botas me chirriaban lo recuerdo ahora.

–Está cambiando el tiempo, dijo quedamente.

–Una lástima que no haya seguido bueno, dijo Martin Cunningham.

–Necesaria para el campo, dijo Mr. Power. Ahí está de nuevo el sol saliendo.

Mr. Dedalus, escudriñando a través de las gafas el sol velado, lanzó una muda maldición al cielo.

–Tan inestable como el culo de un niño, dijo.

–Nos ponemos en marcha de nuevo.

El coche hizo girar de nuevo las rígidas ruedas y sus torsos se balancearon delicadamente. Martin Cunningham se rezaba más rápidamente la punta de la barba.

–Tom Keman estuvo tremendo anoche, dijo. Y Paddy Leonard remedándolo en su propia cara.

–Ah, cuente, cuente, Martín, dijo Mr. Power apremiantemente. Espere que le cuente, Simon, sobre Ben Dollard cantando El zagal rebelde.

–Tremendo, dijo Martin Cunningham pomposamente. Su forma de cantar esa sencilla balada, Martin, es la interpretación más vigorosa que jamás haya oído en el transcurso de mi experiencia.

–Vigorosa, dijo Mr. Power riéndose. Está loco de atar con eso. Y el convenio retrospectivo.

–¿Habéis leído el discurso de Dan Dawson? preguntó Martin Cunningham.

–No, por cierto, dijo Mr. Dedalus. ¿Dónde está?

–En el periódico de esta mañana.



Mr. Bloom sacó el periódico del bolsillo interior. Ese libro tengo que cambiárselo.

—No, no, dijo Mr. Dedalus prestamente. Más tarde por favor.

La mirada de Mr. Bloom bajó por el borde del periódico, examinando las defunciones: Callan, Coleman, Dignam, Fawcett, Lowry, Naumann, Peake ¿qué Peake será ése? ¿será el chico que estaba en Crosbie y Alleyne? No, Sexton, Urbright. Entintados caracteres desvaneciéndose deprisa sobre el gastado papel resquebrajado. En agradecimiento a la Pequeña Flor. Tristemente echada en falta. Con el inexpresable sentimiento de los suyos. A los 88 años tras una larga y dolorosa enfermedad. Al mes: Quinlan. De cuya alma el Dulce Jesús se apiade.

Hace ya un mes de que Henry querido marchara  
arriba hasta el cielo allá a su hogar.  
Llora la muerte sufamilia desconsolada  
y confía algún día volverle a encontrar.

¿Rompí el sobre? Sí. ¿Dónde puse su carta después de leerla en el baño? Se tentó en el bolsillo del chaleco. Ahí está cómo no. Querido Henry desapareció. Antes de que mi paciencia se me agoten.

Escuela nacional. El almacén de Meade. La parada de coches. Sólo dos ahora. Asintiendo. Atiborrados como garrapatas. Demasiado hueso en sus cráneos. El otro trotando por ahí en algún viaje. Hace una hora que pasé por aquí. Los caleseros saludaron con el sombrero.

La espalda de un guardagujas se irguió repentinamente contra un poste de tranvía por la ventanilla de Mr. Bloom. ¿No podrían inventar algo automático de modo que la rueda más fácilmente? Sí pero ¿ese tipo perdería su empleo entonces? Sí pero entonces ¿otro tipo conseguiría un empleo haciendo el nuevo invento?

Sala de conciertos Antient. Nada en cartel. Un hombre con traje color amanilloclaro y brazaletes con crespón. Poco sentimiento debe de haber ahí. Cuarto de luto. La familia política quizá.

Dejaron atrás el inhóspito púlpito de Saint Mark, bajo el puente del ferrocarril, el Queen's Theatre: en silencio. Vallas publicitarias: Eugene Stratton, Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Podría ir a ver Leab esta noche, me pregunto. Dije que yo. ¿O Lily of Killarney? Compañía de ópera Elster Grimes. Extraordinario cambio. Brillantes carteles húmedos de la imprenta para la semana próxima. Fun on the Bristol. Martin Cunningham podía proporcionar un pase para el Gaiety. Tendría que invitar a una copa o dos. Hágase el milagro y hágalo el diablo.

El viene por la tarde. Las canciones de ella.

Sombrerería Plasto. El busto de la fuente del monumento a Sir Philip Crampton. ¿Quién era?

—¿Cómo está usted? dijo Martin Cunningham, llevándose la palma de la mano a la frente a modo de saludo.

—No nos ve, dijo Mr. Power. Sí que nos ve. ¿Cómo está usted?

—¿Quién? preguntó Mr. Dedalus.



–Boylan Botero, dijo Mr. Power. Ahí va como un palmito.

Justo en ese momento estaba pensando.

Mr. Dedalus se inclinó hacia delante para saludar. Desde la puerta del Banco Rojo el disco blanco de un canotí alumbró una respuesta: elegante silueta: pasó.

Mr. Bloom se pasó revista a las uñas de la mano izquierda, y luego a las de la mano derecha. Las puntas de las uñas, sí. ¿Hay algo más en él que ellas ella ve? Fascinación. El peor hombre de todo Dublín. Eso lo mantiene vivo. A veces presienten cómo es una persona. Instinto. Pero un tipejo como ése. Mis puntas. Estoy mirándomelas: bien recortadas. Y después: pensando en soledad. El cuerpo poniéndosele un poco flácido. Me daría cuenta de ello: de recordarlo. ¿Qué es lo que lo causa? Supongo que la piel no puede contraerse lo suficientemente aprisa cuando las carnes se afofan. Pero la forma está ahí. La forma está ahí aún. Hombros. Caderas. Oronda. La noche del baile vistiéndonos. La bata metida por entre los cachetes detrás.

Se apretó las manos entre las rodillas y, satisfecho, envió la vacía mirada por sus caras.

Mr. Power preguntó:

–¿Cómo va la gira de conciertos, Bloom?

–Pues muy bien, dijo Mr. Bloom. Me llegan noticias estupendas. Es una buena idea, comprende ...

–¿Va usted también?

–Pues no, dijo Mr. Bloom. Se da el caso que tengo que ir a County Clare para hacer unas gestiones. Verá la idea es hacer una gira por las ciudades principales. Lo que se pierda en una se puede recuperar en otra.

Así es, dijo Martin Cunningham. Mary Anderson está ahora mismo allí. ¿Tienen ustedes buenos artistas?

–Louis Werner le organiza la gira, dijo Mr. Bloom. Sí, sí, son todos de primera. J. C. Doyle y John MacCormack espero y. Los mejores, de hecho.

–Y madame, dijo Mr. Power sonriendo. Para no ser menos.

Mr. Bloom aflojó las manos con gesto de suave cortesía y las apretó. Smith O'Brien. Alguien ha colocado un ramo de flores ahí. Mujer. Debe de ser su aniversario. Que cumpla muchos más. El coche que rodaba junto a la estatua de Farrell les unió silenciosamente las rodillas que no oponían resistencia.



### 3. Ulysses (Hades). Reader: Kate Marriage

Oot: a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone tendered his wares, his mouth opening: oot.

—Four bootlaces for a penny.

Wonder why he was struck off the rolls. Had his office in Hume street. Same house as Molly's namesake, Tweedy, crown solicitor for Waterford. Has that silk hat ever since. Relics of old decency. Mourning too. Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Kicked about like snuff at a wake. O'Callaghan on his last legs.

And *Madame*. Twenty past eleven. Up. Mrs Fleming is in to clean. Doing her hair, humming: *voglio e non vorrei*. No: *vorrei e non*. Looking at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split. *Mi trema un poco il*. Beautiful on that *tre* her voice is: weeping tone. A thrush. A throstle. There is a word throstle that expresses that.

His eyes passed lightly over Mr Power's goodlooking face. Greyish over the ears. *Madame*: smiling. I smiled back. A smile goes a long way. Only politeness perhaps. Nice fellow. Who knows is that true about the woman he keeps? Not pleasant for the wife. Yet they say, who was it told me, there is no carnal. You would imagine that would get played out pretty quick. Yes, it was Crofton met him one evening bringing her a pound of rumpsteak. What is this she was? Barmaid in Jury's. Or the Moira, was it?

They passed under the hugecloaked Liberator's form.

Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power.

—Of the tribe of Reuben, he said.

A tall blackbearded figure, bent on a stick, stumping round the corner of Elvery's Elephant house, showed them a curved hand open on his spine.

—In all his pristine beauty, Mr Power said.

Mr Dedalus looked after the stumping figure and said mildly:

—The devil break the hasp of your back!

Mr Power, collapsing in laughter, shaded his face from the window as the carriage passed Gray's statue.

—We have all been there, Martin Cunningham said broadly.

His eyes met Mr Bloom's eyes. He caressed his beard, adding:

—Well, nearly all of us.

Mr Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces.

—That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J and the son.

—About the boatman? Mr Power asked.

—Yes. Isn't it awfully good?

—What is that? Mr Dedalus asked. I didn't hear it.

—There was a girl in the case, Mr Bloom began, and he determined to send him to the Isle of Man out of harm's way but when they were both.....

—What? Mr Dedalus asked. That confirmed bloody hobbledehoy is it?

—Yes, Mr Bloom said. They were both on the way to the boat and he tried to drown.....

—Drown Barabbas! Mr Dedalus cried. I wish to Christ he did!

Mr Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils.

—No, Mr Bloom said, the son himself.....





Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely:

—Reuben J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the Isle of Man boat and the young chiseller suddenly got loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey.

—For God’s sake! Mr Dedalus exclaimed in fright. Is he dead?

—Dead! Martin Cunningham cried. Not he! A boatman got a pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up to the father on the quay more dead than alive. Half the town was there.

—Yes, Mr Bloom said. But the funny part is.....

—And Reuben J, Martin Cunningham said, gave the boatman a florin for saving his son’s life. A stifled sigh came from under Mr Power’s hand.

—O, he did, Martin Cunningham affirmed. Like a hero. A silver florin.

—Isn’t it awfully good? Mr Bloom said eagerly.

—One and eightpence too much, Mr Dedalus said drily.

Mr Power’s choked laugh burst quietly in the carriage.

Nelson’s pillar.

—Eight plums a penny! Eight for a penny!

—We had better look a little serious, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Dedalus sighed.

—Ah then indeed, he said, poor little Paddy wouldn’t grudge us a laugh. Many a good one he told himself.

—The Lord forgive me! Mr Power said, wiping his wet eyes with his fingers. Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I’d be driving after him like this. He’s gone from us.

—As decent a little man as ever wore a hat, Mr Dedalus said. He went very suddenly.

—Breakdown, Martin Cunningham said. Heart.

He tapped his chest sadly.

Blazing face: redhot. Too much John Barleycorn. Cure for a red nose. Drink like the devil till it turns adelite. A lot of money he spent colouring it.

Mr Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension.

—He had a sudden death, poor fellow, he said.

—The best death, Mr Bloom said.

Their wide open eyes looked at him.

—No suffering, he said. A moment and all is over. Like dying in sleep.

No-one spoke.

Dead side of the street this. Dull business by day, land agents, temperance hotel, Falconer’s railway guide, civil service college, Gill’s, catholic club, the industrious blind. Why? Some reason. Sun or wind. At night too. Chummies and slaveys. Under the patronage of the late Father Mathew. Foundation stone for Parnell. Breakdown. Heart.

White horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner, galloping. A tiny coffin flashed by. In a hurry to bury. A mourning coach. Unmarried. Black for the married. Piebald for bachelors. Dun for a nun.

—Sad, Martin Cunningham said. A child.



A dwarf's face, mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was. Dwarf's body, weak as putty, in a whitelined deal box. Burial friendly society pays. Penny a week for a sod of turf. Our. Little. Beggar. Baby. Meant nothing. Mistake of nature. If it's healthy it's from the mother. If not from the man. Better luck next time.

—Poor little thing, Mr Dedalus said. It's well out of it.

The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square. Rattle his bones. Over the stones. Only a pauper. Nobody owns.

—In the midst of life, Martin Cunningham said.

—But the worst of all, Mr Power said, is the man who takes his own life.

Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly, coughed and put it back.

—The greatest disgrace to have in the family, Mr Power added.

—Temporary insanity, of course, Martin Cunningham said decisively. We must take a charitable view of it.

—They say a man who does it is a coward, Mr Dedalus said.

—It is not for us to judge, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Bloom, about to speak, closed his lips again. Martin Cunningham's large eyes. Looking away now. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say. They have no mercy on that here or infanticide. Refuse christian burial. They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave. As if it wasn't broken already. Yet sometimes they repent too late. Found in the riverbed clutching rushes. He looked at me. And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him every Saturday almost. Leading him the life of the damned. Wear the heart out of a stone, that. Monday morning. Start afresh. Shoulder to the wheel. Lord, she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there. Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella.

And they call me the jewel of Asia,  
Of Asia,  
The geisha.

He looked away from me. He knows. Rattle his bones.

That afternoon of the inquest. The redlabelled bottle on the table. The room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blind. The coroner's sunlit ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Had slipped down to the foot of the bed. Verdict: overdose. Death by misadventure. The letter. For my son Leopold.

No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns.

The carriage rattled swiftly along Blessington street. Over the stones.

—We are going the pace, I think, Martin Cunningham said.

—God grant he doesn't upset us on the road, Mr Power said.

—I hope not, Martin Cunningham said. That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany. The Gordon Bennett.

—Yes, by Jove, Mr Dedalus said. That will be worth seeing, faith.

As they turned into Berkeley street a streetorgan near the Basin sent over and after them a rollicking rattling song of the halls. Has anybody here seen Kelly? Kay ee double ell wy. Dead



March from *Saul*. He's as bad as old Antonio. He left me on my own. Pirouette! The *Mater Misericordiae*. Eccles street. My house down there. Big place. Ward for incurables there. Very encouraging. Our Lady's Hospice for the dying. Deadhouse handy underneath. Where old Mrs Riordan died. They look terrible the women. Her feeding cup and rubbing her mouth with the spoon. Then the screen round her bed for her to die. Nice young student that was dressed that bite the bee gave me. He's gone over to the lying-in hospital they told me. From one extreme to the other.

The carriage galloped round a corner: stopped.

#### 4. Ulises (Hades). Lector: Damian Palomero

Mr. Power señaló.

—Ahí es donde asesinaron a Childs, dijo. La última casa.

—Sí que lo es, dijo Mr. Dedalus. Un caso horrible. Seymour Bushe consiguió que lo exculparan. Asesinó a su hermano. O eso dijeron.

—La acusación no tenía pruebas, dijo Mr. Power.

—Sólo indicios circunstanciales, añadió Martin Cunningham. Ésa es la máxima de la ley. Mejor que noventa y nueve culpables escapen que no que un inocente sea injustamente condenado.

Miraron. Tierra de asesino. Pasó oscuramente. A cal y canto cerrada, deshabitada, jardín abandonado. Todo el lugar se ha ido al diablo. Injustamente condenado. El asesinato. La imagen del asesino en el ojo del asesinado. Les encanta leer esas cosas. Cabeza de hombre hallada en un jardín. Ella llevaba puesto. Cómo encontró ella la muerte. Reciente atrocidad. El arma utilizada. El asesino aún anda suelto. Pistas. Un cordón de zapato. El cuerpo será exhumado. El asesinato se aclarará.

Apretujados aquí dentro en este coche. Puede que no le gustara a ella que me presentara sin avisarla. Hay que tener cuidado con las mujeres. Las coges tan sólo una vez con el culo al aire. No te lo perdonan jamás. Quince.

Los altos barrotes de la verja de Prospect pasaron ondeantes ante sus ojos. Oscuros chopos, raras figuras blancas. Figuras más frecuentes, blancas formas arracimadas entre los árboles, blancas figuras y fragmentos fluyendo mudamente, manteniendo gestos efímeros en el aire.

La llanta rechinó contra el bordillo: se paró. Martín Cunningham sacó el brazo y, tirando hacia atrás del pestillo, empujó la puerta con la rodilla. Salió. Mr. Power y Mr. Dedalus le siguieron.

Cambia ese jabón ahora. La mano de Mr. Bloom desabrochó el bolsillo del pantalón sigilosamente y transfirió el jabón papelpegado al bolsillo interior del pañuelo. Salió del coche, devolviendo a su lugar el periódico que su otra mano aún sostenía.

Entierro insignificante: carroza y tres coches. Qué más da. Portadores del manto funerario, bridas de oro, misa de réquiem, salvas. Pomposidad de la muerte. Más allá del último coche había un vendedor ambulante de pie al lado de su carrito de pasteles y frutas. Pastelillos



reellenos de fruta son esos, pegados unos con otros: pasteles para los muertos. Galletas para perros. ¿Quiénes se las comían? Acompañantes del difunto saliendo.

Siguió a sus compañeros. Mr. Keman y Ned Lambert le siguieron. Hynes andando detrás de ellos. Kelleher Copetón de pie al lado del coche fúnebre abierto sacó las dos coronas. Le dio una al chico.

¿Dónde se habrá metido el entierro de aquel niño?

Un tiro de caballos pasó de Finglas con fatigoso paso cansado, arrastrando por el fúnebre silencio un carro chirriante en el que yacía un bloque de granito. El carretero que marchaba a la cabeza saludó. El ataúd ahora. Se nos ha adelantado, muerto y todo. El caballo que se vuelve a mirarlo con el penacho ladeado. Ojo apagado: la collera apretándole el cuello, presionando una artena o algo. ¿Sabrán lo que acarrearán hasta aquí todos los días? Debe de haber veinte o treinta entierros al día. Mount Jerome además para los protestantes. Entierros por todo el mundo por todas partes cada minuto. Echándolos con las palas al hoyo a carretadas el doble de rápido. Miles cada hora. Demasiados en el mundo.

Acompañantes del difunto salieron por la verja: mujer y una niña. Harpía canflaca, mujer dura de roer, la papalina torcida. La cara de la niña manchada de suciedad y lágrimas, cogida del brazo de la mujer, mirándola en espera de una señal para echarse a llorar. Cara de pez, exangüe y lívida.

Los anderos se echaron el ataúd a hombros y lo entraron por la verja. Tanto peso muerto. Yo mismo me sentía más pesado al salir de aquel baño. Primero el fiambre: luego los amigos del fiambre. Kelleher Copetón y el chico siguieron con las coronas. ¿Quién es ese que está a su lado? Ah, el cuñado.

Todos caminaron detrás.

Martin Cunningham susurró:

—Estaba pasando un mal rato cuando habló de suicidios delante de Bloom.

—¿Qué? susurró Mr. Power. ¿Cómo es eso?

—Su padre se envenenó, susurró Martin Cunningham. Regentaba el hotel Queen en Ennis. Le oyó decir que iba a ir a Clare. Aniversario.

—¡Válgame Dios! susurró Mr. Power. Ahora me entero. ¿Se envenenó?

Echó un vistazo atrás a donde una cara de ojos oscuros pensativos proseguía hacia el mausoleo del cardenal. Hablando.

—¿Estaba asegurado? preguntó Mr. Bloom.

—Creo que sí, contestó Mr. Keman. Pero la póliza estaba fuertemente hipotecada. Martin está tratando de meter al joven en Artane.



–¿Cuántos niños ha dejado?

–Cinco. Ned Lambert dice que intentará meter a una de las chicas en la tienda Todd.

–Una pena, dijo Mr. Bloom delicadamente. Cinco criaturas.

–Un duro golpe para la pobre mujer, añadió Mr. Keman.

–Sí que lo es, asintió Mr. Bloom.

Ahora le toca reír a ella.

Se miró las botas que se había encerado y abrigado. Ella le había sobrevivido. Perdió a su marido. Más muerto para ella que para mí. Uno tiene que sobrevivir al otro. Dicen los entendidos. Hay más mujeres que hombres en el mundo. Acompáñala en el sentimiento. Su terrible pérdida. Espero que pronto le siga. Para viudas hindúes solamente. Ella se casaría con otro. ¿Con él? No. Sin embargo quién sabe después. La viudedad no es lo que era desde que la vieja reina murió. Llevada en una cureña. Victoria y Albert. Monumento funerario en Frogmore. Pero al final se puso unas cuantas violetas en la papalina. Vanidosa en el fondo de su corazón. Todo por una sombra. El consorte no era ni rey. Su hijo era la esencia. Algo nuevo en lo que esperar no como el pasado que quería recuperar, esperando. Nunca vuelve. Uno tiene que irse antes: solo, bajo tierra: y no yacer más en su cálida cama.

–¿Cómo está, Simon? dijo Ned Lambert suavemente, estrechando manos. No le he visto hace siglos.

–Mejor que nunca. ¿Cómo están todos en la querida Cork?

–Estuve allí para las carreras de Cork el lunes de Resurrección, dijo Ned Lambert. Las monsergas de siempre. Paré donde Dick Tivy.

–¿Y cómo está Dick, el hombre formal?

–Sin un pelo en la cresta, contestó Ned Lambert.

–¡Por San Pablo! dijo Mr. Dedalus con asombro mesurado. ¿Dick Tivy calvo?

–Martin va a ver si nos da un sablazo en beneficio de los chicos, dijo Ned Lambert, señalando hacia delante. Unos cuantos chelines por cabeza. Para que aguanten hasta que se aclare lo del seguro.

–Sí, sí, dijo Mr. Dedalus dudando. ¿Es ése el hijo mayor el de enfrente?

–Sí, dijo Ned Lambert, con el hermano de la mujer. John Henry Menton está detrás. El se ha comprometido a dar una libra.



Apostaría a que lo habrá hecho, dijo Mr. Dedalus. A menudo le decía al pobre Paddy que debía cuidar ese trabajo. John Henry no es el peor del mundo.

—¿Cómo lo perdió? preguntó Ned Lambert. La bebida ¿no?

—El fallo de muchos hombres buenos, dijo Mr. Dedalus con un suspiro.

Se detuvieron a la puerta de la capilla mortuoria. Mr. Bloom detrás del chico de la corona observaba el cabello repeinado y los pliegues del canijo cogote dentro del recién estrenado cuello. ¡Pobre chico! ¿Estaría allí cuando el padre? Ambos inconscientes. Espabilar en el último instante y reconocer por última vez. Todo lo que pudo haber hecho. Le debo tres chelines a O'Grady. ¿Lo entendería? Los anderos portaron el ataúd hasta dentro de la capilla. ¿Cuál es el lado de la cabeza?

Tras un instante siguió a los demás adentro, parpadeando en la luz tamizada. El ataúd reposaba sobre sus andas delante del presbiterio, cuatro velas altas amarillas en las esquinas. Siempre delante de nosotros. Kelleher Copetón, colocando una corona en cada esquina delantera, indicó al chico que se arrodillara. Los acompañantes se arrodillaron aquí y allá en reclinatorios. Mr. Bloom se quedó de pie detrás junto a la pila y, cuando todos se hubieron arrodillado, dejó caer cuidadosamente el periódico desdoblado de su bolsillo e hincó la rodilla derecha en él. Encajó el sombrero negro delicadamente en la rodilla izquierda y, sujetando el ala, se inclinó hacia delante piadosamente.

Un acólito portando un cubo de latón con algo dentro salió por una puerta. El sacerdote blanquialbado vino detrás, alisándose la estola con una mano, equilibrando con la otra un librito contra la barriga de sapo. ¿Quién leerá el libraco? Yo, dijo el braco.

Se detuvieron al lado de las andas y el sacerdote comenzó a leer en el libro con un croar fluido.

El Padre Coffey. Sabía que se llamaba algo así como café. Dominenámme. Parece un matón por el hocico de bulldog. El que mangonea el cotarro. Cristiano musculoso. La desdicha caiga sobre aquel que le mire con malos ojos: sacerdote. Tú eres Pedro. Reventará por los costados como un camero bien cebado dice Dedalus que le pasará. Con una barriga que tiene de cachorro podrido. Expresiones de lo más divertidas las que ese hombre encuentra. Jmmm: reventará por los costados.

—Non intres in iudicium cum semo tuo, Domine.

Les hace sentirse más importantes si se reza por ellos en latín. Misa de réquiem. Plañideras de luto. Tarjetas nigrorladas. Tu nombre en el libro del altar. Qué sitio más frío éste. Tendrán que alimentarse bien, ahí sentados toda la mañana en la penumbra mano sobre mano y esperando al siguiente por favor. Ojos de sapo también. ¿Qué es lo que le infla de esa manera? Molly se infla con la col. El aire del lugar puede ser. Parece lleno de gas nocivo. Debe de haber una cantidad infemal de gases nocivos en este lugar. Los camiceros, pongo por caso: se ponen como bistecs crudos. ¿Quién me lo contaba? Mervyn Browne. Abajo en la cripta de San Werburgh precioso órgano antiguo ciento cincuenta deberían taladrar un agujero en los ataúdes a veces para dejar salir el gas nocivo y quemarlo. Sale a borbotones: azul. Una bocanada y estás perdido.



Me molesta la rótula. Ay. Así está mejor.

### 5. Ulysses (Hades). Reader: Mal Murphy.

The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's bucket and shook it over the coffin. Then he walked to the other end and shook it again. Then he came back and put it back in the bucket. As you were before you rested. It's all written down: he has to do it.

—*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.*

The server piped the answers in the treble. I often thought it would be better to have boy servants. Up to fifteen or so. After that, of course ...

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up. What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over. Every mortal day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children, women dead in childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded businessmen, consumptive girls with little sparrows' breasts. All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them: sleep. On Dignam now.

—*In paradisum.*

Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise. Says that over everybody. Tiresome kind of a job. But he has to say something.

The priest closed his book and went off, followed by the server. Corny Kelleher opened the sidedoors and the gravediggers came in, hoisted the coffin again, carried it out and shoved it on their cart. Corny Kelleher gave one wreath to the boy and one to the brother-in-law. All followed them out of the sidedoors into the mild grey air. Mr Bloom came last folding his paper again into his pocket. He gazed gravely at the ground till the coffincart wheeled off to the left. The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry and the pack of blunt boots followed the trundled barrow along a lane of sepulchres.

The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo. Lord, I mustn't lilt here.

—The O'Connell circle, Mr Dedalus said about him.

Mr Power's soft eyes went up to the apex of the lofty cone.

—He's at rest, he said, in the middle of his people, old Dan O'. But his heart is buried in Rome. How many broken hearts are buried here, Simon!

—Her grave is over there, Jack, Mr Dedalus said. I'll soon be stretched beside her. Let Him take me whenever He likes.

Breaking down, he began to weep to himself quietly, stumbling a little in his walk. Mr Power took his arm.

—She's better where she is, he said kindly.

—I suppose so, Mr Dedalus said with a weak gasp. I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven.

Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed the mourners to plod by.

—Sad occasions, Mr Kernan began politely.

Mr Bloom closed his eyes and sadly twice bowed his head.

—The others are putting on their hats, Mr Kernan said. I suppose we can do so too. We are the last. This cemetery is a treacherous place.

They covered their heads.





—The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly, don't you think? Mr Kernan said with reproof.

Mr Bloom nodded gravely looking in the quick bloodshot eyes. Secret eyes, secretsearching. Mason, I think: not sure. Beside him again. We are the last. In the same boat. Hope he'll say something else.

Mr Kernan added:

—The service of the Irish church used in Mount Jerome is simpler, more impressive I must say.

Mr Bloom gave prudent assent. The language of course was another thing.

Mr Kernan said with solemnity:

—*I am the resurrection and the life.* That touches a man's inmost heart.

—It does, Mr Bloom said.

Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his toes to the daisies? No touching that. Seat of the affections. Broken heart. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day. One fine day it gets bunged up: and there you are. Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. The resurrection and the life. Once you are dead you are dead. That last day idea. Knocking them all up out of their graves. Come forth, Lazarus! And he came fifth and lost the job. Get up! Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning. Pennyweight of powder in a skull. Twelve grammes one pennyweight. Troy measure.

Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side.

—Everything went off A1, he said. What?

He looked on them from his drawling eye. Policeman's shoulders. With your tooraloom tooraloom.

—As it should be, Mr Kernan said.

—What? Eh? Corny Kelleher said.

Mr Kernan assured him.

—Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan? John Henry Menton asked. I know his face.

Ned Lambert glanced back.

—Bloom, he said, Madame Marion Tweedy that was, is, I mean, the soprano. She's his wife.

—O, to be sure, John Henry Menton said. I haven't seen her for some time. She was a finelooking woman. I danced with her, wait, fifteen seventeen golden years ago, at Mat Dillon's in Roundtown. And a good armful she was.

He looked behind through the others.

—What is he? he asked. What does he do? Wasn't he in the stationery line? I fell foul of him one evening, I remember, at bowls.

Ned Lambert smiled.

—Yes, he was, he said, in Wisdom Hely's. A traveller for blottingpaper.

—In God's name, John Henry Menton said, what did she marry a coon like that for? She had plenty of game in her then.

—Has still, Ned Lambert said. He does some canvassing for ads.

John Henry Menton's large eyes stared ahead.





The barrow turned into a side lane. A portly man, ambushed among the grasses, raised his hat in homage. The gravediggers touched their caps.

—John O’Connell, Mr Power said pleased. He never forgets a friend.

Mr O’Connell shook all their hands in silence. Mr Dedalus said:

—I am come to pay you another visit.

—My dear Simon, the caretaker answered in a low voice. I don’t want your custom at all.

Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin Cunningham’s side puzzling two long keys at his back.

—Did you hear that one, he asked them, about Mulcahy from the Coombe?

—I did not, Martin Cunningham said.

They bent their silk hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear. The caretaker hung his thumbs in the loops of his gold watchchain and spoke in a discreet tone to their vacant smiles.

—They tell the story, he said, that two drunks came out here one foggy evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs. They asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried. After traipsing about in the fog they found the grave sure enough. One of the drunks spelt out the name: Terence Mulcahy. The other drunk was blinking up at a statue of Our Saviour the widow had got put up.

The caretaker blinked up at one of the sepulchres they passed. He resumed:

—And, after blinking up at the sacred figure, *Not a bloody bit like the man, says he. That’s not Mulcahy, says he, whoever done it.*

Rewarded by smiles he fell back and spoke with Corny Kelleher, accepting the docketts given him, turning them over and scanning them as he walked.

—That’s all done with a purpose, Martin Cunningham explained to Hynes.

—I know, Hynes said. I know that.

—To cheer a fellow up, Martin Cunningham said. It’s pure goodheartedness: damn the thing else.

Mr Bloom admired the caretaker’s prosperous bulk. All want to be on good terms with him. Decent fellow, John O’Connell, real good sort. Keys: like Keyes’s ad: no fear of anyone getting out. No passout checks. *Habeas corpus*. I must see about that ad after the funeral. Did I write Ballsbridge on the envelope I took to cover when she disturbed me writing to Martha? Hope it’s not chucked in the dead letter office. Be the better of a shave. Grey sprouting beard. That’s the first sign when the hairs come out grey. And temper getting cross. Silver threads among the grey. Fancy being his wife. Wonder he had the gumption to propose to any girl. Come out and live in the graveyard. Dangle that before her. It might thrill her first. Courting death. Shades of night hovering here with all the dead stretched about. The shadows of the tombs when churchyards yawn and Daniel O’Connell must be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark. Will o’ the wisp. Gas of graves. Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all. Women especially are so touchy. Tell her a ghost story in bed to make her sleep. Have you ever seen a ghost? Well, I have. It was a pitchdark night. The clock was on the stroke of twelve. Still they’d kiss all right if properly keyed up. Whores in Turkish graveyards. Learn anything if taken young. You might pick up a young widow here. Men like that. Love among the tombstones. Romeo. Spice of pleasure. In the midst of death we are in life. Both ends meet. Tantalising for the poor dead. Smell of grilled beefsteaks to the starving. Gnawing their vitals. Desire to grig people. Molly wanting to do it at the window. Eight children he has anyway.



He has seen a fair share go under in his time, lying around him field after field. Holy fields. More room if they buried them standing. Sitting or kneeling you couldn't. Standing? His head might come up some day above ground in a landslip with his hand pointing. All honeycombed the ground must be: oblong cells. And very neat he keeps it too: trim grass and edgings. His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome. Well, so it is. Ought to be flowers of sleep. Chinese cemeteries with giant poppies growing produce the best opium Mastiansky told me. The Botanic Gardens are just over there. It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new life. Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy. Every man his price. Well preserved fat corpse, gentleman, epicure, invaluable for fruit garden. A bargain. By carcass of William Wilkinson, auditor and accountant, lately deceased, three pounds thirteen and six. With thanks.

I daresay the soil would be quite fat with corpse-manure, bones, flesh, nails. Charnelhouses. Dreadful. Turning green and pink decomposing. Rot quick in damp earth. The lean old ones tougher. Then a kind of a tallowy kind of a cheesy. Then begin to get black, black treacle oozing out of them. Then dried up. Deathmoths. Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living. Changing about. Live for ever practically. Nothing to feed on feed on themselves.

But they must breed a devil of a lot of maggots. Soil must be simply swirling with them. Your head it simply swirls. Those pretty little seaside gurls. He looks cheerful enough over it. Gives him a sense of power seeing all the others go under first. Wonder how he looks at life. Cracking his jokes too: warms the cockles of his heart. The one about the bulletin. Spurgeon went to heaven 4 a.m. this morning. 11 p.m. (closing time). Not arrived yet. Peter. The dead themselves the men anyhow would like to hear an odd joke or the women to know what's in fashion. A juicy pear or ladies' punch, hot, strong and sweet. Keep out the damp. You must laugh sometimes so better do it that way. Gravediggers in *Hamlet*. Shows the profound knowledge of the human heart. Daren't joke about the dead for two years at least. *De mortuis nil nisi prius*. Go out of mourning first. Hard to imagine his funeral. Seems a sort of a joke. Read your own obituary notice they say you live longer. Gives you second wind. New lease of life.

—How many have you for tomorrow? the caretaker asked.

—Two, Corny Kelleher said. Half ten and eleven.

The caretaker put the papers in his pocket. The barrow had ceased to trundle. The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole, stepping with care round the graves. The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the brink, looping the bands round it.

Burying him. We come to bury Cæsar. His ides of March or June. He doesn't know who is here nor care. Now who is that lankylooking galoot over there in the macintosh? Now who is he I'd like to know? Now I'd give a trifle to know who he is. Always someone turns up you never dreamt of. A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life. Yes, he could. Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died though he could dig his own grave. We all do. Only man buries. No, ants too. First thing strikes anybody. Bury the dead. Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life. Well then Friday buried him. Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look at it.

O, poor Robinson Crusoe!  
How could you possibly do so?

Poor Dignam! His last lie on the earth in his box. When you think of them all it does seem a waste of wood. All gnawed through. They could invent a handsome bier with a kind of panel sliding, let it down that way. Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow's. They're so particular. Lay me in my native earth. Bit of clay from the holy land. Only a mother and deadborn child ever buried in the one coffin. I see what it means. I see. To protect him as



long as possible even in the earth. The Irishman's house is his coffin. Embalming in catacombs, mummies the same idea.

Mr Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hand, counting the bared heads. Twelve. I'm thirteen. No. The chap in the macintosh is thirteen. Death's number. Where the deuce did he pop out of? He wasn't in the chapel, that I'll swear. Silly superstition that about thirteen.

## 6. Ulises (Hades). Lectora: Pilar Pastor

Qué paño más suave y agradable el del traje de Ned Lambert. Un poco tirando a púrpura. Yo tenía uno así cuando vivíamos en Lombard Street West. Tipo elegante que era él en tiempos. Solía cambiarse de traje tres veces al día. Tengo que llevar mi traje gris a que me lo vuelva Mesías. Caramba. Pero si es teñido. Su mujer me olvidé de que no está casado o su patrona debería haberle quitado esos hilos.

El ataúd se sumergió zafándose de la vista, bajado con cuidado por los hombres esparrancados sobre los caballetes de la sepultura. Con esfuerzo se enderezaron y apartaron: y todos se descubrieron. Veinte.

Pausa.

Si todos fuéramos repentinamente alguien distinto.

En la lejanía un burro rebuznó. Lluvia. No hay ningún asno. Nunca se ve uno muerto, dicen. Avergonzados de morir. Se ocultan. También el pobre papá se fue.

Un dulce viento suave sopló por entre las cabezas descubiertas como un susurro. Susurro. El chico a la cabecera de la sepultura sostenía la corona con las dos manos, la mirada silenciosamente clavada en el negro espacio abierto. Mr. Bloom se colocó detrás del robusto y amable gerente. Levita de buen corte. Sopesándolos quizá para ver quién será el próximo. Bueno, es un largo descanso. No sentir más. Es el momento lo que sientes. Debe de ser jodidamente desagradable. No se lo podrá uno creer al principio. Un error debe ser: otra persona. Prueba en la casa de enfrente. Espera, yo quería. No he podido todavía. Luego la cámara mortuoria oscurecida. Luz necesitan. Cuchicheando a tu alrededor. ¿Te gustaría ver a un sacerdote? Luego fantaseando y desvariando. Delirio todo lo que ocultaste toda la vida. La lucha con la muerte. Su sueño no es natural. Presiónale el párpado inferior. Observan si tiene la nariz en punta si tiene la mandíbula caída si tiene las plantas de los pies amarillas. Quítale la almohada y dejemos que acabe de una vez en el suelo puesto que está perdido. El diablo en aquel cuadro de la muerte de un pecador mostrándole una mujer. En camisón muriéndose de ganas de abrazarla. El último acto de Lucía. ¿No podré contemplarte nunca más? ¡Bam! Expira. Se fue por fin. La gente habla de ti durante algún tiempo: te olvidan. No olvides rezar por él. Recuérdale en tus oraciones. Incluso a Pamell. El Día de la Hiedra está desapareciendo. Luego te siguen: caen en un agujero, uno tras otro.

Estamos rezando ahora por el descanso de su alma. Esperamos que te encuentres en gracia y no en desgracia. Un buen cambio de aires. De la sartén de la vida al fuego del purgatorio.



¿Pensará alguna vez en el agujero que le espera a él también? Dicen que sí cuando tiritas al sol. Alguien que pisa por encima. La señal del segundo apunte. Cerca de ti. La mía allí hacia Finglas, la parcela que compré. Mamá, pobre mamá, y el pequeño Rudy.

Los sepultureros cogieron las palas y echaron pesados mazacotes de tierra sobre el ataúd. Mr. Bloom volvió la cara. ¿Y si estuviera vivo todo este tiempo? ¡Fu! ¡Joroba, sería horroroso! No, no: está muerto, claro. Claro que está muerto. El lunes murió. Debería haber alguna ley punzar el corazón para asegurarse o un reloj eléctrico o un teléfono en el ataúd y algún tipo de respiradero de Ioneta. La bandera de socorro. Tres días. Demasiado tiempo para mantenerlos en verano. Quizá sea mejor deshacerse de ellos tan pronto como estés seguro de que no.

La tierra caía más suavemente. Empiezas a ser olvidado. Ojos que no ven, corazón que no siente.

El gerente se alejó unos pasos y se puso el sombrero. Ya ha aguantado bastante. Los acompañantes se fueron animando, uno a uno, cubriéndose sin ostentación. Mr. Bloom se puso el sombrero y vio cómo la figura robusta se abría camino diestramente por entre el laberinto de sepulturas. Quedamente, seguro de su terreno, recorrió los tétricos campos.

Hynes apuntando algo en su libreta. Ah, los nombres. Pero él los conoce todos. No: viene hacia mí.

—Estoy tomando nota de los nombres, dijo Hynes en voz casi inaudible. ¿Cuál es su nombre de pila? No estoy seguro.

—L., dijo Mr. Bloom. Leopold. Y quizá pudiera anotar el nombre de M'Coy también. Me lo pidió.

—Charley, dijo Hynes mientras escribía. Lo sé. Estuvo en el Freeman un tiempo.

Sí que estuvo allí antes de que consiguiera el trabajo en el depósito de cadáveres bajo Louis Byme. Buena idea esa del postmortem para los médicos. Averiguar lo que imaginan que saben. Murió un martes. Lo largaron. Se marchó con el dinero de unos cuantos anuncios. Charley, eres mi cariño. Por eso me lo pidió. Bah, no importa. Ya hice eso, M'Coy. Gracias, viejo: muy agradecido. Me debe un favor: no cuesta nada.

—Y dígame, decía Hynes, conoce a aquel tipo con la, el tipo que estaba allí con la ...

Miró a su alrededor.

—Gabardina. Sí, le vi, dijo Mr. Bloom. ¿Dónde está ahora?

—Gandina, dijo Hynes garabateando. No sé quién es. ¿Así se llama?

Se fue, mirando a su alrededor.

—No, empezó Mr. Bloom, volviéndose y parándose. ¡Oiga, Hynes!

No me ha oído. ¿No? ¿Adónde ha ido a parar? Ni rastro. Por todos los. ¿Alguien ha visto por aquí? Ka e ele ele. Se ha vuelto invisible. Dios ¿qué ha sido de él?



Un séptimo sepulturero se acercó a Mr. Bloom para coger una pala tirada.

–¡Vaya, disculpe!

Se apartó resueltamente.

Tierra, marrón, húmeda, empezó a distinguirse en el agujero. Crecía. Casi han terminado. Un montículo de húmedos tormos creció y creció, y los sepultureros descansaron sus palas. Todos se descubrieron de nuevo durante unos instantes. El chico apoyó la corona contra una esquina: el cuñado la suya en un montón de tierra. Los sepultureros se pusieron las gorras y se llevaron las palas enfangadas al carrito. Luego golpearon las palas ligeramente en el césped: limpias. Uno se inclinó a quitar del mango unas matas grandes de hierba. Otro, dejando a los compañeros, se marchó lentamente con el arma al hombro, la hoja azuleando. Silenciosamente a la cabecera de la sepultura otro enrolló las cuerdas del ataúd. El cordón umbilical. El cuñado, volviéndose, le puso algo en la mano libre. Agradecimiento en silencio. Lo siento, señor: desgracia. Cabezada. Lo sé. Para ustedes sólo.

Los acompañantes se alejaron lentamente sin rumbo, por senderos erráticos, parándose a ratos para leer un nombre en una tumba.

–Demos una vuelta por la tumba del jefe, dijo Hynes. Tenemos tiempo.

–Vayamos, dijo Mr. Power.

Giraron a la derecha, continuando con sus lentos pensamientos. Con temor la voz diáfana de Mr. Power habló:

–Algunos dicen que no está en la sepultura ni mucho menos. Que llenaron el ataúd de piedras. Que algún día volverá de nuevo.

Hynes sacudió la cabeza.

–Pamell nunca más volverá, dijo. Está ahí, todo lo que en él había de mortal. La paz sea con sus cenizas.

## **7. Ulysses (Hades). Reader: David Butler.**

Mr Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels, crosses, broken pillars, family vaults, stone hopes praying with upcast eyes, old Ireland's hearts and hands. More sensible to spend the money on some charity for the living. Pray for the repose of the soul of. Does anybody really? Plant him and have done with him. Like down a coalshoot. Then lump them together to save time. All souls' day. Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave. Ten shillings for the gardener. He keeps it free of weeds. Old man himself. Bent down double with his shears clipping. Near death's door. Who passed away. Who departed this life. As if they did it of their own accord. Got the shove, all of them. Who kicked the bucket. More interesting if they told you what they were. So and So, wheelwright. I travelled for cork lino. I paid five shillings in the pound. Or a woman's with her saucepan. I cooked good Irish stew. Eulogy in a country churchyard it ought to be that poem of whose is it Wordsworth or Thomas Campbell. Entered into rest the protestants put it. Old Dr Murren's. The great physician called him home. Well it's



God's acre for them. Nice country residence. Newly plastered and painted. Ideal spot to have a quiet smoke and read the *Church Times*. Marriage ads they never try to beautify. Rusty wreaths hung on knobs, garlands of bronze foil. Better value that for the money. Still, the flowers are more poetical. The other gets rather tiresome, never withering. Expresses nothing. Immortelles.

A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch. Like stuffed. Like the wedding present alderman Hooper gave us. Hoo! Not a budge out of him. Knows there are no catapults to let fly at him. Dead animal even sadder. Silly-Milly burying the little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox, a daisy chain and bits of broken chainies on the grave.

The Sacred Heart that is: showing it. Heart on his sleeve. Ought to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart. Ireland was dedicated to it or whatever that. Seems anything but pleased. Why this infliction? Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy. Apollo that was.

How many! All these here once walked round Dublin. Faithful departed. As you are now so once were we.

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather. Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Rtststr! A rattle of pebbles. Wait. Stop!

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it. Good hidingplace for treasure.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert Emery. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight, wasn't he? Making his rounds.

Tail gone now.

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and what's cheese? Corpse of milk. I read in that *Voyages in China* that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the other firm. Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague. Quicklime feverpits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds. Earth, fire, water. Drowning they say is the pleasantest. See your whole life in a flash. But being brought back to life no. Can't bury in the air however. Out of a flying machine. Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down. Underground communication. We learned that from them. Wouldn't be surprised. Regular square feed for them. Flies come before he's well dead. Got wind of Dignam. They wouldn't care about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips.

The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the world again. Enough of this place. Brings you a bit nearer every time. Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral. Poor papa too. The love that kills. And even scraping up the earth at night with a lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running gravesores. Give you the creeps after a bit. I will appear to you after death. You will see my ghost after death. My ghost





will haunt you after death. There is another world after death named hell. I do not like that other world she wrote. No more do I. Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm fullblooded life.

Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath, talking gravely.

Solicitor, I think. I know his face. Menton, John Henry, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits. Dignam used to be in his office. Mat Dillon's long ago. Jolly Mat. Convivial evenings. Cold fowl, cigars, the Tantalus glasses. Heart of gold really. Yes, Menton. Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen because I sailed inside him. Pure fluke of mine: the bias. Why he took such a rooted dislike to me. Hate at first sight. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the lilactree, laughing. Fellow always like that, mortified if women are by.

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.

—Excuse me, sir, Mr Bloom said beside them.

They stopped.

—Your hat is a little crushed, Mr Bloom said pointing.

John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving.

—There, Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also.

John Henry Menton took off his hat, bulged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with care on his coatsleeve. He clapped the hat on his head again.

—It's all right now, Martin Cunningham said.

John Henry Menton jerked his head down in acknowledgment.

—Thank you, he said shortly.

They walked on towards the gates. Mr Bloom, chapfallen, drew behind a few paces so as not to overhear. Martin laying down the law. Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round his little finger, without his seeing it.

Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him. Get the pull over him that way.

Thank you. How grand we are this morning!