



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



Bloomsday Society

Lectura de *Ulises, Episodio VII, EOLO*, de *James Joyce*

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

Miércoles, 30 de noviembre de 2022



AEOLUS

Time: 12 noon

**Location: offices of the *Freeman's Journal and Evening*
Prince's Street North, right beside the GPO**

***Telegraph*, 4-8**



1. Readers: Kate Marriage and Mal 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 rougy 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 hagadah 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

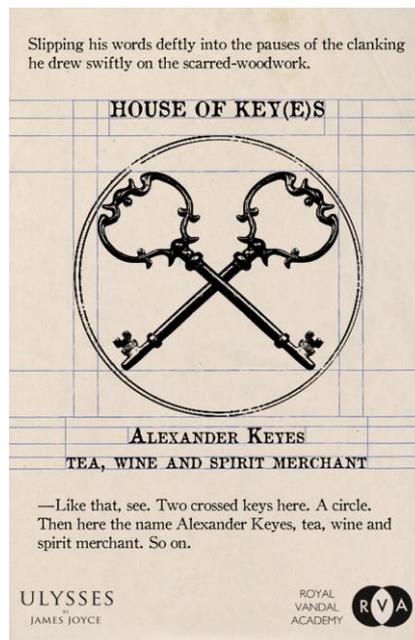
He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works. Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there.

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. Lectores: Nieves Morán y 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 ría 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 podíahabersido. 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, dilo 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 succulentos de verde primavera¿ saturadas de translúcido fulgor trascendente de nuestro apacible y 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.



3. David Butler and Andrew Walsh

SPOT THE WINNER

Lenehan came out of the inner office with *Sport's* tissues.

—Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup? he asked. Sceptre with O. Madden up.
He tossed the tissues on to the table.

Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open.

—Hush, Lenehan said. I hear feetstoops.

Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the steps. The tissues rustled up in the draught, floated softly in the air blue scrawls and under the table came to earth.

—It wasn't me, sir. It was the big fellow shoved me, sir.

—Throw him out and shut the door, the editor said. There's a hurricane blowing.

Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor, grunting as he stooped twice.

—Waiting for the racing special, sir, the newsboy said. It was Pat Farrell shoved me, sir.

He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe.

—Him, sir.

—Out of this with you, professor MacHugh said gruffly.

He hustled the boy out and banged the door to.

J. J. O'Molloy turned the files cracklingly over, murmuring, seeking:

—Continued on page six, column four.

—Yes, *Evening Telegraph* here, Mr Bloom phoned from the inner office. Is the boss...? Yes, *Telegraph*... To where? Aha! Which auction rooms?... Aha! I see... Right. I'll catch him.

A COLLISION ENSUES

The bell whirred again as he rang off. He came in quickly and bumped against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue.

—*Pardon, monsieur*, Lenehan said, clutching him for an instant and making a grimace.

—My fault, Mr Bloom said, suffering his grip. Are you hurt? I'm in a hurry.

—Knee, Lenehan said.

He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee:



—The accumulation of the *anno Domini*.

—Sorry, Mr Bloom said.

He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. J. J. O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over. The noise of two shrill voices, a mouthorgan, echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps:

We are the boys of Wexford
Who fought with heart and hand.

EXIT BLOOM

—I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk, Mr Bloom said, about this ad of Keyes's. Want to fix it up. They tell me he's round there in Dillon's.

He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces. The editor who, leaning against the mantelshelf, had propped his head on his hand, suddenly stretched forth an arm amply.

—Begone! he said. The world is before you.

—Back in no time, Mr Bloom said, hurrying out.

J. J. O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them, blowing them apart gently, without comment.

—He'll get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind. Look at the young scamps after him.

—Show. Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.

A STREET CORTÈGE

Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake, the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite, a tail of white bowknots.

—Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry, Lenehan said, and you'll kick. O, my rib risible! Taking off his flat spaug and the walk. Small nines. Steal upon larks.

He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J. J. O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands.

—What's that? Myles Crawford said with a start. Where are the other two gone?

—Who? the professor said, turning. They're gone round to the Oval for a drink. Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall. Came over last night.

—Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Where's my hat?

He walked jerkily into the office behind, parting the vent of his jacket, jingling his keys in his back pocket. They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer.

—He's pretty well on, professor MacHugh said in a low voice.

—Seems to be, J. J. O'Molloy said, taking out a cigarette case in murmuring meditation, but it is not always as it seems. Who has the most matches?



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?

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 greyly, 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 hue.
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 Bastille, 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.



Throwaway entering the winner's enclosure after the Gold Cup race of 1904.

4. Lectores: Ophelia Leon y Pilar Pastor

DE TODO UN POCO

—Todos los talentos, dijo Myles Crawford. Las leyes, los clásicos ...

—El turf, insertó Lenehan.

—La literatura, la prensa.



–Si Bloom estuviera aquí, dijo el profesor. El noble arte de la publicidad.

–Y Madame Bloom, añadió Mr. O'Madden Burke. La musa vocalista. La primera favorita de Dublín.

Lenehan tosió fuertemente.

–¡Ejem! dijo muy suavemente. ¡Vaya, qué daría por un aire de bocanada fresca! Me resfrié en el parque. La cancela estaba abierta.

«¡PUEDE HACERLO!»

El director puso una mano nerviosa en el hombro de Stephen.

–Quiero que escriba algo para mí, dijo. Algo con gancho. Puede hacerlo. Se lo noto en la cara. En el vocabulario de la juventud

Lo noto en la cara. Lo noto en la mirada. Vago intrigante ocioso.

–¡Fiebre aftosa! exclamó el director con desdeñosa invectiva. Gran asamblea nacionalista en Borris–in–Ossory. ¡Qué coño! ¡Acojonando al público! Déles algo con gancho. Métenos a todos en ello, maldita sea su alma. Padre, Hijo y Espíritu Santo y M'Carthy el Letrina.

–Todos podemos suministrar pábulo mental, dijo Mr. O'Madden Burke.

Stephen levantó los ojos a la intensa mirada desatenta. –Le quiere para el equipo de currinches, dijo J. J. O'Molloy.

EL GRAN GALLAHER

–Usted puede hacerlo, repitió Myles Crawford, apretando el puño para enfatizar. Espere un momento. Paralizaremos Europa como Ignatius Gallaher solía decir cuando andaba a la caza de un empleo, echando una mano en los billares en el Clarence. Gallaher, ése sí que era un periodista. Ésa era una pluma. ¿Sabe cómo consiguió su tanto? Se lo diré. Fue el mejor trabajo de periodismo que se ha visto jamás. Fue en el ocheintaiuno, el seis de mayo, en tiempos de los invencibles, el asesinato en el parque Phoenix, antes de que usted naciera, supongo. Se lo enseñaré.



Se abrió camino a empujones hasta las carpetas.

–Mire aquí, dijo volviéndose. El New York World telegrafió para conseguir una exclusiva. ¿Recuerdan aquellos tiempos?

El profesor MacHugh asintió.

–New York World, dijo el director, emocionadamente echándose hacia atrás el canotí. Donde tuvo lugar. Tim Kelly, o Kavanagh mejor dicho. Joe Brady y los demás. Donde el Pellejocabra llevó el coche. Toda la ruta ¿ven?

–El Pellejocabra, dijo Mr. O'Madden Burke. Fitzhams. Ese que tiene el albergue del cochero aquel, dicen, allá por el puente Butt. Holohan me lo dijo. ¿Conocen a Holohan?

–Cojo y me llevo una ¿no? dijo Myles Crawford.

–Y el pobre Gumley también anda por ahí, según me dijo, vigilando piedras para la corporación municipal. Guarda de noche.

Stephen se volvió sorprendido.

–¿Gumley? dijo. ¡No me diga! Amigo de mi padre ¿no es así?

–Olvídese de Gumley, exclamó Myles Crawford airadamente. Deje que Gumley vigile las piedras, que no se escapen. Mire aquí. ¿Qué hizo Ignatius Gallaher? Se lo diré. Inspiración del genio. Telegrafió de inmediato. ¿Tienen Freeman Semanal 17 de marzo? Bien. ¿Lo cogen?

Buscó hacia atrás en las carpetas y plantó el dedo en un punto.

–Tomemos la página cuatro, anuncio de café Bransome, digamos. ¿Lo cogen? Bien.

El teléfono ronroneó.

UNA VOZ EN LA DISTANCIA

–Yo lo cogeré, dijo el profesor, yéndose.



–B es la cancela del parque. Estupendo.

El dedo daba saltos y tocaba un punto tras otro, vibrando.

–T es la residencia virreinal. C es donde se cometió el asesinato. K es la puerta de Knockmaroon.

Las carnes flojas del cuello se le estremecieron como la barba de un gallo. Una pechera postiza mal almidonada se le salió y con un gesto violento la volvió a meter por dentro del chaleco.

–¿Diga? Aquí el Evening Telegraph. ¿Diga? ... ¿Quién llama? ... Sí ... Sí ... Sí.

–De F a P es la ruta que siguió el Pellejocabra con el coche para tener un alibi, Inchicore, Roundtown, Windy Arbour, Palmerston Park, Ranelagh. F. A. B. P. ¿Lo cogen? X es la taberna Davy en Upper Leeson Street.

El profesor se asomó a la puerta interior.

–Bloom está al teléfono, dijo.

–Dígale que se vaya al infierno, dijo el director puntualmente. X es la taberna Davy ¿ven?

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.

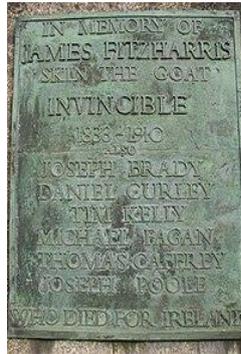
Las vio de tres en tres, chicas que se acercaban, de verde, de rosa, de rojo, entrelazándose, per l'aer perso, de malva, de púrpura, quella pacifica oriafiamma, de oro onflama, di remirar fe più ardenti. Pero yo ancianos, penitentes, pies de plomo, baoscuridajo de la noche: boca soca: tumba entrañas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



Grave of James Fitzharris (Skin the Goat)

5. Readers: Lois Humphrey and Kate Marriage

LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE

—Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper, the editor cried in his face. Irish volunteers. Where are you now? Established 1763. Dr Lucas. Who have you now like John Philpot Curran? Psha!

—Well, J. J. O'Molloy said, Bushe K.C., for example.

—Bushe? the editor said. Well, yes: Bushe, yes. He has a strain of it in his blood. Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe.

—He would have been on the bench long ago, the professor said, only for But no matter.

J. J. O'Molloy turned to Stephen and said quietly and slowly:

—One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe. It was in that case of fratricide, the Childs murder case. Bushe defended him.

And in the porches of mine ear did pour.

By the way how did he find that out? He died in his sleep. Or the other story, beast with two backs?

—What was that? the professor asked.

ITALIA, MAGISTRA ARTIUM

—He spoke on the law of evidence, J. J. O'Molloy said, of Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code, the *lex talionis*. And he cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the vatican.

—Ha.



—A few wellchosen words, Lenehan prefaced. Silence!

Pause. J. J. O'Molloy took out his cigarettcase.

False lull. Something quite ordinary.

Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar.

I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act, trivial in itself, that striking of that match, that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives.

A POLISHED PERIOD

J. J. O'Molloy resumed, moulding his words:

—He said of it: *that stony effigy in frozen music, horned and terrible, of the human form divine, that eternal symbol of wisdom and of prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live, deserves to live.*

His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall.

—Fine! Myles Crawford said at once.

—The divine afflatus, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

—You like it? J. J. O'Molloy asked Stephen.

Stephen, his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture, blushed. He took a cigarette from the case. J. J. O'Molloy offered his case to Myles Crawford. Lenehan lit their cigarettes as before and took his trophy, saying:

—Muchibus thankibus.

A MAN OF HIGH MORALE

—Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you, J. J. O'Molloy said to Stephen. What do you think really of that hermetic crowd, the opal hush poets: A. E. the mastermystic? That Blavatsky woman started it. She was a nice old bag of tricks. A. E. has been telling some yankee interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the morning to ask him about planes of consciousness. Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A. E.'s leg. He is a man of the very highest morale, Magennis.

Speaking about me. What did he say? What did he say? What did he say about me? Don't ask.

—No, thanks, professor MacHugh said, waving the cigarettcase aside. Wait a moment. Let me say one thing. The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by John F Taylor at the college historical society. Mr Justice Fitzgibbon, the present lord justice of appeal, had spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days), advocating the revival of the Irish tongue.

He turned towards Myles Crawford and said:

—You know Gerald Fitzgibbon. Then you can imagine the style of his discourse.

—He is sitting with Tim Healy, J. J. O'Molloy said, rumour has it, on the Trinity college estates commission.



—He is sitting with a sweet thing, Myles Crawford said, in a child’s frock. Go on. Well?

—It was the speech, mark you, the professor said, of a finished orator, full of courteous haughtiness and pouring in chastened diction I will not say the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man’s contumely upon the new movement. It was then a new movement. We were weak, therefore worthless.

He closed his long thin lips an instant but, eager to be on, raised an outspanned hand to his spectacles and, with trembling thumb and ringfinger touching lightly the black rims, steadied them to a new focus.

IMPROMPTU

In ferial tone he addressed J. J. O’Molloy:

—Taylor had come there, you must know, from a sickbed. That he had prepared his speech I do not believe for there was not even one shorthandwriter in the hall. His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it. He wore a loose white silk neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man.

His gaze turned at once but slowly from J. J. O’Molloy’s towards Stephen’s face and then bent at once to the ground, seeking. His unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head, soiled by his withering hair. Still seeking, he said:

—When Fitzgibbon’s speech had ended John F Taylor rose to reply. Briefly, as well as I can bring them to mind, his words were these.

He raised his head firmly. His eyes bethought themselves once more. Witless shellfish swam in the gross lenses to and fro, seeking outlet.

He began:

—*Mr Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Great was my admiration in listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend. It seemed to me that I had been transported into a country far away from this country, into an age remote from this age, that I stood in ancient Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that land addressed to the youthful Moses.*

His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear, their smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech. *And let our crooked smokes.* Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself?

—*And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride. I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me.*

FROM THE FATHERS

It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good could be corrupted. Ah, curse you! That’s saint Augustine.

—*Why will you jews not accept our culture, our religion and our language? You are a tribe of nomad herdsmen: we are a mighty people. You have no cities nor no wealth:*



our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys, trireme and quadrireme, laden with all manner merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe. You have but emerged from primitive conditions: we have a literature, a priesthood, an age-long history and a polity.

Nile.

Child, man, effigy.

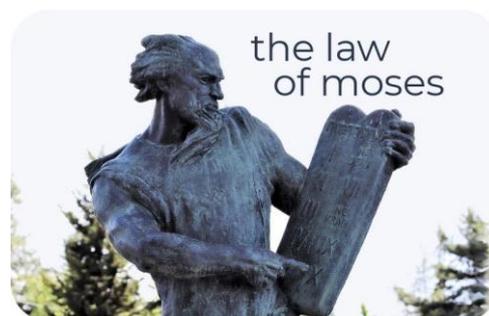
By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel, cradle of bulrushes: a man supple in combat: stonehorned, stonebearded, heart of stone.

—You pray to a local and obscure idol: our temples, majestic and mysterious, are the abodes of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Ammon Ra. Yours serfdom, awe and humbleness: ours thunder and the seas. Israel is weak and few are her children: Egypt is an host and terrible are her arms. Vagrants and daylabourers are you called: the world trembles at our name.

A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech. He lifted his voice above it boldly:

—But, ladies and gentlemen, had the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life, had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage, nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day. He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tables of the law, graven in the language of the outlaw.

He ceased and looked at them, enjoying a silence.



6. Lectores: Nieves Morán y Ophelia León

¡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 buchínche 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!

MI AMADO Y PUERCO DUBLÍN



Dublinese.

—Dos vestales dublinesas, dijo Stephen, mayores y piadosas, han vivido cincuenta y cincuentaitrés años en Fumbally Lane.

—¿Dónde está eso? preguntó el profesor.

—Más allá de Blackpitts, dijo Stephen.

Noche lienta oliendo a masa que da hambre. Contra la pared. La cara resplendente como el sebo bajo el chal de algodón. Corazones frenéticos. Anales acacianos. ¡Más rápido, majo!

Listo ahora. Atrévete. Hágase la vida.

—Quieren ver las vistas de Dublín desde lo alto de la columna de Nelson. Ahorran tres chelines y diez peniques en una hucha de hojalata en forma de buzón rojo. Sacan las monedas de tres—peniques y seis—peniques zarandeándola y ganzúan los peniques con la hoja de un cuchillo. Dos con tres en plata y uno con siete en cobre. Se ponen sus papalinas y las ropas de domingo y cogen los paraguas por miedo a que se ponga a llover.

—Vírgenes prudentes, dijo el profesor MacHugh.

LA VIDA EN CARNE VIVA

—Compran un chelín y cuatro peniques de carne en gelatina y cuatro panecillos en la casa de comidas al norte de la ciudad en Marlborough Street a Miss Kate Collins, propietaria. Adquieren veinticuatro ciruelas maduras a una chica al pie de la columna de Nelson para quitarse la sed de la carne en gelatina. Le dan dos monedas de tres—peniques al caballero del torniquete y empiezan a nanear lentamente escalera de caracol arriba, rezongando, animándose la una a la otra, asustadas de la oscuridad, resoplando, una preguntándole a la otra tienes la carne en gelatina, alabando a Dios y a la Virgen Santa, amenazando con bajar, mirando furtivamente por los respiraderos. Alabado sea Dios. No sabían que fuera tan alta.



Se llaman Anne Keams y Florence MacCabe. Anne Keams padece de lumbago por lo que se da friegas con agua de Lourdes, que se la dio una señora que consiguió una botella de un padre pasionista. Florence MacCabe se toma una manita de cerdo y una botella de doble X para cenar todos los sábados.

–Antítesis, dijo el profesor asintiendo dos veces. Vírgenes vestales. Como si las viera. ¿Qué estará reteniendo a nuestro amigo?

Se volvió.

Una bandada de muchachos gaceteros se precipitó escalones abajo, dispersándose en todas direcciones, voceando, los periódicos blancos aleteando. Tras ellos en seguida apareció Myles Crawford en los escalones, el sombrero aureolándole la cara escarlata, hablando con J. J. O'Molloy.

–Venga, exclamó el profesor, agitando el brazo.

Se puso en marcha de nuevo para caminar al lado de Stephen.

–Sí, dijo. Como si las viera.

EL REGRESO DE BLOOM

Mr. Bloom, sin aliento, atrapado en un remolino de gaceteros desmandados junto a las oficinas del Irish Catholic y del Dublin Penny Journal, llamó:

–¡Mr. Crawford! ¡Un momento!

–¡Telegraph! ¡Extra carreras!

–¿Qué pasa? dijo Myles Crawford, quedándose atrás un paso.

Un gacetero le gritó en la cara a Mr. Bloom:

–¡Temble tragedia en Rathmines! ¡Un niño atrapado en un fuelle!

ENTREVISTA CON EL DIRECTOR



–Tan sólo este anuncio, dijo Mr. Bloom, abriéndose camino a empujones hasta los escalones, sofocado, y sacando el recorte del bolsillo. He hablado con Mr. Yves hace un momento. Renovará por dos meses, dice. Después ya verá. Pero quiere un texto que llame la atención en el Telegraph también, en las páginas deportivas del sábado. Y quiere que se copie si no es demasiado tarde le dije al concejal Nannetti del Kilkenny People. Puedo conseguirlo en la biblioteca nacional. La casa de las llaves ¿comprende? Él se llama Yves. Es un juego de palabras con el nombre. Pero prácticamente prometió que renovaría. Pero quiere que se le dé un poco de coba. ¿Qué le digo, Mr. Crawford?

T.P.C.

–¿Quiere decirle que se vaya a tomar por culo? dijo Myles Crawford extendiendo el brazo para mayor énfasis. Dígaselo clanto sin rodeos.

Un poco nervioso. Cuidado con el chaparrón. Se marchan todos a tomar una copa. Cogidos del brazo. La gorra náutica de Lenehan gorroneando allá lejos. Lisonjas como siempre. A saber si ese joven Dedalus es el alma de todo ello. Lleva puesto un buen par de botas hoy. La última vez que lo vi llevaba los talones al aire. Andando en el lodo en algún lugar. Chico descuidado. ¿Qué estaría haciendo en Irishtown?

–Bueno, dijo Mr. Bloom, los ojos calculando, si consigo el diseño supongo que merecería la pena un texto corto. Concedería el anuncio, creo. Le diré que ...

T.P.S.R.C.I.

–Que se vaya a tomar por su real culo irlandés, exclamó por encima del hombro Myles Crawford levantando la voz.

Cuando guste, dígaselo.

Mientras Mr. Bloom permanecía inmóvil considerando la cuestión y a punto de sonreír él continuó su marcha a zancadas nerviosamente.



CONSEGUIR PASTA

Ninfa bona, Jack, dijo, llevándose la mano a la barbilla. Estoy hasta aquí. Yo también he estado con el agua al cuello. Estuve buscando a alguien que me avalara una factura tan sólo la semana pasada. Lo siento, Jack. Si con la intención bastara. Con toda mi alma si pudiera conseguir pasta de alguna manera.

J. J. O'Molloy puso la cara larga y siguió andando silenciosamente. Llegaron a la altura de los otros y caminaron todos a la par.

–Cuando se han comido la carne en gelatina y el pan y limpiado los veinte dedos en el papel en que estaba envuelto el pan se acercan más a la barandilla.

–Algo para usted, le explicó el profesor a Myles Crawford. Dos viejas dublinesas en lo alto de la columna de Nelson.

¡VAYA COLUMNA!

– ESO ES LO QUE LA NANEADORA

NÚMERO UNO DIJO

–Eso es nuevo, dijo Myles Crawford. Eso es publicable. A la excursión anual de zapateros por el Dargle. Dos viejas pícaras ¿eh?

–Pero temen que la columna se caiga, continuó Stephen. Ven los tejados y discuten acerca de dónde están las distintas iglesias: la cúpula azul de Rathmines, la de Adam and Eve, la de Saint Laurence O'Toole. Pero les entran mareos al mirar así que se arremangan las faldas

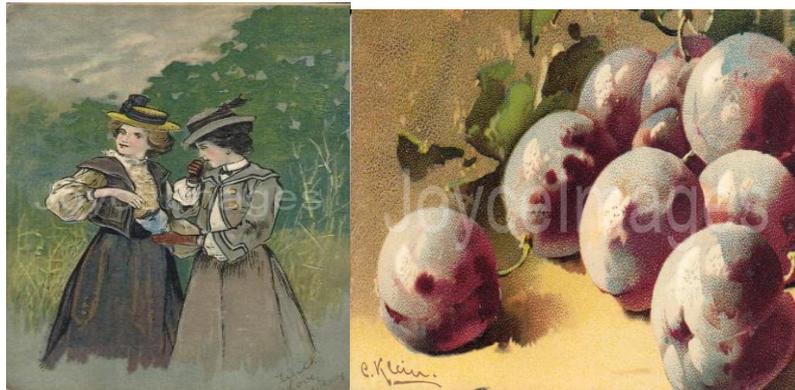
ESAS HEMBRAS LIGERAMENTE ALOCADAS

–Tranquilos, dijo Myles Crawford. Nada de licencia poética. Estamos en la archidiócesis aquí.



–Y se instalan sobre sus enaguas a rayas, escudriñando la estatua del adúltero mancopenco en lo alto.

–¡Adúltero mancopenco! exclamó el profesor. Me gusta eso. Ya veo la idea. Veo lo que quiere decir.



7. Readers: Mal Murphy and David Butler

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.

