

The Whole Bloomin' Thing

Leopold

Why me..? Because... you were so... *foreign* from the others.

"Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls!" Fine eyes she had, clear. It's the white of the eye brings that out not so much the pupil. Did she know what I..? Course. French letter still in my pocketbook Cause of half the trouble. But might happen sometime,I don't think... Come in. All is prepared. I dreamt. What? Worst is beginning. Very strange about my watch. Wristwatches are always going wrong. Wonder is there any magnetic influence between the person because that was about the time he... Yes, I suppose at once. Cat's away the mice will play. I remember looking in Pill lane. Also that now is magnetism. Back of everything: magnetism. Earth for instance pulling this and being pulled. That causes movement. And time... Well that's the time the movement takes. Then if one thing stopped the whole ghesabo would stop bit by bit. Because it's arranged. Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the stars. Little piece of steel. Iron. When you hold out the fork. Come. Come. Tip. Woman and man that is. Fork and steel. Molly. He. Dress up and look and suggest and let you see and see more and defy you if you're a man to see that and, like a sneeze coming, legs, look, look, and if you have any guts in you: Tip. Have to let fly. Wait...No soft job. Saves them. Keeps them out of harm's way. Nature. Washing child, washing corpse. Dignam. Children's hands always round them. What do they love? Another? Themselves? But the morning she chased her with the umbrella...Perhaps so as not to hurt. I felt her pulse. Ticking. Little hand it was, now big. Dearest Papli. All that the hand says when you touch. Loved to count my waistcoat buttons. That's the way to find out. Were those nightclouds there all the time? Looks like a phantom ship. No. Wait. Trees are they? An optical illusion. Mirage. Land of the setting sun this. Homerule sun setting in the southeast. My native land, Goodnight.

Molly Part 1

Wait, There's Georges church bells, wait, 3 quarters the hour, wait 2 o'clock well that's a nice hour of the night for him to be coming home at to anybody climbing down into the area if anybody saw him. Ill knock him off that little habit tomorrow. First I'll look at his shirt to see, or I'll see if he has that French letter still in his pocketbook. I suppose he thinks I don't know deceitful men all their 20 pockets aren't enough for their lies, then why should we tell them, even if it's the truth they don't believe you, then tucked up in bed like those babies in the Aristocrats Masterpiece he brought me another, time as if we hadn't enough of that in real life, without some old Aristocrat or whatever his name is, disgusting, you more with those rotten pictures children with two heads and no legs, that's the kind of villainy, they're always dreaming about with not another thing in their empty heads, they ought to get slow poison the half of them, then tea and toast for him buttered on both sides and new laid eggs I suppose I'm nothing any more when I wouldn't let him lick me in Holles street one night man, man tyrant as ever, for the one thing he slept on the floor half the night naked the way the jews used' when somebody dies belonged to them and wouldn't eat any breakfast or speak a word, wanting to be petted so I thought I stood out enough for one time and let him he does it all wrong too thinking only of his own pleasure his tongue is too flat or I don't know what he forgets that we then I don't I'll make him do it again if he doesn't mind himself and lock him down to sleep in the coal cellar with the black beetles I wonder was it her, Josie? off her head with my castoffs, he's such a born liar too, no, he'd never have the courage with a married woman...that's why he wants me...and Boylan...though as for her, Denis as she calls him that forlorn looking spectacle...you couldn't call him a husband,yes its some little bitch he's got in with even when I was with him with Milly at the College races, that Hornblower with the child's bonnet on the top on his nob let us into by the back way, he was throwing his sheep's eyes at those two doing skirt duty up and down...I tried to wink at him first, no use of course and that's the way his money goes. This is the fruits of Mr Paddy Dignam, yes, they were all in great style at the grand funeral in the paper Boylan brought in if they saw a real officers funeral, that d be something reversed arms, muffled drums, the poor horse walking behind in black

L Bloom and Tom Kernan, that drunken little barrelly man that bit his tongue off falling down the men's W C drunk in some place or other and Martin Cunningham and the two Dedaluses, and Fanny McCoy's husband, white head of cabbage skinny thing with a turn in her eye, trying to sing my songs
she'd want to be born all over again, and her old green dress with the, lowneck as she can't attract them any other way, like dabbling on a rainy day.

Stephen

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see. Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *Nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *Nebeninander* ineluctably! I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the ends of his legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of *Los demiurgos*. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crick, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'. Won't you come to Sandymount, Madeline the mare? Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. Actalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop: *deline the mare*. Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaaphane. *Basta!* I will see if I can see. See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end... They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently, *Frauenzimmer*: and down the shelving shore flabbily, their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand. Like me, like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother. Number one swung lourdily her widwife's bag, the other's gamp

poked in the beach. From the liberties, out for the day. Mrs Florence MacCabe, relict of the late Patk MacCabe, deeply lamented, of Bride Street. One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life. Creation from nothing. What has she in the bag? A misbirth with a trailing navelcord, hushed in ruddy wool. The cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as gods? Gaze in your *omphalos*. Hello! Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha: nought, nought, one. Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon: Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without blemish, bulging big, a buckler of taut vellum, no, whiteheaped corn, orient and immortal, standing from everlasting to everlasting. Womb of sin.

Many Mollys

What else were we given all those desires for Id like to know I can't help it if Im young still can I it's a wonder I'm not an old shrivelled hag before my time living with him so cold never embracing me except sometimes when he's asleep the wrong end of me not knowing I suppose who he has any man thatd kiss a womans bottom Id throw my hat at him after that he'd kiss anything unnatural

A man pfooh the dirty brutes the mere thought is enough. I kiss the feet of you señorita theres some sense in that. Didn't he kiss our halldoor. Yes he did what a madman. Nobody understands his cracked ideas but me still of course a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day almost to make her look young no matter by who. So long as to be in love or loved by somebody if the fellow you want isn't there sometimes

By the Lord God I was thinking would I go around by the quays there some dark evening where nobodyd know me and pick up a sailor off the sea that'd be hot on for it and not care a pin whose I was only do it off up in a gate somewhere or one of those wild looking gipsies in Rathfarnham had their camp pitched near the Bloomfield laundry to try

I don't care what anybody says it'd be much better for the world to be governed by the women in it you wouldn't see women going and killing one another and slaughtering when you do you ever see women rolling around drunk like they do or gambling every bent they have and losing it on horses yes because a woman whatever she does she knows where to

stop sure they wouldn't be in the world at all only for us they don't know what it is be to be woman and a mother how could they where would they all of them be if they hadn't all a mother to look after them what I never had thats why I suppose

Id love to have a long talk with an intelligent well educated person Id have to get a nice pair of red slippers like those Turks with the fez used to sell or yellow and a nice semitransparent morning gown that I badly want or a peach blossom dressing jacket like the one long ago in Walpoles only 8/6 or 18/6 Ill just give him one more chance I'll get up early in the morning

I'll get up early in the morning to see all the vegetables and cabbages and tomatoes and carrots and all kinds of splendid fruits all coming in lovely and fresh. Who knows who'd be the 1st man id meet. They're out looking for it in the morning Mamy Dillon used to say they are and the night too that was her massgoing Id love a big juicy pear now to melt in your mouth like when I used to be in the longing way then.

Well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus they've nobody coming in to spoil their sleep except an odd priest or two for his night office or the alarm clock next door at cockshout clattering the brains out of itself let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5.

What kind of flowers are those they invented like the stars the wallpaper in Lombard street was much nicer the apron he gave me was like that something only I only wore it twice.

Molly Part 2

I love flowers...Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses. God of heaven, There's nothing like nature the wild mountains, then the sea, and the waves, rushing, then the beautiful country, with fields of oats, and wheat, and all kinds of things, and all the fine cattle going about, that would do your heart good to see, rivers, and lakes, and flowers all sorts of, shapes, and smells and colours, springing up even out of the ditches, primroses and violets, nature it is, as for them saying there's no God, I wouldn't give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning, why don't they go and create something I often asked him, atheists or whatever they call themselves, go and wash the cobbles off themselves first, then they go

howling for the priest, and they dying, and why, why, because they're afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience, ah yes, I know them well, who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all, who, ah, that they don't know, neither do I so there you are, they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow... the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the, rhododendrons on Howth, head, in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me, yes, first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth, and it was leapeyear like now, yes. 16 years ago, my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath, yes, he said I was a flower of the mountain, yes, so we are, flowers all, a woman's body, yes, that was one true thing he said in his life. And the sun shines for you today, yes, that was why I liked him, because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him, and I gave him all the pleasure I could, leading him on, till he asked me to say, yes, and I wouldn't answer first, only looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he didn't know of: Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester, and father and old captain Groves, and the sailors playing, all birds fly, and I say stoop and washing up dishes they called it on the pier, and the sentry in front of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs, and the auctions in the morning, the Greeks and the jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who else from all the ends of Europe, and Duke street and the fowl market, all clucking, outside, Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas, glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night, and the castanets, and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp, and O that awful deepdown torrent, O and the sea, the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens, yes and all the queer little streets, and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain, yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used, or shall I wear a red, yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another, and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again, yes, and then he asked me would I, yes, to say, yes my mountain flower

and first, I put my arms around him, yes, and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume, yes, and his heart was going like mad and, yes, I said yes...I will. Yes.