```
d: --Introibo ad altare Dei. Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely: --Come up, you fearful jesuit! Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land
nd the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the sh
 king gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak. Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly. --Back to barracks! he said sternly. He added in a preacher's tone: --For
          dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all. He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in
                      his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm. --Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you? He skipped off the gunrest and looked grav
        nis watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips. --The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Gi
               sinted his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowled cheeks and neck. Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on. --My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quick
             the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried: --Will he come? The jejune jesuit! Ceasing, he began to shave with care. --Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly. --Yes, my love? --How long is Haines going to stay in this tower? Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over
? He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried: --Will he come? The jejune jesuit! Ceasing, he began to shave with care. --Iell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly. --Yes, my love? --How long is Haines going to stay in this tower? Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder. --God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money and indigestion. Bursting with money and indigestion. Bursting with money and inight should be best: Kinch, the knife-blade. He shaved warily over his chin. --He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is his guncase? --A woful lunatic! Mulligan said. Were you in a funk? --I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If he stays on here I am off. Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down from his perchand began to search his trouser pockets hastily. --Scutter! he cried thickly. He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket, said: --Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corn a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corn are a circle that a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corn are a circle that a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corn as a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. Stephen said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. Epi olnoya ponton. Ah, Dedalus, the Greek I unto you. You must read them in the original and the read on the mailboat clearing the harbourmouth of Kingstown. --Our mighty mothe
rching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face. —The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you. —Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily. —You could have knelt down, damn it, kinch, when your dying mother saked you, B uck Mulligan said. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in silence, seriously. Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat-sleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a fain t odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green his razorblade. —Ah, poor dogsbody! he said in a kind voice. I must give on a shirt and a few noser green were dogsbody! he said in a kind voice. I must give on a shirt and a few noser green. —They fit well enough, stephen and the very of it, he said contentedly. Secondleg they should be. God knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. The not joking, Kinch. You look damn well when you're dressed. —Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey. —He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror. Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes. —That fellow I was the history last he plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes. —That ellow I went list white dilitering teether he was the history last he 
 vept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea. His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth. Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk. --Look at yourself, he said, you dreadful bard! Stephen bent for ward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack. Hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too. --I pinched it out of the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her all right. The aunt always
                inlooking servants for Malachi. Lead him not into temptation. And her name is Ursula. Laughing again, he brought the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes. --The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If Wilde were only alive to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         f a servant. Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower, his razor and m
              Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness: --It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking-glass o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 d knows you have more spirit than any of them. Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his.
 or clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them. --It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. Go
 e cold steelpen. --Cracked lookingglass of a servant! Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a gui
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nea. He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman. His old fellow made his tin by selling jalap
                 some bloody swindle or other. God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do someth
nly one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose agai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ing for the island. Hellenise it. Cranly's arm. His arm. --And to think of your having to beg from these swi
nst me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     alefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another. O, I shall expire! Break the news to
the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears. A sca
                     ey gave Clive Kempthorpe. Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. P
  ner gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round
                  ce gilded with marmalade. I don't want to be debagged! Ďon't you play the giddy ox with me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ! Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf gardener, aproned, r
                Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the danc
  id. There's nothing wrong with him except at night. --Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatien
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                tly. Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you. What have you against me now? They halted, looki
                the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Step
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  hen freed his arm quietly. --Do you wish me to tell you? he asked. --Yes, what is it? Buck Mu
  gan answered. I don't remembér anything. He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. À light wind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiet
                  Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said: --Do you remember the first day I went to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     your house after my mother's death? Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said: --What? W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      n the name of God? --You were making tea, Stephen said, and went across the landing
  ere? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened i
 et more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        who was in your room. --Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget. --You said,
                    ered, O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead. A flush which made him s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        eem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek. --Did I say that? he as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see then
     Well? What harm is that? He shook his constraint from him nervously. --And what is death,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel down to
 pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom. It's
      for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the curse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          d jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and bea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           tercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and
      Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor six Peter Teazle and picks but
et you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! I s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          uppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother. He had spoke
     self into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          heart, said very coldly: --I am not thinking of the offence to my mother. --Of what then
 Buck Mulligan asked. --Of the offence to me, Stephen answered. Buck Mulligan swung round
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          on his heel. --O, an impossible person! he exclaimed. He walked off quickly round the
        pet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he fel
                   his cheeks. A voice within the tower called loudly: --Are you up t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         re, Mulligan? --I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered. He turned towards Stephen and sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        nd come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers. His head halted again for

    Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, K

    moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof: --Don't mope
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding. His head vanished but the
                                                                                                                                           over it all
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        and brood Upon love's bitter mystery For Fergus rules the brazen cars. Woodshadows f
                                                                                                                                           ore turn aside
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying fee
                                                                                                                                                nd plucking the harps
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        trings, merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim ti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding do
  e. A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly, shadowing the bay
                                                                                                                                                         deeper green. It lay be
                                                                                                                                                          usic. Silent with awe and pity
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          eads in her locked drawer. A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her hou
                  was a girl. She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Tur
                                                                                                                                                                       ko the Terrible and laughed with others when he sang: I am the boy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Invisibility. Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed. And no more
                                                                                                                                                                              Memories beset his brooding brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 en she had approached the sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brow
                                                                                                                                                                                         ernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from the children's sh
 sugar, roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn evening. Her shapely fin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     irts. In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body with
                   raveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     etted ashes. Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bei
                                                                                                                                                                                                  bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     th rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   tortured face. Her hoarse loud brea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      virginum chorus excipiat. Ghoul! Chewer of corpses! No, mother! Le
  strike me down. Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: iubilantium te
  me be and let me live. --Kinch ahoy! Buck Mulligan's voice sang from within the towe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    r. It came nearer up the staircase, calling again. Stephen, still trembling
 at his soul's cry, heard warm running sunlight and in the air behind him friendly words.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Dedalus, come down, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. Haines is
 apologising for waking us last night. It's all right. --I'm coming, Stephen said, turning. --Do, fo lead disappeared and reappeared. --I told him your symbol of Irish art. He says it's very clever. To shen said. --The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much? Four quid? Lend us one. --If you want it,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Jesus' sake, Buck Mulligan said. For my sake and for all our sakes. His
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           uch him for a quid, will you? A guinea, I mean. -- I get paid this morning, Ste
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Stephen said. --Four shining sovereigns, Buck Mulligan cried with delight. We'
  have a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy druids. Four omnipotent sovereigns. He flung up his hands an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 d tramped down the stone stairs, singing out of tune with a Cockney accent: O, we
   we have a merry time, Drinking whisky, béer and wine! On coronation, Coronation day! Ŏ, won't we have a mer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              time On coronation day! Warm sunshine merrying over the sea. The nickel shaving
   wI shone, forgotten, on the parapet. Why should I bring it down? Or leave it there all day, forgotten friendship? He wer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  t over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness, smelling the clammy slaver of t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     rvant too. A server of a servant. In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gow
                which the brush was stuck. So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes. I am another now and yet the same. A se
           moved briskly to and fro about the hearth, hiding and revealing its yellow glow. Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           high barbacans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning. --W
  ll be choked, Buck Mulligan said. Haines, open that door, will you? Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker. A tall figure rose from the doorway and pulled open the inner doors. --Have you the key? a voice asked. --Dedalus has it
Buck Mulligan said. Janey Mack, I'm choked! He howled, without looking up from the fire: --Kinch! --It's in the lock, Stephen said, coming forward. The key scraped round harshly twice and, when the heavy door had been set ajar, welcome light and bright air entered. Haines stood a the doorway, looking out. Stephen haled his upended valise to the table and sat down to wait. Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on to the dish beside him. Then he carried the dish and a large teapot over to the table, set them down heavily and sighed with relief. --I'm melting, he said, as
                  remarked when... But, hush! Not a word more on that subject! Kinch, wake up! Bread, butter, honey. Haines, come in. The grub is ready. Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts. Where's the sugar? O, jay, there's no milk. Stephen fetched the loaf and the pot of honey and t
                      from the locker. Buck Mulligan sat down in a sudden pet. --What sort of a kip is this? he said. I told her to come after eight. --We can drink it black, Stephen said thirstily. There's a lemon in the locker. --O, damn you and your Paris fads! Buck Mulligan said. I want San
                  Haines came in from the doorway and said quietly: --That woman is coming up with the milk. --The blessings of God on you! Buck Mulligan cried, jumping up from his chair. Sit down. Pour out the tea there. The sugar is in the bag. Here, I can't go fumbling at the damned the dish and slapped it out on three plates, saying: --In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Haines sat down to pour out the tea. --I'm giving you two lumps each, he said. But, I say, Mulligan, you do make strong tea, don't you? Buck Mulligan, slices from the loaf, said in an old woman's wheedling voice: --When I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water. --By Jove, it is tea, Haines said. Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling: --So I do, Mrs Cahill, says sl
e. Begob, ma'am, says Mrs Cahill, God send you don't make them in the one pot. He lunged towards his mess nates in turn a thick slice of bread, impaled on his knife. - That's folk, he said very earnestly, for your book, Haines. Five lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk not the fishgods of Dundrum. Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind. He turned to Stephen and asked in a fine puzzled voice, lifting his brows: --Can you recall, brother, is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken of in the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads? --I
   bt it, said Stephen gravely. --Do you now? Buck Mulligan said in the same tone. Your reasons, pray? --I fancy, Stephen said as he ate, it did not exist in or out of the Mabinogion. Mother Grogan was, one imagines, a kinswoman of Mary Ann. Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delig --Charming! he said in a finical sweet voice, showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly. Do you think she was? Quite charming! Then, suddenly overclouding all his features, he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf: --For old
   ary Ann She doesn't care a damn. But, hising up her petticoats... He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned. The doorway was darkened by an entering form. --The milk, sir! --Come in, ma'am, Mulligan said. Kinch, get the jug. An old woman came forward and stood stephen's elbow. --That's a lovely morning, sir, she said. Glory be to God. --To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be sure! Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker. --The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of the collector of
                --How much, sir? asked the old woman. --A quart, Stephen said. He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world,
maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstand the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favo ur. --It is indeed, ma'am, Buck Mulligan said, pouring milk into their cups. --Taste it, sir, she said. He drank at her bidding. --If we could live on good food like that, he said to her somewhat loudly, we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts. Living in a bogswamp, eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust, horsedung and consumptives' spits. --Are you a medical student, sir? the old woman asked. --I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered. --Look at that now, she said. Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voi
ce that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman: me she slights. To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins, of man's flesh made not in God's likeness, the serpent's prey. And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes. --Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her. --Is it French you are talking, sir? the old wo man said to Haines spoke to her again a longer speech, confidently. --Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on glish, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. --Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. --Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. --Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. --Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. --Sure we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. --Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland. --Sure we ought to, the old woman said.
and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows. --Grand is no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                aid Buck Mulli
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        gan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am? --No, tha
nk you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go. Haines said to her:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn't we? Stephen filled again the three cups. --Bill, sir? sh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ou your
e said, halting. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       hree mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling. That's a shilling and one and two is
two and two, sir. Buck Mulligan sighed and, having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both sides, stretc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      d forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets. -- Pay up and look pleasant, Haines said to
him, smiling. Stephen filled a third cup, a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk. Buck Mulligan brought u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               p a flori
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    n, twisted it round in his fingers and cried: --A miracle! He passed it along the table towards the old
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nce, he said. --Time enough, sir, she said, taking the coin. Time enough. Good morning, sir. She curtse
woman, saying: --Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give. Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand. --W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e'll owe twope
yed and went out, followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant: --Heart of my heart, were it more, More would be laid at your fe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    et. He turned to Stepho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              n and said: -Seriously, Dedalus. I'm stony. Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back some money.
Today the bards must drink and junket. Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty. --That reminds me, Haines said, rising, that I have to visit your national library today. --Our swim first, Buck Mulligan said. He turned to Stephen and asked blandly: --Is this the day for your
ur monthly wash, Kinch? Then he said to Haines: --The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month. --All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream, Stephen said as he let honey trickle over a slice of the loaf. Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a scarf about the
loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke: --I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you will let me. Speaking to me. They wash and tub and scrub. Agend to be received lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish ar
is deuced good. Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and said with warmth of tone: --Wait till you hear him on Hamlet, Haines said, still speaking to Stephen. I was just thinking of it when that poor old creature came in. --Would I make any mo
ney by it? Stephen asked. Haines laughed and, as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast of the doorway. Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour: --You put your hoof in it now. What did yo
u say that for? --Well? Stephen said. The problem is to get money. From whom? From the milkwoman or from him. It's a toss up, I think. --I blow him out about you, Buck Muligan said, and then you come along with your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with your gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with you gloomy jesuit jibes. --I see little hope, Stephen said, and then you come along with you come along w
To hell with them all. Let us get out of the kip. He stood up, gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his garments. He emptied his pockets on to the table. --There's your snotrag, he said. And putting on his stiff collar and rebell
ous tie he spoke to them, chiding them, and to his dangling watchchain. His hands plunged and rummaged in his trunk while he called for a clean handkerchief. God, we'll simply have to dress the character. I want puce gloves and green boots. Contradiction. Do I contradict myself. Very well then, I contradict myself. Mercurial Malachi. A limp black missile flew out of his talking hands. --And there's your Latin quarter hat, he said. Stephen picked it up and put it on. Haines called to them from the doorway: --Are you coming, you fellows? --I'm ready, Buck Mullig
an answered, going towards the door. Come out, Kinch. You have eaten all we left, I suppose. Resigned he passed out with grave words and gait, saying, wellnigh with sorrow: --And going forth he met Butterly. Stephen, taking his ashplant from its leaningplace, followed them out and locked it. He put the huge key in his inner pocket. At the foot of the ladder Buck Mulligan asked: --Did you bring the key? --I have it, Stephen said, preceding them. He walked on. Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan asked: --Did you bring the key? --I have it, Stephen said, preceding them.
lub with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses. --Down, sir! How dare you, sir! How dare
uted in pain. I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive reasons he has made out to prop it up. Wait till I have a few pints in me first. He turned to Stephen, saying, as he pulled down neatly the peaks of his primrose waistcoat: --You couldn't manage it under three pints, Kinch
could you? --It has waited so long, Stephen said listlessly, it can wait longer. --You pique my curiosity, Haines said amiably. Is it some paradox? --Pooh! Buck Mulligan said. We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes. It's quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson
s Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father. --What? Haines said, beginning to point at Stephen. He himself? Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise round his neck and, bending in loose laughter, said to Stephen's ear: --O, shade of Kinch the eld
er! Japhet in search of a father! --We're always tired in the morning, Stephen said to Haines. And it is rather long to tell. Buck Mulligan, walking forward again, raised his hands. --The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus, he said. --I mean to say, Haines explained to Si
ephen as they followed, this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore. That beetles o'er his base into the sea, isn't it? Buck Mulligan turned suddenly for an instant towards Stephen but did not speak. In the bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in chear
dusty mourning between their gay attires. --It's a wonderful tale, Haines said, bringing them to halt again. Eyes, pale as the sea' ruler, he gazed southward over the bay, empty save for the smokeplume of the mailboat vague
on the bright skyline and a sail tacking by the Muglins. --I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere, he said bemused. The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father. Buck Mulligan at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face. He looked at them, I
s wellshaped mouth open happily, his eyes, from which he had suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense, blinking with mad gaiety. He moved a doll's head to and fro, the brims of his Panama hat quivering, and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice: --I'm the queerest young fello
w that ever you heard. My mother's a jew, my father's a bird. With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree. So here's to disciples and Calvary. He held up a forefinger of warning. --If anyone thinks that I amn't divine He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine But have to drink water a
nd wish it were plain That i make when the wine becomes water again. He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and, running forward to a brow of the cliff, fluttered his hands at his sides like fins or wings of one about to rise in the air, and chanted: --Goodbye, now, goodb
ye! Write down all I said And tell Tom, Dick and Harry I rose from the dead. What's breezy... Goodbye! He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole, fluttering his winglike hands, leaping nimbly, Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdsweet cries. Haines, who had been laughing guardedly, walked on beside Stephen and said: --We oughtn't to laugh, I suppose. He's rather blasphemous. I'm not a believer myself, that is to say. Still his gaiety takes to
he harm out of it somehow, doesn't it? What did he call it? Joseph the Joiner? --The ballad of joking Jesus, Stephen answered. --O, Haines said, you have heard it before? --Three times a day, after meals, Stephen said drily. --You're not a believer, are you? Haines asked. I mean, a be
 iever in the narrow sense of the word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God. --There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me, Stephen said. Haines stopped to take out a smooth silver case in which twinkled a green stone. He sprang it open with his thumb an
d offered it. --Thank you, Stephen said, taking a cigarette. Haines helped himself and snapped the case to. He put it back in his sidepocket and took from his waistcoatpocket a
in the shell of his hands. --Yes, of course, he said, as they went on again. Either you believe or you don't, tstomach that idea of a personal God. You don't stand for that, I suppose? --You behold in me, Stephen said with grim displeasure, a horrible examp
dark. He wants that key. It is mine. I paid the rent. Now I eat his salt bread. Give him the key too. All. He will ask for it. That was in his eyes. -- After all, Haines began... Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind. -- After all, I should think yo
u are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me. --I am a servant of two masters, Stephen said. A crazy queen, old and jealous. Kneel down before me. --And a third, Stephen said, there is who wants me for odd jobs
 --Italian? Haines said again. What do you mean? --The imperial British state, Stephen answered, his colour rising, and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church. Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke. --I can quite understand that, he said c
almly. An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame. The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells: et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesia
m: the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars. Symbol of the apostles in the woices blended, singing alone loud in affirmation: and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed
and menaced her heresiarchs. A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the su
btle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a worsting from those embattled a moment since in mockery. The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a worsting from those embattled and their shields. Hear, hear! Prolonged applause. Zut! Nom de Dieu! --Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines's voice said, and I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the han
ds of German jews either. That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now. Two men stood at the verge of the cliff, watching: businessman, boatman. --She's making for Bullock harbour. The boatman nodded towards the north of the bay with some disdain. --There's five fathoms out
there, he said. It'll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one. It's nine days today. The man that was drowned. A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, saltwhite. Here I am. They followed the winding pa
h down to the creek. Buck Mulligan stood on a stone, in shirtsleeves, his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder. A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him, moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water. --Is the brother with you, Malachi? --Down in West
meath. With the Bannons. --Still there? I got a card from Bannon. Says he found a sweet young thing down there. Photo girl he calls her. --Snapshot, eh? Brief exposure. Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots. An elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face. He
 scrambled up by the stones, water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair, water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth. Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and, glancing at Haines and Stephen, crossed hims
elf piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone. --Seymour's back in town, the young man said, grasping again his spur of rock. Chucked medicine and going in for the army. --Ah, go to God! Buck Mulligan said. --Going over next week to stew. You know that red Carli sle girl, Lily? --Yes. --Spooning with him last night on the pier. The father is rotto with money. --Is she up the pole? --Better ask Seymour that. --Seymour a bleeding officer! Buck Mulligan said. He nodded to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up, saying tritely: --Redheade do women buck like goats. He broke off in alarm, feeling his side under his flapping shirt. --My twelfth rib is gone, he cried. I'm the Uebermensch. Toothless Kinch and I, the supermen. He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where his clothes lay. --Are you going in her
e, Malachi? --Yes. Make room in the bed. The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes. Haines sat down on a storie, smoking. --Are you not coming in? Buck Mulligan asked. --Later on, Haines said. Not on
my breakfast. Stephen turned away. --I'm going, Mulligan, he said. --Give us that key, Kinch, Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes. --And twopence, he said, for a pint. Throw it there. Stephen threw
wo pennies on the soft heap. Dressing, undressing. Buck Mulligan erect, with joined hands before him, said solemnly: --He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord. Thus spake Zarathustra. His plump body plunged. --We'll see you again, Haines said, turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish. Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon. --The Ship, Buck Mulligan cried. Half twelve. --Good, Stephen said. He walked along the upwardcurving path. Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet. Iubilantium te virginum. The priest's grey nimbu
s in a niche where he dressed discreetly. I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go. A voice, sweettoned and sustained, called to him from the sea. Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round. Usurpér. --Yo
u, Cochrane, what city sent for him? --Tarentum, sir. --Very good. Well? --There was a battle, sir. --Very good. Where? The boy's blank face asked the blank window. Fabled by the daughters of memory. And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatie nce, thud of Blake's wings of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. What's left us then? --I forget the place, sir. 279 B. C. --Asculum, Stephen said, glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book. --Yes, sir. Ar de said: Another victory like that and we are done for. That phrase the world had remembered. A dull ease of the mind. From a hill above a corpsestrewn plain a general speaking to his officers, leaned upon his spear. Any general to any officers. They lend ear. --You, Armstrong, S
ephen said. What was the end of Pyrrhus? --End of Pyrrhus, sir? --I know, sir. Ask me, sir, Comyn said. --Wait. You, Armstrong's satchel. He curled them between his palms at whiles and swallowed the
m softly. Crumbs adhered to the tissue of his lips. A sweetened boy's breath. Welloff people, proud that their eldest son was in the navy. Vico road, Dalkey. --Pyrrhus, a pier. All laughed. Mirthless high malicious laughter. Armstrong looked round at his classmates, sill
glee in profile. In a moment they will laugh more loudly, aware of my lack of rule and of the fees their papas pay. --Tell me now, Stephen said, poking the book, what is a pier. --A pier, sir, Armstrong said. A thing out in the water. A kind of a bridge. Kingstown pier, sir. Some laughed again: mirthless but with meaning. Two in the back bench whispered. Yes. They knew: had never learned nor ever been innocent. All. With envy he watched their faces: Edith, Ethel, Gerty, Lily. Their likes: their breaths, too, sweetened with tea and jam, their breaths, their brea
racelets tittering in the struggle. --Kingstown pier, Stephen said. Yes, a disappointed bridge is across a river. For Haines's chapbook. No-one here to hear. Tonight deftly amid wild drink and talk, to pierce the polished
d mail of his mind. What then? A jester at the court of his master, indulged and disesteemed, winning a clement master's praise. Why had they chosen all that part? Not wholly for the smooth caress. For them too history was a tale like any other too often heard, their land a pawnsho
p. Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death. They are lodged in the room of the infinite possibilities they have ousted. But can those have been possible seeing that they never were? Or was that only possible which came to pass? Weave, weaver of the wind. --Tell us a story, sir. --O, do, sir. A ghoststory. --Where do you begin in this? Stephen asked, opening another book. --Weep no more, Comyn said. --Go on then, Talbot. --And the story,
sir? --After, Stephen said. Go on, Talbot. A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork of his satchel. He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text: --Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead, Sunk tho
ugh he be beneath the watery floor... It must be a movement then, an actuality of the possible as possible. Aristotle's phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read, sheltered from the sin of
 Paris, night by night. By his elbow a delicate Siamese conned a handbook of strategy. Fed and feeding brains about me: under glowlamps, impaled, with faintly beating feelers: and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld, reluctant, shy of brightness, shifting her dragon s
                Thought is the thought of thought of thought. Tranquil brightness. The soul is in a manner all that is: the soul is the form of forms. Talbot repeated: --Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves, Through the dear might
   -Turn over, Stephen said quietly. I don't see anything. --What, sir? Talbot asked simply, bending forward. His hand turned the page over. He leaned back and went on again, having just remembered. Of him that walked the waves. Here also over these craven hearts his shadow lies
and on the scoffer's heart and lips and on mine. It lies upon their eager faces who offered him a coin of the tribute. To Caesar what is God's. A long look from dark eyes, a riddling sentence to be woven and woven on the church's looms. Ay. Riddle me, riddle
 me, randy ro. My father gave me seeds to sow. Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel. -- Have I heard all? Stephen asked. -- Yes, sir. Hockey at ten, sir. -- Half day, sir. Thursday. -- Who can answer a riddle? Stephen asked. They bundled their books away, pencils clacking, pages r
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