Ulysses

James Joyce

Based on the 1939 Odyssey Press Edition

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY SAM SLOTE,
MARC A. MAMIGONIAN AND JOHN TURNER
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Introduction

*Ulysses* has enjoyed or endured numerous different and even contradictory reputations. Some call it, whether in admiration or contempt, a paragon of difficult and obscure literature. Others have said that it champions everyday life. For some, it represents the high-water mark of European Modernist literature, whereas for others it belongs firmly and solely within the context of the Irish Literary Revival. Some read it as a work of realism, whereas others see it rich in deep symbolic meaning. Some find in it much humour, whereas others might see it as deeply serious. Some see it as a book primarily concerned with deeply humanist meanings and values, whereas others see it purely as a sterile intellectual exercise. George Slocombe, one of the book’s first reviewers, noted this split character of Joyce’s book when he called it ‘as large as a telephone directory or a family Bible, and with many of the literary and social characteristics of each!’ I would say that perhaps all these different perspectives are valid and that *Ulysses* is both Bible and telephone directory, both humanist and intellectual, both realist and symbolist, both funny and serious, both European and Irish and so forth. It is, if anything, a commodious book.

Joyce was fascinated with the story of Odysseus ever since he was a child. When writing *Ulysses* he told his friend Frank Budgen that Homer’s Ulysses is the most complete and multifaceted man in literature.

Ulysses is son to Laertes, but he is father to Telemachus, husband to Penelope, lover of Calypso, companion in arms of the Greek warriors around Troy and king of Ithaca. He was subjected to many trials, but with wisdom and courage came through them all.3

Budgen’s reaction to Joyce’s comment was that the idea of a ‘complete’ man implies perfection, like a sculptor’s figure, whereas all human beings are invariably imperfect. Joyce’s reply was that his Ulysses, the character Leopold Bloom, is both complete and imperfect.

I see him from all sides, and therefore he is all-round in the sense of your sculptor’s figure. But he is a complete man as well – a good man. At any rate, that is what I intend that he shall be.3

Bloom is complete because he is seen through many different perspectives. This is the way in which Bloom can be understood as an ‘everyman’, even though, in many ways, he is somewhat atypical. For example, not every man enjoys kidneys
for breakfast as Bloom does. Bloom is not an everyman in all the exact specifics of his characteristics, but rather he is an everyman in that he is detailed in such a richness of specificity. Not all men like kidneys, but every man has his own culinary idiosyncrasies and so on. Bloom is an everyman not because he is perfectly, or even adequately, representative of all mankind, but because his specific quirks are precisely enumerated from various different angles.

In *Ulysses* Bloom is subjected to perhaps the most detailed scrutiny any fictional character has ever undergone. Among many other things, we see Bloom defecate, fart, masturbate, urinate, but, above all else, we see him think. Bloom has a remarkable ability to empathize. When we first see him, as he is preparing a breakfast of kidneys, he tries to imagine how his cat perceives him. At first he thinks that he must seem like a giant to her, but then he corrects himself when he realizes that the cat can jump him. He imagines seeing the world through his cat’s eyes and mind.

Although Bloom is Irish, he is the grandson of an immigrant from Hungary. His fellow Dubliners assume he is Jewish, although that’s not entirely correct: Bloom’s father was Jewish, but his mother was not, which according to the strictures of orthodox Judaism means that Bloom is not Jewish. Furthermore, his father converted to Christianity (although he returned to Judaism on his deathbed) and so Bloom was baptized twice (once Catholic and once Protestant) and was never circumcised. Also, he fails to observe the rules of kosher eating. At times Bloom identifies himself as Jewish and at times he does not.

There are several reasons why Joyce gave Bloom Jewish origins. Joyce was interested in a 1902 book by Victor Bérard, a French philologist, who argued that the *Odyssey* had Semitic origins and that Odysseus and the Wandering Jew were two versions of the same character. Joyce also saw an affinity between the Irish and the Jews in that they were both dispossessed peoples. Joyce told his friend Carlo Linati that *Ulysses* is ‘the epic of two races (Israel–Ireland)’. Despite some anti-Semitism in Ireland (which Bloom encounters in *Ulysses*), this conceptual association between the Irish and the Jews was not uncommon in Joyce’s time.

With the character of Leopold Bloom, Joyce has, in effect, imported a Triestine Jew into Dublin. The Jewish community in Dublin at the turn of the twentieth century was primarily of Lithuanian origin and was by and large religiously observant. In contrast, the Jewish community in Trieste at this time was primarily of Hungarian descent was far less orthodox. Bloom’s mixed Jewishness is thus another way in which he is multifaceted: he is both Irish and an immigrant, both Jewish and Christian, both Catholic and Protestant.

Within *Ulysses* the multiform manner of Bloom’s representation works like a kind of prism through which Joyce refracts a vast range of experience. On the one hand, Joyce is concerned with certain universal human values, such as what it means to be alive and be human, what it means to live, eat, sleep, fall in love and so on. These things matter not as abstractions, but as specific phenomena, and so to get at this idea of the universal requires the precise elaboration of all the minute details that go into life, all the sorts of things that the character Stephen Dedalus calls ‘local colour’. Budgen captures this idea quite neatly when he claims that ‘Joyce’s realism verges on the mystical’.

When elaborating his theory about Shakespeare in the ninth chapter (or ‘episode’ as Joyce called them) of *Ulysses*, Stephen says, ‘Every life is many days, day after day.’
Ulysses, with its record of the lives and activities of several individuals in Dublin on 16th June 1904, is the representation of life, because it is the representation of all (or seemingly all) the minute particularities of several specific people on one specific day in one specific place. In a sense, Slocombe’s judgement about Ulysses is completely correct: it is a Bible of life precisely because it works as a telephone directory of the everyday.

In terms of the correspondence with Homer, it is worth noting that Joyce chooses as his title ‘Ulysses’ and not ‘Odysseus’ – that is, he chooses the Latinate form of the name of the Greek hero. Indeed, Ulysses is the Medieval Latin form, and thus not the name used by Virgil and other writers of Classical Latin, which was ‘Ulixes’. This suggests that Joyce is not simply hearkening back to one single epic tradition, but to an entire history of epic that stands between Homer’s age and our own. In any case, I think a first-time reader can easily be misled into spending too much time looking for the elusive allusions to Homer. Joyce gave each episode a title that links it to an episode in the Odyssey, but he also made a point of not including these titles in the finished book. While important, the Homeric correspondences can be overemphasized; they are not so much the key to understanding Ulysses, but rather one of many patterns Joyce works into his novel.

Besides Bloom, the main characters in Ulysses are Bloom’s wife Molly and Stephen Dedalus. Stephen had already appeared in Joyce’s first novel, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. He is based on Joyce himself, but he should not be mistaken for Joyce. In effect, the character of Stephen Dedalus is Joyce’s fictionalized version of himself as a young man. At the end of Portrait, Stephen boldly leaves Dublin for Paris, where he plans to begin his life as an artist, and Ulysses begins with Stephen back in Dublin after his disappointing stay in Paris (events which mirror those in Joyce’s early adulthood). He was called back by his father because his mother was dying and, although she has been dead for over a year when Ulysses starts, Stephen is still in mourning.

We do not see too much of Bloom’s wife Molly until the final episode, which is her interior monologue as she goes to sleep. But in that episode we get to see quite a lot of her. She gets the final word. Joyce called that episode the clou (highlight) of the whole book. Her thoughts counterpoint Bloom’s and in many ways serve as a corrective to the impressions we get from him. The Blooms’ marriage never quite recovered from when their son Rudy died in childhood, and so Molly, who works as a concert soprano, has just embarked upon an affair with her manager, Blazes Boylan, a local lothario. On the morning of 16th June, Bloom realizes that the first assignation between his wife and Boylan will be that afternoon, and so this is the reason why he avoids returning home for so long. His odyssey around Dublin that day is thus motivated by his wife’s impending infidelity. This provides an ironic contrast to Penelope’s fidelity to Odysseus in the Odyssey: in Homer’s poem, Odysseus returns home to his faithful wife, whereas in Ulysses Bloom returns to his unfaithful wife.

In terms of its reputed difficulty, Ulysses contains references to a wide range of things, the full extent of which would be beyond most people. Topics in Ulysses range from music hall to Mozart, from Dante to Victorian ladies’ magazines, from Aristotle to horse races, from palmistry to Irish history, from Anglo-Saxon literature to the minute details of Dublin topography, and so on. But dwelling on these can be counter-productive, since perhaps the most formidable obstacle facing the reader, especially a first-time reader, is dealing with the ever-shifting styles and perspectives.
For the first ten episodes of the novel, with some small qualifications, the perspective alternates between third-person past tense and first-person interior monologue. Joyce called this the book’s ‘initial style’. Joyce does not signal transitions to a character’s thoughts or dialogue with quotation marks, which he derisively called ‘perverted commas’. Instead, he trusts the reader to be able to differentiate characters purely on the basis of their own individuating and identificatory patois. The third-person narrative is not objective and impartial, but rather is, to a variable degree, influenced or inflected by the characters and/or incidents it is describing. This technique is called ‘free indirect discourse’, and the nineteenth-century French novelist Gustave Flaubert, a key influence on Joyce, is credited with being its major innovator, although earlier examples can be found in the works of Jane Austen.

Joyce adopted free indirect discourse when he was writing *Dubliners*. Consider the opening line from ‘The Dead’: ‘Lily, the caretaker’s daughter, was literally run off her feet.’ As Hugh Kenner notes, the phrase ‘literally run off her feet’ is an odd expression to expect from an omniscient and impartial narrator since, strictly speaking, it cannot be literally true. However, it is the sort of expression that one might expect from someone who is uneducated, such as a caretaker’s daughter.

Joyce often chooses a style that matches or corresponds or is somehow relevant to the material being described, even if such relevance is ironic. A. Walton Litz calls this sort of technique in Joyce’s work ‘expressive form’, the idea being that ‘form “expresses” or imitates qualities of its subject’. Litz prefaces his discussion of this by noting that Joyce kept in his Paris flat a picture of Cork in, suitably enough, a cork frame. From the eleventh episode onwards, expressive form comes to dominate *Ulysses*.

By the time he was writing *Ulysses*, Joyce used free indirect discourse in increasingly subtle and complex ways, especially when it alternates with interior monologue. The first unambiguous instance of interior monologue in *Ulysses* occurs in the opening episode when Stephen looks into a mirror:

Stephen bent forward 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.

The first sentence in this paragraph sets up the scene and is ostensibly issued from a separate narrative voice, since it is in the third person. From the second sentence onwards, without any explicit indication, we are shunted into Stephen’s thoughts in the first person. However, the transition to Stephen’s thoughts is already being made in the first sentence with the phrase ‘hair on end’, which seems coloured by Stephen’s thoughts and mood. In any case, there is something appropriate to having the first instance of internal monologue occur with a character looking into a mirror.

While this is the first clear instance of interior monologue, there are two earlier moments that might be regarded as such, although these are not unequivocal. Shortly before he looks at his face in the mirror, Stephen remembers a dream he had had about his dead mother:

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 faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him.

In this passage, Stephen is referred to in the third person but, all else being the same, if this were changed to first person this passage would be readily identified as interior monologue. At this point, the narrative perspective is thus extremely close to Stephen’s thoughts and can only be distinguished from them through the choice of pronouns.

Before this, there is yet another example of what could be a moment of interior monologue. This happens when Stephen is looking at Buck Mulligan, ‘his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos’. Chrysostomos is Greek for ‘golden-mouthed’, in the sense of eloquence. This was the epithet of both Dion Chrysostomos, a Greek rhetorician, and St John Chrysostomos, a patriarch of Constantinople. The allusion is to Mulligan’s gold-capped teeth as well as to his verbal artistry. Coming from a third-person perspective, this is an oddly judgemental comment about Mulligan, although it is exactly the sort of snide and learned (or pretentious) quip that one would expect from Stephen. So this could be a quick flash into Stephen’s thoughts as Mulligan is speaking, but precisely because there is no explicit indication that the perspective has shifted into Stephen’s mind, it could also just as easily be an instance where the free indirect discourse reflects the sort of thing that Stephen might think.

This lack of narrative signposting provides for some interesting and resonant ambiguities within the text, but it is one of the obstacles Joyce’s readers have to negotiate. Joyce rarely provides the kind of direct contextual information that one would expect from a conventional nineteenth-century realist novel. For example, Ulysses opens without any clear indication as to where it takes place as the action begins. However, such information is provided to the reader, albeit gradually. Buck Mulligan is the first character to appear in the novel as he emerges from a stairhead, apparently onto a roof of some kind, since he encounters ‘morning air’. On this roof he approaches a round gun rest, so presumably this is not a typical Irish building. The first description made in the text is that it is a tower from which land and mountains can be seen. A little bit later we are told that from the parapet of this tower Dublin Bay can be seen. This is the first geographic marker and, while reasonably vague, it allows for an approximation of location. A few lines later we are told that Stephen sees a boat leaving Kingstown harbour, which helps establish the location a bit more precisely along the coast of Dublin. Several pages later, Haines, who is staying with Mulligan and Stephen, remarks that this particular building is a Martello tower. These are structures that were built by the British all along the Irish coast in 1804–6 to guard against a feared invasion by Napoleon. By 1904 many had been decommissioned and were available for rent. However, there are three Martello towers along the Dublin coast from which Kingstown harbour can be seen, and so the precise setting of this episode is not fixed until we find out that Mulligan goes swimming in the nearby forty-foot hole. This is a popular (and, at the time, men’s-only) swimming area that is right by the path that leads to the Martello tower in Sandycove, which is now the James Joyce Museum. (The name ‘forty-foot hole’ does not come from the water’s depth but from the Fortieth Foot Regiment, who were once stationed in Sandycove and used the spot for swimming.)
This example is not that important in itself, but it is useful as an illustration of a part of Joyce’s technique as a writer and as a guide to the reader to pay close attention to the small particulars of the text, since, as they accumulate, patterns that might not otherwise be clear can start to emerge.

Joyce does provide some clues for his readers, but often these are subtle. Since Joyce was no longer living in Dublin when he was writing *Ulysses*, he relied (extensively but not exclusively) on the 1904 edition of the mammoth civil encyclopedia *Thom’s Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*. We can tell that Joyce used the 1904 edition because *Ulysses* has inherited mistakes unique to that edition. Joyce signposts his reliance upon *Thom’s* by mentioning that Bloom was a former employee. Bloom’s current employer, the newspaper *The Freeman’s Journal*, is also a signal to the reader, since the 16th June 1904 edition of that paper, as well as its sister publication *The Evening Telegraph*, also furnished Joyce with much of the ‘local colour’ he needed to represent Dublin. Likewise, in the ‘Scylla and Charybdis’ episode, in which Stephen presents his theory of Shakespeare, the three biographies of Shakespeare that Joyce relied on the most are each named.

With *Ulysses*, attentiveness to the small details of the text is often more important and rewarding than turning to outside sources for help and clarification. Consider this line from the first paragraph of ‘Proteus’, the third episode, when Stephen thinks ‘*maestro di color che sanno*’. In the annotations, this line is glossed as ‘Italian, “master among those who know”; the epithet Dante Alighieri applies to Aristotle (*Inferno, iv, 131*)’. This is certainly accurate, but it also misses the point. However, in the context of the annotations to say anything more would be to venture away from the informative and stray into the interpretive. In this passage Stephen is thinking about the nature of perception, and specifically the way in which colours are perceived. And so it seems that Joyce is expecting his readers to miss the allusion to Dante and imagine that this line means ‘the master who knows colours’ (the word *color* can mean both ‘of those’ and ‘colour’). Fritz Senn writes of this, ‘“Proteus” is about the treacherous relation between appearance and essence, semblance and reality. The wrong sense of “color” seems to be more vital than the essential one.’14 With *Ulysses*, being wrong is half the fun.

Joyce’s oft-repeated boast that ‘I’ve put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries’, which first appeared in Ellmann’s biography,15 is actually most likely spurious. While *Ulysses* certainly offers a lot of grist for the scholarly mill, Joyce did not write a book exclusively for scholars. One evening, when he was with his cousin Kathleen, he asked her if her mother, his aunt Josephine, with whom he was very close, had read *Ulysses*. Kathleen confessed that her mother had found *Ulysses* unfit to read. Joyce’s indignant response was: ‘If *Ulysses* isn’t fit to read, life isn’t fit to live.’16

**A NOTE ON THIS EDITION**

Since *Ulysses* is a book of many small details, errors in the text can create interesting challenges for the reader. Because of the difficulties Joyce had in getting *Ulysses* published, the first edition was produced in France by an amateur publisher using a French printer who did not speak English. Compounding these problems was Joyce’s habit of continually revising and expanding his work. One third of *Ulysses*
Ulysses
Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

— *Introibo ad altare Dei.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely:

— Come up, Kinch. 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 country and 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 shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking 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 this, O 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 low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, 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 gravely at his 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 Greek.

He pointed 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 bowl and lathered 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 quid?

He laid 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 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.

Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford manner. He can’t make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knifeblade.

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 perch and 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 corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:

— The bard’s noserag. A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can’t you?

He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oak-pale hair stirring slightly.

— God, he said quietly. Isn’t the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. Epi oinopa ponton. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. Thalatta! Thalatta! She is our great sweet mother. Come and look.

Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbour mouth of Kingstown.

— Our mighty mother, Buck Mulligan said.

He turned abruptly his great searching 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 asked you, Buck 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 you…

He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek. A tolerant smile curled his lips.
— But a lovely mummer, he murmured to himself. Kinch, the loveliest mummer of them all.

He shaved evenly and with care, 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 coatsleeve. 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 graverobes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffsedge 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 sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.
— Ah, poor dogsbody, he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt and a few noserags. How are the secondhand breeks?
— They fit well enough, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip.
— The mockery 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. I’m 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 can’t wear grey trousers.

He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin.

Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes.
— That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan, says you have g. p. i. He’s up in Dottyville with Conolly Norman. General paralysis of the insane.

He swept 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 forward 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 keeps plainlooking 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 see you.

Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:
— It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass of a servant.

Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen’s and walked with him round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them.
— It’s not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. God knows you have more spirit than any of them.

Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steelpen.
— Cracked lookingglass of a servant. Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea. He’s stinking with money and thinks you’re not a gentleman. His old fellow made his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other. God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island. Hellenise it.

Cranly’s arm. His arm.
— And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I’m the only one that knows what you are. Why don’t you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I’ll bring down Seymour and we’ll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe.

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe’s rooms. Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another, O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor’s shears. A scared calf’s face gilded with marmalade. I don’t want to be debagged! Don’t you play the giddy ox with me!

Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold’s face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms.

To ourselves… new paganism… omphalos.
— Let him stay, Stephen said. There’s nothing wrong with him except at night.
— Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. I’m quite frank with you. What have you against me now?

They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Stephen freed his arm quietly.
— Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.
— Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don’t remember anything.

He looked in Stephen’s face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes.

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:
— You were making tea, Stephen said, and I went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room.
— You said, Stephen answered, O, it’s only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan’s cheek.
— Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that? He shook his constraint from him nervously.

— And what is death, he asked, your mother’s or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissecting room. It’s a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn’t matter. You wouldn’t kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it’s injected the wrong way. To me it’s all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor Sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it’s over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don’t whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette’s. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn’t mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself 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 parapet. 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 felt the fever of his cheeks.

A voice within the tower called loudly:
— Are you up there, Mulligan?
— I’m coming, Buck Mulligan answered.

He turned towards Stephen and said:
— Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers.

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof.
— Don’t mope over it all day, he said. I’m inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding.

His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead:

And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love’s bitter mystery
For Fergus rules the brazen cars.

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide.

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay behind him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus’ song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love’s bitter mystery.
Where now?
Her secrets: old feather fans, tasselled dancecards, powdered with musk, a gaud
of amber beads in her locked drawer. A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her
house when she was a girl. She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko
the terrible and laughed with others when he sang:

\[
\text{I am the boy} \\
\text{That can enjoy} \\
\text{Invisibility.}
\]

Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.

\text{And no more turn aside and brood.}

Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys. Memories beset his brooding
brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the
sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brown sugar, roasting for her at the hob on a
dark autumn evening. Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed
lice from the children’s shirts.

In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose
greyclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him
with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone.
The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse
loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to
strike me down. \text{Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: iubilantium te
virginum chorus excipiatur.}

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!
No, mother. Let me be and let me live.
— Kinch ahoy!
Buck Mulligan’s voice sang from within the tower. 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 apologiz-
ing for waking us last night. It’s all right.
— I’m coming, Stephen said, turning.
— Do, for Jesus’ sake, Buck Mulligan said. For my sake and for all our sakes.
His head disappeared and reappeared.
— I told him your symbol of Irish art. He says it’s very clever. Touch him for a
quid, will you? A guinea, I mean.
— I get paid this morning, Stephen said.
— If you want it, Stephen said.
— Four shining sovereigns, Buck Mulligan cried with delight. We’ll have a glori-
ous drink to astonish the druidy druids. Four omnipotent sovereigns.
He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone stairs, singing out of tune
with a Cockney accent:
O, won’t we have a merry time
Drinking whisky, beer and wine,
On coronation,
Coronation day?
O, won’t we have a merry time
On coronation day?

Warm sunshine merrying over the sea. The nickel shavingbowl shone, forgotten, on the parapet. Why should I bring it down? Or leave it there all day, forgotten friendship?

He went over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness, smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the brush was stuck. So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes. I am another now and yet the same. A servant too. A server of a servant.

In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan’s gowned form moved briskly about the hearth to and fro, hiding and revealing its yellow glow. Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbicans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning.

— We’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 hammock where it had been sitting, went to 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 at 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 the candle 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 the buttercooler 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. There’s a lemon in the locker.
— O, damn you and your Paris fads, Buck Mulligan said. I want Sandycove milk. 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 eggs. He hacked through the fry on 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, hewing thick slices from the loaf said in an old woman’s wheedling voice:
— When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water.
— By Jove, it is tea, Haines said.
Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling:
— So I do, Mrs Cahill, says she. Begob, ma’am, says Mrs Cahill, God send you don’t make them in the one pot.

He lunged towards his messmates 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 and 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 doubt 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 delight.
— 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 Mary 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 by 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 preputes.
— 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 toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at 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 favour.

— 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 only 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.

Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voice 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 woman said to Haines.

Haines spoke to her again a longer speech, confidently.
— Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you?
— I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from west, sir?
— I am an Englishman, Haines answered.
— He’s English, Buck Mulligan 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 name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out
some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma’am?
— No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on
her forearm and about to go.

Haines said to her:
— Have you your bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn’t we?

Stephen filled the three cups.
— Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, it’s seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven
twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence
is three quarts is 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, stretched 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 up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried:
— A miracle!
He passed it along the table towards the old woman, saying:
— Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give.
Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand.
— We’ll owe twopence, he said.
— Time enough, sir, she said, taking the coin. Time enough. Good morning, sir. She curtseyed and went out, followed by Buck Mulligan’s tender chant:

— *Heart of my heart, were it more,*  
  *More would be laid at your feet.*

He turned to Stephen 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 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. Agenbite of inwit. Conscience.
Yet here’s a spot.
— That one about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish art 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.
— Well, I mean it, Haines said, still speaking to Stephen. I was just thinking of it when that poor old creature came in.
— Would I make money by it? Stephen asked.
Haines laughed and, as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast of the hammock, said:
— I don’t know, I’m sure.
He strolled out to the doorway. Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour:
— You put your hoof in it now. What did you 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 Mulligan said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes.
— I see little hope, Stephen said, from her or from him.
Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid his hand on Stephen’s arm.
— From me, Kinch, he said.

In a suddenly changed tone he added:
— To tell you the God’s truth I think you’re right. Damn all else they are good for.
Why don’t you play them as I do? To hell with them all. Let us get out of the kip.
He stood up, gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his gown, saying resignedly:
— Mulligan is stripped of his garments.
He emptied his pockets on to the table.
— There’s your snotrag, he said.

And putting on his stiff collar and rebellious 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. Agenbite of inwit. 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 Mulligan 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, as they went down the ladder, pulled to the slow iron door 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 club with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses.
— Down, sir. How dare you, sir?

Haines asked.
— Do you pay rent for this tower?
— Twelve quid, Buck Mulligan said.
— To the secretary of state for war, Stephen added over his shoulder.

They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last:
— Rather bleak in wintertime, I should say. Martello you call it?
— Billy Pitt had them built, Buck Mulligan said, when the French were on the sea. But ours is the omphalos.
— What is your idea of Hamlet? Haines asked Stephen.
— No, no, Buck Mulligan shouted in pain. I’m not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive reasons he has made 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 is 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 elder! 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 Stephen 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 cheap dusty mourning between their gay attires.
— It’s a wonderful tale, Haines said, bringing them to halt again.

Eyes, pale as the sea the wind had freshened, paler, firm and prudent. The seas’ 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, his 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 fellow 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 and 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, goodbye. Write down all I said
   And tell Tom, Dick and Harry I rose from the dead.
What’s bred in the bone cannot fail me to fly
   And Olivet’s breezy… Goodbye, now, 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 birdlike 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 the 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 believer 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 and 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 nickel tinderbox, sprang it open too, and, having lit his cigarette, held the flaming spunk towards Stephen in the shell of his hands.
— Yes, of course, he said, as they went on again. Either you believe or you don’t, isn’t it? Personally I couldn’t stomach 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 example of free thought.

He walked on, waiting to be spoken to, trailing his ashplant by his side. Its ferrule followed lightly on the path, squealing at his heels. My familiar, after me, calling Steeeeeeeephen. A wavering line along the path. They will walk on it tonight, coming here in the 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 you are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me.
— I am the servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an Italian.
— Italian? Haines 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 calmly. 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 ecclesiam: the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars.

Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus, the voices 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 subtle 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 angels of the church, Michael's host, who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields.

Hear, hear. Prolonged applause. Zut! Nom de Dieu!
— Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines' voice said, and I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the hands 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, salt white. Here I am. They followed the winding path 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 Westmeath. 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 himself 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 Carlisle 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:
— Redheaded 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 here, 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 stone, 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 said, to keep my chemise flat.
Stephen handed him the key. Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes.
— And twopence, he said, for a pint. Throw it there.
Stephen threw two 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.
— Good, Stephen said.
He walked along the upward curving path.

*Liliata rutilantium.*

*Turma circumdet.*

*Iubilantium te virginum.*

The priest’s grey nimbus 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.

Usurper.
Notes

By Sam Slote, Marc A. Mamigonian and John Turner
Annotating *Ulysses* is a potentially endless task. From the perspective of a first-time reader annotations can also be somewhat dangerous and distracting.

For these annotations every effort has been made to keep matters as brief as possible and limited to strictly factual as opposed to interpretive material, although in many cases the line between the factual and the interpretive can be somewhat blurry. Even the mere act of annotating is itself an interpretive gesture, since it might lead the reader into thinking that *Ulysses* is a book that needs to be annotated. A quick glance at these annotations will show that *Ulysses* is a book filled with (among other things) allusions to Shakespeare, Aristotle, music-hall songs and references to Dublin topography precise enough for a directory. Certainly, *Ulysses* is all those things, but it is also more than all that. The joys of *Ulysses* belong to the reader (and not necessarily to the annotator). So, it is suggested that these annotations are here to either be consulted or ignored as the reader sees fit.

For those who will consult these annotations, these should only be considered as a starting point for your own interpretations. Fritz Senn has remarked that annotations either provide too much information or too little. The goal here has been consistently to provide ‘too little’: the rationale being that the annotations should not overwhelm the reader’s own initiative.

‘Errors’ in the present edition (whether introduced in the Odyssey Press edition or inherited from an earlier edition) will be noted, but only when this discrepancy affects an annotation. It is not always easy properly to distinguish between errors and Joyce’s own artistic plans, and so efforts have been made to be as conservative as possible in such notes. There are no references to positive emendations (or corrections) introduced in the Odyssey Press edition.

Monetary equivalents have not been provided, since there are many different ways to translate 1904 prices to contemporary figures. As a simple point of comparison, in 1904 a pint of beer cost two pence and the annual rent on the Blooms’ house was £28. For readers unfamiliar with pre-decimal currency, the basics are: there were 12 pence (or d – for denarius, the name of a low-value Roman coin) to the shilling and 20 shillings to the pound. Values were expressed in the order pounds/shilling/pence; hence 1/10/9 equals 1 pound, 10 shillings and 9 pence. Other common coins are the florin (2 shillings), the half-crown (2/6, 2 shillings sixpence) and the crown (5 shillings). The one pound coin is made of gold and is called a sovereign. While the guinea coin, with a value of 21 shillings, had not been minted since 1814, the guinea was still used to denominate certain transactions, such as professional fees, horse race purses, real estate, fine clothes and works of art.

After each annotation the corresponding citation reference to Gabler’s edition of *Ulysses* is provided.

Overleaf is a list of abbreviations for sources that are frequently cited in these annotations. Additional sources consulted are listed in the back.
**List of Abbreviations**


**Catholic Encyclopedia** Catholic Encyclopedia (New York, NY: Robert Appleton, 1907)


**DIB** McGuire, James and James Quinn, eds., *Dictionary of Irish Biography* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009)


**JION** James Joyce Online Notes (www.jjon.org)


**OED** *The Oxford English Dictionary*, online, www.oed.com


**PWJ** Joyce, P.W., *English as We Speak It in Ireland* (London: Longmans, Green, 1910)


**Thom's** *Thom's Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland* (Dublin: Thom's, 1904) (Other years will be specified in the citation.)
‘Telemachus’
Time: 8–9 a.m.
Location: Martello Tower, Sandycove

5 1 Buck ‘A man of spirit and gay conduct; a dandy’ (Partridge). (1.4)
   2 Mulligan Malachi ‘Buck’ Mulligan is modelled after Oliver St John Gogarty (1878–1957), surgeon, man of letters and senator (1922–36). Gogarty studied medicine at Trinity College Dublin (1897–1904) and in 1904 spent two terms at Worcester College, Oxford (DIB). ‘From the start the two young men felt as much rivalry as friendship for each other; both were interested in medicine as a career, both were ambitious as writers’ (Ellmann, p. 118). In September 1904, Joyce lived with Gogarty and Samuel Trench (see note at 6:3) at the Sandycove Martello Tower (see note at 15:8) for less than a week (Ellmann, pp. 171–76). For more, see John Turner and Marc A. Mamigonian, ‘Solar Patriot: Oliver St. John Gogarty in Ulysses.’ (1.1)

3 Haines Haines is modelled on Samuel Chenevix Trench (1881–1909), an Anglo-Irish enthusiast of the Celtic Revival. Trench changed his first name to Dermot by deed poll in 1905. Trench was educated at Eton College and Balliol College, Oxford (Ellmann, pp. 172–73). (1.49)

4 Kinch, the knifeblade According to Seán Ó Faoláin, ‘Kinch’ was the nickname Oliver St John Gogarty gave to Joyce, ‘in imitation of the cutting-sound of a knife’ (Ellmann, p. 131). (1.55)

5 black panther Gogarty records that Trench, the model for Haines, had a nightmare about a black panther while he was staying at the Martello Tower with Gogarty and Joyce. This led him to fire a gun, which so unnerved Joyce, according to Gogarty, that he left the following morning (Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove, p. 56). (1.57)

6 You saved men from drowning Gogarty saved the life of a would-be suicide named Max Harris from drowning in the River Liffey on 27th July 1901 (Ulick O’Connor, Oliver St John Gogarty, p. 42). (1.62)

7 Scutter A ‘variant of squitter, “to have diarrhoea”’ (OED). (1.66)

8 Isn’t the sea what Algý calls it: a grey sweet mother? For ‘grey’, read ‘great’ (this mistake was introduced in the 1926 edition). Algernon Charles Swinburne (English poet and critic, 1837–1909); his poem ‘The Triumph of Time’ (1866) contains the phrase Mulligan quotes (l. 257). (1.77)

9 Epi einoa ponton Homeric Greek, ‘on the winered sea’, a famous recurrent formula in Homer’s works. (1.78)

10 Thalatta! Thalatta! Attic Greek, ‘The sea! The sea!’; from Xenophon’s (c.434–355 BC), Anabasis (iv, 7, 24). The Homeric Greek word for ‘sea’ is thalassa. (1.80)

11 mailboat The Royal Mail had two mailboats leaving Kingstown Harbour each day, one at 8:15 a.m. and the second at 8:15 p.m.; on Sundays the second boat left at 3:15 p.m. (Thom’s, p. 1717). (1.83)

12 Kingstown Kingstown Harbour is where two curved piers, the West and the East, create a man-made harbour south-east of Dublin and about 1.5 km north-west of the tower. Kingstown is now called Dún Laoghaire (pronounced ‘Dúnleary’). (1.84)

13 Our mighty mother ‘Mighty mother’ is a phrase used by A.E. (George Russell, Irish poet and mystic, 1867–1935) to describe the Earth in his poem ‘To One Consecrated’: ‘The Mighty Mother nourished you’ (l. 5). (1.88)

14 hyperborean Greek, ‘beyond the north wind’; that is, distanced, at a remove. In
Greek mythology the Hyperboreans are a race of people from beyond the north wind. (1.92)

1 mummer ‘One who mutters or mumbles’; also a contemptuous term for an actor (OED). (1.97) 2 breeks Scottish dialect, breeches or britches or trouts or partridges (Partridge). (1.113) 3 the Ship A pub at 5 Lower Abbey Street, in the north-east quarter of Dublin near the Liffey (Thom’s, p. 2020). (1.127) 4 g. p. i. Acronym for general paralysis of the insane, that is, syphilis of the central nervous system (tertiary syphilis). This term is also a medical students’ expression for ‘eccentricity’ (Partridge). (1.128) 5 Conolly Norman Conolly Norman (1853–1908): Irish psychiatrist and superintendent of Dublin’s Richmond Lunatic Asylum (1886–1908) (DIB). (1.128) 6 As he and others see me After Robert Burn’s (Scottish poet, 1759–96) poem ‘To a Louse’: ‘To see our selves as ithers see us!’ (L. 44). (1.136) 7 Lead him not into temptation From the Lord’s Prayer: ‘And lead us not into temptations, but deliver us from evil’ (Matt. 6:13; Luke 11:4). (1.139) 8 Ursula St Ursula: a third-century saint associated with chastity. (1.140) 9 The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror Caliban is the ugly savage in Shakespeare’s The Tempest who serves the wizard Prospero. Oscar Wilde wrote in the preface to The Picture of Dorian Gray (1891): ‘The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass’ (Complete Works, p. 17). (1.144)

8 The cracked lookingglass of a servant From Oscar Wilde’s ‘The Decay of Lying’ (1889): ‘Cyril: I can quite understand your objection to art being treated as a mirror. You think it would reduce genius to the position of a cracked looking glass. But you don’t mean to say that you seriously believe Life imitates Art, that Life in fact is the mirror and Art the reality? you seriously believe Life imitates Art, that Life would reduce genius to the position of a cracked looking glass. But you think it art being treated as a mirror. You think it

9 Mater and Richmond Two Dublin hospitals: the Mater Misericordiae (‘Mother of Mercy’) Hospital is on Eccles Street (Thom’s, p. 1482) and the Richmond Lunatic Asylum is on North Brunswick Street (p. 1433). (1.205) 2 Sir Peter Teazle A character from Richard Sheridan’s The School for Scandal (1777). Teazle is the husband of a young and frivolous wife whose fidelity he tests. (1.211) 3 Lalouette’s Funeral home, 68 Marlborough Street (Thom’s, p. 1925). (1.214) 4 Loyola St Ignatius of Loyola (1491–1556), founder of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits). (1.231) 5 Sassenach Hiberno-English, an English person; from the Irish word for ‘Saxon’ (Dolan). (1.232) 6 And no more turn aside and brood […] From the second stanza of William Butler Yeats’s ‘Who Goes With Fergus?’, a poem from his play The Countess Cathleen (1892). (1.239)

10 Royce Edward William Royce (1841–1926; real surname Reddall): a leading English pantomime performer. (1.257) 2 Turko the terrible A pantomime based on William Bough’s Turko the Terrible; or, The Fairy Roses. First put on in London in 1868, Turko debuted in Dublin in 1873 and was the first of many Gaiety Theatre pantomimes. (1.258) 3 I am the boy […] The chorus of a song sung by E.W. Royce, playing the lead role in Turko the Terrible. (1.260) 4 ghostcandle Ghostcandles are set burning around the corpse to keep away ghosts
(OED, s.v. ghost). (1.274) 5 Liliata rutilantium te confessorum [...] Latin, ‘May the liled multitude of glowing confessors circle around you. May the choir of jubilant virgins receive you’; from the ‘Ordo Conmemoratiois Animae’ (found in the Rituale Romanum, Titulus 5, Caput 7, 128); the prayer said over dying people. (1.276) 6 mosey Idiot or fool (EDD). (1.284) 7 kip Hiberno-English, ‘house of ill-fame’ (EDD). Mulligan is fond of this word and uses it in a variety of senses. (1.293) 8 house of ill-fame (OED). (1.284) 9 idiot or fool (OED).

11 1 O, won’t we have a merry time [...] From an English song written in anticipation of Edward VII’s coronation in 1901: ‘We’ll be merry, Drinking whisky, wine and sherry, Let’s all be merry, On Coronation Day’ (Dana Bentley-Cranch, Edward VII, p. 125). (1.302) 2 Clongowes Clongowes Wood College: a Jesuit boys’ school; it is the oldest and most elite Catholic school in Ireland. Stephen (and Joyce) were students there. (1.311) A server of a servant After Noah’s curse on his son Ham, who saw Noah Naked and drunk: ‘Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren’ (Gen. 9:25). (1.312) 4 In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Latin, ‘In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit’. (1.351) 5 In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Latin, ‘May the lilied multitude of glowing confessors circle around you. May the choir of jubilant virgins receive you’; from the ‘Ordo Conmemorasiois Animae’ (found in the Rituale Romanum, Titulus 5, Caput 7, 128); the prayer said over dying people. (1.276) 6 mosey Idiot or fool (EDD). (1.284) 7 kip Hiberno-English, ‘house of ill-fame’ (EDD). Mulligan is fond of this word and uses it in a variety of senses. (1.293) 8 house of ill-fame (OED). (1.284) 9 idiot or fool (OED).

12 1 mother Grogan A character from the anonymous Irish song ‘Ned Grogan’. (1.357) 2 fishgods of Dundrum. Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind Fishgods: possibly the Fomorians, an evil race from Irish mythology. Dundrum: a village 6.5 km south of Dublin; it is not associated with the legends of the Fomorians. This line alludes to the colophon of Yeats’s The Seven Woods, which was published by Dun Emer Press. Dun Emer Press was founded by Yeats’s sister Elizabeth in Dundrum, where her sister Lily was working. The ‘weird sisters’ is a reference to the witches of Macbeth (Act I, Sc. 3, 32). The phrase ‘in the year of the big wind’ is printed in the Yeats colophon and refers to the huge storm of 26–27th February 1903. The phrase ‘the big wind’ originally was used to refer to the tremendously destructive storm that ravaged Ireland on the 6th of January 1839 (Shane Leslie, The Irish Tangle for English Readers, p. 111). (1.366) 3 Mabinogion A collection of eleven anonymous medieval Welsh prose tales of mythology and Arthurian romance. These were translated into English by Lady Charlotte Guest in 1838–49. The name derives from the Welsh mabinogi, ‘instructions to young bards’ (EB1). (1.371) 4 Upanishads Speculative mystical scriptures that are regarded as the touchstone of Hindu religion and philosophy. In 1896, Charles Johnson, a prominent Dublin mystic, translated portions of the Upanishads into English. There was much interest in them in Dublin and London at this time. (1.378) 5 For old Mary Ann [...] Mulligan is singing a variant of the song ‘McGilligan’s Daughter Mary Ann’, an anonymous and bawdy song. Hising: to lift, especially to raise a sail (OED). (1.382) 6 collector of prepuces Prepuce: foreskin (OED); since God commanded Jewish males to be circumcised (Gen. 17:12), God is the collector of prepuces. (1.394) 7 tily Hiberno-English, ‘an additional article or amount unpaid for by the purchaser, as a gift from the vendor’ (OED). (1.399)

13 1 Silk of the kine and poor old woman Two common epithets for Ireland (see also note at 15110). Kine: archaic plural of cow; so ‘silk of the kine’ means ‘finest of cattle’. (1.403) 2 cuck-queen A female cuckold (OED). (1.405) 3 woman’s unclean loins In the Old Testament, women who have just delivered a baby and women who are menstruating are described as ‘unclean’ (Lev. 12:2, 5 and Lev. 15:19–33). In Genesis, Eve was made from man’s flesh (Adam’s rib) while Adam was made from clay in God’s image. She, and then Adam, fell prey to the serpent’s temptation to eat the forbidden fruit (Gen. 3). (1.421) 4 Is there Gaelic on you? An over-literal, but incorrect translation of the Irish expression An bhfuil Gaeilge agat? A more accurate, but still over-literal translation would be ‘Is there Irish at you?’ In other words, ‘Do you speak Irish?’ (1.427) 5 Are you from west, sir? In some coastal areas in the west of Ireland at the turn of the century, Irish was still spoken by over eighty per cent of the population (R.F. Foster, Modern Ireland, p. 517). (1.428)

14 1 Ask nothing more of me, sweet. From ‘House of my heart, were it more [...]’ Lines three and four of Swinburne’s ‘The Oblation’. (1.455) 2 Heart of my heart, were it more [...] Lines three and four of Swinburne’s ‘The Oblation’. (1.456) 3 stony From ‘stoney-broke’: out of money (Partridge). (1.466) 4 Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty After Lord Nelson’s line before the battle of Trafalgar (1805): ‘England expects every man this day will do his duty’ (Robert Southey. Life of Nelson, p. 294). (1.467) 5 national library The National Library of Ireland was founded in 1877 (Bennett). The National Library and the National Museum are matching buildings on either side of Leinster House on Kildare Street. (1.469) 6 Agenbite of inwit Middle English, ‘remorse of conscience’. Agenbite of Inwyit (1340): a moral tract translated into Kentish dialect by Dan Michel of Northgate from a French work, Le Somme des Vices et de Virtues (1279), by Frère Lorenz (or Laurentius Gallus). The Agenbite of Inwyit was translated into English in 1889 by A.J. Wyatt. (1.481) 7 here’s a spot From
Lady Macbeth’s sleepwalking scene in Macbeth (Act V, Sc. 1, 351). (1.482)

15 1 the kip Lodging (Partridge), see also note at 10:7. (1.307) 2 Mulligan is stripped of his garments After the tenth Station of the Cross: ‘Christ is stripped of his garments’ (Matt. 27:28; John 19:23–24). (1.310) 3 Do I contradict myself? From Walt Whitman’s ‘Song of Myself’ (1855). (1.517) 4 And going forth he met Butterfly After a line from the Gospels: ‘And going forth, he wept bitterly’ (Matt. 26:75, Douay version). A number of individuals named Butterfly are listed in Thom’s (p. 1821); see also note at 346:11. (1.527) 5 ashplant An inexpensive cane made from the unbarked sapling of an ash tree. Joyce himself owned such a walking stick. (1.528) 6 leader shoots Shoots which grow off from the top of the stems of principal branches of plants (OED). (1.535) 7 To the secretary of state for war By the terms of the lease, rent for the No. 11 Martello Tower, Sandycove, was paid in quarterly instalments to His Majesty’s Principal Secretary of State for the War Department at the War Office, London. (1.540) 8 Martello A circular, tapering stone tower. Between 1804 and 1806 the British built twenty-one such towers along the coast of Ireland as fortification against a possible landing of Napoleonic troops (Bennett). Joyce lived for about a week in the Sandycove tower with Mulligan and Trench in September 1904. The Sandycove tower was decommissioned in 1900; it opened as the Joyce Museum in 1962. (1.542) 9 Billy Pitt William Pitt, or Pitt the Younger (1759–1806): British prime minister (1783–1801 and 1804–6). In 1800, Pitt supported the Act of Union, which was passed with the help of many bribes to corrupt members of the Irish Parliament. (1.543) 10 when the French were on the sea The French made four unsuccessful attempts between 1796 and 1798 to liberate Ireland from English rule (NHI, vol. 4, pp. 350–51). Mulligan’s phrase alludes in particular to a ballad from the 1790s, ‘The Shan Van Vocht’ (Irish: ‘The Poor Old Woman’, an epithet for Ireland itself). (1.543) 11 Thomas Aquinas St Thomas Aquinas (1225–74): Scholastic philosopher and member of the Dominican order. In Chapter 5 of Portrait, Stephen relates an aesthetic theory he calls ‘applied Aquinas’ (p. 209). In his satirical broadside ‘The Holy Office’ (1904), Joyce says of himself that he is ‘Steeled in the school of old Aquinas’. (1.546)

16 1 stolewise That is, hanging down around the neck like the priest’s stole in the Mass. Stole: ‘A vestment consisting of a narrow strip of silk or linen, worn over the shoulders (by deacons over the left shoulder only) and hanging down to the knee or lower’ (OED). (1.559) 2 Japhet in search of a father! The title of a novel from 1836 by Capt. Frederick Marryat (1792–1848). It is about an orphan’s ultimately successful search for his father. Japheth was one of Noah’s three sons. (1.561) 3 Elsinore. That beetles o’er his base into the sea Elsinore: Hamlet’s castle. The lines are from Horatio’s warning to Hamlet against following the Ghost (Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, 71). Beetles: extends out or overhangs (OED). (1.567) 4 The seas’ ruler This refers to Haines, an Englishman. This phrase alludes in general to Britain’s long-standing naval might and to James Thomson’s song ‘Rule Britannia’ (1740), music by Thomas Arne. (1.574) 5 Muglins A ridge of rocks north of Dalkey Island at the southern extreme of Dublin Bay. (1.576) 6 I’m the queerest young fellow […] From a poem by Gogarty, ‘The Song of the Cheerful (but slightly sarcastic) Jesus’; Joyce here presents an almost unmodified version of the first, second and final stanzas. (1.584) 7 my father’s a bird The Holy Spirit is conventionally depicted as a dove and is, in a sense, Jesus’s father. (1.583) 8 Joseph the joiner Joiner: a carpenter (i.e. someone who joins pieces of wood together); this was Joseph’s trade, as well as Jesus’s. (1.586) 9 Calvary The hill of Jesus’s crucifixion (Luke 23:33; see also Matt. 27:33; Mark 15:22 and John 19:17). (1.587) 10 drink water and wish it were plain Plain: stout beer (Dent). A reference to Jesus’s miracle of turning water into wine (John 2:1–11). (1.591)

17 1 Olivet’s breezy The Mount of Olives (OED), a high hill to the east of Jerusalem from which Jesus ascended into heaven (Luke 24:50; Acts 1:12). (1.590) 2 fortyfoot hole A bathing and swimming hole in the sea just down the path from the tower. The name comes from the Fortieth Foot Regiment, who were once stationed here and used the spot for swimming. (1.600) 3 silver case in which twinkled a green stone Ireland, the Emerald Isle, is the green stone and England is the silver case, as in Shakespeare’s phrase for England in Richard II: ‘This precious stone set in the silver sea’ (Act II, Sc. 1, 46), see also note at 93:2. (1.613) 4 free thought Freethinking was the name given to a secular and liberal movement both within and outside the Church. Although it implies atheism, not all practitioners of freethinking were atheists, but rather they were united in challenging the authority and hegemony of the Church. (1.626) 5 familiar One’s attendant spirit, either an angel or a devil. (1.628) 6 Now I eat his salt bread After Dante’s Paradiso: ‘You shall come to know how salt is the taste of another’s bread’ (xvii, 58–59). (1.631) 7 I am the servant of two masters A
Arius (d.336): Alexandrian priest and heretic. He on the Mount: ‘No man can serve two masters’ (Matt. 6:24). (1.638)

181 et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam Latin, ‘and [I believe in] one holy, Catholic and apostolic church’; from the Nicene Creed (after the Council of Nicaea, which met in 325). The Nicene Creed defined the Son and the Father as consubstantial (of the same being). (1.651)

2 Symbol of the apostles Symbol: creed (OED). This is the Apostles’ Creed, which came into use in the Roman Catholic Church in the eleventh century. The creed’s name comes from the convention of associating each of its twelve clauses with one of the twelve apostles. (1.655)

3 the mass for pope Marcellus Pope Marcellus II (501–95) died just twenty-two days after being elected. Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina’s Missa Papæ Marcelli was first performed in 1565, ten years after Marcellus’s death, and is the most famous of his 102 masses. It had its first Dublin performance in 1898 at St Theresa’s Church. (1.653)

4 behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant The Archangel Michael is ‘the angel of the Church Militant’, since he leads the Church in its struggles against heretics and the devil. Michael was invoked by Church leaders as a holy warrior in their fight against the Protestant movement. (1.654)

5 Photius Photius (c.820–891): appointed patriarch of Constantinople in 857. He was excommunicated by Rome in 863, and in 867 he retaliated by excommunicating the Pope. He was later readmitted to the Church, only to be excommunicated again. Photius objected to the ‘filioque’ (‘and from the son’) clause of the Nicene Creed, which makes Father and Son equal in power, by claiming that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and from the Son. Following his lead the Eastern Church began to separate itself from Rome, culminating in the schism of 1054 (EB11). (1.659)

6 Arius Arius (d.336): Alexandrian priest and heretic. He held that the distinctive quality of God is to be unbegotten and uncreated. From this he deduced that Jesus, as the Son of the Father, was not truly God but rather of a similar yet unequal being. The first Council of Nicaea was called in 325 to settle the dispute over Arius’s views. The council formulated the Nicene Creed, which defined the Son and the Father as consubstantial (of the same being), thereby rejecting Arius’s notion that the Son was inferior (EB11). (1.657) 7 consubstantiality The doctrine that the Son, Jesus Christ, is of the same essence and being as God, the Father as opposed to His having merely a secondary relation to God. Literally the word consubstantial means ‘of one and the same substance or essence’ (OED). Consubstantiality was made an official Christian doctrine in the Nicene Creed. (1.658)

8 Valentine, spurning Christ’s terrene body Valentinus (c.135–c.160): the most prominent leader of the Gnostic movement in the second century AD. He denied that Christ could have had a body of flesh (‘terrene’: earthly) and, instead, must be pure spirit (EB11). (1.658)

9 Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son Sabellius, likely born in Africa, taught in Rome circa 215. His heresy was to claim that the Trinity is but one substance with three modes (thus, his is called the ‘modalist’ heresy). While modalism did not originate with Sabellius, he was its greatest exponent (EB11). (1.699) 10 idle mockery Echoes Matthew 12:36: ‘But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account for it on the day of judgment’. (1.660)

11 Michael’s host The Archangel Michael’s army. Michael leads the Church in its struggles against heretics and the devil. (1.661)

12 Zut! Nom de Dieu! French, ‘Damn! In the name of God!’ (1.666)

13 Bullock harbour Bullock Harbour is immediately to the east of the Sandy Cove Martello Tower. (1.671)

14 five fathoms out there There is a ‘five fathoms line’ of Dublin Bay and is marked as such on some maps. The line runs roughly from the Lion’s Head at Howth across the bay to Kingstown Harbour. At Sandy Cove the line is within 1.5 km of the shore, 5 fathoms = 9.1 metres. (1.673)

15 when the tide comes in about one On 16th June 1904, the high tides in Dublin were at 12:18 a.m. and 12:42 p.m. (Thom’s, p. 15). (1.674)

16 It’s nine days today According to a superstition, ‘Drowned bodies float on the ninth day’ (Edwin and Mona A. Radford, Encyclopaedia of Superstitions, p. 106). (1.674)

17 Westmeath County Westmeath: about 64 km to the west of Dublin. (1.683)

181 translation of the title of an Italian play, Il servitore di due padroni by Carlo Goldoni (Italian dramatist, 1707–93), which is itself a reference to the Sermon on the Mount: ‘No man can serve two masters’ (Matt. 6:24). (1.638)
title of Nietzsche’s book Also Sprach Zarathustra. The name Zarathustra is the Greek version of Zoroaster (c. 600 BC), the Persian founder of the Zoroastrian religion. (1.727)  

7 wild Irish The name given to ‘the less civilised Irish; formerly, those not subject to English rule’ (OED). (1.731)  

8 Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon From the anonymous poem, ‘Smile of a Saxon, / Grinning of curs, / Horn of oxen, / Or hoof of horse. / The Englishman’s smile, it will be seen, leads the van – it being the most destructive’ (‘Erionnach’, The Poets and Poetry of Munster: Second Series, p. xxv, with thanks to Vincent Deane). (1.732)  

9 The Ship See note at 773. (1.753)  

10 Lilliata rutilantium […] See note at 1053. (1.756)  

21 Julius Caesar not been knifed to death Julius Caesar (c.102–44 BC) was stabbed to death by Brutus, Cassius and a group of conspirators at the senate house in Rome on the ide of March, causing another civil war. (2.48)  

2 infinite possibilities they have ousted According to Aristotle’s Metaphysics, of all the possibilities that exist for any single future event, only one can become actual. Once this actuality comes to pass, all other possibilities are removed or ousted (Complete Works, ed. Jonathan Barnes, tr. W.D. Ross, 1050b6–22). (2.90)  

3 Weep no more […] From John Milton’s poem ‘Lycidas’ (1638), an elegy for his school friend Edward King, who drowned in the Irish Sea. (2.97)  

4 It must be a movement then, an actuality of the possible as possible In the Physics, Aristotle writes: ‘the fulfilment of what is potentially, as such, is motion – e.g. the fulfilment of what is alterable, as alterable, is alteration’ (Complete Works, ed. Jonathan Barnes, tr. R.P. Hardie and R.K. Gaye, 20111). (2.67)  

5 library of Sainte Geneviève The Bibliothèque (library) Geneviève is at the Place du Panthéon in Paris. (2.69)  

6 Thought is the thought of thought From Aristotle’s Metaphysics: ‘it must be itself that thought thinks (since it is the most excellent of things), and its thinking is a thinking on thinking’ (1072b34). (2.24)  

7 The soul is in a manner all that is: the soul is the form of forms From Aristotle’s On the Soul: ‘the soul is in a certain way all existing things […] as the hand is a tool of tools, so thought is the form of forms and sense the form of sensible things’ (Complete Works, tr. J.A. Smith, 432a1). (2.75)  


9 To Caesar what is Caesar’s, to God what is God’s From Jesus’s claims that tribute is due to God alone (Matt. 22:15-22, also Mark 12:17 and Luke 20:25). (2.86)  

22 Riddle me, riddle me, randy ro […] This riddle has been printed as: ‘Riddle me, riddle me, randy-bow, / My father gave me seed