

her. A white yashmak violet in the night, covers her face, leaving free only her large dark eyes and raven hair.)" Bloom calls out, "Molly!" Then much later in the same scene Stephen says to one of the girls: "Mark me. I dreamt of a watermelon," to which the girl replies, "Go abroad and love a foreign lady." The melons Stephen dreamed of, originally the creamfruit offered him, are finally identified as Molly Bloom's opulent curves in the question-and-answer chapter 2 of part three: Bloom "kissed the plump mellow yellow smellow melons of her rump, on each plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow, with obscure prolonged provocative melonsmellonous osculation."

The twin dreams of Stephen and Bloom prove prophetic, because in the next to last chapter of the book it is Bloom's intention to do exactly what the stranger in Stephen's dream wished to do—namely, Bloom wishes to bring Stephen and Marion, Bloom's wife, together as a means of displacing Boylan, a theme which is especially stressed in the chapter of the cabman's shelter at the beginning of part three.

PART TWO, CHAPTER 7

This consists of nineteen sections.

Time: Five minutes to three.

Place: Dublin.

Characters: Fifty characters, including all our friends and their various activities within the same time limits, around three in the afternoon of 16 June.

Action: These characters cross and recross each other's trails in a most intricate counterpoint—a monstrous development of Flaubert's counterpoint themes, as in the agricultural show scene in *Madame Bovary*. So the device here is synchronization. It starts with the Jesuit Father Conmee of Saint Xavier's Church, Upper Gardiner Street, an optimistic and elegant priest, nicely combining this world and the other, and concludes with the viceroy, the governor of Ireland, driving through the town. Father Conmee is followed on his rounds, blessing a one-legged sailor, speaking to parishioner after parishioner as he walks, passing the O'Neill funeral establishment, until at Newcomen Bridge he boards a tramcar that takes him to the Howth Road stop, to Malahide, northeast of Dublin. It was a charming day, elegant and optimistic. In a field a flushed young man came from a gap in the hedge, and after him came a young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. The young man, a medical student, named Vincent Lynch we learn later, raised his cap abruptly; the young woman

abruptly bent and with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig (*marvelous* writer). Father Conmee blessed both gravely.

In the second section the synchronization begins. Near Newcomen Bridge, at the undertaker O'Neill's, the undertaker's assistant Kelleher, who has taken care of the Dignam funeral, closes his daybook and chats with the constable, the same policeman who had saluted Father Conmee in passing a few moments earlier. By this time Father John Conmee has gone towards the bridge and now (synchronization!) steps into the tram on Newcomen Bridge in between the sentences referring to Kelleher. See the technique? It is now three. Kelleher sends a silent jet of hayjuice (produced by the blade of hay that he was chewing while checking figures in his daybook when Father Conmee passed a moment ago), Kelleher sends the silent jet from his mouth and at the same time in another part of the town (section 3) a generous white arm (Molly Bloom's) from a window in Eccles Street, three miles away to the northwest, flings forth a coin to the one-legged sailor who has by now reached Eccles Street. Molly is grooming herself for her date with Blazes Boylan. And also at the same time J. J. O'Molloy is told that Ned Lambert has come to the warehouse with a visitor, a visit taken care of later in section 8.

There is not time or space to go through all the detailed synchronizing mechanisms in all nineteen sections of this chapter. We must hit only the high spots. In section 4 Katy, Boody, and Maggy Dedalus, Stephen's young sisters (he has four in all) return empty-handed from the pawnshop while Father Conmee, walking through the Clongowes fields, has his thin socked ankles tickled by the stubble. Where is the crumpled skiff Elijah? Find her, What lackey rings what bell—barang! The man at the auction rooms—at Dillon's.

About 3:15, we start to follow Blazes Boylan, who has begun his little journey Mollyward, to Molly Bloom whom he will reach in a jaunting car around a quarter to four. But this is still around three o'clock (he will stop at the Ormond Hotel on the way); and at Thornton's, a fruit shop, he is sending fruit to Molly by tram. It will take ten minutes to reach her. Hely's sandwich men by this time are plodding by the fruit shop. Bloom is now under Merchant's Arch, near Metal Bridge, and bends, dark-backed, over a book hawker's cart. The end of the section gives us the origin in the fruit shop of the red carnation that Boylan is to carry with its stem between his teeth throughout the chapter. At the time he cadges the carnation he begs the use of the phone, and as we later learn calls his secretary.

Now Stephen walks. In the vicinity of Trinity College he meets his former teacher of Italian, Almidano Artifoni, and they talk briskly in

Italian. Artifoni accuses Stephen of sacrificing his youth to his ideals. A bloodless sacrifice, says Stephen smiling. The seventh section is synchronized with the fifth. Boylan's secretary, Miss Dunn, has been reading a novel and now answers the telephone call Boylan makes in the fruit shop. She tells Boylan that the sports editor Lenehan has been looking for him and will be in the Ormond Hotel at four. (We shall meet them there in a later chapter.) In this section two other synchronizations occur. A disk that shoots down a groove and ogle the onlookers with the number six refers to a betting machine which Tom Rochford, bookie, demonstrates farther on in the ninth section. And we follow the five tall white-hatted sandwich men who having reached their limit, beyond Monypeny's Corner, eel themselves around and begin their return.

Ned Lambert, in section 8, with Jack O'Molloy shows a visitor, a Protestant clergyman, the Reverend Love, his warehouse which was formerly the council chamber of Saint Mary's Abbey. At this moment the girl with the medical student in that country lane where Father Conmee has walked is picking the twig from her skirt. This is synchronization: while this happens here, that happens there. Soon after three o'clock (section 9) Rochford the bookie shows Lenehan his gadget and the disk slides down the groove and reveals a six. At the same time there goes Richie Goulding, a law clerk, Stephen's uncle, with whom Bloom will eat at the Ormond Hotel in the next chapter. Lenehan leaves Rochford with M'Coy (who had asked Bloom to put down his name at Dignam's funeral when he could not attend) and they visit another bookie. On their way to the Ormond Hotel, after stopping at Lynam's to see Sceptre's starting odds, they observe Mr. Bloom "*—Leopold or the Bloom is on the Rye,*" Lenehan quips. Bloom is scanning those books on the hawker's cart. Lenehan's walking towards the Ormond Hotel is synchronized with Molly Bloom replacing the card advertising an unfurnished apartment that has slipped from the sash when she opened it to fling the one-legged sailor a penny. And since at the same time Kelleher was talking to the constable, and Father Conmee had boarded a trolley, we conclude with a tinge of artistic pleasure that sections 2, 3, and 9 occurred simultaneously in different places.

After three o'clock Mr. Bloom is still idling over the books for rent. He finally rents for Molly *Sweets of Sin*, an American novel, slightly risqué in an old-fashioned manner. "He read where his finger opened.

—All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!

Yes. This. Here. Try.

—Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands felt for the opulent curves inside her deshabilé.

Yes. Take this. The end.

—You are late, he spoke hoarsely, eyeing her with a suspicious glare.

The beautiful woman threw off her sabletrimmed wrap, displaying her queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint. An imperceptible smile played round her perfect lips as she turned to him calmly."

Dilly Dedalus, Stephen's fourth sister, who has been hanging around Dillon's auction rooms since Bloom saw her there about one o'clock, listens to the auction hand bell ringing at the sales. Her father, hard, selfish, clever, artistic old Simon Dedalus comes by and Dilly gets a shilling and tuppence out of him. This is synchronized with the viceroy's cavalcade starting out at Parkgate, Phoenix Park, the western suburb of Dublin, and heading for the center of the city, thence eastward to Sandymount, to inaugurate a bazaar. They pass through the whole city from west to east.

Just after three o'clock Tom Kernan, tea merchant, walks, pleased with the order he has just got. He is a pompous and plump Protestant, Mr. Kernan, beside whom Bloom stood at the funeral of Dignam. Kernan is one of the few minor characters in the book whose stream of consciousness is given in detail, here in the twelfth section. In the same section Simon Dedalus meets on the street a priest, Father Cowley, with whom he is on intimate first-name terms. Elijah sails down the Liffey past Sir John Rogerson's Quay, and the viceregal cavalcade passes along Pembroke Quay. Kernan just misses it.

In the next, a few moments after Bloom, Stephen in his turn stops at the bookstalls in Bedford Row. Father Conmee is now walking through the hamlet of Donnycarney, reading his vespers. Stephen's sister Dilly, with her high shoulders and shabby dress, halts next to him. She has bought a French primer with one of the pennies she got from her father. Abstract Stephen, although acutely aware of the misery of his four young sisters, seems to forget that he still has gold in his pocket, what is left of his schoolteacher's salary. He will be ready to give that money away for no reason at all, when drunk, in a later chapter. The section ends with his sorrow for Dilly, and the repetition of *agenbite*, remorse, which we heard from him in the first chapter of part one.

In section 14 we repeat the greeting of Simon Dedalus and Father Cowley and the conversation is recorded. The priest is having money troubles with the moneylender Reuben J. Dodd and with his landlord. Then Ben Dollard comes up, an amateur singer, who is trying to be helpful to Father Cowley in staving off the bailiffs. Mr. Cashel Boyle O'Connor

Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, the demented gentleman, murmuring and glassy eyed, strides down Kildare Street; this is the man who passed Bloom talking to Mrs. Breen. The Reverend Mr. Love, who toured the warehouse-abbey with Lambert and O'Molloy, is mentioned as Father Cowley's landlord who had put out a writ for his rent.

Next Cunningham and Power (also of the funeral party) discuss the fund for Dignam's widow, to which Bloom has contributed five shillings. Father Conmee is mentioned, and we meet for the first time two barmaids, the Misses Kennedy and Douce, who will come in later in chapter 8. The viceroy now passes Parliament Street. In section 16 the brother of the Irish patriot Parnell plays chess in a café where Buck Mulligan points him out to Haines, the Oxford student of folklore. The two discuss Stephen. Synchronized in this section is the one-legged sailor, growling his song and swinging along on his crutches on Nelson Street. And the crumpled pamphlet Elijah meets in the bay a home-come ship, the *Rosevean*.

Then in section 17 Stephen's Italian teacher walks and so does the mad gentleman Farrell, with the long name. We shall soon realize that the most important synchronizing agent in the whole chapter is the blind youth, the blind piano tuner, whom Bloom helped to cross the street in an eastward direction, about two o'clock. Demented Farrell now walks westward on Clare Street, while the blind youth is walking eastward on the same street, still unaware that he has left his tuning fork in the Ormond Hotel. Opposite number 8, the office of a dentist Mr. Bloom, already referred to in the description of the funeral procession, no relation to Leopold, mad Farrell brushes against the frail soft body of the blind youth, who curses him.

The eighteenth section is devoted to the late Mr. Dignam's son, Patrick, Jr., a boy of twelve or so, who heads west on Wicklow Street, carrying some pork steaks for which he had been sent. He dawdles and looks into a shop window at the picture of two boxers who have fought recently, on 21 May. In chapter 9 one finds a delightful parody of a journalistic description of a boxing match: the sports stylist keeps varying his epithets—it is one of the funniest passages in this amusing book—Dublin's pet lamb, the sergeant major, the artilleryman, the soldier, the Irish gladiator, the redcoat, the Dubliner, the Portobello bruiser. In Grafton Street, the brightest street in

Nabokov's notes on the action of *Ulysses*, part two, chapter 7

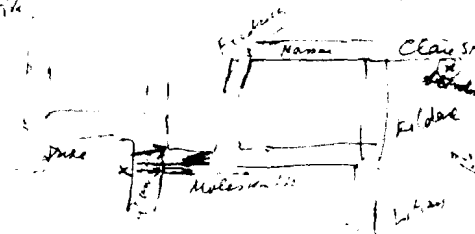
Handwritten notes on the right page of the manuscript, including references to sections 17 and 18, and a diagram of the street layout.

Section 17 p. 246 is important
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Ormond Hotel

See letter to Mr. P. 11



Funeral procession was now in Clare Street, giving his force and about thirty to complete the blind youth's journey. He was still unaware he had left his tuning fork in the Ormond Hotel. In Clare Street, opposite number eight, the office of a dentist Mr. Bloom, already referred to in the description of the funeral procession, no relation to Leopold, mad Farrell brushes against the frail soft body of the blind youth, who curses him.

Dublin, Master Dignam notices a red flower in a smartly dressed fellow's mouth—Blazes Boylan, of course. One may compare the boy's thought about his dead father with the thoughts of Stephen in the first chapter about his mother.

In the last section the viceregal procession comes into vivid existence. It is instrumental in bringing into focus all the people we have been following through the preceding sections, plus a few others, who either salute the viceroy or ignore him. Making an appearance are Kernan, Richie Goulding, the Ormond bar girls, Simon Dedalus who salutes the viceroy with a low servile hat, Gerty MacDowell whom we shall meet in chapter 10 on the rocks, the Reverend Hugh Love, Lenehan and M'Coy, Nolan, Rochford, Flynn, gay Mulligan and grave Haines, John Parnell who does not glance up from the chessboard, Dilly Dedalus with her French primer, Mr. Menton with his oyster eyes, Mrs. Breen and her husband, and the sandwich men. Blazes Boylan, straw hatted in his indigo suit and sky blue tie, red carnation between his lips, on his way to the Ormond Hotel and thence to Eccles Street ogles the ladies in the carriage, and the mad Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell stares through a fierce eyeglass across the carriages at somebody in the window of the Austro-Hungarian consulate. Also Hornblower, the Trinity College porter whom Bloom had met on his way to the baths, Paddy Dignam, Jr., two cockle gatherers, and Almidano Artifoni. The procession going towards Lower Mount Street passes the blind piano tuner still heading east, but he will recall in a minute the tuning fork he forgot at his last job and will be coming back west in a moment towards the Ormond Hotel. There is also on the list the Man in the Brown Macintosh, James Joyce, master of synchronization.

Bloom runs into Boylan three times during the day (at 11 A.M., at 2 P.M., and at 4 P.M.) in three separate spots, and none of the times does Boylan see Bloom. The first time is in part two, chapter 3, in the carriage driving with Cunningham, Power, and Simon Dedalus to the funeral, a little after eleven, just as Bloom sees the wet bright bills of the opera on the hoardings near the Queen's Theatre. He sees Boylan emerging from the door of a restaurant, the Red Bank, a seafood place, and while the others salute him, Bloom inspects his fingernails. Boylan notices the funeral but does not notice the carriage.

The second time is in part two, chapter 5, as Bloom enters Kildare Street on his way to the National Library just after 2 P.M. soon after seeing the blind stripling heading for Frederick Street "perhaps to Levinston's dancing academy piano"—where, if so, he did not miss his tuning fork since we see him still proceeding eastward in chapter 7. Bloom sees Boylan

"Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes" and swerves to the right, to the museum connected with the library.

The third time is in part two, chapter 8, as Bloom crosses Ormond Quay (after crossing Essex Bridge from Wellington Quay, north bank to south bank of the Liffey) to buy some notepaper at Daly's stationers; he turns his head and sees Boylan in a jaunty hackney cab coming the same way Bloom just came. Boylan, to meet Lenehan for a moment, enters the bar of the Ormond Hotel. Bloom decides to enter the dining room with Richie Goulding whom he happens to meet at the door. Bloom watches Boylan from there. It is a few minutes to four now, and Boylan presently leaves the Ormond bar for Eccles Street.

PART TWO, CHAPTER 8

The characters in chapter 8 are

1. In the saloon of the hotel and at the bar:
two barmaids—bronze-haired Lydia Douce and gold-haired Mina Kennedy;
the boots, a saucy young fellow who brings them their tea;
Simon Dedalus, Stephen's father;
the racing editor Lenehan, who comes in shortly afterwards to wait for Boylan;
Boylan himself on his way to Molly;
fat Ben Dollard and thin Father Cowley who join Simon Dedalus at the piano;
Mr. Lidwell, a lawyer who courts Miss Douce;
Tom Kernan, the pompous tea merchant;
there are also two anonymous gentlemen drinking beer from tankards;
and finally at the end of the chapter the blind piano tuner returns for his tuning fork.

2. In the adjacent dining room there are the waiter Pat (bald, deaf Pat), Bloom, and Richie Goulding. They hear the songs in the bar, and Bloom glimpses the barmaids.

In the course of chapter 8 three people are sensed approaching, before they actually enter, the Ormond Hotel: Bloom, Boylan, and the blind youth coming back for his tuning fork. The tap of his approaching stick on the sidewalk—his leitmotiv—is heard midway through the chapter, and these taps can be traced here and there, increasing on the next pages—tap, tap, tap—, then four taps repeated. His tuning fork lying on the piano is noticed by Simon Dedalus. He is sensed coming by Daly's shop window,

and finally "Tap. A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall."

Bloom and Boylan are not only sensed coming—they are sensed going. Boylan, after talking horses with Lenehan, drinking a slow, syrupy sloe gin, and watching coy Miss Douce imitate a ringing clock by smacking her garter against her thigh, impatiently leaves, heading for Molly, but with Lenehan starting to go with him to tell him about Tom Rochford. As the drinkers continue in the bar, and the eaters in the restaurant, his jingle jaunty jingle is sensed receding both by Bloom and the author, and his progress in the jaunting car (also known as a jaunty car) to Eccles Street is marked by such notices as "Jingle a tinkle jaunted" and "Jingle jaunted down the quays. Blazes sprawled on bounding tyres" and "By Bachelors walk jogjaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun, in heat, mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tyres: sprawled, warmseated, Boylan impatience, ardentbold" and "By Graham Lemon's pineapple rock, by Elvery's elephant jingle jogged." Moving at a slower rate than in Bloom's mind, "Jingle by monuments of sir John Gray, Horatio onehanded Nelson, reverend father Theobald Matthew, jaunted as said before just now. Atrot, in heat, heatseated. *Cloche. Sonnez la. Cloche. Sonnez la.* Slower the mare went up the hill by the Rotunda, Rutland square. Too slow for Boylan, blazes Boylan, impatience Boylan, jogged the mare." Then "Jingle into Dorset street" and, coming closer, "A hackney car, number three hundred and twenty-four, driver Barton, James of number one Harmony avenue, Donnybrook, on which sat a fare, a young gentleman, stylishly dressed in an indigoblue serge suit made by George Robert Mesias, tailor and cutter, of number five Eden quay, and wearing a straw hat very dressy, bought of John Plasto of number one Great Brunswick street, hatter. Eh? This is the jingle that jogged and jingled. By Dlugacz' porkshop bright tubes of Agendath trotted a gallantbuttocked mare." The jingle even imposes itself on Bloom's stream of thought in the hotel as he is composing a letter in return to Martha: "Jingle, have you the?" The missing word is; of course, *horn*, for Bloom is mentally following Boylan's progress. In fact, in Bloom's feverish imagination he has Boylan arrive and make love to Molly sooner than he actually does. While Bloom listens to the music in the bar and to Richie Goulding talking, his thought ranges, and one part is, "Her wavyavyeavyheavyeavyevyevy hair un comb'd"—meaning that in Bloom's hasty mind her hair has been uncombed already by her lover. Actually, at this point Boylan has only reached Dorset Street. Finally, Boylan arrives: "Jog jig jogged stopped. Dandy tan shoe of dandy Boylan socks skyblue clocks came light to earth. . . .

One rapped on a door, one rapped with a knock, did he knock Paul de

Kock, with a loud proud knocker, with a cock carracarracarra cock. Cockcock."

Two songs are sung in the bar. First Simon Dedalus, a wonderful singer, sings Lionel's aria "All is lost now" from *Martha*, a French opera with an Italian libretto by a German composer von Flotow, 1847. The "All is lost now" nicely echoes Bloom's feelings about his wife. In the adjacent restaurant Bloom writes a letter to his mysterious correspondent Martha Clifford in as coy terms as she had used to him, enclosing a small money order. Then Ben Dollard sings a ballad "The Croppy Boy," which begins, if we look up the song:

*It was early, early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was Old Ireland free.*

(Croppies were the Irish rebels of 1798 who cropped their hair in a token of sympathy with the French Revolution.)

Bloom leaves the Ormond Hotel before the singing has ended, heading for the nearest post office and then to a pub where he has agreed to meet Martin Cunningham and Jack Power. His stomach starts to rumble. "G: ssy thing that cider: binding too." He notices on the quay a prostitute he knows, with a black straw sailor hat, and he avoids her. (That night she will briefly look in at the cabman's shelter.) Once again his stomach rumbles. "Must be the cider or perhaps the burgund" which he had had at lunch. These rumbles are synchronized with the conversation in the bar that he has left until the patriotic conversation gets all mixed up with Bloom's stomach. As Bloom views a picture of the Irish patriot Robert Emmet in Lionel Marks's window, the men in the bar begin to talk of him and to give a toast to Emmet just as the blind youth arrives. They quote "True men like you men," from a poem "The Memory of the Dead" (1843) by John Kells Ingram. The italicized phrases that accompany Bloom's internal difficulties represent Emmet's last words, which Bloom sees under the picture: "Seabloom, Greaseabloom viewed last words. Softly. *When my country takes her place among.*

Prrrrr.

Must be the bu .

Overleaf: Nabokov's annotations in his teaching copy of *Ulysses*, part two, chapter 8

musical part
A collection of phrases - broken phrases that will be repeated in a better form in the last part of the poem.

BRONZE BY GOLD HEARD THE HOOFIRONS, STEELYRINGING a golden haired one

Imperthnth thnthnth.
Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips.

Horrid! And gold flushed more. Golden haired one

A husky flenote blew. Golden haired one

Blew. Blue bloom is on the. Golden haired one

Gold pinnaced hair.

A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin, rose of Castille.

Trilling, trilling: Idolores.

Peep! Who's in the . . . peepofgold? Golden haired one

Tink cried to bronze in pity. A dimer's bell asking for ligam

And a call, pure, long and throbbing. Longindying call.

Decey. Soft word. But look! The bright stars fade. O rose!

Notes chim uping answer. Castille. The morn is breaking.

Jingle jingle jaunted jingling. Golden haired one

Coin rang. Clock clacked. Golden haired one

Avowal. Sonnez. I could. Rebound of garter. Not leave thee.

Smack. La cloche! Thigh smack. Avowal. Warm. Sweetheart,

goodbye!

Jingle. Bloo. Golden haired one

Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War! The

empanum. Golden haired one

A sail! A veil awave upon the waves. Golden haired one

Lost. Throble fluted. All is lost now. Golden haired one

Horn. Hawhorn. Golden haired one

When first he saw. Alas!

Full up. Full throb. Golden haired one

Warbling. Ah, lure! Alluring. Golden haired one

Martha! Come!

Clapclap. Clapclap. Clapclap. Golden haired one

Goodgod he never heard inall. Golden haired one

Deaf bald Pat brought pad knife took up. Golden haired one

A moonlit nighrcall: far: far.

I feel so sad. P. S. So lonely blooming. Golden haired one

Listen! To Golden haired one

The spiked and winding cold seahorn. Have you the? Each

and for other plash and silent roar.

Pearls: when she. Liszt's rhapsodies. Hissss.

You don't?

Did not: no, not believe: Lidlyd. With a cock with a carra.

Black. Golden haired one

Deepsounding. Do, Ben, do.

[232]

Ben is asked to sing "The Croppy King"

Wait while you wait. Hee hee. Wait while you hee. The warden Pat

But wait! ehehehehe

Low in dark middle earth. Embedded ore. recollect. of funeral

Naminedamine. All gone. All fallen. carry boy 281, Min Douce

Tiny, her tremulous fernfoils of maidenhair. x 281, Min Douce

Amen! He gnashed in fury. Golden haired one

Fro. To, fro. A baton cool protruding. Golden haired one

Bronzelydia by Minagold. Lidia Douce and Neena Kennedy

By bronze, by gold, in oceangreen of shadow. Bloom. Old Bloom.

One rapped, one tapped with a carra, with a cock. x 281, Min Douce

Pray for him! Pray, good people! The Croppy King

His gouty fingers nakker. Golden haired one

Big Benaben. Big Benben.

Last rose Castille of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone.

Pwee! Little wind piped wee. Golden haired one

True men. Lid Ker Cow De and Doll. Ay, ay. Like you men.

Will lift your tschink with tschink. Golden haired one

Ffi Ool Gas. Golden haired one

Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where

hoofs? Golden haired one

Rrrpr. Kraa. Kraandl. The warden and the faint

Then, not till then. My eppripstaph. Be pfrwritt.

Done. Golden haired one

Begin! Golden haired one

Bronze by gold, Miss Douce's head by Miss Kennedy's head.

over the crossblind of the Ormond bar heard the viceregal hoofs

go by, ringing steel. Mina

Is that her? asked Miss Kennedy. Golden haired one

Miss Douce said yes, sitting with his ex, pearl grey and eau de

Nil. Golden haired one

Exquisite contrast, Miss Kennedy said. Golden haired one

When all agog Miss Douce said eagerly. Golden haired one

Look at the fellow in the tall silk. Golden haired one

Who? Where? gold asked more eagerly. Golden haired one

In the second carriage, Miss Douce's wet lips said, laughing

in the sun. He's looking. Mind till I see.

She darted, bronze, to the backmost corner, flattening her

face against the pane in a halo of hurried breath.

Her wet lips tittered: Golden haired one

He's killed looking back. Golden haired one

Fff. Oo. Rrpr.

Nations of the earth. No-one behind. She's passed. Then and not till then. Tram. Kran, kran, kran. Good oppor. Coming Krandlkrankran [the trolley noise]. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. Let my epitaph be. Karaaaaaaa. Written. I have.

Pprppffrrppfff

Done."

Joyce with all his genius has a perverse leaning towards the disgusting, and it is diabolically like him to end a chapter full of music, patriotic pathos, and broken heart song with a released *borborygmus* combining Emmet's last word with Bloom's murmur of satisfaction, "Done."*

PART TWO, CHAPTER 9

The anonymous narrator, a collector of debts, after loafing with old Troy of the Dublin Metropolitan Police Force, meets another friend, Joe Hynes, the reporter who took down the names of the mourners at Dignam's funeral, and they both turn into Barney Kiernan's pub. There we find the villain of the chapter, a "citizen" as he is termed. The citizen is there with a fierce mangy dog Garryowen, belonging to his father-in-law old Giltrap. Giltrap is the maternal grandfather of Gerty MacDowell, the leading young lady of the next chapter, where she thinks about her grandpapa's lovely dog. It would thus seem that the citizen is Gerty MacDowell's father. In the preceding chapter Gerty had had her view of the viceregal procession obstructed by a passing tram as she was carrying the mail from his office. (He was in the cork and linoleum business.) In the next chapter we discover that her father, a drunkard, could not attend Dignam's funeral because of his gout.

This chapter is timed at about five o'clock and we must suppose that citizen MacDowell's gout does not prevent him from limping into his favorite pub where the collector of debts and the reporter join him at the bar and are served three pints of ale by Terry O'Ryan, the bartender. Then comes another customer, Alf Bergan, who discovers Bob Doran snoring in

*In VN's annotated copy he remarks, "Moreover, the 'let my epitaph be' is linked up with the famous limerick about wind going free, and the 'done' ends the chapter in more ways than one." Ed.

Nabokov's transcription of the lyrics for "The Croppy Boy" in his teaching copy of *Ulysses*

cap with fingers greased by porksteak paper. His collar too sprang up. The viceroy, on his way to inaugurate the Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's hospital, drove with his following towards Lower Mount street. He passed a blind stripling opposite Broadbent's. In Lower Mount street a pedestrian in a brown macintosh, eating dry bread, passed swiftly and unscathed across the viceroy's path. At the Royal Canal bridge, from his boarding, Mr. Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to Pembroke township. At Haddington road corner two sanded women halted themselves, an umbrella and a bag in which eleven cockles rolled to view with wonder the lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain. On Northumberland and Landsdowne roads His Excellency acknowledged punctually salutes from rare male walkers, the salute of two small schoolboys at the garden gate of the house said to have been admired by the late queen when visiting the Irish capital with her husband, the prince consort, in 1849 and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door.

line 180

the author

the above part
and 207
and 285

p. 278

The Croppy Boy

anon.

"Ireland, 18th cent."

(There is another passage in the book where the viceroy is seen. See p. 281)
It was early, early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was Old Ireland free.
My sister Mary heard the viceroy's train,
She ran upstairs in her morning dress,
(Saying) "Five hundred guineas I will lay,
To see my brother safe in any town."
As I was walking up Westford hill,
Who could blame me for my my free?
I was in the guard-house where I was tried,
And as in a parlour where I was tried,
My sentence passed and my courage low,
When to Danganman I was forced to go.
As I was passing my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door;
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother had her hand to her face.
As I was walking up Westford Street,
My own first cousin I should meet;
And in Danganman his long head,
And good good Christian that he was,
Just drop a tear for the Croppy boy.
The declaration of his power.

a corner. They talk about dead Dignam, and Bergan shows a curio, a hangman's letter of application to Dublin's high sheriff. It is here that Bloom comes into the bar looking for Martin Cunningham. Then two other characters enter, Jack O'Molloy, whom we met in the newspaper office and in Lambert's warehouse, and Ned Lambert himself. They are joined by John Wyse Nolan and Lenehan the racing editor, with a long face, having lost on Sceptre. Bloom goes to the courthouse just around the corner to see if Cunningham is perhaps there, and before Bloom returns Martin Cunningham turns up at the pub with Jack Power. Bloom comes back to the pub, and the three of them set out from there, in the northwest of Dublin, in a carriage for the Dignam's residence at the far southeast side, on the bay. Their visit to Dignam's widow, with talks about Dignam's insurance money, is somehow omitted from Bloom's consciousness.

The themes of this chapter develop in the bar before Bloom leaves. They consist of the Ascot Gold Cup race and the theme of anti-Semitism. A prejudiced discussion of patriotism which Bloom vainly tries to conduct in a rational and humane way is turned by the citizen into a brawl. A strain of parody, a grotesque travesty of legendary doings, runs through the chapter and ends with the citizen hurling an empty biscuit tin at the retreating carriage.

PART TWO, CHAPTER 10

Time: Between "the altercation with a truculent troglodyte" at Kiernan's bar around five o'clock and the present chapter 10 there is a blank period of time that includes a carriage drive and then a visit to a house of mourning, to Dignam's widow, in east Dublin, not far from Sandymount, but this visit is not described. When the action resumes with chapter 10 it is sunset time, around 8 P.M.

Place: Sandymount shore, Dublin Bay, southeast of Dublin, where Stephen had walked in the morning, in the direct vicinity of the Star of the Sea Church.

Characters: Seated on the rocks are three girls: two of them are named at once. Cissy Caffrey, "A truerhearted lass never drew the breath of life, always with a laugh in her gypsylike eyes and a frolicsome word on her cherryripe red lips, a girl lovable in the extreme." The style is a deliberate parody of feminine magazines and of commercial English prose. Edy Boardman is petite and shortsighted. The third girl, the heroine of the chapter, is named on its third page—"But who was Gerty?" And here we are told that Gerty MacDowell, who was seated near her companions, lost

in thought, "was in very truth as fair a specimen of winsome Irish girlhood as one could wish to see," a beautiful parody of corny descriptions. Cissy Caffrey has with her her two little brothers, Tommy and Jacky, twins, "scarce four years old," and of course curly headed; and Edy Boardman is with her infant brother, a baby in a pushcar. There is yet another person present, sitting on some rocks opposite. He is mentioned on the third and eighth pages, but it is only later that he is identified as Leopold Bloom.

Action: The action of this chapter is difficult to separate from its very special style. In answer to a simple question what happens in this chapter, we can reply simply: the two little boys play and quarrel and play again, the baby gurgles and squalls, Cissy and Edy tend their respective brothers, Gerty daydreams, voices sing in the nearby translucent church, twilight comes, the fireworks at the bazaar (to which the viceroy had been heading) start, and Cissy and Edy with their charges run down the strand to see the display over the houses in the distance. But Gerty does not follow them immediately: if they could run like horses she could sit and see from where she sat. Bloom has been sitting on a rock opposite and staring at Gerty, who for all her coy girlishness realizes quite clearly what is going on behind his stares, and finally she leans back in a shameless show of garters while "a rocket sprang and bang shot blind and O! then the Roman candle burst and it was like a sigh of O! and everyone cried O! O! in raptures and it gushed out of it a stream of rain gold hair threads and they shed and ah! they were all greeny dewy stars falling with golden, O so lovely! O so soft, sweet, soft!" Shortly, Gerty rises and slowly walks away down the strand. "She walked with a certain quiet dignity characteristic of her but with care and very slowly because, because Gerty MacDowell was . . .

Tight boots? No. She's lame! O!

Mr Bloom watched her as she limped away. Poor girl!"

Style: The chapter consists of two parts totally different in technique. First, while the three girls are on the beach, sitting on the rocks, there is in describing them and their charges a sustained parody of feminine magazine or novelette prose with all the clichés and false elegancies of that kind.* Then comes the second part when Mr. Bloom's stream of consciousness takes over; in its familiar abrupt fashion there comes a medley of impressions and recollections until the end of the chapter.

The parody is full of wonderfully amusing clichés, the platitudes of gracious living and pseudopoetry. "The summer evening had begun to fold

*VN has interlined a later comment, in pencil: "This is fifty years ago. They would correspond in our time and place to stories about blonde office girls and boyish-looking executives in the *Saturday Evening Post* trash." Ed.