

# *Ulysses*

## **Episode 8 “Lestrygonians “)**

Pineapple rock, lemon platt, butter scotch. A sugarsticky girl shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother. Some school treat. Bad for their tummies. Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His Majesty the King. God. Save. Our. Sitting on his throne sucking red jujubes white.

A sombre Y. M. C. A. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr Bloom.

Heart to heart talks.

Bloo.... Me? No.  
Blood of the Lamb.

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. Are you saved? All are washed in the blood of the lamb. God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney burnt offering, druids' altars. Elijah is coming. Dr John Alexander Dowie restorer of the church in Zion is coming.

Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!!  
All heartily welcome.

Paying game. Torry and Alexander last year. Polygamy. His wife will put the stopper on that. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix. Our Saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. Pepper's ghost idea. Iron Nails Ran In.

Phosphorus it must be done with. If you leave a bit of codfish for instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen. Don't like all the smells in it waiting to rush out. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Thinking of Spain. Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain.

From Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk. Dedalus' daughter there still outside Dillon's auctionrooms. Must be selling off some old furniture. Knew her eyes at once from the father. Lobbing about waiting for him. Home always breaks up when the mother goes. Fifteen children he had. Birth every year almost. That's in their theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? Eat you

out of house and home. No families themselves to feed. Living on the fat of the land. Their butteries and larders. I'd like to see them do the black fast Yom Kippur. Crossbuns. One meal and a collation for fear he'd collapse on the altar. A housekeeper of one of those fellows if you could pick it out of her. Never pick it out of her. Like getting £. s. d. out of him. Does himself well. No guests. All for number one. Watching his water. Bring your own bread and butter. His reverence: mum's the word.

Good Lord, that poor child's dress is in flitters. Underfed she looks too. Potatoes and marge, marge and potatoes. It's after they feel it. Proof of the pudding. Undermines the constitution.

As he set foot on O'Connell bridge a puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet. Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it, I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery. Regular world in itself. Vats of porter wonderful. Rats get in too. Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on the porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking that! Rats: vats. Well, of course, if we knew all the things.

Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quaywalls, gulls. Rough weather outside. If I threw myself down? Reuben J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage. One and eightpence too much. Hhhhm. It's the droll way he comes out with the things. Knows how to tell a story too.

They wheeled lower. Looking for grub. Wait.

He threw down among them a crumpled paper ball. Elijah thirtytwo feet per sec is com. Not a bit. The ball bobbed unheeded on the wake of swells, floated under by the bridgepiers. Not such damn fools. Also the day I threw that stale cake out of the Erin's King picked it up in the wake fifty yards astern. Live by their wits. They wheeled, flapping.

*The hungry famished gull  
Flaps o'er the waters dull.*

That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn.

*Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit  
Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth.*

—Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

His gaze passed over the glazed apples serried on her stand.  
Australians they must be this time of year. Shiny peels: polishes them up  
with a rag or a handkerchief.

Wait. Those poor birds.

He halted again and bought from the old applemoan two Banbury  
cakes for a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down  
into the Liffey. See that? The gulls swooped silently, two, then all from their  
heights, pouncing on prey. Gone. Every morsel. Aware of their greed and  
cunning he shook the powdery crumb from his hands. They never expected  
that. Manna. Live on fish, fishy flesh they have, all seabirds, gulls, seagoose.  
Swans from Anna Liffey swim down here sometimes to preen themselves.  
No accounting for tastes. Wonder what kind is swanmeat. Robinson  
Crusoe had to live on them.

They wheeled flapping weakly. I'm not going to throw any more.  
Penny quite enough. Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw. They spread foot  
and mouth disease too. If you cram a turkey say on chestnutmeal it tastes  
like that. Eat pig like pig. But then why is it that saltwater fish are not salty?  
How is that?

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at  
anchor on the treachy swells lazily its plastered board.

*Kino's*  
*II/-*  
*Trousers*

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can  
you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream, never the same,  
which in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kinds of  
places are good for ads. That quack doctor for the clap used to be stuck up  
in all the greenhouses. Never see it now. Strictly confidential. Dr Hy  
Franks. Didn't cost him a red like Maginni the dancing master self  
advertisement. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for  
that matter on the q. t. running in to loosen a button. Flybynight. Just the  
place too. POST NO BILLS. POST IIO PILLS. Some chap with a dose  
burning him.

If he ..?

O!

Eh?

No ..... No.

No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?

No, no.

Mr Bloom moved forward, raising his troubled eyes. Think no more about that. After one. Timeball on the ballastoffice is down. Dunsink time. Fascinating little book that is of sir Robert Ball's. Parallax. I never exactly understood. There's a priest. Could ask him. Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pike hoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks!

Mr Bloom smiled O rocks at two windows of the ballastoffice. She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound. She's not exactly witty. Can be rude too. Blurt out what I was thinking. Still, I don't know. She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit. They used to call him big Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. Appetite like an albatross. Get outside of a baron of beef. Powerful man he was at stowing away number one Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.