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# *Ulysses*



I



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: 1-2

— *Introibo ad altare Dei.* 3

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 untoussured 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. 4

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. 5

— 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. 6

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.



- 1-2 — 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?
- 3 — 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  
4 manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knifeblade.  
He shaved warily over his chin.
- 5 — 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.  
6 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.
- 7 — 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 oakpale hair stirring slightly.
- 8 — God, he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother?  
9 The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton*. Ah, Dedalus, the  
10 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  
11-12 on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbour mouth of Kingstown.
- 13 — 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  
14 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 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 cuffed edge 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 breaks?

— 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:

1 — 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.

2 — 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.

3 Cranly's arm. His arm.

4 — 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 Aedes of

5-6 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!

7 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 8 sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalm.

9 To ourselves... new paganism... omphalos.

10-12 — 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?

13 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:

— What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God?

— 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.

— Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.

14 — 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 Teazole 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?

1-2 Her secrets: old feather fans, tasselled dancecards, powdered with musk, a gaudy 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:

3                                *I am the boy  
                                      That can enjoy  
                                      Invisibility.*

Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.

*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 graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

4 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. *Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.*

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.

6 — Dedalus, come down, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. Haines is apologizing 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.

7 — The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much? Four quid? Lend us one.

— If you want it, Stephen said.

— Four shining sovereigns, Buck Mulligan cried with delight. We'll have a glorious 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?

I

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.

2-3

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.*

4

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

<b>Bennett</b>	Bennett, Douglas, ed., <i>The Encyclopaedia of Dublin</i> , 2nd. ed. (Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 2005)
<b>Bowen</b>	Bowen, Zack, <i>Musical Allusions in the Works of James Joyce</i> , (Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 1974)
<b>Brewer's</b>	Evans, Ivor H., ed., <i>Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable</i> , rev. edn. (New York, NY: Harper and Row, 1981)
<b>Catholic Encyclopedia</b>	<i>Catholic Encyclopedia</i> (New York, NY: Robert Appleton, 1907)
<b>Dent</b>	Dent, R.W., <i>Colloquial Language in 'Ulysses'</i> (Newark, DE: University of Delaware Press, 1994)
<b>DIB</b>	McGuire, James and James Quinn, eds., <i>Dictionary of Irish Biography</i> (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009)
<b>Dolan</b>	Dolan, Terence Patrick, ed., <i>A Dictionary of Hiberno-English</i> , 2nd edn. (Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 2004)
<b>Dubliners</b>	Joyce, James, <i>Dubliners</i> , ed. Robert Scholes and A. Walton Litz (New York, NY: Viking Press, 1969)
<b>EB11</b>	<i>The Encyclopaedia Britannica</i> , 11th edn. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1910–11)
<b>EDD</b>	Wright, Joseph, ed., <i>English Dialect Dictionary</i> (London: Oxford University Press, 1970)
<b>Ellmann</b>	Ellmann, Richard, <i>James Joyce</i> , rev. edn. (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1982)
<b>Gifford</b>	Gifford, Don, with Robert J. Seidman, <i>'Ulysses' Annotated</i> , 2nd edn. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988)
<b>Gilbert Grove</b>	Gilbert, Stuart, <i>James Joyce's 'Ulysses'</i> (New York, NY: Vintage, 1955) <i>The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians</i> , eds. Stanley Sadie and John Tyrrell, 2nd edn. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001)
<b>Hyman</b>	Hyman, Louis, <i>The Jews of Ireland</i> (Shannon: Irish University Press, 1972)
<b>JJD</b>	Gunn, Ian and Clive Hart, <i>James Joyce's Dublin</i> (London: Thames and Hudson, 2004)
<b>JJMU</b>	Budgen, Frank, <i>James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'</i> (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1989)
<b>JJON</b>	<i>James Joyce Online Notes</i> ( <a href="http://www.jjon.org">www.jjon.org</a> )
<b>NHI</b>	<i>A New History of Ireland</i> (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1976–2005)
<b>OCPW</b>	Joyce, James, <i>Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing</i> , ed. Kevin Barry (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000)
<b>ODEP</b>	<i>The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs</i> , compiled by William George Smith, 2nd edn., revised by Sir Paul Harvey (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948)
<b>ODNR</b>	Opie, Iona and Opie, Peter, eds., <i>The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes</i> (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952)
<b>Odyssey</b>	Homer, <i>The Odyssey</i> , tr. Richmond Lattimore (New York, NY: Harper, 1975)
<b>OED</b>	<i>The Oxford English Dictionary</i> , online, <a href="http://www.oed.com">www.oed.com</a>
<b>Partridge</b>	Beale, Paul, ed., <i>Partridge's Dictionary of Slang</i> , 8th edn. (London: Routledge, 1984)
<b>Portrait</b>	Joyce, James, <i>A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</i> , ed. Chester G. Anderson (New York, NY: Viking Press, 1968)
<b>PSW</b>	Joyce, James, <i>Poems and Shorter Writings</i> , ed. Richard Ellmann, A. Walton Litz and John Whittier-Ferguson (London: Faber and Faber, 1991)
<b>PWJ</b>	Joyce, P.W., <i>English as We Speak It in Ireland</i> (London: Longmans, Green, 1910)
<b>Skeat</b>	Skeat, W.W., ed., <i>Etymological English Dictionary</i> , rev. edn. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1910)
<b>SS</b>	Adams, Robert M., <i>Surface and Symbol</i> (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1962)
<b>Stephen Hero</b>	Joyce James, <i>Stephen Hero</i> , eds. Theodore Spencer, John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon (New York, NY: New Directions, 1963)
<b>Thom's</b>	<i>Thom's Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland</i> (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). (1.1) **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 Introibo ad altare Dei** Latin, ‘I will go unto the altar of God’; from Psalm 42:4 (43:4 in King James); this line begins the Ordinary (main body) of the Latin Mass. (1.5) **4 body and soul and blood and ouns** Blood and ‘ouns: abbreviation of the oath ‘God’s blood and wounds!’ (Partridge). Lesson 26 of the *Maynooth Catechism*: ‘Q. What is the Blessed Eucharist? A. The Blessed Eucharist is the sacrament of the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, under the appearances of bread and wine’ (p. 49). (1.22) **5 Chrysostomos** Greek, ‘golden-mouthed’; that is, eloquent. This was the epithet of both Dion Chrysostomos, a Greek rhetorician (c.50–c.117), and St John Chrysostomos (c.345–407), a patriarch of Constantinople and Church Father. (1.26) **6 Your absurd name, an ancient Greek** According to Greek and Roman mythology, the primary source being Book VIII of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, Daedalus was a great engineer and inventor. He created both the labyrinth and wings out of wax and feathers, which he and his son Icarus used to escape from the labyrinth. Icarus did not heed his father’s advice and flew too close to the sun, which melted his wings and caused him to plummet to his death. (1.34)

**6** **1 Malachi** Hebrew, ‘my messenger’; that is, God’s messenger. The Old Testament prophet Malachi foretells the return of ‘Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord’ (Mal. 4:5). (1.41) **2 two dactyls** In prosody, a dactyl is a foot consisting of one stressed (or long) syllable followed by two unstressed (or short). Homer’s poems are written in dactylic hexameter, a meter made up of six feet of dactyls and spondees (two long). (1.41) **3 Haines** Haines is modelled on Richard Samuel Chenevix Trench (1881–1909), an Anglo-Irish enthusiast of the Celtic Revival. The grandson of Richard Chenevix Trench (1807–86), poet, scholar, and Archbishop of Dublin (1864–84), he was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he was a member of the Oxford Gaelic Society and met Gogarty. Trench changed his name to Richard Samuel Dermot Chenevix Trench by deedpoll in 1905 and committed suicide in 1909. For more, see C.E.F. Trench, ‘Dermot Chenevix Trench

and Haines of Ulysses’. (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 Algy 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 oinopa ponton** Homeric Greek, ‘on the winedark 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 ‘Dunleary’). (1.84) **13 Our mighty mother ‘Mighty mother’** is a phrase used by A.E. (George Russell, Irish poet and mystic, 1867–1935) in various works, such as the poems ‘To One Consecrated’, ‘The Place of Rest’, ‘The Face of Faces’, ‘The Message of John’, ‘In the Womb’ and in the essay ‘Religion and Love’. (1.85) **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)

**7** **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 trousers (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. 2010). (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 Burns’s (Scottish poet, 1759–96) poem ‘To a Louse’: ‘To see ourself as iters see us!’ (l. 44). (1.136) **7 Lead him not into temptation** From the Lord’s Prayer: ‘And lead us not into temptation, 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. The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass’ (*Complete Works*, p. 17). (1.143)

**8 1 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? Vivian: Certainly I do’ (*Complete Works*, p. 1082). (1.146) **2 made his tin by selling jalap** Tin: money (*OED*). Jalap: A purgative drug obtained from the tuberous roots of *Xogonium (Ipomoea) Purga* and some other convolvulaceous plants’ (*OED*). (1.156) **3 Hellenise it** Matthew Arnold identifies the Hebraic and the Hellenic as the two modes of the Western temperament: the former is practical, disciplined and dogmatic, whereas the latter disinterested and flexible, ‘full of sweetness and light’ (*Culture and Anarchy*, p. 132). Arnold thought England had gone too far in the Hebraic direction and needed to Hellenise itself. (1.158) **4 Cranly’s arm** Cranly: Stephen’s close friend in Chapter 5 of *Portrait*. (1.159) **5 Magdalen** A college at Oxford, founded in 1458. (1.169) **6 I don’t want to be debagged!** To debag: Oxford and (less commonly) Cambridge expression, from circa 1890, to remove the ‘bags’ or trousers of an objectionable student (Partridge). (1.170) **7 play the giddy ox** To act the fool, to behave in an irresponsible manner (*Brewer’s*). (1.171) **8 Matthew Arnold’s face** Matthew Arnold (1822–88): English poet and critic and, from 1857, a professor at Oxford. (1.173) **9 grasshalms** Stems or stalks of grass (*OED*, s.v. haulm). (1.174) **10 To ourselves** A toast, as made by well-fed Oxford narcissists. (1.176) **11 new paganism** New paganism was a slogan of the turn-of-the-century aesthetes, appropriate to Swinburne, Wilde, Arnold, Walter Pater and their followers (such as Mulligan). (1.176) **12 omphalos** Greek, navel, centre point. The oracle at Delphi was marked by an *omphalos*, a conically shaped stone. (1.176) **13 cape of Bray Head** Bray Head is a promontory 241 metres high, 11 km downshore from the Sandycove tower. It cannot usually be seen from the tower. (1.181) **14 whose mother is beastly dead** ‘We can deduce that Gogarty really did say this to Joyce from a bitter remark of Joyce’s in a 1907 letter to Stanislaus’ (Turner and Maminogian, ‘Solar Patriot: Oliver St. John Gogarty in Ulysses’, pp. 639–40). (1.196)

**9 1 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 1 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*, also known as *Prince Amabel*; or *The Fairy Roses* (1862). With songs by Edwin Hamilton, *Turko* was first performed in Dublin in 1873 and was the first of many Gaieity Theatre pantomimes (*The Irish Playgoer and Amusement Record*, vol. 1, no. 7, Christmas 1899, p. 19). (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* (*The Irish Playgoer*, vol. 1, no. 7, Christmas 1899, p. 19). (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 liliated multitude of glowing confessors circle around you. May the choir of jubilant virgins receive you’; from the ‘Ordo Commendationis Animae’ (found in the *Rituale Romanum*, Titulus 5, Caput 7, 128); a 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)

**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). (1.300) **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) **3 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)

**12 1 mother Grogan** Possibly after a character from the anonymous Irish song ‘Ned Grogan’ (*The Hibernian Cabinet*, pp. 59–60). (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 *In 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.

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