



## HOMENAJE A D. ANTONIO GARRIGUES WALKER CON MOTIVO DEL BLOOMSDAY 2020

Martes, 16 de junio de 2020, a las 19:00h, en ZOOM



## **Programa - Programme**

### **Episode 1. Telemachus**

*Time: 8 a.m. Thursday 16 June 1904*

*Location Martello Tower, Sandycove, Co. Dublin*

*Forty-Foot Bathing Place*

**Readers: Bill Dixon and Mal Murphy**

### **Episode 3. Proteus**

*Time: 11 a.m.*

*Location: Sandymount Strand*

**Readers: Michael Connolly and Morgan Fagg**

### **Episodio 5. Los Lotófagos**

*Hora: 10 de la mañana*

*Lugar: Westland Row, en el centro de Dublin*

**Lectora: María Paz González**

### **Episode 6. Hades.**

*Time: 11 a.m.*

*Locations: the route from Newbridge Avenue, Sandymount, to Glasnevin Cemetery; Glasnevin Cemetery.*

**Reader: Kate Marriage**

### **Episode 9. Scylla and Charybdis**

*Time: 2 p.m.*

*Location the National Library of Ireland, Kildare Street, Dublin.*

**Reader: Michael Connolly**

### **Episode 11. Sirens**

*Time: 4 p.m*

*Location: the Ormond Hotel. Ormond Quay, Dublin*

**Reader: Mal Murphy**



**Episodio 12. Cíclopes.**

*Hora: 5 de la tarde.*

*Lugar: el pub de Barney Kiernan, 8-10 Little Britain Street, al final de Capel Street, e intersecada por Green Street.*

**Lectora: Elena Carcedo**

**Episode 13. Nausicaa.**

*Time: 8 p.m.*

*Location: Sandymount Strand*

**Readers: Ophelia Leon and Ultan Cronin**

**Episode 15. Circe**

*Time 12 midnight*

*Location: Bella Cohen's brothel, 82 Tyrone Street (now Railway Street), in the red-light district of Dublin, between Talbot Street and present Sean MacDermott Street Lower.*

**Reader: Bill Dixon**

**Episodio 18. Penélope**

*Hora: la hora del reloj no se aplica a este episodio.*

*Lugar: la cama del nº7 de la calle Eccles*

**Lectora: Pilar Pastor**

**Los interludios musicales serán interpretados por Chris Dove (Puca Óg)**



## 1. Episode 1. Telemachus

Time: 8 a.m. Thursday 16 June 1904

Location Martello Tower, Sandycove, Co. Dublin

Forty-Foot Bathing Place

**Reader: Bill Dixon**

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 on 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 out 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 land 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 untousured 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.**

(...)

**Reader: Mal Murphy**

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, wholly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay beneath 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 featherfans, 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:

I am the boy  
That can enjoy  
Invisibility  
Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.



## 2. Episode 3. Proteus

Time: 11 a.m.

Location: Sandymount Strand

**Reader: Michael Connolly**

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomever. **I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space.** Five, six: the *nacheinander*. Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *nebeneinander* ineluctably! I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the ends of his legs, *nebeneinander*. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of *Los Demiurgos*. Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crick, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'.

Won't you come to Sandymount,  
Madeline the mare?

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop: *deline the mare*.

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane. *Basta!* I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.

They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently, *Frauenzimmer*: and down the shelving shore flabbily, their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand. Like me, like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother. Number one swung lourdily her midwife's bag, the other's gamp poked in the beach. From the liberties, out for the day. Mrs Florence MacCabe, relict of the late Patk MacCabe, deeply lamented, of Bride Street. One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life.

**Reader: Morgan Fagg**

**Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand.** I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.

He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, cramming the scribbled note and pencil into a pocket, his hat tilted down on his eyes. That is Kevin Egan's movement I made, nodding for his nap, sabbath sleep. *Et vidit Deus. Et erant valde bona.*



Alo! *Bonjour*. Welcome as the flowers in May. Under its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan's hour, the faunal noon. Among gumheavy serpentplants, milkoozing fruits, where on the tawny waters leaves lie wide. Pain is far.

And no more turn aside and brood.

His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoffs, *nebeneinander*. He counted the creases of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm. The foot that beat the ground in tripudium, foot I dislove. But you were delighted when Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you: girl I knew in Paris. *Tiens, quel petit pied!* Staunch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak its name. His arm: Cranly's arm. He now will leave me. And the blame? As I am. As I am. All or not at all.

In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing, chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, oos. Vehement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling.



### 3. Episodio 5. Los Lotófagos

Hora: 10 de la mañana

Lugar: Westland Row, en el centro de Dublin

**Lectora: María Paz González**

**En busca de la piedra filosofal.** Los alquimistas. Las drogas te envejecen después de la agitación mental. Letargo luego. ¿Por qué? Reacción. Toda una vida en una noche. Poco a poco te cambia el carácter. **Viviendo todo el día entre hierbas, pomadas, desinfectantes.** Todos sus morteros de alabastro. Almirez y mano de almirez. Aq. Dist. Fol. Laur. Te Virid. El olor casi le cura a uno como la campanilla de la puerta del dentista. Doctor Probaturo. Debería medicarse a sí mismo un poco. Lectorio o emulsión. El primer tipo que cogió una hierba para curarse a sí mismo tenía agallas. Sin mezcla. Hay que tener cuidado. Suficiente sustancia tuvo bastante valor. Aquí hay bastante como para cloroformizarte. Prueba: vuelve rojo el papel de tornasol azul. Cloroformo. Sobredosis de láudano. Brebajes para dormir. Filtros de amor. El jarabe calmante de adormidera nocivo para la tos. Obstruye los alveolos o las flemas. Los venenos son las únicas curas. El remedio donde menos te esperas. Muy aguda la naturaleza.

—¿Hace dos semanas, señor?

—Sí, dijo el señor Bloom.

Esperó junto al mostrador, inhalando lentamente el olor penetrante de las drogas, el polvoriento olor seco de las esponjas y *loofahs*. Un montón de tiempo ocupado en contar tus dolores y achaques de uno.

—Aceite de almendras dulces y tintura de benjuí, dijo el señor Bloom, y también agua de azahar ... .

La verdad es que a Molly le ponía la piel tan delicadamente blanca como la cera.





#### 4. Episode 6. Hades

Time: 11 a.m.

Locations: the route from Newbridge Avenue, Sandymount, to Glasnevin Cemetery; Glasnevin Cemetery.

**Reader: Kate Marriage**

How many! All these here once walked round Dublin. **Faithful departed. As you are now so once were we.**

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather. Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Rtststr! A rattle of pebbles. Wait. Stop!

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it. Good hidingplace for treasure.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert Emery. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight, wasn't he? Making his rounds.

Tail gone now.

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and what's cheese? Corpse of milk. I read in that *Voyages in China* that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the other firm.



## 5. Episode 9. Scylla and Charybdis

Time: 2 p.m.

Location the National Library of Ireland, Kildare Street, Dublin.

**Reader: Michael Connolly**

**Life is many days. This will end.**

—We shall see you tonight, John Eglinton said. *Notre ami* Moore says Malachi Mulligan must be there.

Buck Mulligan flaunted his slip and panama.

—Monsieur Moore, he said, lecturer on French letters to the youth of Ireland. I'll be there. Come, Kinch, the bards must drink. Can you walk straight?

Laughing, he...

Swill till eleven. Irish nights entertainment.

Lubber...

Stephen followed a lubber...

One day in the national library we had a discussion. Shakes. After. His lub back: I followed. I gall his kibe.

Stephen, greeting, then all amort, followed a lubber jester, a wellkempt head, newbarbered, out of the vaulted cell into a shattering daylight of no thought.

What have I learned? Of them? Of me?

Walk like Haines now.

The constant readers' room. In the readers' book Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell parafes his polysyllables. Item: was Hamlet mad? The quaker's pate godlily with a priesteen in booktalk.



## 6. Episode 11. Sirens

Time: 4 p.m

Location: the Ormond Hotel. Ormond Quay, Dublin

**Reader: Mal Murphy**

Bloom viewed a gallant pictured hero in Lionel Marks's window. Robert Emmet's last words. Seven last words. Of Meyerbeer that is.

— True men like you men.

— Ay, ay, Ben.

— Will lift your glass with us.

They lifted.

Tschink. Tschunk.

Tip. An unseeing stripling stood in the door. He saw not bronze. He saw not gold. Nor Ben nor Bob nor Tom nor Si nor George nor tanks nor Richie nor Pat. Hee hee hee hee. He did not see.

Seabloom, greaseabloom viewed last words. Softly. *When my country takes her place among.*

Prrpr.

Must be the bur.

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. Krandrkrankran. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. *Let my epitaph be. Kraaaaaa. Written. I have.*

Ppprrpprrppffff.

*Done.*



## 7. Episodio 12. Cíclopes

Hora: 5 de la tarde.

Lugar: el pub de Barney Kiernan, 8-10 Little Britain Street, al final de Capel Street, e intersecada por Green Street.

**Lectora: Elena Carcedo**

**El amor ama amar al amor.** La enfermera ama al nuevo farmacéutico. El policía 14A ama a Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell ama al chico de la bicicleta. M. B. ama a un apuesto caballero. Li Chi Han *amal dalbesitos* a Chu Pa Chow. Jumbo, el elefante, ama a Alice, la elefante. El viejo señor Verschoyle con su trompetilla en la oreja ama a la vieja señora Verschoyle la del ojo a la virulé. El hombre de la gabardina marrón ama a una señora que ha muerto. Su Majestad el Rey ama a Su Majestad la Reina. La señora Nominan W. Tupper ama al oficial Taylor. Tú amas a cierta persona. Y esa persona ama a otra persona porque todo el mundo ama a alguien, aunque Dios ama a todo el mundo.

–Bueno, Joe, le digo yo, a tu salud y mucho éxito. A tu salud, Ciudadano.

–Venga, que no se diga, dice Joe.

–La bendición de Dios y la Virgen María y San Patricio os bendigan, dice el Ciudadano.

Y levanta la pinta para mojarse el gaznate.

–Ya conocemos a esos meapilas, dice él, que predicán y te vacían el bolsillo. ¿ Y qué me dicen del beato de Cromwell y sus Corazas de Hierro que pasaron a cuchillo a las mujeres y niños de Drogheda con la cita de la Biblia *Dios es amor* pegada alrededor de las boca de los cañones? ¡La biblia! ¿Han leído esa broma en el *United Irishman* de hoy sobre el jefe zulú que está visitando Inglaterra?



## 8. Episode 13. Nausicaa

Time: 8 p.m.

Location: Sandymount Strand

**Reader: Ophelia Leon**

**There were wounds that wanted healing with heartbalm.** She was a womanly woman not like other flighty girls unfeminine he had known, those cyclists showing off what they hadn't got and she just yearned to know all, to forgive all if she could make him fall in love with her, make him forget the memory of the past. Then mayhap he would embrace her gently, like a real man, crushing her soft body to him, and love her, his ownest girlie, for herself alone.

Refuge of sinners. Comfortress of the afflicted. *Ora pro nobis.* Well has it been said that whosoever prays to her with faith and constancy can never be lost or cast away: and fitly is she too a haven of refuge for the afflicted because of the seven dolours which transpierced her own heart. Gerty could picture the whole scene in the church, the stained glass windows lighted up, the candles, the flowers and the blue banners of the blessed Virgin's sodality and Father Conroy was helping Canon O'Hanlon at the altar, carrying things in and out with his eyes cast down. He looked almost a saint and his confessionbox was so quiet and clean and dark and his hands were just like white wax and if ever she became a Dominican nun in their white habit perhaps he might come to the convent for the novena of Saint Dominic. He told her that time when she told him about that in confession, crimsoning up to the roots of her hair for fear he could see, not to be troubled because that was only the voice of nature and we were all subject to nature's laws, he said, in this life and that that was no sin because that came from the nature of woman instituted by God, he said, and that Our Blessed Lady herself said to the archangel Gabriel be it done unto me according to Thy Word. He was so kind and holy and often and often she thought and thought could she work a ruched teacosy with embroidered floral design for him as a present or a clock but they had a clock she noticed on the mantelpiece white and gold with a canarybird that came out of a little house to tell the time the day she went there about the flowers for the forty hours' adoration because it was hard to know what sort of a present to give or perhaps an album of illuminated views of Dublin or some place.



### Reader: Ultan Cronin

**The year returns. History repeats itself. Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again. Life, love, voyage round your own little world.** And now? Sad about her lame of course but must be on your guard not to feel too much pity. They take advantage.

All quiet on Howth now. The distant hills seem. Where we. The rhododendrons. I am a fool perhaps. He gets the plums, and I the plumstones. Where I come in. All that old hill has seen. Names change: that's all. Lovers: yum yum.

Tired I feel now. Will I get up? O wait. Drained all the manhood out of me, little wretch. She kissed me. Never again. My youth. Only once it comes. Or hers. Take the train there tomorrow. No. Returning not the same. Like kids your second visit to a house. The new I want. Nothing new under the sun. Care of P. O. Dolphin's Barn. Are you not happy in your? Naughty darling. At Dolphin's barn charades in Luke Doyle's house. Mat Dillon and his bevy of daughters: Tiny, Atty, Floey, Maimy, Louy, Hetty. Molly too. Eightyseven that was. Year before we. And the old major, partial to his drop of spirits. Curious she an only child, I an only child. So it returns. Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home. And just when he and she. Circus horse walking in a ring. Rip van Winkle we played. Rip: tear in Henny Doyle's overcoat. Van: breadvan delivering. Winkle: cockles and periwinkles. Then I did Rip van Winkle coming back. She leaned on the sideboard watching. Moorish eyes. Twenty years asleep in Sleepy Hollow. All changed. Forgotten. The young are old. His gun rusty from the dew.

Ba. What is that flying about? Swallow? Bat probably. Thinks I'm a tree, so blind. Have birds no smell? Metempsychosis. They believed you could be changed into a tree from grief. Weeping willow. Ba. There he goes. Funny little beggar.



## 9. Episode 15. Circe

Time 12 midnight

Location: Bella Cohen's brothel, 82 Tyrone Street (now Railway Street), in the red – light district of Dublin, between Talbot Street and present Sean MacDermott Street Lower.

**Reader: Bill Dixon**

*(Bloom surveys uncertainly the three whores then gazes at the veiled mauve light, hearing the everflying moth.)*

BLOOM: I wanted then to have now concluded. Nightdress was never. Hence this. **But tomorrow is a new day will be.** Past was is today. What now is will then morrow as now was be past yester.

VIRAG: *(Prompts in a pig's whisper.)* Insects of the day spend their brief existence in reiterated coition, lured by the smell of the inferiorly pulchritudinous female possessing extendified pudendal nerve in dorsal region. Pretty Poll! *(His yellow parrotbeak gabbles nasally.)* They had a proverb in the Carpathians in or about the year five thousand five hundred and fifty of our era. One tablespoonful of honey will attract friend Bruin more than half a dozen barrels of first choice malt vinegar. Bear's buzz bothers bees. But of this apart. At another time we may resume. We were very pleased, we others. *(He coughs and, bending his brow, rubs his nose thoughtfully with a scooping hand.)* You shall find that these night insects follow the light. An illusion for remember their complex unadjustable eye. For all these knotty points see the seventeenth book of my Fundamentals of Sexology or the Love Passion which Doctor L. B. says is the book sensation of the year. Some, to example, there are again whose movements are automatic. Perceive. That is his appropriate sun. Nightbird nightsun nighttown. Chase me, Charley! *(He blows into Bloom's ear.)* Buzz!

BLOOM: Bee or bluebottle too other day butting shadow on wall dazed self then me wandered dazed down shirt good job I



## 10. Episodio 18. Penélope

Hora: la hora del reloj no se aplica a este episodio.

Lugar: la cama del nº7 de la calle Eccles

**Lectora: Pilar Pastor**

**el sol brilla para ti dijo él** el día que estábamos echados entre los rododendros en Howth Head con el traje de paño gris y su canotí el día que hice que se me declarara sí primero le di de mi boca el trocito de galleta de anís y era un año bisiesto como ahora sí hace 16 años Dios mío después de aquel largo beso casi me quedo sin aliento sí dijo que yo era una flor de la montaña sí eso somos todas flores un cuerpo de mujer sí esa fue la única verdad que dijo en su vida y el sol brilla para ti hoy sí eso fue lo que me gustó porque vi que entendía o sentía lo que es una mujer y yo sabía que siempre haría de é lo que quisiera y le di todo el placer que pude invitándole hasta que me lo pidió para decir sí y al principio yo no quise contestar solo miré a lo lejos al mar y al cielo estaba pensando en tantas cosas que él no sabía que Mulvey y el señor Stanhope y Hester y papá y en el viejo capitán Groves y en los marineros jugando a antón pirulero y a las prendas y a mear alto como ellos lo llamaban en el malecón y el centinela delante de la casa del gobernador con aquella cosa alrededor del casco blanco pobre diablo medio asado y las muchachas españolas riendo con sus mantillas y sus peinetas altas y las subastas por la mañana los griegos y los judíos y los árabes y quién demonios más de todos los rincones de Europa y Duke Street y el mercado de aves todas cacareando junto de Larby Sharon y los pobres burros resbalando medio dormidos y los vagos con sus capas dormidos a la sombra de las escaleras y las grandes ruedas de las carretas de bueyes el viejo castillo con miles de años sí y esos moros tan guapos todos de blanco y con turbantes como reyes invitándote a que te sentaras en sus pequeñas tiendas y Ronda con las viejas ventanas de las *posadas* 2 ojos atisbando una celosía escondidos para que su amante besara y las rejas y 'los ventorrillos medio abiertos por la noche y las castañuelas y la noche que perdimos el barco en Algeciras y el vigilante dando vueltas por ahí *sereno* con su farol y ah ese tremendo torrente allá en lo hondo ah y el mar el mar carmesí a veces como fuego y las estupendas puestas de gloriosas y las higueras en los jardines de la Alameda sí y todas aquellas callejuelas





extrañas y las casas rosas y azules y amarillas y las rosaledas y el jazmín y los geranios y las chumberas y Gibraltar de niña cuando yo era una Flor de la montaña sí cuando me ponía la rosa en el pelo como hacían las muchachas andaluzas o me pondré una roja sí y cómo me besó al pie de la muralla mora y yo pensé bueno igual da él que otro y entonces le pedí con la mirada que me lo pidiera otra vez sí y entonces me pidió si quería yo decir sí mi flor de la montaña y primero le rodeé con los brazos sí y le apreté contra mí para que sintiera mis pechos todo perfume sí y el corazón le corría como loco y **sí dije sí quiero Sí.**