



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de *Ulises* E4 (Calipso) y de *Finnegans Wake* (L1C3), de James Joyce

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

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1. Ulysses (Calypso). Reader: Bill Dixon.

Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liverslices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel a bit peckish.

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like her plate full. Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat, its spout stuck out. Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry. The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high.

—Mkgnao!

—O, there you are, Mr Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked again stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing. Just how she stalks over my writingtable. Prr. Scratch my head. Prr.

Mr Bloom watched curiously, kindly the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his knees.

—Milk for the pussens, he said.

—Mrkgnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand them. She understands all she wants to. Vindictive too. Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it. Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me.

—Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

—Mrkrgnao! the cat said loudly.

She blinked up out of her avid shameclosing eyes, mewing plaintively and long, showing him her milkwhite teeth. He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her eyes were green stones. Then he went to the dresser, took the jug Hanlon's milkman had just filled for him, poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer and set it slowly on the floor.

—Gurrhr! she cried, running to lap.

He watched the bristles shining wirily in the weak light as she tipped three times and licked lightly. Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after. Why? They shine in the dark, perhaps, the tips. Or kind of feelers in the dark, perhaps.

He listened to her licking lap. Ham and eggs, no. No good eggs with this drouth. Want pure fresh water. Thursday: not a good day either for a mutton kidney at Buckley's. Fried with butter, a shake of pepper. Better a pork kidney at Dlugacz's. While the kettle is boiling. She



lapped slower, then licking the saucer clean. Why are their tongues so rough? To lap better, all porous holes. Nothing she can eat? He glanced round him. No.

On quietly creaky boots he went up the staircase to the hall, paused by the bedroom door. She might like something tasty. Thin bread and butter she likes in the morning. Still perhaps: once in a way.

He said softly in the bare hall:

—I'm going round the corner. Be back in a minute.

And when he had heard his voice say it he added:

—You don't want anything for breakfast?

A sleepy soft grunt answered:

—Mn.

No. She didn't want anything. He heard then a warm heavy sigh, softer, as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead jingled. Must get those settled really. Pity. All the way from Gibraltar. Forgotten any little Spanish she knew. Wonder what her father gave for it. Old style. Ah yes! of course. Bought it at the governor's auction. Got a short knock. Hard as nails at a bargain, old Tweedy. Yes, sir. At Plevna that was. I rose from the ranks, sir, and I'm proud of it. Still he had brains enough to make that corner in stamps. Now that was farseeing.

His hand took his hat from the peg over his initialled heavy overcoat and his lost property office secondhand waterproof. Stamps: stickyback pictures. Daresay lots of officers are in the swim too. Course they do. The sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely: Plasto's high grade ha. He peeped quickly inside the leather headband. White slip of paper. Quite safe.

On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey. Not there. In the trousers I left off. Must get it. Potato I have. Creaky wardrobe. No use disturbing her. She turned over sleepily that time. He pulled the halldoor to after him very quietly, more, till the footleaf dropped gently over the threshold, a limp lid. Looked shut. All right till I come back anyhow.

He crossed to the bright side, avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive. The sun was nearing the steeple of George's church. Be a warm day I fancy. Specially in these black clothes feel it more. Black conducts, reflects, (refracts is it?), the heat. But I couldn't go in that light suit. Make a picnic of it. His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth. Boland's breadvan delivering with trays our daily but she prefers yesterday's loaves turnovers crisp crowns hot. Makes you feel young. Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn. Travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy's big moustaches, leaning on a long kind of a spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turko the terrible, seated crosslegged, smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Dander along all day. Might meet a robber or two. Well, meet him. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques among the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet, colour of Molly's new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass.

Probably not a bit like it really. Kind of stuff you read: in the track of the sun. Sunburst on the titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself. What Arthur Griffith said about the headpiece over



the *Freeman* leader: a homerule sun rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland. He prolonged his pleased smile. Ikey touch that: homerule sun rising up in the northwest.

He approached Larry O'Rourke's. From the cellar grating floated up the flabby gush of porter. Through the open doorway the bar squirted out whiffs of ginger, teadust, biscuitmush. Good house, however: just the end of the city traffic. For instance M'Auley's down there: n. g. as position. Of course if they ran a tramline along the North Circular from the cattlemarket to the quays value would go up like a shot.

Baldhead over the blind. Cute old codger. No use canvassing him for an ad. Still he knows his own business best. There he is, sure enough, my bold Larry, leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket. Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tee with his eyes screwed up. Do you know what I'm going to tell you? What's that, Mr O'Rourke? Do you know what? The Russians, they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese.

Stop and say a word: about the funeral perhaps. Sad thing about poor Dignam, Mr O'Rourke.

Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through the doorway:

—Good day, Mr O'Rourke.

—Good day to you.

—Lovely weather, sir.

—'Tis all that.

Where do they get the money? Coming up redheaded curates from the county Leitrim, rinsing empties and old man in the cellar. Then, lo and behold, they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons. Then think of the competition. General thirst. Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without passing a pub. Save it they can't. Off the drunks perhaps. Put down three and carry five. What is that, a bob here and there, dribs and drabs. On the wholesale orders perhaps. Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers. Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job, see?

How much would that tot to off the porter in the month? Say ten barrels of stuff. Say he got ten per cent off. O more. Fifteen. He passed Saint Joseph's National school. Brats' clamour. Windows open. Fresh air helps memory. Or a lilt. Ahbeesee defeegee kelomen opeecue rustyvee doubleyou. Boys are they? Yes. Inishturk. Inishark. Inishboffin. At their joggerfry. Mine. Slieve Bloom.

2. *Ulises (Calipso)*. Lectora: María Paz González.

Se detuvo ante el escaparate de Dlugacz fijando la vista en las ristras de salchichas, embutidos diversos, negros y blancos. Quince multiplicado por. Las cifras palidieron en su mente, sin resolver: molesto, las dejó que se borrarán. Los relucientes embuchados, rellenos de carne picada, le alimentaron la vista y aspiró sosegadamente el hálito tibio de la condimentada sangre de cerdo cocida.



Un riñón rezumaba gotas de sangre en la fuente sauzalestampada: el último. Esperó al lado de la chica de los vecinos delante del mostrador. ¿Lo compraría también, pidiendo los artículos de la lista que tenía en la mano? Agrietada: la sosa de lavar. Y una libra y media de salchichas Denny. Sus ojos descansaron en las vigorosas caderas. Woods se llama él. A saber a qué se dedicará. La mujer es algo vieja. Sangre nueva. No se permiten pretendientes. Un buen par de brazos. Meneando la alfombra en el tendedero. Y bien que la menea, señor mío. La forma en que la falda torcida se mueve con cada meneo.

El tocinero de ojos de hurón dobló las salchichas que había tijereteado con dedos a manchas, rosisalchicha. Buena carne tenemos ahí: como vaquilla de engorde.

Cogió una página de la pila de hojas cortadas: la granja modelo en Kinnereth a la orilla del lago Tiberiades. Puede convertirse en sanatorio ideal de invierno. Moisés Montefiore. Me lo imaginaba. Alquería, con muro alrededor, ganado borroso herbajeando. Sostuvo la página a distancia: interesante: la leyó más de cerca, el título, el borroso ganado herbajeando, la página que cruje. Una vaquilla blanca. Aquellas mañanas en el mercado de ganado, las bestias mugiendo en los corrales, ganado marcado, plaf y plof del excremento, los criadores con botas claveteadas caminando penosamente por la porquería, dando alguna palmada a un cuarto trasero de carne a punto, esa pieza es de primera, varas sin pelar en las manos. Sostuvo la página oblicuamente con paciencia, dominando sus sentidos y su voluntad, su suave y paciente mirada calma. La falda torcida se mueve, meneo tras meneo tras meneo.

El tocinero agarró dos hojas de la pila, envolvió las salchichas de primera e hizo una mueca roja.

—¡Ea, señorita mía! dijo.

Ella le dio una moneda, sonriendo atrevidamente, tendiendo la gruesa muñeca.

—Gracias, señorita mía. Y un chelín y tres peniques de vuelta. ¿Y usted, señor?

Mr. Bloom señaló rápidamente. Para alcanzarla y caminar detrás de ella si iba lentamente, detrás de sus jamones rebullentes. Placentera visión lo primero por la mañana. Vamos, maldita sea. Que es para hoy y se me escapa. Ella se paró al sol delante de la tienda y anduvo perezosamente hacia la derecha. Suspiró por la nariz: nunca lo entienden. Manos sodagrietadas. Costrosas uñas de los pies también. Escapularios marrones pingajosos, defendiéndola por los dos lados. La punzada del desprecio fulguró hasta debilitar el placer dentro de su pecho. Para otro: guardia fuera de servicio estrechándola en Eccles Lane. A ellas les gustan de buen tamaño. Salchicha de primera. Ay, por favor, señor Policía, me he perdido en el bosque.

—Tres peniques, por favor.

Su mano aceptó la húmeda glándula blanda y se la metió en un bolsillo lateral. Sacó luego tres monedas del bolsillo del pantalón y las dejó sobre las púas del tapete de goma. Allí quedaron, fueron interpretadas apresuradamente y apresuradamente deslizadas, disco a disco, en la caja.



–Gracias, señor. Hasta otra.

Una chispa de ansioso fuego desde ojos zorrunos le dio las gracias. Retiró la mirada tras un instante. No: mejor que no: en otra ocasión.

–Buenos días, dijo, yéndose.

–Buenos días, señor.

Ni rastro. Se ha ido. ¿Qué importa?

Regresó por Dorset Street, leyendo dignamente. Agendath Netaim: compañía de colonos. Para adquirir yermos terrenos arenosos al gobierno turco y plantar eucaliptos. Excelentes árboles para dar sombra, leña y para la construcción. Naranjales e inmensos melonares al norte de Jaffa. Pagas ochenta marcos y te plantan mil metros cuadrados de tierra con olivos, naranjos, almendros o cidros. Olivos más baratos: los naranjos necesitan riego artificial. Cada año recibes un envío por la cosecha. Tu nombre registrado de por vida como propietario en el libro de la comunidad. Se puede pagar diez de entrada y el resto en plazos anuales. Bleibtreustrasse, 34, Berlín, W. 15.

Ni hablar. Aun así hay algo tras todo eso.

Miró al ganado, borroso en el calor de plata. Olivos plataempolvados. Largos días tranquilos: podando, madurando. Las aceitunas se envasan en tarros ¿no? Me quedan unas cuantas de Andrews. Molly las escupía. Ahora acepta el sabor. Naranjas envueltas en papel de seda embaladas en jaulas. Cidras también. A saber si el pobre Citron estará todavía en Saint Kevin's Parade. Y Mastiansky con la vieja cítara. Tardes placenteras que pasabamos entonces. Molly en la silla de mimbre de Citron. Agradable al tacto, fresca fruta cérea, tacto de la mano, llevarla a la nariz y aspirar el perfume. Así, intenso, dulce, salvaje perfume. Siempre igual, año tras año. Alcanzaban precios elevados además, me dijo Moisel. Arbutus Place: Pleasants Street: tiempos placenteros aquéllos. Deben de estar sin maca, decía. Viniendo nada menos que desde tan lejos: España, Gibraltar, el Mediterráneo, el Levante. Jaulas alineadas en un lado del muelle en Jaffa, un tipo las va consignando en un trapacete, peones manipulándolas descalzos con monos mugrientos. Ahí está cómo se llama de. ¿Qué tal? No me ha visto. Un tipo que conoces sólo de saludar un poco pelma. Tiene la espalda como la de aquel capitán noruego. A saber si me lo encontraré hoy. El carro del agua. Para provocar la lluvia. Así en la tierra como en el cielo.

Una nube comenzó a cubrir el sol lentamente, totalmente. Gris. Lejos.

No, no es así. Una tierra baldía, erial desnudo. Lago volcánico, el mar muerto: sin peces, ni algas, hundido profundo en la tierra. Ningún viento podría levantar esas olas, brumosas aguas venenosas, metal gris. Azufre lo llamaban cuando caía en forma de lluvia: las ciudades del llano: Sodoma, Gomorra, Edom. Todos nombres muertos. Un mar muerto en una tierra muerta, gris y antigua. Antigua ahora.



Procreó a la más antigua de las razas, a la primera. Una tarasca encorvada cruzó desde casa Cassidy, con un botellín agarrado por el cuello. Las gentes más antiguas. Deambularon errantes lejos por toda la tierra, de cautiverio en cautiverio, multiplicándose, muriendo, naciendo por todas partes. Yacía allí ahora. Ahora ya no podía dar más frutos. Muerto: de una vieja: el coño hundido y gris del mundo.

Desolación.

3. Ulysses (Calypso). Readers: Kate Marriage & Andrew Walsh.

Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here now. Yes, I am here now. Morning mouth bad images. Got up wrong side of the bed. Must begin again those Sandow's exercises. On the hands down. Blotchy brown brick houses. Number eighty still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twentyeight. Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur: parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes.

Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley road, swiftly, in slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind.

Two letters and a card lay on the hallfloor. He stooped and gathered them. Mrs Marion Bloom. His quickened heart slowed at once. Bold hand. Mrs Marion.

—Poldy!

Entering the bedroom he halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her tousled head.

—Who are the letters for?

He looked at them. Mullingar. Milly.

—A letter for me from Milly, he said carefully, and a card to you. And a letter for you.

He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve of her knees.

—Do you want the blind up?

Letting the blind up by gentle tugs halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under her pillow.

—That do? he asked, turning.

She was reading the card, propped on her elbow.

—She got the things, she said.

He waited till she had laid the card aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh.

—Hurry up with that tea, she said. I'm parched.

—The kettle is boiling, he said.

But he delayed to clear the chair: her striped petticoat, tossed soiled linen: and lifted all in an armful on to the foot of the bed.

As he went down the kitchen stairs she called:



- Poldy!
- What?
- Scald the teapot.

On the boil sure enough: a plume of steam from the spout. He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four full spoons of tea, tilting the kettle then to let the water flow in. Having set it to draw he took off the kettle, crushed the pan flat on the live coals and watched the lump of butter slide and melt. While he unwrapped the kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him. Give her too much meat she won't mouse. Say they won't eat pork. Kosher. Here. He let the bloodsmear paper fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce. Pepper. He sprinkled it through his fingers ringwise from the chipped eggcup.

Then he slit open his letter, glancing down the page and over. Thanks: new tam: Mr Coghlan: lough Owel picnic: young student: Blazes Boylan's seaside girls.

The tea was drawn. He filled his own moustachecup, sham crown Derby, smiling. Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only five she was then. No, wait: four. I gave her the amberoid necklace she broke. Putting pieces of folded brown paper in the letterbox for her. He smiled, pouring.

O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling.
You are my lookingglass from night to morning.
I'd rather have you without a farthing
Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden.

Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap. Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform. And the little mirror in his silk hat. The night Milly brought it into the parlour. O, look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we laughed. Sex breaking out even then. Pert little piece she was.

He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped it over: then fitted the teapot on the tray. Its hump bumped as he took it up. Everything on it? Bread and butter, four, sugar, spoon, her cream. Yes. He carried it upstairs, his thumb hooked in the teapot handle.

Nudging the door open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the bedhead.

- What a time you were! she said.

She set the brasses jingling as she raised herself briskly, an elbow on the pillow. He looked calmly down on her bulk and between her large soft bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder. The warmth of her couched body rose on the air, mingling with the fragrance of the tea she poured.

A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow. In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread.

- Who was the letter from? he asked.

Bold hand. Marion.

- O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.

- What are you singing?

- Là ci darem* with J. C. Doyle, she said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*.



Her full lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day. Like foul flowerwater.

—Would you like the window open a little?

She doubled a slice of bread into her mouth, asking:

—What time is the funeral?

—Eleven, I think, he answered. I didn't see the paper.

Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her soiled drawers from the bed. No? Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking: rumped, shiny sole.

—No: that book.

Other stocking. Her petticoat.

—It must have fell down, she said.

He felt here and there. *Voglio e non vorrei*. Wonder if she pronounces that right: *voglio*. Not in the bed. Must have slid down. He stooped and lifted the valance. The book, fallen, sprawled against the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot.

—Show here, she said. I put a mark in it. There's a word I wanted to ask you.

She swallowed a draught of tea from her cup held by nothandle and, having wiped her fingertips smartly on the blanket, began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the word.

—Met him what? he asked.

—Here, she said. What does that mean?

He leaned downward and read near her polished thumbnail.

—Metempsychosis?

—Yes. Who's he when he's at home?

—Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

—O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

He smiled, glancing askance at her mocking eyes. The same young eyes. The first night after the charades. Dolphin's Barn. He turned over the smudged pages. *Ruby: the Pride of the Ring*. Hello. Illustration. Fierce Italian with carriagewhip. Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked. Sheet kindly lent. *The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from him with an oath*. Cruelty behind it all. Doped animals. Trapeze at Hengler's. Had to look the other way. Mob gaping. Break your neck and we'll break our sides. Families of them. Bone them young so they metampsyhosis. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's soul after he dies. Dignam's soul...

—Did you finish it? he asked.

—Yes, she said. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love with the first fellow all the time?

—Never read it. Do you want another?

—Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has.

She poured more tea into her cup, watching it flow sideways.

Must get that Capel street library book renewed or they'll write to Kearney, my guarantor. Reincarnation: that's the word.



—Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives.

The sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea. Better remind her of the word: metempsychosis. An example would be better. An example?

The *Bath of the Nymph* over the bed. Given away with the Easter number of *Photo Bits*: Splendid masterpiece in art colours. Tea before you put milk in. Not unlike her with her hair down: slimmer. Three and six I gave for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.

He turned the pages back.

—Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs, for example.

Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar. She gazed straight before her, inhaling through her arched nostrils.

—There's a smell of burn, she said. Did you leave anything on the fire?

—The kidney! he cried suddenly.

4. **Ulises (Calipso). Lectora: Elena Cacedo.**

Metió el libro torpemente en el bolsillo interior y, los dedos del pie tropezando contra el bacín roto, salió corriendo hacia el olor, bajando precipitadamente las escaleras con patas de cigüeña en desbandada. Humo irritante salía como un chorro furioso por un lado de la sartén. Pinchando el riñón por debajo con uno de los dientes del tenedor lo despegó y lo volvió boca arriba como tortuga. Sólo un poco quemado. Lo echó de la sartén a un plato y dejó chorrear en él un hilo de la escasa salsa marrón.

Un té ahora. Se sentó, cortó y untó con mantequilla una rebanada de la hogaza. Recortó la carne quemada y se la tiró a la gata. Luego se llevó un tenedor lleno a la boca, y masticó con discernimiento la carne tierna y gustosa. En su punto. Un sorbo de té. Luego cortó dados de pan, sopó uno en la salsa y se lo metió en la boca. ¿Qué era eso del joven estudiante y de la merienda? Desdobló la carta a su lado, y la leyó lentamente mientras masticaba, sopando otro dado de pan en la salsa y llevándose a la boca.

Queridísimo papi

Muchísimas gracias por el bonito regalo de cumpleaños. Me cae divinamente. Todo el mundo dice que estoy guapetona con mi boina nueva. He recibido la bonita caja de dulces de mamá y le escribo. Son divinos. Voy viento en popa en el negocio de fotos ahora. Mister Coghlan me hizo una a mí y a la Mrs. Se mandará cuando esté revelada. Ayer hicimos el agosto. Día de feria y todas las elegantes patigordas estaban aquí. Vamos a ir al lago Owel el lunes con unos cuantos amigos para hacer una pequeña merienda campestre. Un abrazo a mamá y para ti un beso muy grande y gracias. Les oigo al piano abajo. Va a haber un concierto en el Greville Arms el sábado. Hay un joven estudiante que viene por aquí algunas tardes llamado Bannon sus primos o algo por el estilo son gente bien y canta la canción de Boylan (he estado en un tris de



escribir Boylan Botero) sobre aquellas chicas de la playa. Dile que la tontuela de Milly manda mis mejores respetos. Tengo que acabar ahora con todo mi afecto
Tu hija que te quiere

Milly

P.D. Perdona la letra tengo prisa. Adiós.

M.

Quince hizo ayer. Curioso, el quince del mes también. Su primer cumpleaños lejos de casa. Separación. Recuerdo la mañana de verano en que nació, corriendo para despertar a Mrs. Thornton de Denzille Street. Qué vieja más jovial. A cientos de niños habrá tenido que ayudar a traer al mundo. Ella sabía desde el principio que el pobrecillo Rudy no viviría. Tranquilo, Dios es bueno, señor. Lo supo de inmediato. Tendría ahora once si hubiera vivido.

Su cara distraída miró lastimosamente la postdata. Perdona la letra. Prisa. Piano abajo. Está en la edad del pavo. Follón con ella en el Café XL por la pulsera. No quería comerse los pasteles ni hablar ni mirar. Descaradilla. Sopó otros dados de pan en la salsa y se comió el riñón trozo a trozo. Doce con seis a la semana. No mucho. Aun así, podía estar peor. Teatro de variedades. Joven estudiante. Bebió otro sorbo de té más frío para bajar la comida. Luego leyó la carta de nuevo: dos veces.

Bueno, bueno: sabe cómo cuidarse. Pero éy si no? No, no ha pasado nada. Claro que podría. Espera en cualquier caso a que ocurra. Menuda chiquilla. Sus piernas delgaduchas corriendo escaleras arriba. El destino. Madurando ahora. Vanidosa: mucho.

Sonrió con preocupado afecto a la ventana de la cocina. La vez que la cogí en la calle pellizcándose las mejillas para ponérselas rojas. Anémica un poco. Se le dio leche demasiado tiempo. A bordo del Ern's King aquel día alrededor del buquefaro Kish. Maldita bañera cómo se movía. Ni pizca de canguelo. El pañuelo azul pálido suelto al viento con el pelo.

Toda rizosy hoyuelos en las mejillas,
la cabeza sencillamente se te arremolina.

Chicas de la playa. Sobre roto. Las manos metidas en los bolsillos del pantalón, calesero en su día de asueto, cantando. Amigo de la familia. Arremollina, dice él. Espigón con farolas, atardecer veraniego, banda.

Aquellas chicas, aquellas chicas,
de la playa encantadoras chicas.

Milly también. Besos juveniles: el primero. Lejos ahora ya pasados. Mrs. Marion. Leyendo, recostada ahora, contando los mechones de su cabello, sonriendo, trenzando.



5. Ulysses (Calypso). Reader: Mal Murphy.

A soft qualm, regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed, kissing, kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Better where she is down there: away. Occupy her. Wanted a dog to pass the time. Might take a trip down there. August bank holiday, only two and six return. Six weeks off, however. Might work a press pass. Or through M'Coy.

The cat, having cleaned all her fur, returned to the meatstained paper, nosed at it and stalked to the door. She looked back at him, mewling. Wants to go out. Wait before a door sometime it will open. Let her wait. Has the fidgets. Electric. Thunder in the air. Was washing at her ear with her back to the fire too.

He felt heavy, full: then a gentle loosening of his bowels. He stood up, undoing the waistband of his trousers. The cat mewed to him.

—Miaow! he said in answer. Wait till I'm ready.

Heaviness: hot day coming. Too much trouble to fag up the stairs to the landing.

A paper. He liked to read at stool. Hope no ape comes knocking just as I'm.

In the tabledrawer he found an old number of *Titbits*. He folded it under his armpit, went to the door and opened it. The cat went up in soft bounds. Ah, wanted to go upstairs, curl up in a ball on the bed.

Listening, he heard her voice:

—Come, come, pussy. Come.

He went out through the backdoor into the garden: stood to listen towards the next garden. No sound. Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry. The maid was in the garden. Fine morning.

He bent down to regard a lean file of spearmint growing by the wall. Make a summerhouse here. Scarlet runners. Virginia creepers. Want to manure the whole place over, scabby soil. A coat of liver of sulphur. All soil like that without dung. Household slops. Loam, what is this that is? The hens in the next garden: their droppings are very good top dressing. Best of all though are the cattle, especially when they are fed on those oilcakes. Mulch of dung. Best thing to clean ladies' kid gloves. Dirty cleans. Ashes too. Reclaim the whole place. Grow peas in that corner there. Lettuce. Always have fresh greens then. Still gardens have their drawbacks. That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday.

He walked on. Where is my hat, by the way? Must have put it back on the peg. Or hanging up on the floor. Funny I don't remember that. Hallstand too full. Four umbrellas, her raincloak. Picking up the letters. Drago's shopbell ringing. Queer I was just thinking that moment. Brown brillantined hair over his collar. Just had a wash and brushup. Wonder have I time for a bath this morning. Tara street. Chap in the paybox there got away James Stephens, they say. O'Brien.

Deep voice that fellow Dlugacz has. Agendath what is it? Now, my miss. Enthusiast.

He kicked open the crazy door of the jakes. Better be careful not to get these trousers dirty for the funeral. He went in, bowing his head under the low lintel. Leaving the door ajar, amid the stench of mouldy limewash and stale cobwebs he undid his braces. Before sitting down he peered through a chink up at the nextdoor windows. The king was in his countinghouse. Nobody.



Asquat on the cuckstool he folded out his paper, turning its pages over on his bared knees. Something new and easy. No great hurry. Keep it a bit. Our prize titbit: *Matcham's Masterstroke*. Written by Mr Philip Beaufoy, Playgoers' Club, London. Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has been made to the writer. Three and a half. Three pounds three. Three pounds, thirteen and six.

Quietly he read, restraining himself, the first column and, yielding but resisting, began the second. Midway, his last resistance yielding, he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read, reading still patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone. Hope it's not too big bring on piles again. No, just right. So. Ah! Costive. One tabloid of cascara sagrada. Life might be so. It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat. Print anything now. Silly season. He read on, seated calm above his own rising smell. Neat certainly. *Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now*. Begins and ends morally. *Hand in hand*. Smart. He glanced back through what he had read and, while feeling his water flow quietly, he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had written it and received payment of three pounds, thirteen and six.

Might manage a sketch. By Mr and Mrs L. M. Bloom. Invent a story for some proverb. Which? Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing. Dislike dressing together. Nicked myself shaving. Biting her nether lip, hooking the placket of her skirt. Timing her. 9.15. Did Roberts pay you yet? 9.20. What had Gretta Conroy on? 9.23. What possessed me to buy this comb? 9.24. I'm swelled after that cabbage. A speck of dust on the patent leather of her boot.

Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stockinged calf. Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance of the hours. Explain that: morning hours, noon, then evening coming on, then night hours. Washing her teeth. That was the first night. Her head dancing. Her fansticks clicking. Is that Boylan well off? He has money. Why? I noticed he had a good rich smell off his breath dancing. No use humming then. Allude to it. Strange kind of music that last night. The mirror was in shadow. She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen vest against her full wagging bub. Peering into it. Lines in her eyes. It wouldn't pan out somehow.

Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then: black with daggers and eyemasks. Poetical idea: pink, then golden, then grey, then black. Still, true to life also. Day: then the night.

He tore away half the prize story sharply and wiped himself with it. Then he girded up his trousers, braced and buttoned himself. He pulled back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and came forth from the gloom into the air.

In the bright light, lightened and cooled in limb, he eyed carefully his black trousers: the ends, the knees, the houghs of the knees. What time is the funeral? Better find out in the paper.

A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up. The bells of George's church. They tolled the hour: loud dark iron.

Heigho!
Heigho!
Heigho! Heigho!

Heigho!
Heigho!



Quarter to. There again: the overtone following through the air. A third.
Poor Dignam!

6. Finnegans Wake (L1E3). Reader: Damian Gallagher.

Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the pages of nature's book and till Ceadurbar-atta-Cleath became Dablerna Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladik, multvult, magnoperous, had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in manor hall as in thieves' kitchen, mid pillow talk and chithouse chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted con testimony with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone him: and his madthing has done him man. His beneficiaries are legion in the part he created: they number up his years. Greatwheel Dunlop was the name was on him: behung, all we are his bisaacles. As hollyday in his house so was he priest and king to that: ulvy came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have waved his green boughs o'er him as they have torn him limb from lamb. For his muertification and uxpiration and dumnation and annuhulation. With schreis and grida, deprofound souspirs. Steady, sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong's breach is fallen down but Graunya's spread's abroad. Ahdostay, feedailyones, and feel the Flucher's bawls for the total of your flouts is not fit to fan his fettle, O! Have a ring and sing woh! Chin, chin! Chin, chin! And of course all chimed din width the eatmost boiviality. Swiping rums and beaunes and sherries and ciders and negus and citronnades too. The strongers. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you're about to be bagged in the bog again. Bugge. But softsies seufsigned: Eheu, for gassies! But, lo! lo! by the threnning gods, human, erring and condonable, what the statues of our kuo, who is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the unforgettable treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those, as all should owe, malrecapturable days.

Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the Refuseleers! Peingpeong! For saxonlootie!) three tommix, soldiers free, cockaleak and cappapee, of the Coldstream. Guards were walking, in (*pardonnez-leur, je vous en prie, eh?*) Montgomery Street. One voiced an opinion in which on either wide (*pardonnez!*), nod-ding, all the Finner Camps concurred (*je vous en prie, eh?*). It was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal wellnesday, Lili Coninghams, by suggesting him they go in a field. Wroth mod eldfar, ruth redd stilstand, wrath wrackt wroth, confessed private Pat Marchison *retro*. (Terse!) Thus contenters with santoyoys play. One of our coming Vauxhall ontheboards who is resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey elecutioner a wastepacket Sittons) was interfeud in a waistend pewty parlour. Looking perhaps even more pewtyflushed in her cherryderry padouasoys, girdle and braces by the halfmoon and Seven Stars, russets from the Blackamoor's Head, amongst the climbing boys at his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay emptors at their Black and All Black, Mrs F . . . A . . . saidaside, half in stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoopering her cartwheel chapot (ahat!—and we now know what thimbles a baquets on lallance a talls mean), she hoped Sid Arthar would git a Chrissman's portrout of orange and lemonsized orchids with hollegs and ether, from the feeatre of the Innocident, as the worryld had been uncained. Then, while it is odrous comparisioning to the sprangflowers of his burstday which was a viridable goddinpotty for the reinworms and the charlattinas and all branches of climatitis, it has been such a wanderful noyth untirely, added she, with many regards to Maha's pranjapansies. (Tart!) Prehistoric, obitered to his dictaphone an



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY



entychologist: his propenomen is a properisemenon. A dustman nocknamed Sevenchurches in the employ of Messrs Achburn, Soulpetre and Ashreborn, prairmakers, Glintalook, was asked by the sisterhood the vexed question during his midday collation of leaver and buckrom alternatively with stenk and kitteneey phie in a hashhoush and, thankeaven, responded impulsively: We have just been propogandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his ear among my own crush. All our fellows at O'Dea's sages with Aratar Calaman he is a cemented brick, buck it all! A more nor usually sober cardriver, who was jauntingly hosing his runabout, Ginger Jane, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked and this is what he told rewritesmen: Irewaker is just a plain pink joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by brehemons laws he has parliamentary honours. Eiskaffier said (Louigi's, you know that man's, brilliant Savourain): *Mon foie*, you wish to ave some homelette, yes, lady! Good, mein leber! Your hegg he must break himself See, I crack, so, he sit in the poele, umbedimbt! A perspirer (over sixty) who was keeping up his tennises panted he kne ho har twa to clect infamatios but a diffpair flannels climb wall and trespassing on doorbell. After fullblown Braddon hear this fresky troterella! A railways barmaid's view (they call her Spilltears Rue) was thus expressed: to sympathisers of the Dole Line, Death Avenue, anent those objects of her pityprompted ministrance, to wet, man and his syphon. Ehim! It is ever too late to whistle when Phyllis floods her stable. It would be skarlot shame to jailahim in lockup, as was proposed to him by the Seddoms creature what matter what merrytricks went off with his revolverher in connections with ehim being a norphan and enjoining such wicked illth, ehim! Well done, Drumcollakill! Kitty Tyrrel is proud of you, was the reply of a B.O.T. official (O blame gnot the board!) while the Daughters Benkletter murmured in uniswoon: Golforgilhisjurrylegs! Brian Lynsky, the cub curser, was questioned at his shouting box, Bawlonabraggat, and gave a snappy comeback, when saying: Paw! Once more I'll hellbow! I am for caveman chase and sahara sex, burk you! Them two bitches ought to be leashed, canem! Up hog and hoar hunt! Paw! A wouldbe martyr, who is attending on sanit Asitas where he is being taught to wear bracelets, when grilled on the point, revealed the undoubted fact that the consequence would be that so long as Sankya Moondy played his mango tricks under the mysttetry, with shady apсарas sheltering in his leaves' licence and his shadowers torrified by the potent bolts of indradiction, there would be fights all over Cuxhaven. (Tosh!) Missioner Ida Wombwell, the seventeenyearold revivalist, said concerning the coincident of interfizzing with grenadines and other respectable and disgusted peersons using the park: That perpendicular person is a brut! But a magnificent brut! 'Caligula' (Mr Danl Magrath, bookmaker, wellknown to Eastrailian poorusers of the Sydney Parade Ballotin) was, as usual, antipodal with his: striving todie, hopening tomellow, Ware Splash. Cobbler. We have meat two hourly, sang out El Caplan Buycout, with the famous padre's turridur's capecast, meet too ourly, matadear! Dan Meiklejohn, precentor, of S.S. Smack and Olley's was probiverbal with his upsiduxit: *mutatus mutandus*. Dauran's lord ('Sniffpox') and Moirgan's lady ('Flatterfun') took sides and crossed and bowed to each other's views and recrossed themselves. The dirty dubs upin their flies, went too free, echoed the dainly drabs downin their scenities, una mona. Sylvia Silence, the girl detective (Meminerva, but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when supplied with informations as to the several facets of the case in her cozydozy bachelure's flat, quite overlooking John a'Dream's mews, leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully through her vowelthreaded syllabelles: Have you ewev thought, wepowtew, that sheew gweatness was his twadgedy? Nevewtheless accowding to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay the full penalty, pending puwsuance, as pew Subsec. 32, section II, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the contwawy notwithstanding. Jarley Jilke began to silke



for he couldn't get home to Jelsey but ended with: He's got the sack that helped him moult instench of his gladsome rags. Meagher, a naval rating, seated on one of the granite cromlech setts of our new fishshambles for the usual aireating after the ever popular act, with whom were Questa and Puella, piquante and quoitte, (this had a cold in her brain while that felt a sink in her summock, wit's wat, wot's wet) was encouraged, although nearvanashed himself, by one of his co-affianced to get your breath, Walt, and gobbit and when ther chidden by her fastra sastra to saddle up your pance, Naville, thus cor replied to her other's thankskissing: I lay my two fingerbuttons, fiancée Meagher, (he speaks!) he was to blame about your two velvetthighs up Horniman's Hill—as hook and eye blame him or any other piscman?—but I also think, Puellywally, by the siege of his trousers there was someone else behind it—you bet your boughtem blarneys—about their three drummers down Keysars Lane. (Trite!).



Just A Song At Twilight

By, Bill Dixon

Celtic Thunder

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song a twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,

Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore.
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day.
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Just a song a twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Autores de la canción: Philip Michael Coulter

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