



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de *Retrato de un artista adolescente* (C5), *Ulises, Episodio II, (Néstor)* y de
Finnegans Wake (L1E3), de James Joyce

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

Miércoles, 24 de noviembre de 2021



1. Retrato de un artista adolescente (C5). Lectora: Pilar Pastor

Abril, 3. Encontré a Davin en la tienda de tabacos que está enfrente a la iglesia de Findlater. Llevaba un jersey negro y un bastón de hurley. Me preguntó si era verdad que me marchaba y por qué causa. Le dije que el camino más corto para Tara era vía Holyhead. En aquel mismo momento llegó mi padre. Presentación. Padre, correcto y observador. Preguntó a Davin si quería tomar un refresco. Davin no podía porque tenía que ir a una reunión. Después de separarnos de él, mi padre me dijo que la mirada de Davin respira simpatía y honradez. Y a continuación que por qué no me hacía socio de un club de remo. Finjo que lo pensaré. Me cuenta cómo venció a Pennyfeather en una regata. Quiere que estudie leyes. Dice que no encontraría cosa que me fuera mejor. Más cieno, más cocodrilos.

Abril, 5. Primavera salvaje. Huida de nubes veloces. ¡Oh, vida! Corriente sombría de aguas arremolinadas y fangosas sobre la cual los manzanos han abatido sus flores delicadas. Ojos de muchachas entre las hojas. Muchachas recatadas y retozonas. Todas rubias o pelirrojas: ninguna morena. Se ruborizan mejor. ¡Hopla!

Abril, 6. Seguramente que ella se acuerda del pasado. Lynch dice que todas las mujeres lo hacen. Se acordará, por tanto, de los años de su infancia y mía, si es que yo he sido niño alguna vez. El pasado se deshace en el presente y el presente no vive más que para dar origen al futuro. Si he de hacer caso de Lynch, toda estatua de mujer debería aparecer completamente cubierta por sus vestiduras, con una mano en melancólica exploración de sus partes posteriores.

Abril, 6, más tarde. Michael Robarles recuerda la belleza olvidada, y cuando sus brazos se ciñen en torno de ella, abraza entre ellos encantos ha largo tiempo desaparecidos del mundo. No es eso. De ninguna manera. Yo quiero estrechar entre mis brazos la belleza que todavía no ha venido al mundo.

Abril, 10. Débilmente, bajo el agobio de la noche, a través del silencio de la ciudad, tornada ya del ensueño al sueño como amante ahíto, insensible a las caricias, el son de las herraduras por el camino. No tan débilmente ya, ahora al acercarse al puente. Y un momento después, al pasar por debajo de las ensombrecidas ventanas, su flecha de alarma que hiende el silencio. Para sonar de nuevo, lejos, herraduras que brillan como gemas bajo el agobio de la noche, sonos que se precipitan allá por los campos dormidos, ¿hacia qué meta remota?, ¿hacia qué corazón?, ¿para llevar qué nuevas?

Abril, 11. Leo lo que escribí anoche. Palabras vagas para una vaga emoción. ¿Le gustaría a ella? Creo que sí. Si fuera así, también a mí me tendrían que gustar.

Abril, 13. Hace mucho tiempo que me anda dando vueltas por la cabeza aquello del envás. He buscado la palabra en el diccionario y he encontrado que es inglés, e inglés castizo y de buena ley. ¡A la porra con el decano de estudios y su embudo! ¿A qué ha venido aquí, a enseñarnos su propio idioma o a aprenderlo de nosotros? Lo mismo en un caso que en otro: ¡a la porra con él!

Abril, 14. John Alphonsus Mulrennan acaba de regresar del occidente de Irlanda. Se ruega la inserción en los periódicos de Europa y Asia. Cuenta que en su viaje se encontró con un hombre en una choza en medio de los montes. El viejo le habló en irlandés.



Mulrennan contestó en irlandés. Después Mulrennan y el viejo hablaron en inglés. Mulrennan le habló del universo y de las estrellas. El viejo estaba sentado y no hacía más que escuchar, fumar y escupir. Por fin, dijo:

-Sí que debe haber unos seres bien extraordinarios allá en el otro extremo del mundo.

Le tengo miedo. Me dan miedo sus ojos córneos y orillados de encarnado. Con él es con quien tengo que luchar durante toda esta noche hasta que venga el día, hasta que quede muerto sobre el campo; agarrándole bien por el cuello nervudo, hasta que... ¿hasta qué? ¿Hasta que se me rinda? No. No tengo intención de hacer mal.

Abril, 15. Me la he encontrado de pronto en Grafton Street. La multitud nos llevó el uno hacia el otro. Ambos nos detuvimos. Me ha preguntado que por qué no iba nunca. Que ha oído toda clase de cuentos acerca de mí. Todo esto sólo para ganar tiempo. Que si estoy escribiendo versos. ¿A quién?, le pregunto a mi vez. Esto la azora aún más, y siento haberlo dicho y me califico de mala persona. Cierro la llave del grifo y abro el aparato refrigerante heroicoespiritual patentado en todos los países e inventado por Dante Alighieri. Hablo rápidamente acerca de mí mismo y de mis planes. Desgraciadamente, en medio de la conversación hago, de súbito, un gesto de carácter revolucionario. Debo haber parecido como un tipo en actitud de arrojar un puñado de guisantes al aire. La gente comienza a mirarnos. Un momento después me estrecha la mano y al echar a andar me dice que espera he de realizar lo que he dicho.

Bueno: creo que esto se puede calificar de afable, ¿no es verdad?

Sí, me ha gustado. ¿Mucho o poco? No sé. Me ha gustado, y el que me haya gustado resulta un sentimiento nuevo para mí. En ese caso, todo lo demás, todo lo que pensaba haber pensado, todo lo que sentía haber sentido, todo lo anterior, realmente... ¡Anda, déjalo, amigo! ¡Déjalo y que se te borre con el sueño!

Abril, 16. ¡Partir! ¡Partir!

Un hechizo de brazos y de voces. Brazos blancos de los caminos, promesa de estrechos abrazos, y brazos negros de los enormes buques que, levantados contra la luna, hablan de otros países apartados. Y están extendidos para decirme: Estamos solos, ¡ven! Y sus voces me llaman: Nosotros somos tus allegados. Y pueblan el aire y me llaman, a mí, a su semejante, ya prestos a partir, agitando las alas de su exultante y terrible juventud.

Abril, 26. Madre está poniendo en orden mis nuevos trajes de segunda mano. Y reza, dice, para que sea capaz de aprender, al vivir mi propia vida y lejos de mi hogar y de mis amigos, lo que es el corazón, lo que puede sentir un corazón. Amén. Así sea. Bien llegada, ¡oh, vida! Salgo a buscar por millonésima vez la realidad de la experiencia y a forjar en la fragua de mi espíritu la conciencia increada de mi raza.

Abril, 27. Antepasado mío, antiguo artífice, ampárame ahora y siempre con tu ayuda

Interludio: Chris Dove



Ulysses (Nestor)

Time: 10 a.m

Location: a private school in Dalkey



Mr. Deasy's School (photo courtesy of Marc Conner)

Readers: Kate Marriage & Lois Humphrey

—You, Cochrane, what city sent for him?

—Tarentum, sir.

—Very good. Well?

—There was a battle, sir.

—Very good. Where?

The boy's blank face asked the blank window.

Fabled by the daughters of memory. And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake's wings of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. What's left us then?

—I forget the place, sir. 279 B. C.

—Asculum, Stephen said, glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book.

—Yes, sir. And he said: *Another victory like that and we are done for.*

That phrase the world had remembered. A dull ease of the mind. From a hill above a corpsestrewn plain a general speaking to his officers, leaned upon his spear. Any general to any officers. They lend ear.

—You, Armstrong, Stephen said. What was the end of Pyrrhus?

—End of Pyrrhus, sir?

—I know, sir. Ask me, sir, Comyn said.

—Wait. You, Armstrong. Do you know anything about Pyrrhus?

A bag of figrolls lay snugly in Armstrong's satchel. He curled them between his palms at whites and swallowed them softly. Crumbs adhered to the tissue of his lips. A sweetened boy's breath. Welloff people, proud that their eldest son was in the navy. Vico Road, Dalkey.



—Pyrrhus, sir? Pyrrhus, a pier.

All laughed. Mirthless high malicious laughter. Armstrong looked round at his classmates, silly glee in profile. In a moment they will laugh more loudly, aware of my lack of rule and of the fees their papas pay.

—Tell me now, Stephen said, poking the boy's shoulder with the book, what is a pier.

—A pier, sir, Armstrong said. A thing out in the water. A kind of a bridge. Kingstown pier, sir.

Some laughed again: mirthless but with meaning. Two in the back bench whispered. Yes. They knew: had never learned nor ever been innocent. All. With envy he watched their faces: Edith, Ethel, Gerty, Lily. Their likes: their breaths, too, sweetened with tea and jam, their bracelets tittering in the struggle.

—Kingstown pier, Stephen said. Yes, a disappointed bridge.

The words troubled their gaze.

—How, sir? Comyn asked. A bridge is across a river.

For Haines's chapbook. No-one here to hear. Tonight deftly amid wild drink and talk, to pierce the polished mail of his mind. What then? A jester at the court of his master, indulged and disesteemed, winning a clement master's praise. Why had they chosen all that part? Not wholly for the smooth caress. For them too history was a tale like any other too often heard, their land a pawnshop.

Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not been knifed to death. They are not to be thought away. Time has branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the infinite possibilities they have ousted. But can those have been possible seeing that they never were? Or was that only possible which came to pass? Weave, weaver of the wind.

—Tell us a story, sir.

—O, do, sir. A ghoststory.

—Where do you begin in this? Stephen asked, opening another book.

—*Weep no more*, Comyn said.

—Go on then, Talbot.

—And the story, sir?

—After, Stephen said. Go on, Talbot.

A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork of his satchel. He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text:

—*Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor...*

It must be a movement then, an actuality of the possible as possible. Aristotle's phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read, sheltered from the sin of Paris, night by night. By his elbow a delicate Siamese conned a handbook of strategy. Fed and feeding brains about me: under glowlamps, impaled, with faintly beating feelers: and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld, reluctant, shy of brightness, shifting her dragon scaly folds. Thought is the thought of thought. Tranquil brightness. The soul is in a manner all that is: the soul is the form of forms. Tranquility sudden, vast, candescent: form of forms.

Talbot repeated:



—Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Through the dear might...

—Turn over, Stephen said quietly. I don't see anything.

—What, sir? Talbot asked simply, bending forward.

His hand turned the page over. He leaned back and went on again, having just remembered. Of him that walked the waves. Here also over these craven hearts his shadow lies and on the scoffer's heart and lips and on mine. It lies upon their eager faces who offered him a coin of the tribute. To Caesar what is Caesar's, to God what is God's. A long look from dark eyes, a riddling sentence to be woven and woven on the church's looms. Ay.

Riddle me, riddle me, randy ro.
My father gave me seeds to sow.

Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel.

—Have I heard all? Stephen asked.

—Yes, sir. Hockey at ten, sir.

—Half day, sir. Thursday.

—Who can answer a riddle? Stephen asked.

They bundled their books away, pencils clacking, pages rustling. Crowding together they strapped and buckled their satchels, all gabbling gaily:

—A riddle, sir? Ask me, sir.

—O, ask me, sir.

—A hard one, sir.

—This is the riddle, Stephen said:

The cock crew,
The sky was blue:
The bells in heaven
Were striking eleven.
'Tis time for this poor soul
To go to heaven.

What is that?

—What, sir?

—Again, sir. We didn't hear.

Their eyes grew bigger as the lines were repeated. After a silence Cochrane said:

—What is it, sir? We give it up.

Stephen, his throat itching, answered:

—The fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush.

He stood up and gave a shout of nervous laughter to which their cries echoed dismay.

A stick struck the door and a voice in the corridor called:

—Hockey!

They broke asunder, sidling out of their benches, leaping them. Quickly they were gone and from the lumberroom came the rattle of sticks and clamour of their boots and tongues.



Interludio: Chris Dove

Lycidas

BY JOHN MILTON

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse!
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright
Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th'oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,



With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white thorn blows:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye bin there'—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,



Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
"What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?"
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoll'n with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more".

Return, Alpheus: the dread voice is past



That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold:
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth;
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,



And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

2. Ulises. Néstor. Lectoras: Karmele Terán & Pilar Pastor



Sargent, el único que se había rezagado, se acercó lentamente mostrando un cuaderno abierto. El cabello recio y el cuello canijo evidenciaban su endeblez y a través de sus gafas empañadas unos ojos inseguros miraban suplicantes. En la mejilla, pálida y exangüe, había una tenue mancha de tinta, dactilada, reciente y lienta como la estela del caracol.

Alargó el cuaderno. La palabra Aritmética estaba escrita en la cabecera. Debajo había cifras tambaleantes y al pie una firma torcida con círculos floreados y un borrón. Cyril Sargent: su nombre y rúbrica.

—Mr. Deasy me dijo que los volviera a hacer de nuevo, dijo, y que se los enseñara a usted, señor.

Stephen tocó los bordes del libro. Futilidad.

¿Sabe cómo se hacen ahora? preguntó.

—Del once al quince, contestó Sargent. Mr. Deasy dijo que los debía copiar de la pizarra, señor.



– ¿Los sabe usted hacer solo? preguntó Stephen.

–No, señor.

Feo y fútil: cuello delgado y cabello recio y una mancha de tinta, la estela del caracol. Y sin embargo alguien lo había amado, llevado en brazos y en el corazón. De no haber sido por ella, la raza humana lo hubiera pisoteado, como caracol aplastado sin cascarón. Ella había amado su débil sangre acuosa drenada de la suya. ¿Era eso entonces lo real? ¿Lo único verdadero en la vida? El cuerpo postrado de su madre que el ardiente Colombo con santo fervor montó. Ya no existía: el trémulo esqueleto de una ramilla quemado en el fuego, un olor a palo de rosa y a cenizas mojadas. Ella lo había salvado de ser pisoteado y se había ido, sin apenas haber existido. Una pobre alma que ascendió a las alturas: y en un brezal bajo estrellas parpadeantes un zorro, fetidez roja de rapiña en su piel, con brillantes ojos despiadados, escarba en la tierra, escucha, escarba la tierra, escucha, escarba y escarba.

Sentado a su lado, Stephen resolvía el problema. Demuestra por álgebra que el espectro de Shakespeare es el abuelo de Hamlet. Sargent miraba de reojo a través de sus gafas caídas. Los palos de hockey traqueteaban en el trastero: el golpe hueco de una pelota y voces en el campo.

Por la página los símbolos se movían en una sombría danza moruna, en el retorcimiento de sus letras, llevando gorras estrambóticas de cuadrados y cubos. Daos las manos, cruzaos, saludad a la pareja: así: trasgos de fantasía de los moros. Se han ido también del mundo, Averroes y Moisés Maimonides, hombres oscuros de semblante y ademanes, difundiendo desde sus espejos burlones el alma turbia del mundo, oscuridad brillando en la claridad que la claridad no podía comprender.

–¿Lo entiende ahora? ¿Puede hacer el segundo usted solo?

–Sí, señor.

Con grandes y agitados trazos Sargent copió los datos. A la espera siempre de una palabra de ayuda su mano trasladaba fielmente los símbolos vacilantes, un leve tinte de vergüenza tremolando tras la pálida piel. Amor matris: genitivo subjetivo y objetivo. Con su sangre débil y leche seroagria le había alimentado y escondido de la vista de otros sus pañales.

Como él era yo, los hombros caídos, sin atractivo. Mi niñez se inclina a mi lado. Demasiado lejana para poder encontrarla ni una vez ni ligeramente. La mía lejana y la suya enigmática como nuestros ojos. Enigmas, silenciosos, pétreos se aposentaban en los oscuros palacios de nuestros dos corazones: enigmas hastiados de su tiranía: tiranos, dispuestos a ser destronados.

La operación aritmética estaba hecha.

–Es muy simple, dijo Stephen mientras se levantaba.

–Sí, señor. Gracias, contestó Sargent.

Secó la página con una fina hoja de papel secante y llevó el cuaderno de vuelta a su banca.



–Será mejor que coja el palo y salga con los demás, dijo Stephen mientras seguía hacia la puerta a la figura sin atractivo del niño.

–Sí, señor.

En el corredor se oyó su nombre, que lo llamaban desde la cancha.

–¡Sargent!

–Corra, dijo Stephen. Mr. Deasy le llama.

De pie en el soportal contempló al rezagado que aligeraba hacia el reducido campo donde voces agudas se enfrentaban. Los dividieron en equipos y Mr. Deasy se vino pisando matas de hierba con pies abotinados. Cuando hubo llegado al edificio del colegio de nuevo voces en altercado le llamaron. Volvió el enfadado bigote blanco.

–¿Qué pasa ahora? exclamaba incesantemente sin escuchar.

–Cochrane y Halliday están en el mismo lado, señor, dijo Stephen.

–Podría esperar en mi despacho un momento, dijo Mr. Deasy, hasta que ponga orden aquí.

Y según volvía melindrosamente a cruzar el campo su voz de viejo exclamó severamente:

–¿Qué sucede? ¿Qué pasa ahora?

Las voces agudas gritaban a su alrededor por todos lados: sus figuras vanadas se apretujaron en torno a él, el sol deslumbrante blanqueándole la miel de la cabeza mal teñida.

Un aire rancio de humo flota

Interludio: Chris Dove



3. Ulysses (Nestor). Readers: David Butler & John Ruescas (James Duggan)

Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded leather of its chairs. As on the first day he bargained with me here. As it was in the beginning, is now. On the sideboard the



tray of Stuart coins, base treasure of a bog: and ever shall be. And snug in their spooncase of purple plush, faded, the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles: world without end.

A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor. Blowing out his rare moustache Mr Deasy halted at the table.

—First, our little financial settlement, he said.

He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound by a leather thong. It slapped open and he took from it two notes, one of joined halves, and laid them carefully on the table.

—Two, he said, strapping and stowing his pocketbook away.

And now his strongroom for the gold. Stephen's embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar: whelks and money cowries and leopard shells: and this, whorled as an emir's turban, and this, the scallop of saint James. An old pilgrim's hoard, dead treasure, hollow shells.

A sovereign fell, bright and new, on the soft pile of the tablecloth.

—Three, Mr Deasy said, turning his little savingsbox about in his hand. These are handy things to have. See. This is for sovereigns. This is for shillings. Sixpences, halfcrowns. And here crowns. See.

He shot from it two crowns and two shillings.

—Three twelve, he said. I think you'll find that's right.

—Thank you, sir, Stephen said, gathering the money together with shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers.

—No thanks at all, Mr Deasy said. You have earned it.

Stephen's hand, free again, went back to the hollow shells. Symbols too of beauty and of power. A lump in my pocket: symbols soiled by greed and misery.

—Don't carry it like that, Mr Deasy said. You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it. You just buy one of these machines. You'll find them very handy.

Answer something.

—Mine would be often empty, Stephen said.

The same room and hour, the same wisdom: and I the same. Three times now. Three nooses round me here. Well? I can break them in this instant if I will.

—Because you don't save, Mr Deasy said, pointing his finger. You don't know yet what money is. Money is power. When you have lived as long as I have. I know, I know. If youth but knew. But what does Shakespeare say? *Put but money in thy purse.*

—Iago, Stephen murmured.

He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare.

—He knew what money was, Mr Deasy said. He made money. A poet, yes, but an Englishman too. Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth?

The seas' ruler. His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay: it seems history is to blame: on me and on my words, unhating.

—That on his empire, Stephen said, the sun never sets.

—Ba! Mr Deasy cried. That's not English. A French Celt said that. He tapped his savingsbox against his thumbnail.

—I will tell you, he said solemnly, what is his proudest boast. *I paid my way.*



Good man, good man.

—*I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life. Can you feel that? I owe nothing. Can you?*

Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, one pair brogues, ties. Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings. Temple, two lunches. Russell, one guinea, Cousins, ten shillings, Bob Reynolds, half a guinea, Koehler, three guineas, Mrs MacKernan, five weeks' board. The lump I have is useless.

—For the moment, no, Stephen answered.

Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight, putting back his savingsbox.

—I knew you couldn't, he said joyously. But one day you must feel it. We are a generous people but we must also be just.

—I fear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.

Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the mantelpiece at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan fillibegs: Albert Edward, prince of Wales.

—You think me an old fogey and an old tory, his thoughtful voice said. I saw three generations since O'Connell's time. I remember the famine in '46. Do you know that the orange lodges agitated for repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell did or before the prelates of your communion denounced him as a demagogue? You fenians forget some things.

Glorious, pious and immortal memory. The lodge of Diamond in Armagh the splendid behung with corpses of papishes. Hoarse, masked and armed, the planters' covenant. The black north and true blue bible. Croppies lie down.

Stephen sketched a brief gesture.

—I have rebel blood in me too, Mr Deasy said. On the spindle side. But I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted for the union. We are all Irish, all kings' sons.

—Alas, Stephen said.

—*Per vias rectas*, Mr Deasy said firmly, was his motto. He voted for it and put on his topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do so.

Lal the ral the ra
The rocky road to Dublin.

A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots. Soft day, sir John! Soft day, your honour!... Day!... Day!... Two topboots jog dangling on to Dublin. Lal the ral the ra. Lal the ral the raddy.

Interludio: Chris Dove

4. Ulises (Néstor). Lectoras : Karmele Terán & Pilar Pastor

—Eso me trae algo a la memoria, dijo Mr. Deasy. Me puede usted hacer un favor, Mr. Dedalus, con algunos de sus amigos literarios. Tengo aquí una carta para la prensa. Sientese un momento. Sólo me queda copiar el final.

Fue al escritorio cerca de la ventana, arrimó la silla dos veces y leyó unas palabras de la hoja que tenía en el carro de la máquina de escribir.



–Siéntese. Perdona, dijo por encima del hombro, los dictados del sentido común. Un momento.

Miró fijamente por debajo de sus espesas cejas el manuscrito junto al codo y, mascullando, comenzó a aporrear las rígidas teclas del teclado lentamente, a veces resoplando cuando hacía girar el carro para borrar algún error.

Stephen se sentó silenciosamente ante la personalidad principesca. Enmarcadas a lo largo de las paredes imágenes de caballos desaparecidos rendían homenaje, sus mansas cabezas en elegante porte: Repulse de Lord Hasting, Shotover del duque de Westminster, Ceylon, prix de Paris, 1866, del duque de Beaufort. Jinetes duendecillos los montaban, atentos a una señal. Vio sus marcas de velocidad, defendiendo los colores reales, y gritó con los gritos de muchedumbres desaparecidas.

–Punto, ordenó Mr. Deasy a las teclas. Pero una pronta conclusión a esta cuestión de suma importancia...

Adonde Cranly me llevó para enriquecer de pronto, a la caza de ganadores entre las vagonetas embarradas, en medio del vocerío de los corredores de apuestas en sus puestos y de las emanaciones de la cantina, por el lodo multicolor. Fair Rebel! Fair Rebel! A la par el favorito: diez a uno el resto. Por entre jugadores de dados y tahúres nos apresurábamos tras los cascos, las gorras y chaquetas rivales, dejando atrás a la mujer de cara amondongada, señora de camicero, que hociaba sedientamente su gajo de naranja.

Gritos penetrantes resonaron en la cancha de los niños y un silbante silbato.

De nuevo: un tanto. Estoy entre ellos, entre sus cuerpos enzarzados en confuso enfrentamiento, la justa de la vida. ¿Quiere decir el mimadito de mamá zambo y con cara de resaca? Justas. El tiempo golpeado rebota, golpe a golpe. Justas, lodazal y el estruendo de batallas, el gélido vómito de muerte de los masacrados, un alarido de lanzadas espetadas con entrañas ensangrentadas de hombres.

–Vamos a ver, dijo Mr. Deasy, levantándose.

Se acercó a la mesa, prendiendo las hojas con una pinza. Stephen se levantó.

–He reducido el asunto a unas pocas palabras, dijo Mr. Deasy. Se trata de la fiebre aftosa. Échele un vistazo. No puede haber discrepancias sobre el asunto.

Me permite abusar de su valioso espacio. Esa doctrina del laissezfaire que tan a menudo en nuestra historia. Nuestro negocio de ganado. Al modo de toda nuestra vieja industria. Los maniobreros de Liverpool que frustraron el proyecto del puerto de Galway. Conflagración europea. Suministros de grano por las escasas aguas del canal. La imperturbabilidad pluscuamperfecta del ministerio de agricultura. Perdonada una alusión clásica. Casandra. Por una mujer que no era más que una mujer. Concretando el tema.

–No ando con rodeos ¿verdad? preguntó Mr. Deasy mientras Stephen seguía leyendo.



Fiebre aftosa. Conocida como el preparado de Koch. Suero y virus. Porcentaje de caballos inmunizados. Peste bovina. Los caballos del emperador en Mürzsteg, Baja Austria. Veterinarios. Mr. Henry Blackwood Price. Amable ofrecimiento una oportunidad. Los dictados del sentido común. Cuestión de suma importancia. En todos los sentidos de la palabra coger al toro por los cuernos. Dándole las gracias por la hospitalidad de su periódico.

—Quiero que lo publiquen y lo lean, dijo Mr. Deasy. Verá cómo si hay otro brote ponen un embargo al ganado irlandés. Y puede curarse. Se cura. Mi primo, Blackwood Price, me ha escrito que en Austria los médicos de ganado normalmente la tratan y curan. Se han ofrecido a venir aquí. Estoy intentando obtener alguna influencia. Ahora voy a intentar la publicidad. Estoy rodeado de dificultades, de... . intrigas de... . maniobras de pasillo...

Levantó el dedo índice y golpeó al aire como los viejos antes de que su voz hablara.

—No olvide lo que le voy a decir, Mr. Dedalus, dijo. Inglaterra está en manos de los judíos. En todos los altos cargos: en las finanzas, en la prensa. Y eso son señales de una nación en decadencia. Dondequiera que se reúnan, se comen la fuerza vital de la nación. Lo he estado viendo venir todos estos años. Tan cierto como que estamos aquí, los mercaderes judíos están ya maquinando su plan de destrucción. La vieja Inglaterra se muere.

Se puso a andar con prontitud, cobrando sus ojos vida azul al atravesar un amplio rayo de sol. Dio media vuelta y volvió de nuevo.

—Se muere, dijo otra vez, si no está muerta ya.

De calle en calle el grito de la ramera

tejerá el sudario de la vieja Inglaterra.

Interludio: Chris Dove

5. Ulysses (Nestor). Readers: David Butler & Kate Marriage

The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's windingsheet.

His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he halted.

—A merchant, Stephen said, is one who buys cheap and sells dear, jew or gentile, is he not?

—They sinned against the light, Mr Deasy said gravely. And you can see the darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day.

On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers. Gabble of geese. They swarmed loud, uncouth about the temple, their heads thickplotting under maladroit silk hats. Not theirs: these clothes, this speech, these gestures. Their full slow eyes belied the words, the gestures eager and unoffending, but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain. Vain patience to heap and hoard. Time surely would scatter all. A hoard heaped by the roadside: plundered and passing on. Their eyes knew their years of wandering and, patient, knew the dishonours of their flesh.



—That will do, Mr Deasy said briskly. I wrote last night to Mr Field, M.P. There is a meeting of the cattletraders' association today at the City Arms hotel. I asked him to lay my letter before the meeting. You see if you can get it into your two papers. What are they?

—*The Evening Telegraph*...

—That will do, Mr Deasy said. There is no time to lose. Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin.

—Good morning, sir, Stephen said, putting the sheets in his pocket. Thank you.

—Not at all, Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk. I like to break a lance with you, old as I am.

—Good morning, sir, Stephen said again, bowing to his bent back.

He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path under the trees, hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the playfield. The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the gate: toothless terrors. Still I will help him in his fight. Mulligan will dub me a new name: the bullockbefriending bard.

—Mr Dedalus!

Running after me. No more letters, I hope.

—Just one moment.

—Yes, sir, Stephen said, turning back at the gate.

Mr Deasy halted, breathing hard and swallowing his breath.

—I just wanted to say, he said. Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the jews. Do you know that? No. And do you know why?

He frowned sternly on the bright air.

—Why, sir? Stephen asked, beginning to smile.

—Because she never let them in, Mr Deasy said solemnly.

A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of phlegm. He turned back quickly, coughing, laughing, his lifted arms waving to the air.

—She never let them in, he cried again through his laughter as he stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path. That's why.

On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins.

Interludio: Chris Dove

6. Finnegans Wake (L1E3). Reader: Andrew Walsh

(...)

When Phishlin Phil wants throws his lip 'tis pholly to be fortune flonting and whoever's gone to mix Hotel by the salt say water there's nix to nothing we can do for he's never again to sea. It is nebules an autodidact fact of the commonest that the shape of the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze faded, frequently altered its ego with the possessing of the showers (Not original!). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one's thousand one nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentifide the body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig, squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and shufflers (he is often alluded to



as Slypatrick, the llad in the llane) with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness (one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in drenched coats overawall, Will, Conn and Otto, to tell them overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabed ghoatstory of the haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Curchies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin ghoats! Girles and jongers, but he has changed alok syne Thorkill's time! Ya, da, tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, nine! Those many warts, those slummy patches, halfsinster wrinkles, (what has come over the face on wholebroader E?), and (shrine of Mount Mu save us!) the large fungopark he has grown! Drink!