

BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

*Finnegans Wake. Ulysses: Episode 1 (Telemachus); Episode 9 (Scylla and Charybdis);
Episode 18 (Penelope)*

Joyceans in Times of Coronavirus

Plataforma ZOOM, 27 de mayo, a las 19.00 horas



DUBLIN – DUBLIN 1904 (IRELAND)



Down By The Salley Gardens

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lAW2gX7Vv_U

1. Finnegans Wake. Reader: Bill Dixon

Location: Phoenix Park

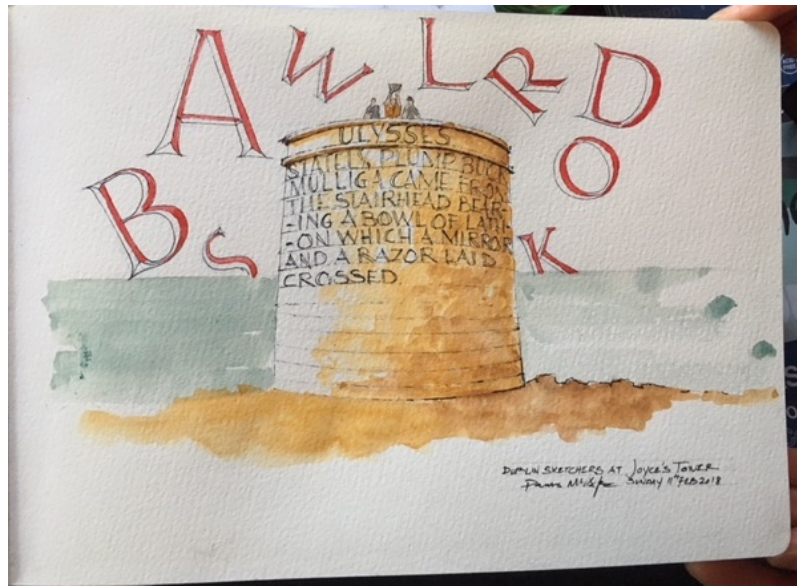
riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to tauftauf thuartpeatrick not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.



The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonner
ronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohooordenenthurnuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is
retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy.

(...)



2. Ulysses (1- Telemachus). Readers: Bill Dixon (Buck Mulligan). Morgan Fagg (Stephen Dedalus), Walsh (Haines) and Kate Marriage (Narrator and the old lady).

Time: 8 a.m. Thursday 16 June 1904

Location: Martello Tower, Sandycove, Co. Dublin; Forty-Foot Bathing Place

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.

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

—The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek!

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

—My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

—Will he come? The jejune jesuit!

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

—Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

—Yes, my love?

—How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

—God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade.

He shaved warily over his chin.

—He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is his guncase?

—A woful lunatic! Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

—I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If he stays on here I am off.



Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily.

—Scutter! he cried thickly.

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket, said:

—Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:

—The bard's noserag! A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can't you?

He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly.

—God! he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a great sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton*. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks! I must teach you. You must read them in the original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother. Come and look.

Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbourmouth of Kingstown.

—Our mighty mother! Buck Mulligan said.

He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face.

—The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you.

—Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily.

—You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you, Buck Mulligan said. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you....

He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek. A tolerant smile curled his lips.

—But a lovely mummer! he murmured to himself. Kinch, the loveliest mummer of them all!

He shaved evenly and with care, in silence, seriously.

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat-sleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed



holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.

—Ah, poor dogsbody! he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt and a few noserags. How are the secondhand breeks?

—They fit well enough, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip.

—The mockery of it, he said contentedly. Secondleg they should be. God knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. I'm not joking, Kinch. You look damn well when you're dressed.

—Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey.

—He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror. Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers.

He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin.

Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes.

—That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan, says you have g. p. i. He's up in Dottyville with Connolly Norman. General paralysis of the insane!

He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea. His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth. Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk.

—Look at yourself, he said, you dreadful bard!

Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack. Hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too.

—I pinched it out of the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her all right. The aunt always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi. Lead him not into temptation. And her name is Ursula.

Laughing again, he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes.

—The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If Wilde were only alive to see you!

Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:

—It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass of a servant.

Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them.

—It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. God knows you have more spirit than any of them.

Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steel pen.

—Cracked lookingglass of a servant! Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea. He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman. His old fellow made his tin



by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other. God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island. Hellenise it.

Cranly's arm. His arm.

—And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I'm the only one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe.

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another. O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears. A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade. I don't want to be debagged! Don't you play the giddy ox with me!

Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms.

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

—Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at night.

—Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you. What have you against me now?

They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Stephen freed his arm quietly.

—Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

—Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes.

Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said:

—Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death?

Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said:

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

—You were making tea, Stephen said, and went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room.

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

—You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.*

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek.

—Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that?

He shook his constraint from him nervously.



—And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly:

—I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

—Of what then? Buck Mulligan asked.

—Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

(...)

—Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers.

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof:

—Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding.

His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead:

And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love's bitter mystery
For Fergus rules the brazen cars

Who Goes with Fergus?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E-G-MnH-mSA>

(...)

Buck Mulligan, hewing thick slices from the loaf, said in an old woman's wheedling voice:

—When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water.

—By Jove, it is tea, Haines said.

Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling:



—*So I do, Mrs Cahill, says she. Begob, ma'am, says Mrs Cahill, God send you don't make them in the one pot.*

He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick slice of bread, impaled on his knife.

—That's folk, he said very earnestly, for your book, Haines. Five lines of text and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of Dundrum. Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind.

He turned to Stephen and asked in a fine puzzled voice, lifting his brows:

—Can you recall, brother, is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken of in the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads?

—I doubt it, said Stephen gravely.

—Do you now? Buck Mulligan said in the same tone. Your reasons, pray?

—I fancy, Stephen said as he ate, it did not exist in or out of the Mabinogion. Mother Grogan was, one imagines, a kinswoman of Mary Ann.

Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight.

—Charming! he said in a finical sweet voice, showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly. Do you think she was? Quite charming!

Then, suddenly overclouding all his features, he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf:

- *For old Mary Ann*

She doesn't care a damm

But hising her petticoats

He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned.

The doorway was darkened by an entering form.

—The milk, sir!

—Come in, ma'am, Mulligan said. Kinch, get the jug.

An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow.

—That's a lovely morning, sir, she said. Glory be to God.

—To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be sure!

Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker.

—The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of the collector of prepuces.

—How much, sir? asked the old woman.

—A quart, Stephen said.

He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out.



Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dew-silky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour.

—It is indeed, ma'am, Buck Mulligan said, pouring milk into their cups.

—Taste it, sir, she said.

He drank at her bidding.

—If we could live on good food like that, he said to her somewhat loudly, we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts. Living in a bogswamp, eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust, horsedung and consumptives' spits.

—Are you a medical student, sir? the old woman asked.

—I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered.

—Look at that now, she said.

Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman: me she slights. To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins, of man's flesh made not in God's likeness, the serpent's prey. And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes.

—Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her.

—Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines.

Haines spoke to her again a longer speech, confidently.

—Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you?

—I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from the west, sir?

—I am an Englishman, Haines answered.

—He's English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.

—Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows.

—Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am?

—No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go.

Haines said to her:

—Have you your bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn't we?

Stephen filled again the three cups.

—Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling. That's a shilling and one and two is two and two, sir.



[McGilligan's Daughter Mary Ann](#)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tdmJog3PKOE>

(...)

Stephen, taking his ashplant from its leaningplace, followed them out and, as they went down the ladder, pulled to the slow iron door and locked it. He put the huge key in his inner pocket.

At the foot of the ladder Buck Mulligan asked:

—Did you bring the key?

—I have it, Stephen said, preceding them.

He walked on. Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses.

—Down, sir! How dare you, sir!

Haines asked:

—Do you pay rent for this tower?

—Twelve quid, Buck Mulligan said.

—To the secretary of state for war, Stephen added over his shoulder.

They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last:

—Rather bleak in wintertime, I should say. Martello you call it?

—Billy Pitt had them built, Buck Mulligan said, when the French were on the sea. But ours is the *omphalos*.

—What is your idea of Hamlet? Haines asked Stephen.

—No, no, Buck Mulligan shouted in pain. I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive reasons he has made out to prop it up. Wait till I have a few pints in me first.

He turned to Stephen, saying, as he pulled down neatly the peaks of his primrose waistcoat:

—You couldn't manage it under three pints, Kinch, could you?

—It has waited so long, Stephen said listlessly, it can wait longer.

—You pique my curiosity, Haines said amiably. Is it some paradox?

—Pooh! Buck Mulligan said. We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes. It's quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father.

—What? Haines said, beginning to point at Stephen. He himself?

Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise round his neck and, bending in loose laughter, said to Stephen's ear:

—O, shade of Kinch the elder! Japhet in search of a father!

—We're always tired in the morning, Stephen said to Haines. And it is rather long to tell.



Buck Mulligan, walking forward again, raised his hands.

—The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus, he said.

—I mean to say, Haines explained to Stephen as they followed, this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore. *That beetles o'er his base into the sea*, isn't it?

(...)

Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots. An elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face. He scrambled up by the stones, water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair, water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth.

Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and, glancing at Haines and Stephen, crossed himself piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone.

—Seymour's back in town, the young man said, grasping again his spur of rock. Chucked medicine and going in for the army.

—Ah, go to God! Buck Mulligan said.

—Going over next week to stew. You know that red Carlisle girl, Lily?

—Yes.

—Spooning with him last night on the pier. The father is rotto with money.

—Is she up the pole?

—Better ask Seymour that.

—Seymour a bleeding officer! Buck Mulligan said.

He nodded to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up, saying tritely:

—Redheaded women buck like goats.

He broke off in alarm, feeling his side under his flapping shirt.

—My twelfth rib is gone, he cried. I'm the *Übermensch*. Toothless Kinch and I, the supermen.

He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where his clothes lay.

—Are you going in here, Malachi?

—Yes. Make room in the bed.

The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes. Haines sat down on a stone, smoking.

—Are you not coming in? Buck Mulligan asked.

—Later on, Haines said. Not on my breakfast.

Stephen turned away.

—I'm going, Mulligan, he said.

—Give us that key, Kinch, Buck Mulligan said, to keep my chemise flat.

Stephen handed him the key. Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes.

—And twopence, he said, for a pint. Throw it there.



Stephen threw two pennies on the soft heap. Dressing, undressing. Buck Mulligan erect, with joined hands before him, said solemnly:

—He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord. Thus spake Zarathustra.

His plump body plunged.

—We'll see you again, Haines said, turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish.

Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon.

—The Ship, Buck Mulligan cried. Half twelve.

—Good, Stephen said.

He walked along the upwardcurving path.

Liliata rutilantium.
Turma circumdet.
Iubilantium te virginum.

The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly. I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go.

A voice, sweettoned and sustained, called to him from the sea. Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round.

Usurper.



3. Who Goes with Fergus?, by William Butler Yeats. Reader: Michael Connolly

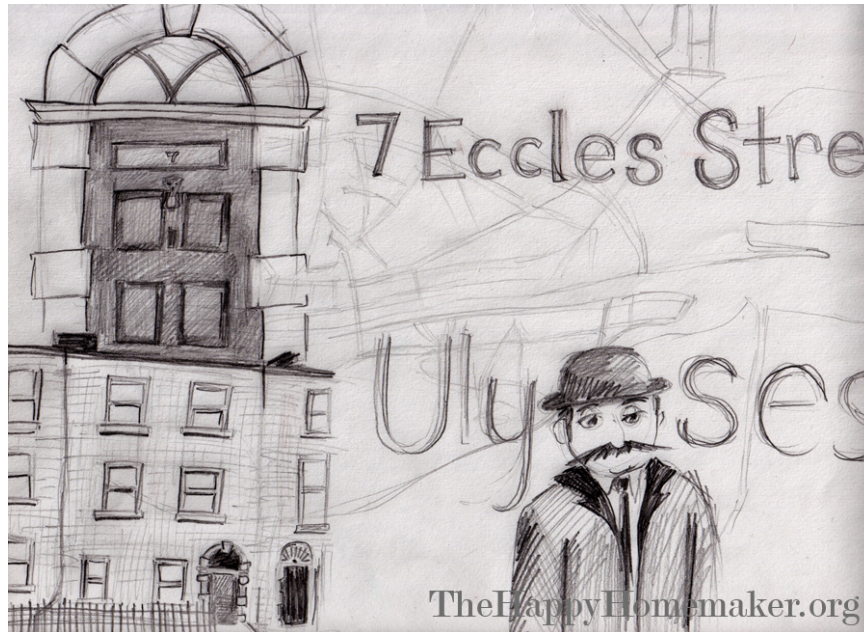
Who will go drive with Fergus now,
And pierce the deep wood's woven shade,
And dance upon the level shore?
Young man, lift up your russet brow,
And lift your tender eyelids, maid,
And brood on hopes and fear no more.

And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love's bitter mystery;
For Fergus rules the brazen cars,
And rules the shadows of the wood,
And the white breast of the dim sea
And all dishevelled wandering stars.

Traducción:

Quién irá desde ahora en el carro de Fergus
a rasgar la penumbra del recóndito bosque
y bailar en la orilla de las aguas en calma?
Alza, joven, tu frente pelirroja,
y alza, niña, tus párpados serenos,
y no penséis ya más en miedos y esperanzas.

Y no penséis ya más con esquiva mirada
en el misterio amargo del amor;
pues que Fergus gobierna las livianas carretas
y gobierna las sombras de los bosques,
y el blanco pecho del sombrío mar
y todas las errantes estrellas despeinadas.



4. Ulysses (4 – Calypso). Lectora: Elena Carcedo

Time: 8 a.m.

Location: Bloom's house at Number 7 Eccles Street, Dublin; Dorset Street area.

A Mr. Leopold Bloom le gustaba saborear los órganos internos de reses y aves. Le gustaba la sopa de menudillos espesa, las mollejas que saben a nuez, el corazón asado relleno, los filetes de hígado empanados, las huevas de bacalao fritas. Lo que más le gustaba eran los riñones de cordero a la plancha que le proporcionaban al paladar un delicado gustillo a orina tenuemente aromatizada.

Tenía los riñones en mente mientras se movía por la cocina con suavidad, ajustando las cosas del desayuno para ella en la bandeja gibosa. Luz y aire helados había en la cocina pero fuera una mañana agradable de verano por todas partes. Le abrieron un poco la gazuza.

El carbón se enrojecía.

Otra rebanada de pan con mantequilla: tres, cuatro: bien. A ella no le gustaba el plato lleno. Bien. Apartándose de la bandeja, levantó el hervidor de la hornilla y lo colocó de lado sobre el fuego. Allí quedó posado, deslucido y achaparrado, con el pitorro levantado. Un té pronto. Bueno. Boca seca.

La gata caminó estiradamente alrededor de una pata de la mesa el rabo espigado.



–¡Marrañau!

–Ah, con que estás ahí, dijo Mr. Bloom, apartándose del fuego.

La gata maulló como respuesta y zangoloteó de nuevo estiradamente alrededor de una pata de la mesa, maullando. Tal como ella zangolotea por mi escritorio. Prr. Ráscame la cabeza. Prr.

Mr. Bloom miró amablemente con curiosidad la ágil forna negra. Limpia a la vista: el brillo de su piel lustrosa, el botón blanco bajo el mocho de la cola, los verdes ojos esplendentes. Se inclinó hacia ella, las manos en las rodillas.

–Leche para la minina, dijo.

–¡Maarrañau! mayó la gata.

Los toman por tontos. Entienden lo que decimos mejor que nosotros les entendemos a ellos. Ésta entiende todo lo que quiere. Vengativa también. Cruel. Su naturaleza. Es curioso que los ratones no guañen nunca. Parece que les guste. ¿A saber qué le pareceré yo? ¿Alto como una torre? No, puede saltarme.

–Tiene miedo de las gallinas, la tonta, dijo burlonamente. Tiene miedo de los piopíos. No he visto nunca una minina más estúpida que esta minina.

–¡Maarrañau! dijo la gata con fuerza.

Parpadeó hacia arriba con ávidos ojos ruborosoentomantes, maullando larga y quejumbrosamente, mostrándole los dientes blancoleche. El observó los oscuros surcos de los ojos que se angostaban de codicia hasta hacerse piedras verdes. Luego fue hacia el aparador, cogió la jarra que el lechero de Hanlon le acababa de llenar, vertió leche cálidaburbujeante en un platillo y lo puso despaciosamente en el suelo. –¡Grrrr! mayó, corriendo para lamer.

Observó los bigotes que relucían metálicamente en la luz débil mientras se agachaba tres veces y lamía delicadamente. ¿A saber si será verdad que si se los cortan no pueden cazar ratones? ¿Por qué? Relucen en la oscuridad, quizá, las puntas. O como antenas en la oscuridad, quizá.

Escuchó su lamer lamiscante. Huevos con jamón, no. Nada de huevos con esta sequía. Necesitan agua fresca y limpia. Jueves: tampoco es un buen día para riñones de cordero en Buckley. Fritos con mantequilla, un pellizco de pimienta. Mejor un riñón de cerdo en Dlugacz. Mientras hierve el agua. Lamía más lentamente, relamiendo luego el platillo a lametones. ¿Por qué tendrán la lengua tan rasposa? Para relamer mejor, todas las cavidades porosas. ¿Nada que pueda comerse? Echó un vistazo a su alrededor. No.



Con botas ligeramente chirriantes subió las escaleras hasta el recibidor, y se paró en la puerta del dormitorio. Puede que le apetezca algo sabroso. Rebanadas finas de pan con mantequilla le apetece por la mañana. Aun así quizá: sin que sirva de precedente.

Dijo suavemente en el desnudo recibidor:

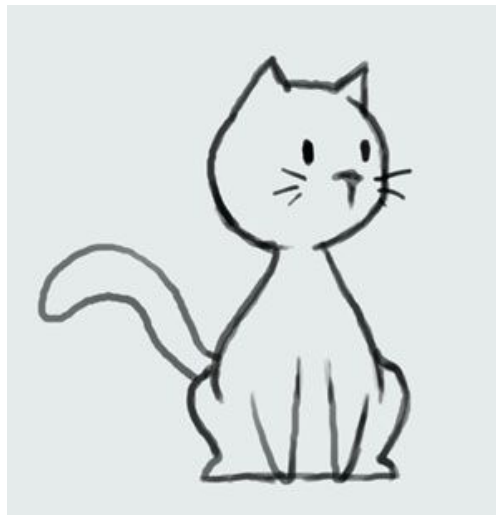
–Voy ahí al lado. Vuelvo en seguida.

Y cuando se hubo escuchado su voz decirlo añadió:

–¿No quieres nada para desayunar?

Un suave rezongo adormecido contestó:

–Mn.





5. Ulysses (9 – Scylla and Charybdis). Readers: Morgan Fagg (Narrator); Kate Marriage (Quaker librarian and Stephen’s interior monologue) ; Michael Connolly (Stephen Dedalus); Mal Murphy (John Eglinton, Russel (AI), Mr.Best and Mr.Lister) ; Bill Dixon(Buck Mulligan).

Time: 2 p.m.

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

Urbane, to comfort them, the quaker librarian purred:

—And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of *Wilhelm Meister*. A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life.

He came a step a sinkapace forward on neatsleather creaking and a step backward a sinkapace on the solemn floor.

A noiseless attendant setting open the door but slightly made him a noiseless beck.

—Directly, said he, creaking to go, albeit lingering. The beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts. One always feels that Goethe’s judgments are so true. True in the larger analysis.

Twicreakingly analysis he corantoed off. Bald, most zealous by the door he gave his large ear all to the attendant’s words: heard them: and was gone.

Two left.

—Monsieur de la Palice, Stephen sneered, was alive fifteen minutes before his death.



—Have you found those six brave medicals, John Eglinton asked with elder’s gall, to write *Paradise Lost* at your dictation? *The Sorrows of Satan* he calls it.

Smile. Smile Cranly’s smile.

First he tickled her
 Then he patted her
 Then he passed the female catheter
 For he was a medical
 Jolly old medi...

—I feel you would need one more for *Hamlet*. Seven is dear to the mystic mind. The shining seven W.B. calls them.

Glittereyed his rufous skull close to his greencapped desk lamp sought the face bearded amid darkgreener shadow, an ollav, holyeyed. He laughed low: a sizar’s laugh of Trinity: unanswered.

Orchestral Satan, weeping many a rood
 Tears such as angels weep.
 Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta.

(...)

—Our young Irish bards, John Eglinton censured, have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare’s Hamlet though I admire him, as old Ben did, on this side idolatry.

—All these questions are purely academic, Russell oracled out of his shadow. I mean, whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex. Clergymen’s discussions of the historicity of Jesus. Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences. The supreme question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring. The painting of Gustave Moreau is the painting of ideas. The deepest poetry of Shelley, the words of Hamlet bring our minds into contact with the eternal wisdom, Plato’s world of ideas. All the rest is the speculation of schoolboys for schoolboys.

A. E. has been telling some yankee interviewer. Wall, tarnation strike me!

—The schoolmen were schoolboys first, Stephen said superpolitely. Aristotle was once Plato’s schoolboy.

(...)

—People do not know how dangerous lovesongs can be, the auric egg of Russell warned occultly. The movements which work revolutions in the world are born out of the dreams and visions in a peasant’s heart on the hillside. For them the earth is not an exploitable ground but the living mother. The rarefied air of the academy and the arena produce the sixshilling novel, the musichall song. France produces the finest flower of corruption in Mallarmé but the desirable life is revealed only to the poor of heart, the life of Homer’s Phæacians.



From these words Mr Best turned an unoffending face to Stephen.

—Mallarmé, don't you know, he said, has written those wonderful prose poems Stephen MacKenna used to read to me in Paris. The one about *Hamlet*. He says: *il se promène, lisant au livre de lui-même*, don't you know, *reading the book of himself*. He describes *Hamlet* given in a French town, don't you know, a provincial town. They advertised it.

His free hand graciously wrote tiny signs in air.

Hamlet
ou
Le Distrain
Pièce de Shakespeare

He repeated to John Eglinton's newgathered frown:

—*Pièce de Shakespeare*, don't you know. It's so French. The French point of view. *Hamlet ou...*

—The absentminded beggar, Stephen ended.

John Eglinton laughed.

—Yes, I suppose it would be, he said. Excellent people, no doubt, but distressingly shortsighted in some matters.

Sumptuous and stagnant exaggeration of murder.

—A deathsman of the soul Robert Greene called him, Stephen said. Not for nothing was he a butcher's son, wielding the sledged poleaxe and spitting in his palms. Nine lives are taken off for his father's one. Our Father who art in purgatory. Khaki Hamlets don't hesitate to shoot. The bloodboltered shambles in act five is a forecast of the concentration camp sung by Mr Swinburne.

Cranly, I his mute orderly, following battles from afar.

Whelps and dams of murderous foes whom none
But we had spared...

Between the Saxon smile and yankee yawp. The devil and the deep sea.

—He will have it that *Hamlet* is a ghoststory, John Eglinton said for Mr Best's behoof. Like the fat boy in *Pickwick* he wants to make our flesh creep.

List! List! O List!

My flesh hears him: creeping, hears.

If thou didst ever...

—What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners. Elizabethan London lay as far from



Stratford as corrupt Paris lies from virgin Dublin. Who is the ghost from *limbo patrum*, returning to the world that has forgotten him? Who is King Hamlet?

Flow over them with your waves and with your waters,
Mananaan, Mananaan MaLir...

(...)

—Amen! was responded from the doorway.

Entr'acte.

A ribald face, sullen as a dean's, Buck Mulligan came forward, then blithe in motley, towards the greeting of their smiles. My telegram.

—You were speaking of the gaseous vertebrate, if I mistake not? he asked of Stephen.

Primrosevested he greeted gaily with his doffed Panama as with a bauble.

They make him welcome. *Was Du verlachst wirst Du noch dienen.*

Brood of mockers: Photius, pseudomalachi, Johann Most.

He Who Himself begot middler the Holy Ghost and Himself sent Himself, Agenbuyer, between Himself and others, Who, put upon by His fiends, stripped and whipped, was nailed like bat to barndoor, starved on crosstree, Who let Him bury, stood up, harrowed hell, fared into heaven and there these nineteen hundred years sitteth on the right hand of His Own Self but yet shall come in the latter day to doom the quick and dead when all the quick shall be dead already.

Glo - o - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o

He lifts his hands. Veils fall. O, flowers! Bells with bells with bells aquiring.

—Yes, indeed, the quaker librarian said. A most instructive discussion. Mr Mulligan, I'll be bound, has his theory too of the play and of Shakespeare. All sides of life should be represented.

He smiled on all sides equally.

Buck Mulligan thought, puzzled:

—Shakespeare? he said. I seem to know the name.

A flying sunny smile rayed in his loose features.

—To be sure, he said, remembering brightly. The chap that writes like Synge.

Mr Best turned to him.



—Haines missed you, he said. Did you meet him? He'll see you after at the D. B. C. He's gone to Gill's to buy Hyde's *Lovesongs of Connacht*.

—I came through the museum, Buck Mulligan said. Was he here?

—The bard's fellowcountrymen, John Eglinton answered, are rather tired perhaps of our brilliancies of theorising. I hear that an actress played Hamlet for the fourhundredandeighth time last night in Dublin. Vining held that the prince was a woman. Has no-one made him out to be an Irishman? Judge Barton, I believe, is searching for some clues. He swears (His Highness not His Lordship) by saint Patrick.

—The most brilliant of all is that story of Wilde's, Mr Best said, lifting his brilliant notebook. That *Portrait of Mr W. H.* where he proves that the sonnets were written by a Willie Hughes, a man all hues.

—For Willie Hughes, is it not? the quaker librarian asked.

Or Hughie Wills? Mr William Himself. W. H.: who am I?

—I mean, for Willie Hughes, Mr Best said, amending his gloss easily. Of course it's all paradox, don't you know, Hughes and hews and hues, the colour, but it's so typical the way he works it out. It's the very essence of Wilde, don't you know. The light touch.

His glance touched their faces lightly as he smiled, a blond ephebe. Tame essence of Wilde.

You're darned witty. Three drams of usquebaugh you drank with Dan Deasy's ducats.

How much did I spend? O, a few shillings.

For a plump of pressmen. Humour wet and dry.

Wit. You would give your five wits for youth's proud livery he pranks in. Lineaments of gratified desire.

There be many mo. Take her for me. In pairing time. Jove, a cool ruttime send them. Yea, turtledove her.

Eve. Naked wheatbellied sin. A snake coils her, fang in's kiss.

—Do you think it is only a paradox? the quaker librarian was asking. The mocker is never taken seriously when he is most serious.

They talked seriously of mocker's seriousness.

Buck Mulligan's again heavy face eyed Stephen awhile. Then, his head wagging, he came near, drew a folded telegram from his pocket. His mobile lips read, smiling with new delight.

—Telegram! he said. Wonderful inspiration! Telegram! A papal bull!

He sat on a corner of the unlit desk, reading aloud joyfully:

—*The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done.* Signed: Dedalus. Where did you launch it from? The kips? No. College Green. Have you drunk the four quid? The aunt is going to call on your unsubstantial father. Telegram! Malachi Mulligan, The Ship, lower Abbey street. O, you peerless mummer! O, you priestified Kinchite!

Joyfully he thrust message and envelope into a pocket but keened in a querulous brogue:



—It's what I'm telling you, mister honey, it's queer and sick we were, Haines and myself, the time himself brought it in. 'Twas murmur we did for a gallus potion would rouse a friar, I'm thinking, and he limp with leching. And we one hour and two hours and three hours in Connery's sitting civil waiting for pints apiece.

He wailed:

—And we to be there, mavrone, and you to be unbeknownst sending us your conglomerations the way we to have our tongues out a yard long like the drouthy clerics do be fainting for a pussful.

Stephen laughed.

Quickly, warningfully Buck Mulligan bent down.

—The tramper Synge is looking for you, he said, to murder you. He heard you pissed on his halldoor in Glasthule. He's out in pampooties to murder you.

—Me! Stephen exclaimed. That was your contribution to literature.

Buck Mulligan gleefully bent back, laughing to the dark eavesdropping ceiling.

—Murder you! he laughed.

Harsh gargoyle face that warred against me over our mess of hash of lights in rue Saint-André-des-Arts. In words of words for words, palabras. Oisín with Patrick. Faunman he met in Clamart woods, brandishing a winebottle. *C'est vendredi saint!* Murthing Irish. His image, wandering, he met. I mine. I met a fool i'the forest.

—Mr Lyster, an attendant said from the door ajar.

—... in which everyone can find his own. So Mr Justice Madden in his *Diary of Master William Silence* has found the hunting terms... Yes? What is it?

—There's a gentleman here, sir, the attendant said, coming forward and offering a card. From the *Freeman*. He wants to see the files of the *Kilkenny People* for last year.

—Certainly, certainly, certainly. Is the gentleman?...

He took the eager card, glanced, not saw, laid down unglanced, looked, asked, creaked, asked:

—Is he?... O, there!

Brisk in a galliard he was off, out. In the daylight corridor he talked with voluble pains of zeal, in duty bound, most fair, most kind, most honest broadbrim.

—This gentleman? *Freeman's Journal*? *Kilkenny People*? To be sure. Good day, sir. *Kilkenny*... We have certainly...

A patient silhouette waited, listening.

—All the leading provincial... *Northern Whig*, *Cork Examiner*, *Enniscorthy Guardian*, 1903... Will you please?... Evans, conduct this gentleman... If you just follow the atten... Or, please allow me... This way... Please, sir...

Voluble, dutiful, he led the way to all the provincial papers, a bowing dark figure following his hasty heels.

The door closed.



—The sheeny! Buck Mulligan cried.

He jumped up and snatched the card.

—What's his name? Ikey Moses? Bloom.

He rattled on:

—Jehovah, collector of prepuces, is no more. I found him over in the museum where I went to hail the foamborn Aphrodite. The Greek mouth that has never been twisted in prayer. Every day we must do homage to her. *Life of life, thy lips enkindle.*

Suddenly he turned to Stephen:

—He knows you. He knows your old fellow. O, I fear me, he is Greeker than the Greeks. His pale Galilean eyes were upon her mesial groove. Venus Kallipyge. O, the thunder of those loins! *The god pursuing the maiden hid.*

—We want to hear more, John Eglinton decided with Mr Best's approval. We begin to be interested in Mrs S. Till now we had thought of her, if at all, as a patient Griselda, a Penelope stayathome.

—Antisthenes, pupil of Gorgias, Stephen said, took the palm of beauty from Kyrios Menelaus' brooddam, Argive Helen, the wooden mare of Troy in whom a score of heroes slept, and handed it to poor Penelope. Twenty years he lived in London and, during part of that time, he drew a salary equal to that of the lord chancellor of Ireland. His life was rich. His art, more than the art of feudalism as Walt Whitman called it, is the art of surfeit. Hot herringpies, green mugs of sack, honeysauces, sugar of roses, marchpane, gooseberried pigeons, ringocandies. Sir Walter Raleigh, when they arrested him, had half a million francs on his back including a pair of fancy stays. The gombeenwoman Eliza Tudor had underlinen enough to vie with her of Sheba. Twenty years he dallied there between conjugal love and its chaste delights and scortatory love and its foul pleasures. You know Manningham's story of the burgher's wife who bade Dick Burbage to her bed after she had seen him in *Richard III* and how Shakespeare, overhearing, without more ado about nothing, took the cow by the horns and, when Burbage came knocking at the gate, answered from the capon's blankets: *William the conqueror came before Richard III*. And the gay lakin, mistress Fitton, mount and cry O, and his dainty birdsnies, lady Penelope Rich, a clean quality woman is suited for a player, and the punks of the bankside, a penny a time.

Cours la Reine. Encore vingt sous. Nous ferons de petites cochonneries. Minette? Tu veux?

—The height of fine society. And sir William Davenant of Oxford's mother with her cup of canary for any cockcanary.

Buck Mulligan, his pious eyes upturned, prayed:

—Blessed Margaret Mary Anycock!

—And Harry of six wives' daughter. And other lady friends from neighbour seats as Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet, sings. But all those twenty years what do you suppose poor Penelope in Stratford was doing behind the diamond panes?

Do and do. Thing done. In a rosery of Fetter lane of Gerard, herbalist, he walks, greyedauburn. An azured harebell like her veins. Lids of Juno's eyes, violets. He walks. One life is all. One body. Do. But do. Afar, in a reek of lust and squalor, hands are laid on whiteness.



Buck Mulligan rapped John Eglinton's desk sharply.

—Whom do you suspect? he challenged.

—Say that he is the spurned lover in the sonnets. Once spurned twice spurned. But the court wanton spurned him for a lord, his dearmylove.

Love that dare not speak its name.

—As an Englishman, you mean, John sturdy Eglinton put in, he loved a lord.

Old wall where sudden lizards flash. At Charenton I watched them.

—It seems so, Stephen said, when he wants to do for him, and for all other and singular unneared wombs, the holy office an ostler does for the stallion. Maybe, like Socrates, he had a midwife to mother as he had a shrew to wife. But she, the giglot wanton, did not break a bedvow. Two deeds are rank in that ghost's mind: a broken vow and the dullbrained yokel on whom her favour has declined, deceased husband's brother. Sweet Ann, I take it, was hot in the blood. Once a wooer, twice a wooer.

Stephen turned boldly in his chair.

—The burden of proof is with you not with me, he said frowning. If you deny that in the fifth scene of *Hamlet* he has branded her with infamy tell me why there is no mention of her during the thirtyfour years between the day she married him and the day she buried him. All those women saw their men down and under: Mary, her goodman John, Ann, her poor dear Willun, when he went and died on her, raging that he was the first to go, Joan, her four brothers, Judith, her husband and all her sons, Susan, her husband too, while Susan's daughter, Elizabeth, to use granddaddy's words, wed her second, having killed her first.

O, yes, mention there is. In the years when he was living richly in royal London to pay a debt she had to borrow forty shillings from her father's shepherd. Explain you then. Explain the swansong too wherein he has commended her to posterity.

He faced their silence.

To whom thus Eglinton: You mean the will.
But that has been explained, I believe, by jurists.
She was entitled to her widow's dower
At common law. His legal knowledge was great
Our judges tell us.

Him Satan fleers,
Mocker:

And therefore he left out her name
From the first draft but he did not leave out
The presents for his granddaughter, for his daughters,
For his sister, for his old cronies in Stratford
And in London. And therefore when he was urged,
As I believe, to name her
He left her his
Secondbest



Bed.

—Pretty countryfolk had few chattels then, John Eglinton observed, as they have still if our peasant plays are true to type.

—He was a rich country gentleman, Stephen said, with a coat of arms and landed estate at Stratford and a house in Ireland yard, a capitalist shareholder, a bill promoter, a tithefarmer. Why did he not leave her his best bed if he wished her to snore away the rest of her nights in peace?

—It is clear that there were two beds, a best and a secondbest, Mr Secondbest Best said finely.

—*Separatio a mensa et a thalamo*, bettered Buck Mulligan and was smiled on.

—Antiquity mentions famous beds, Second Eglinton puckered, bedsmiling. Let me think.

—Antiquity mentions that Stagyrite schoolurchin and bald heathen sage, Stephen said, who when dying in exile frees and endows his slaves, pays tribute to his elders, wills to be laid in earth near the bones of his dead wife and bids his friends be kind to an old mistress (don't forget Nell Gwynn Herpyllis) and let her live in his villa.

—Do you mean he died so? Mr Best asked with slight concern. I mean...

—He died dead drunk, Buck Mulligan capped. A quart of ale is a dish for a king. O, I must tell you what Dowden said!

—What? asked Besteglington.

William Shakespeare and company, limited. The people's William. For terms apply: E. Dowden, Highfield house...

—Lovely! Buck Mulligan suspired amorously. I asked him what he thought of the charge of pederasty brought against the bard. He lifted his hands and said: *All we can say is that life ran very high in those days*. Lovely!

[Love's Old Sweet Song \(Just a Song at Twilight\) J. L. Molloy](#)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VrqBJ4vIkcc>



The Wild Geese Players of Seattle
 present a staged reading
 of the final chapter of
JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES,
"PENELOPE" (AKA MOLLY BLOOM'S SOLILOQUY)

3pm on Sunday, June 16th, 2013
 The Elliott Bay Bookstore
 1521 Tenth Avenue
 Seattle, WA 98122

Free, but donations welcome! More information at: www.WildGeeseSeattle.org

6. Ulysses (18 – Calypso). Lectora: María Paz González.

Time: None (clock time does not apply to this episode)

Location: the bedroom at Number 7 Eccles Street, Dublin; Dorset Street area.

Sí porque él no había hecho nunca una cosa así antes como pedir que le lleven el desayuno a la cama con un par de huevos desde los tiempos del hotel City Arms cuando se hacía el malo y se metía en la cama con voz de enfermo haciendo su santísima para hacerse el interesante ante la vieja regruñona de Mrs Riordan que él creía que la tenía encochada y no nos dejó ni un céntimo todo para misas para ella solita y su alma tacaña tan grande no la hubo jamás de hecho le espantaba tener que gastarse 4 peniques en su alcohol metílico contándome todos sus achaques mucha labia que tenía para la política y los terremotos y la fin del mundo tengamos antes un poco de diversión que Dios nos ampare si todas las mujeres fueran de su calaña le disgustaban los hañadores y los escotes por supuesto nadie quería verla con ellos supongo que era piadosa porque no había hombre que se fijara en ella dos veces espero que nunca me parezca a ella



milagro que no nos pidiera que nos cubriéramos la cara pero era una mujer muy educada desde luego y su cháchara sobre Mr Riordan para aquí y Mr Riordan para allá supongo que se alegraría de deshacerse de ella y su perro olisqueándome las pieles y siempre mañoseando para meterse debajo de las enaguas sobre todo aun así me gusta eso de él tan atento con las viejas ya ves y con los camareros y mendigos también no es orgulloso por nada pero no siempre si es que alguna vez tuviera algo serio es mucho mejor que los lleven a un hospital donde todo está limpio pero supongo que tendría que repetírselo durante un mes sí y entonces tendríamos una enfermera del hospital tener que aguantar el rapapolvo y él allí hasta que lo echen o una monja a lo mejor como la de esa foto guarra que tiene es tan monja como yo no sí porque son tan débiles y quejicas cuando están malos necesitan una mujer para ponerse buenos si echan sangre por la nariz te imaginarías que era O algo trágico y esa carademuerto una vez por la ronda sur cuando se torció el pie en la fiesta del coro en la Montaña de pandeazúcar el día que yo llevaba aquel vestido de Miss Stack trayéndole flores las más secas que pudo encontrar en el fondo del cesto cualquier cosa por meterse en el cuarto de un hombre su voz de solterona queriendo imaginar que se moría por sus huesos para nunca verte la jeta otra vez aunque estaba más varonil con la barba un poco crecida en la cama con padre pasaba lo mismo además no soporto poner vendas ni las medicinas cuando se cortó el dedo del pie con la navaja de afeitarse recortándose los callos aterrorizado de sufrir un envenenamiento de la sangre pero si fuera algo que me pasara a mí entonces ya veríamos cómo me cuidaba sólo que la mujer desde luego lo oculta para no dar la lata que ellos dan sí se corrió en algún sitio estoy segura por sus ganas de todos modos amor no es de lo contrario estaría desganado pensando en ella así que o fue una. de esas mujeres de la noche si fue por allá abajo por donde de verdad estuvo y el cuento del hotel un montón de mentiras para ocultarlo planeándolo Hynes me entretuvo con quién me encontré ah sí me encontré con tú te acuerdas de Menton y quién más déjame ver ese grandullón cara de niño le vi y no hace mucho que se casó flirteando con una joven en el Myriorama de Pooles y le di la espalda cuando se largó haciéndose el loco con las orejas gachas qué más da pero tuvo la cara dura de darme explicaciones una vez le está bien por bocazas y ojos apagados de todos los cretinos que jamás haya conocido y a eso le llaman un procurador sólo que me fastidia tener una pelea larga en la cama o si no y si no es eso será alguna putilla o algo por el estilo que se apañó en algún sitio o que ligó a la chita callando si al menos lo conocieran tan bien como yo lo conozco sí porque antes de ayer estaba escribiendo a la prisa y corriendo algo una carta cuando entré en la habitación de delante para enseñarle la muerte de Dignam en el periódico como si algo me dijera y lo tapó con el papel secante haciendo como si pensara en sus negocios así que lo más probable es que fuera eso para alguien que piensa que lo tiene embobado porque todos los hombres se vuelven un poco así a su edad especialmente cuando se acercan a los cuarenta como le ocurre a él para sacarle con mimitos todo el dinero que pueda no hay peor tonto que un tonto viejo y luego lo que me dio por saco fue que lo ocultara no que me importe un rábano con quién lo hace o conoció antes de esa manera aunque me gustaría averiguarlo siempre que no los tenga a los dos bajo mis narices todo el tiempo como aquella guarra de Mary que tuvimos en Ontario terrace acolchándose el culo falso para excitarlo mal está tener que aguantar el olor de esas mujeres pintadas una o dos veces tuve la sospecha haciendo que se acercara cuando me encontré el pelo largo en su americana sin contar cuando entré en la cocina haciendo él como

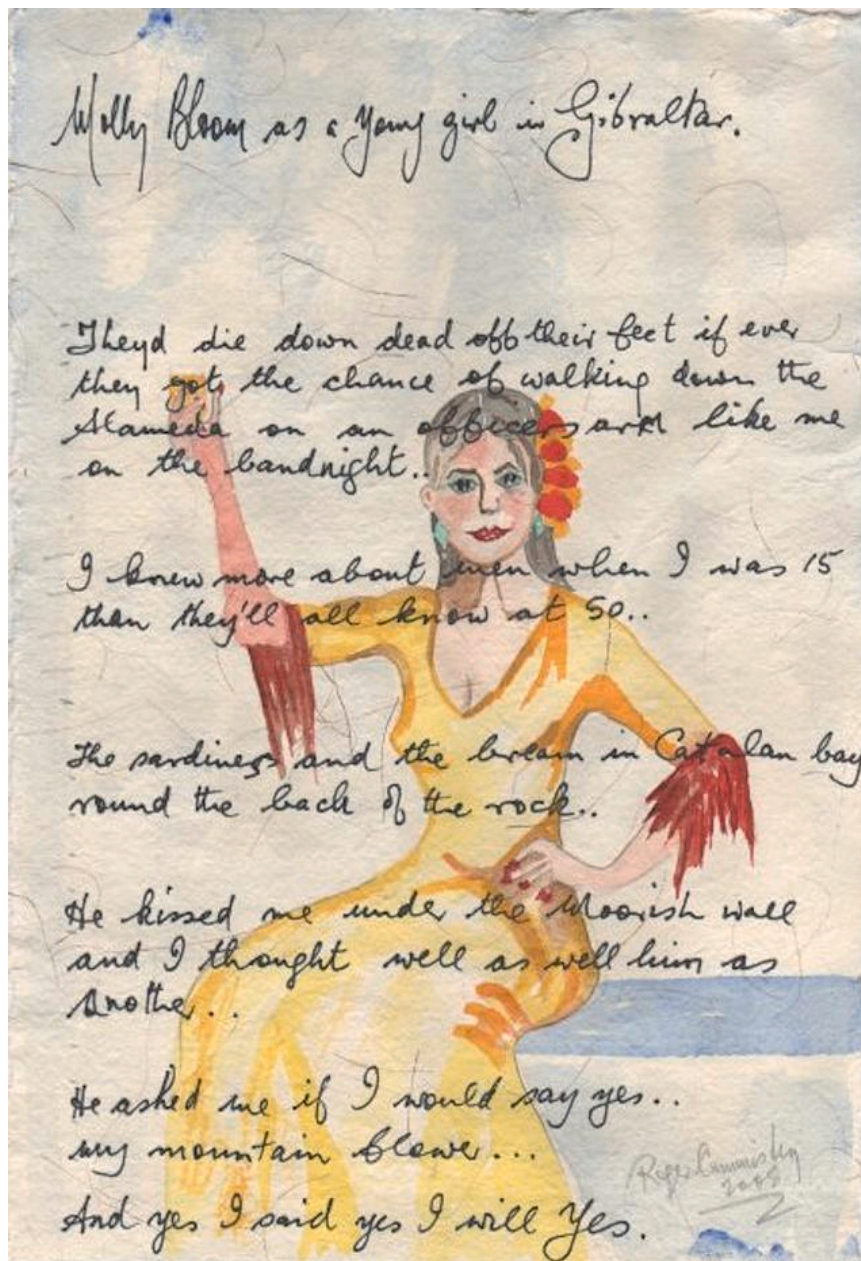


que bebía agua 1 mujer no es bastante para ellos él tuvo toda la culpa claro de estropear a las criadas y luego proponiendo que comiera con nosotros en la mesa el día de Navidad si te parece.

(...)

"Seaside Girls".

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k42CN1kiJEQ>





7. Ulysses (18 – Calypso. Cont.). Lectora: Pilar Pastor.

pasadas las y cuarto vaya hora intempestiva supongo que ahora se acaban de levantar en China peinándose las coletas para todo el día pronto tendremos a las monjas tocando el ángelus ellas no tienen a nadie que venga a interrumpirles el sueño menos algún que otro cura para los oficios nocturnos o el despertador de al lado con el canto del gallo echándose fuera los sesos a golpes vamos a ver si puedo echar una cabezada 12 3 4 5 qué clase de flores son esas que inventaron como las estrellas el papel de empapelar en Lombard street era mucho más bonito el delantal que él me dio era como algo así sólo que yo sólo me lo puse dos veces mejor que baje la lámpara e intente otra vez para poder levantarme temprano iré a la fiutería Lambe ahí junto a Findlater y mandaré que me envíen algunas flores para poner por la casa por si lo trae a casa mañana hoy quiero decir no no los viernes son día de mala suerte lo primero que quiero hacer es arreglar la casa de alguna manera el polvo se acumula por todos lados creo mientras estoy dormida luego podemos tener algo de música y cigarrillos puedo acompañarle primero tengo que limpiar las teclas del piano con leche qué me puedo poner me pondré una rosa blanca o esos pasteles encantadores de Lipton me gusta el olor de una gran tienda llena de cosas ricas a 7 y 1/2 la libra o los otros con cerezas dentro y el azúcar rosado 11 peniques un par de libras de eso una planta bonita para el centro de la mesa ésa la sacaría más barata en espera dónde está eso las vi no hace mucho me encantan las flores me encantaría tener toda la casa inundada de rosas Dios del cielo no hay nada como la naturaleza las montañas agrestes después el mar y las olas precipitándose después la campiña maravillosa con los campos de avena y trigo y toda clase de cosas y todo el hermoso ganado moviéndose a sus anchas le haría a uno mucho bien ver ríos y lagos y flores de todas las formas y olores y colores brotando hasta de las cunetas primulas y violetas es la naturaleza como para que digan que no hay Dios yo no daría un duro por toda su sabiduría por qué no van y crean algo a menudo le preguntaba a los ateos o comoquiera que ellos se llamen que vayan y se quiten la roña de encima primero luego van berreando a por un cura cuando mueren y por qué por qué porque tienen miedo del infierno por su mala conciencia ah sí ya lo creo que los conozco bien quién existió en el universo antes de que existiera nadie que lo hizo todo quién ah eso no lo saben pues yo tampoco así que ahí tienes también podrían muy bien intentar que el sol dejara de salir mañana el sol brilla para ti dijo él el día que estábamos echados entre los rododendros en el promontorio de Howth 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 torta de alcaravea y era un año bisiesto como ahora sí hace 16 años Dios mío después de aquel largo beso casi me



quedo sin respiración sí dijo que yo era una flor de la montaña sí que somos flores todas el cuerpo de mujer sí fue la única verdad que dijo en su vida y el sol brilla para ti hoy sí por eso me gustaba porque vi que entendía o sentía lo que es una mujer y yo sabía que siempre le podía buscar las vueltas y le di todo el placer que pude invitándole hasta que me pidió que dijera sí y yo no quería contestar al principio sólo miré a lo lejos el mar y al cielo pensaba en tantas cosas que él no sabía en Mulvey y Mr Stanhope y en Hester y en padre 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 achicharrado y las muchachas españolas riendo con sus mantillas y sus peinetas y la subasta por la mañana los griegos y los judíos y los árabes y quién sabe Dios quién más de todos los rincones de Europa y Duke street y el mercado de aves todas cloqueando delante de Larby Sharon y los pobres burros sueltos medio dormidos y aquellos hombres imprecisos en sus capas dormidos a la sombra en los escalones y las grandes ruedas de las carretas de bueyes el viejo castillo con miles de años sí y aquellos guapos moros 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 que miran una celosía oculta para que el amante bese la reja y 'los ventorrillos medio abiertos por la noche y las castañuelas y la noche que perdimos el barco en Algeciras y el sereno de un sitio para otro sereno con su farol y O aquel abismal torrente O y el mar el mar carmesí a veces como fuego y las puestas de sol gloriosas y las higueras en los jardines de la Alameda sí y todas aquellas callejuelas extrañas y las casas de rosa y de azul y de amarillo y las rosaledas y los jazmines y los geranios y las chumberas y el Gibraltar de mi niñez 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 besaba junto a la muralla mora y yo pensaba bien lo mismo da él que otro y entonces le pedí con la mirada que me lo pidiera otra vez sí y entonces me preguntó si quería sí decir sí mi flor de la montaña y al principio le estreché entre mis brazos sí y le apreté contra mí para que sintiera mis pechos todo perfume sí y su corazón parecía desbocado y sí dije sí quiero Sí.

[The Last Rose of Summer](#)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LgtSmj7zxmw>