



HOMENAJE A IAN GIBSON CON MOTIVO DEL BLOOMSDAY 2019

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

Domingo, 16 de junio de 2019, a las 19:00h



1. **Palabras de agradecimiento de Ian Gibson, con lectura de un breve pasaje de *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (El artista adolescente)*, traducido por Dámaso Alonso con la colaboración de James Joyce.**
2. **Puca Óg interpretará *The Groves of Blarney*.**
3. **Bill Dixon (Bloomsday Society) leerá el discurso de Gabriel Conroy, de *The Dead (Dubliners)*.**

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"A new generation is growing up in our midst, a generation actuated by new ideas and new principles. It is serious and enthusiastic for these new ideas and its enthusiasm, even when it is misdirected, is, I believe, in the main sincere. But we are living in a sceptical and, if I may use the phrase, a thought-tormented age: and sometimes I fear that this new generation, educated or hypereducated as it is, will lack those qualities of humanity, of hospitality, of kindly humour which belonged to an older day. Listening tonight to the names of all those great singers of the past it seemed to me, I must confess, that we were living in a less spacious age. Those days might, without exaggeration, be called spacious days: and if they are gone beyond recall let us hope, at least, that in gatherings such as this we shall still speak of them with pride and affection, still cherish in our hearts the memory of those dead and gone great ones whose fame the world will not willingly let die."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Browne loudly.

"But yet," continued Gabriel, his voice falling into a softer inflection, "there are always in gatherings such as this sadder thoughts that will recur to our minds: thoughts of the past, of youth, of changes, of absent faces that we miss here tonight. Our path through life is strewn with many such sad memories: and were we to brood upon them always we could not find the heart to go on bravely with our work among the living. We have all of us living duties and living affections which claim, and rightly claim, our strenuous endeavours.

"Therefore, I will not linger on the past. I will not let any gloomy moralising intrude upon us here tonight. Here we are gathered together for a brief moment from the bustle and rush of our everyday routine. We are met here as friends, in the spirit of good-fellowship, as colleagues, also to a certain extent, in the true spirit of camaraderie, and as the guests of -- what shall I call them? -- the Three Graces of the Dublin musical world."

The table burst into applause and laughter at this allusion. Aunt Julia vainly asked each of her neighbours in turn to tell her what Gabriel had said.

"He says we are the Three Graces, Aunt Julia," said Mary Jane.



Aunt Julia did not understand but she looked up, smiling, at Gabriel, who continued in the same vein:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I will not attempt to play tonight the part that Paris played on another occasion. I will not attempt to choose between them. The task would be an invidious one and one beyond my poor powers. For when I view them in turn, whether it be our chief hostess herself, whose good heart, whose too good heart, has become a byword with all who know her, or her sister, who seems to be gifted with perennial youth and whose singing must have been a surprise and a revelation to us all tonight, or, last but not least, when I consider our youngest hostess, talented, cheerful, hard-working and the best of nieces, I confess, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I do not know to which of them I should award the prize."

Gabriel glanced down at his aunts and, seeing the large smile on Aunt Julia's face and the tears which had risen to Aunt Kate's eyes, hastened to his close. He raised his glass of port gallantly, while every member of the company fingered a glass expectantly, and said loudly:

"Let us toast them all three together. Let us drink to their health, wealth, long life, happiness and prosperity and may they long continue to hold the proud and self-won position which they hold in their profession and the position of honour and affection which they hold in our hearts."

4. Puca Óg interpretará *The Lass of Aughrim*.

If you be the lass of Aughrim

As I do take you not to be

Tell me the first token

That passed between you and me.

The rain falls on my yellow locks

And the dew it wets my skin;

My babe lies cold within my arms:

Lord Gregory let me in.

Oh Gregory, don't you remember

That night upon the hill,

When we swapped rings off each other's hands,



Sorely against my will?
Yours was of the beaten gold,
And mine was but black tin.
Yours it passed one guinea love,
While mine was nothing worth.

*The rain falls on my yellow locks
And the dew it wets my skin;
My babe lies cold within my arms:
Lord Gregory let me in.*

Oh Gregory, don't you remember
The day in my father's home,
When you had your way with me
And that was worse than all.

*The rain falls on my yellow locks
And the dew it wets my skin;
My babe lies cold within my arms:
Lord Gregory let me in.*

5. John Liddy recitará *Thunder*, poema corto dedicado a James Joyce.

Whenever I hear thunder
I think of Joyce,
Hiding under the big bed
Of his father's Dublin house,
Or forsaking the next drink
In the bars of Paris and Zurich,
To run for dear life
Into Nora's arms.

I think of Fionn before
And Fionn again,
And how all the rivering
Waters run,
Leafy as the Liffey
In the hearts of Molly and Bloom,
The dark mutinous Shannon



Calling me home,
The dead reawakening
Like love outside the room.

And I think of his words
Out-weathering the storm,
Still thundering from under
The big, wide bed of his world.

TRUENO

Cada vez que oigo un trueno
pienso en Joyce,
escondiéndose bajo la cama grande
de su casa en Dublín,
o renunciando al trago siguiente
en los bares de París o Zurich,
para poner su vida pronto a salvo
en los brazos de Nora.

Pienso en Fionn antes
y en Fionn otra vez,
y en cómo de todos los ríos
las aguas corren
frondosas como las del Liffey
en los corazones de Molly y Bloom,
el Shannon oscuro y rebelde
llamándome a casa,
los muertos despertándose de nuevo
como amor más allá del cuarto.

Y pienso en sus palabras
haciendo frente a la tormenta,
todavía tronando desde abajo
de la ancha cama grande de su mundo.

6. Puca Óg interpretará el reel *The Thunderbolt*.

7. Conversación breve entre Ian Gibson y John Liddy - España e Irlanda, Lorca y John M. Synge (*Jinetes hacia la mar*)- con lectura por Gibson de una página de su libro *Aventuras ibéricas*.



8. **John Liddy recitará *Decent Burials*, poema corto dedicado a Ian Gibson.**

1. Ireland

Some locals believe a Black and Tan
soldier may be buried in the centre of Gort bog,
Lixnaw, outside Tralee, under bramble and fern.

He was the result of an IRA execution during the War
of Independence – reprisals abounded on both sides –
terrible things were done, there were no angels.

They would like to see him returned to his people
in England, exhumed and given a decent burial
no matter what the wrong or the right of the thing

Because old wounds fester beneath the surface
and time cannot assuage the memory until the page
turns like a sod to allow light in, a fresh beginning.

2. Spain

The body-politic cannot agree on unearthing
Civil War atrocity, brush away the dust of secrecy,
allow the families some semblance of relief for lost dignity.



One such pit in a private field beside the Burgos motorway
contained the bones of four brothers (and four others)
who were shot on August 14, 1936 –

Their mother went blind from the sadness of her loss.
In time, no doubt, there will be other places uncovered
to reveal the horror for both sides to find consensus,

And decent burial not seen as reprisal for repression
or blame, but a cleansing of old baggage,
Lorca's wish for definitive reconciliation.

ENTIERROS DECENTES

1. Irlanda

Algunos lugareños creen que un soldado inglés
puede ser enterrado en el centro del pantano de Gort,
Lixnaw, fuera de Tralee, debajo de zarza y helecho.

Él fue el resultado de una ejecución de IRA durante la Guerra
de la Independencia - las represalias abundaban en ambos lados -
se hicieron cosas terribles, no hubo ángeles.

Les gustaría verlo devuelto a su gente
en Inglaterra, exhumado y dandoe un entierro decente
cueste lo que cueste da igual lo que pasó



Porque viejas heridas se encuentran debajo de la superficie
y el tiempo no puede apaciguar la memoria hasta que la página
se vuelva como de terrón para que la luz entre, un nuevo comienzo.

2. España

La clase política no puede ponerse de acuerdo en cuanto a desenterrar
la atrocidad de la Guerra Civil, quitar el polvo del secreto,
permitir a las familias un cierto alivio por la pérdida de dignidad.

Uno de esos fosas en una finca privada junto a la autopista de Burgos
contenía los huesos de cuatro hermanos (y otros cuatro más)
fusilados el 14 de agosto de 1936 -

Su madre quedó ciega por la tristeza de su pérdida.
Con el tiempo, sin duda, habrá otros lugares descubiertos que revelarán
el horror para que ambas bandas encuentren consenso,

Y un entierro digno no visto como represalia por la represión
ni culpa, pero como una limpieza de trastos viejos,
el deseo de Lorca de una reconciliación definitiva.

9. Puca Óg interpretará *Roisín Dubn*.

10. Javier Reverte leerá un pasaje de *Nausicaa*, *Ulises*, ep. 13.

El atardecer estival había comenzado a envolver el mundo con su misterioso abrazo. Allá lejos, al oeste, se ponía el sol, y el último fulgor del, ay, demasiado fugaz día se demoraba amorosamente sobre el sol y la playa, sobre el altivo promontorio del querido y viejo Howth, perenne custodio de las aguas de la bahía, sobre las rocas cubiertas de algas, a lo largo de la orilla de Sandymount, y, en el último, pero no menos importante lugar, sobre la apacible iglesia de donde brotaba a veces, entre las calma, la voz de la plegaria a aquella que en su puro fulgor es faro sempiterno para el corazón del hombre, sacudido por las tormentas: María, estrella del mar.



GertyMacDowell, que estaba sentada junto a sus compañeras, sumergida en sus pensamientos, con la mirada perdida allá en lontananza era, a decir verdad, un ejemplar del joven encanto irlandés tan bello como cupiera desear. Todos cuantos la conocían la declaraban hermosa. Su tipo era esbelto y gracioso, inclinándose incluso hacia la fragilidad. La palidez cerea de su rostro era casi espiritual en su pureza marfile;a, aunque su boca de capullo era un autentico arco de Cupido, de perfeccionhelenica. Sus manos eran de alabastro finamente veteado, con dedos afilados. Gettytenia un refinamiento innato, una languidahauteur de reina que se evidenciaba en sus delicadas manos y en el elevado arco de su pie.

Los ojos de Gerty eran del azul irlandes mas azul, engastadas en relucientes pesta;as y en expresivas cejas oscuras. Pero la suprema gloria de Gerty era su riqueza de prodigiosa cabellera. Era castano oscuro con ondas naturales. Se había cortado las puntas esa misma mañana, porque era luna nueva, y le ondeaba en torno a su linda cabecita en profusion de abundantes rizos.

Levanto los ojos Gerty y prorrumpio en una risita alegre que tenia en si toda la frescura de una joven mañana de mayo.

El señor Bloom, con mano cuidadosa, volvio a poner en su sitio la camisa mojada. Ah, señor, esa diablillacojeante.

11. Puca Óg interpretará *Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls*.

Words and music by Harry B Norris

Down at Margate looking very charming you are sure to meet
Those girls, dear girls, those lovely seaside girls.
With sticks they steer and promenade the pier to give the boys a treat;
In piqué silks and lace, they tip you quite a playful wink.
It always is the case: you seldom stop to think.
You fall in love of course upon the spot,
But not with one girl, always with the lot...

Chorus: *Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls,
All dimples, smiles, and curls, your head it simply whirls!
They look all right, complexions pink and white;
They've diamond rings and dainty feet,
Golden hair from Regent Street,
Lace and grace and lots of face, those pretty little seaside girls.*



There's Maud and Clara, Gwendoline and Sarah — where *do* they come from?
Those girls, dear girls, those lovely seaside girls.
In bloomers smart they captivate the heart when cycling down the prom;
At wheels and heels and hose you must not look, 'tis understood,
But every Johnnie knows: it does the eyesight good.
The boys observe the latest thing in socks;
They learn the time by looking at the clocks*...

Chorus: *Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls,
All dimples, smiles, and curls, your head it simply whirls!
They look all right, complexions pink and white;
They've diamond rings and dainty feet,
Golden hair from Regent Street,
Lace and grace and lots of face, those pretty little seaside girls.*

When you go to do a little boating, just for fun you take
Those girls, dear girls, those lovely seaside girls.
They all say, "We so dearly love the sea!" Their way on board they make;
The wind begins to blow: each girl remarks, "How rough today!"
"It's lovely, don't you know!" and then they sneak away.
And as the yacht keeps rolling with the tide,
You'll notice, hanging o'er the vessel's side...

Chorus: *Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls,
All dimples, smiles, and curls — your head it simply whirls!
They look a sight, complexions green and white;
Their hats fly off, and at your feet
Falls golden hair from Regent Street,
Rouge and puffs slip down the cuffs, of pretty little seaside girls.*

12. Pilar Pastor (Bloomsday Society) leerá el pasaje final del soliloquio de Molly Bloom.

(...) 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.

13. Puca Óg interpretará *Love's old sweet song*.

Music by J.L. Molloy; words by G. Clifton Bingham

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

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

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more.



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

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

14. Mal Murphy (Bloomsday Society) leerá la primera página de *Finnegans Wake*.

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 ronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooohooordenenthurnuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself promptly sends an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes: and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since devlinsfirst loved livvy.

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin fishy-gods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Ualu Ualu Ualu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verdons catapelting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie Head. Assiegates and boomerangstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear! Sanglorians, save! Arms apeal with larms, appalling. Killykillkilly: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegotetabsolvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the duskt the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and body!) how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But was iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers? The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.



Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's mauerer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofarback for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of mooses, the very water was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edifices in Toper's Thorp piled building supra building pon the banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annie ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds tuck up your part inher. Oftwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularly fondseed, like Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by multiplicables the alltitude and malltitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the liquor wheretwin 'twas born, his roundhead staple of other days to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygrantit!), a waalworth of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoyth entowerly, erigenating from next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchitectitipitoploftical, with a burning bush abob off its baubletop and with larrons o'toolers clittering up and tombles a'buckets clottering down.

15. *Puca Óg interpretará In Old Madrid*

Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by H. Trotere.

Long years ago, in old Madrid.
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar.
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid,
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own start
There on the casement ledge When day was o'er,
A tiny hand was lightly laid:
A face look'd out, as from the river shore
There stole a tender serenade!
Rung the lover's happy song,
Light and low, from shore to shore,
But ah! the river flow'd along
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing,
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

Far, far away from old Madrid
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain;
A convent veil those eyes hid.
And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain!
But still between the dusk and night, 'tis said,
Her white hand opens the lattice wide,
The faint sweet echo of that serenade



Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide!
Still she lists her lover's song,
Still he sings upon the shore.
Though flows a stream than all more strong
Between them evermore.
Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, love is sighing.
Come, for thee a heart is pining,
Here alone I wait for thee!

16. Clausura del acto.