



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de *Ulises* E5 (Lotófagos) y de *Finnegans Wake* (L1C3), de James Joyce

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

Miércoles, 27 de marzo de 2019



1. Ulysses (Lotus Eaters). Reader: Bill Dixon.

By lorries along sir John Rogerson's quay Mr Bloom walked soberly, past Windmill lane, Leask's the linseed crusher, the postal telegraph office. Could have given that address too. And past the sailors' home. He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and walked through Lime street. By Brady's cottages a boy for the skins lolled, his bucket of offal linked, smoking a chewed fagbutt. A smaller girl with scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him, listlessly holding her battered caskhoop. Tell him if he smokes he won't grow. O let him! His life isn't such a bed of roses. Waiting outside pubs to bring da home. Come home to ma, da. Slack hour: won't be many there. He crossed Townsend street, passed the frowning face of Bethel. El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth. And past Nichols' the undertaker. At eleven it is. Time enough. Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged the job for O'Neill's. Singing with his eyes shut. Corny. Met her once in the park. In the dark. What a lark. Police tout. Her name and address she then told with my tooraloom tooraloom tay. O, surely he bagged it. Bury him cheap in a whatyoumaycall. With my tooraloom, tooraloom, tooraloom, tooraloom.

In Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company and read the legends of leadpapered packets: choice blend, finest quality, family tea. Rather warm. Tea. Must get some from Tom Kernan. Couldn't ask him at a funeral, though. While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair. Very warm morning. Under their dropped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high grade ha. Just there. His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket.

So warm. His right hand once more more slowly went over his brow and hair. Then he put on his hat again, relieved: and read again: choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands. The far east. Lovely spot it must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves to float about on, cactuses, flowery meads, snaky lianas they call them. Wonder is it like that. Those Cinghalese lobbing about in the sun in *dolce far niente*, not doing a hand's turn all day. Sleep six months out of twelve. Too hot to quarrel. Influence of the climate. Lethargy. Flowers of idleness. The air feeds most. Azotes. Hothouse in Botanic gardens. Sensitive plants. Waterlilies. Petals too tired to. Sleeping sickness in the air. Walk on roseleaves. Imagine trying to eat tripe and cowheel. Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere? Ah yes, in the dead sea floating on his back, reading a book with a parasol open. Couldn't sink if you tried: so thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of the what? Or is it the volume is equal to the weight? It's a law something like that. Vance in High school cracking his fingerjoints, teaching. The college curriculum. Cracking curriculum. What is weight really when you say the weight? Thirtytwo feet per second per second. Law of falling bodies: per second per second. They all fall to the ground. The earth. It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight.

He turned away and sauntered across the road. How did she walk with her sausages? Like that something. As he walked he took the folded *Freeman* from his sidepocket, unfolded it, rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg. Careless air: just drop in to see. Per second per second. Per second for every second it means.



From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of the postoffice. Too late box. Post here. No-one. In.

He handed the card through the brass grill.

—Are there any letters for me? he asked.

While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the recruiting poster with soldiers of all arms on parade: and held the tip of his baton against his nostrils, smelling freshprinted rag paper. No answer probably. Went too far last time.

The postmistress handed him back through the grill his card with a letter. He thanked her and glanced rapidly at the typed envelope.

Henry Flower Esq,
c/o P. O. Westland Row,
City.

Answered anyhow. He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket, reviewing again the soldiers on parade. Where's old Tweedy's regiment? Castoff soldier. There: bearskin cap and hackle plume. No, he's a grenadier. Pointed cuffs. There he is: royal Dublin fusiliers. Redcoats. Too showy. That must be why the women go after them. Uniform. Easier to enlist and drill. Maud Gonne's letter about taking them off O'Connell street at night: disgrace to our Irish capital. Griffith's paper is on the same tack now: an army rotten with venereal disease: overseas or halfseasover empire. Half baked they look: hypnotised like. Eyes front. Mark time. Table: able. Bed: ed. The King's own. Never see him dressed up as a fireman or a bobby. A mason, yes.

He strolled out of the postoffice and turned to the right. Talk: as if that would mend matters. His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger felt its way under the flap of the envelope, ripping it open in jerks. Women will pay a lot of heed, I don't think. His fingers drew forth the letter the letter and crumpled the envelope in his pocket. Something pinned on: photo perhaps. Hair? No.

M'Coy. Get rid of him quickly. Take me out of my way. Hate company when you.

—Hello, Bloom. Where are you off to?

—Hello, M'Coy. Nowhere in particular.

—How's the body?

—Fine. How are you?

—Just keeping alive, M'Coy said.

His eyes on the black tie and clothes he asked with low respect:

—Is there any... no trouble I hope? I see you're...

—O, no, Mr Bloom said. Poor Dignam, you know. The funeral is today.

—To be sure, poor fellow. So it is. What time?

A photo it isn't. A badge maybe.

—E...eleven, Mr Bloom answered.

—I must try to get out there, M'Coy said. Eleven, is it? I only heard it last night. Who was telling me? Holohan. You know Hoppy?

—I know.



Mr Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn up before the door of the Grosvenor. The porter hoisted the valise up on the well. She stood still, waiting, while the man, husband, brother, like her, searched his pockets for change. Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar, warm for a day like this, looks like blanketcloth. Careless stand of her with her hands in those patch pockets. Like that haughty creature at the polo match. Women all for caste till you touch the spot. Handsome is and handsome does. Reserved about to yield. The honourable Mrs and Brutus is an honourable man. Possess her once take the starch out of her.

—I was with Bob Doran, he's on one of his periodical bends, and what do you call him Bantam Lyons. Just down there in Conway's we were.

Doran Lyons in Conway's. She raised a gloved hand to her hair. In came Hoppy. Having a wet. Drawing back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids he saw the bright fawn skin shine in the glare, the braided drums. Clearly I can see today. Moisture about gives long sight perhaps. Talking of one thing or another. Lady's hand. Which side will she get up?

—And he said: *Sad thing about our poor friend Paddy! What Paddy?* I said. *Poor little Paddy Dignam*, he said.

Off to the country: Broadstone probably. High brown boots with laces dangling. Wellturned foot. What is he foostering over that change for? Sees me looking. Eye out for other fellow always. Good fallback. Two strings to her bow.

—*Why?* I said. *What's wrong with him?* I said.

Proud: rich: silk stockings.

—Yes, Mr Bloom said.

He moved a little to the side of M'Coy's talking head. Getting up in a minute.

—*What's wrong with him?* He said. *He's dead*, he said. And, faith, he filled up. *Is it Paddy Dignam?* I said. I couldn't believe it when I heard it. I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was it in the Arch. *Yes*, he said. *He's gone. He died on Monday, poor fellow.*

Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!

A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between.

Lost it. Curse your noisy pugnose. Feels locked out of it. Paradise and the peri. Always happening like that. The very moment. Girl in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter. Her friend covering the display of. *Esprit de corps*. Well, what are you gaping at?

—Yes, yes, Mr Bloom said after a dull sigh. Another gone.

—One of the best, M'Coy said.

The tram passed. They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge, her rich gloved hand on the steel grip. Flicker, flicker: the laceflare of her hat in the sun: flicker, flick.

—Wife well, I suppose? M'Coy's changed voice said.

—O, yes, Mr Bloom said. Tiptop, thanks.

He unrolled the newspaper baton idly and read idly:

What is home without
Plumtree's Potted Meat?
Incomplete.
With it an abode of bliss.



2. Ulises (Lotófagos). Lectora: María Paz González.

–Mi señora acaba de conseguir un contrato. De todas formas aún no está formalizado.

El cuento de la maleta otra vez. Por cierto sin ofender. No entro en ese juego, gracias.

Mr. Bloom desvió los ojos de grandes párpados con acompasada cordialidad.

–Mi mujer también, dijo. Va a cantar para un asunto de postín en el Ulster Hall, en Belfast, el veinticinco.

–¿Ah, sí? dijo M'Coy. Me alegro de oírlo, viejo. ¿Quién monta el tinglado?

Mrs. Marion Bloom. Aún no levantada. La reina estaba en su dormitorio comiendo pan con. Ningún libro. Ennegrecidas cartas de figuras yacían a lo largo del muslo de siete en siete. Mujer morena y hombre rubio. Carta. Gato ovillo peluso negro. Trozo roto de sobre.

Vieja.

Y.

Dulie.

Canción.

De.

Amooooor... .

–Es una especie de gira ¿comprende? dijo Mr. Bloom pensativamente. Duulce canción. Se ha formado una comisión. A partes iguales en gastos y beneficios.

M'Coy asintió, tirándose del rastrojo del bigote.

–Vaya, vaya, dijo. Ésas son buenas noticias.

Se movió como para irse.

–Bueno, me alegro de verle tan bien, dijo. Nos veremos por ahí.

–Sí, dijo Mr. Bloom.

–Una cosa, dijo M'Coy. Podría firmar por mí en el entierro ¿por favor? Me gustaría ir pero puede ser que no pueda, sabe. Ha habido un ahogado en Sandycove que podría aparecer y entonces tendríamos que ir el juez de instrucción y yo si se encuentra el cuerpo. Tan sólo ponga mi nombre si no estoy allí ¿podría ser?

–Así lo haré, dijo Mr. Bloom, moviéndose como para irse. Está bien.



—De acuerdo, dijo M'Coy animado. Gracias, viejo. Iría si pudiera. Bueno. Chipén. Con sólo poner C. P. M'Coy será bastante.

—Se hará, contestó Mr. Bloom con firmeza.

No me ha cogido en babia ese truco. El sablazo rápido. Presa fácil. Qué más quisiera. Maleta con la que estoy encariñado. Piel. Angulos reforzados, bordes con remaches, cerradura de palanca con mecanismo reforzado. Bob Cowley le prestó la suya para el concierto de la regata de Wicklow el año pasado y hasta ahora.

Mr. Bloom, andando lentamente hacia Brunswick Street, sonrió. Mi señora acaba de conseguir un. Pecosa soprano atiplada. Con una nariz de tacaña. Bastante buena a su manera: para una balada corta. No le echa coraje. Usted y yo, qué le parece: en igual barca. Sobalomos. Como para un ataque de nervios. ¿Es que no nota la diferencia? Creo que le tira por ahí. Contra mi forma de ser de alguna manera. Pensó que Belfast lo iría a buscar. Espero que esa viruela de por allá no vaya a más. Supón que no se deja vacunar de nuevo. Su mujer y mi mujer.

A saber si me vendrá de echacuervos.

Mr. Bloom se paró en la esquina, los ojos errando por las vallas publicitarias multicolores. Soda Cantrell y Cochrane (Aromática). Rebajas de verano en Clery. No, sigue recto. Caramba. Leah esta noche. Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Me gustaría verla otra vez en ese papel. A Hamlet representó anoche. Hacía de hombre. Quizá fuera él una mujer. Por eso Ofelia se suicida. ¡Pobre papá! ¡Cómo solía hablar de Kate Bateman en ese papel! A la entrada del Adelphi en Londres esperó toda la tarde para poder entrar. El año antes de nacer yo fue eso: sesentaicinco. Y Riston en Viena. ¿Cómo se llama exactamente? De Mosenthal es. ¿Rachel no es así? No. La escena de la que siempre hablaba cuando el viejo Abraham ciego reconoce la voz y lleva los dedos a la cara.

¡La voz de Natán! ¡La voz de su hijo! Oigo la voz de Natán que abandonó a su padre para morir de dolor y miseria en mis brazos, que abandonó la casa de su padre y abandonó al Dios de su padre.

Cada palabra es tan profunda, Leopold.

¡Pobre papá! ¡Pobre hombre! Me alegro de no haber entrado en la habitación a mirarle la cara. ¡Aquel día! ¡Dios mío! ¡Dios mío! ¡Fu! Bueno, quizá fuera lo mejor para él.

Mr. Bloom dobló la esquina y pasó por los cabizbajos pencos de la parada de coches. Inútil pensar más en ello. Hora del morral. Ojalá no me hubiera encontrado con ese M'Coy.

Se acercó más y oyó el roncar de avena dorada, los dientes que tascaban suavemente. Grandes ojos de buco le observaron al pasar, envuelto en las emanaciones de avena dulce del meado de caballo. Su Eldorado. ¡Pobres bobalicones! Maldito lo que saben o de lo que se preocupan con sus largas narices metidas en los morrales. Demasiado llenos para palabras. Aun así bien que consiguen comida y catre. Capados también: especie de muñón de gutapercha negra



meneándose lacio entre las ancas. Puede que sean felices así de todas maneras. Buenas bestias parecen. Aun así su relincho puede ser muy irritante.

Sacó la carta del bolsillo y la dobló con el periódico que llevaba. Puedo tropezarme con ella por aquí. El callejón es más seguro.

Pasó el albergue del cochero. Curiosa la vida de estos carreros sin rumbo. Haga frío o calor, en todas partes, a cualquier hora y a cualquier sitio, sin voluntad propia. Voglio e non. Gusta invitarles a un cigarrillo de vez en cuando. Sociables. Vocean unas cuantas sílabas veloces al pasar. Tararéó:

Liá ci darem la mano
la la lata la la.

Dobló la esquina de Cumberland Street y, prosiguiendo unos pasos, se detuvo al amparo de la pared de la estación. Nadie. El almacén de madera de Meade. Vigas apiladas. Ruinas y casas de vecinos. Con paso cuidadoso pasó por encima del dibujo de un juego de rayuela con su roblón olvidado. Quien pisa raya, pisa medalla. Cerca del almacén de maderas un niño en cucullas jugaba a las canicas, solo, disparando la bola con pulgar habilidoso. Una gata sabia atigrada, esfinge parpadearte, miraba desde su cálido alféizar. Lástima molestarlos. Mahoma se cortó un trozo de la capa para no despertarla. Ábrela. Y en tiempos yo jugaba a las canicas cuando iba a la escuela de aquella vieja dama. Le gustaba la reseda. De Mrs. Ellis. ¿Y Mr.? Abrió la carta dentro del periódico.

Una flor. Creo que es una. Una flor amarilla con los pétalos prensados. ¿No está molesta pues? ¿Qué dice?

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

Dear Henry

I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it. I am sorry you did not like my last letter. Why did you enclose the stamps? I am awfully angry with you. I do wish I could punish you for that. I called you naughty boy because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word? Are you not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy? I do wish I could do something for you. Please tell me what you think of poor me. I often think of the beautiful name you have. Dear Henry, when will we meet? I think of you so often you have no idea. I have never felt myself so much drawn to a man as you. I feel so bad about. Please write me a long letter and tell me more. Remember if you do not I will punish you. So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not wrote. O how I long to meet you. Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted. Then I will tell you all. Goodbye now, naughty darling, I have such a bad headache. today. and write *by return* to your longing

Martha

P. S. Do tell me what kind of perfume does your wife use. I want to know.



He tore the flower gravely from its pinhold smelt its almost no smell and placed it in his heart pocket. Language of flowers. They like it because no-one can hear. Or a poison bouquet to strike him down. Then walking slowly forward he read the letter again, murmuring here and there a word. Angry tulips with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume. Having read it all he took it from the newspaper and put it back in his sidepocket.

Weak joy opened his lips. Changed since the first letter. Wonder did she wrote it herself. Doing the indignant: a girl of good family like me, respectable character. Could meet one Sunday after the rosary. Thank you: not having any. Usual love scrimmage. Then running round corners. Bad as a row with Molly. Cigar has a cooling effect. Narcotic. Go further next time. Naughty boy: punish: afraid of words, of course. Brutal, why not? Try it anyhow. A bit at a time.

Fingering still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it. Common pin, eh? He threw it on the road. Out of her clothes somewhere: pinned together. Queer the number of pins they always have. No roses without thorns.

Flat Dublin voices bawled in his head. Those two sluts that night in the Coombe, linked together in the rain.

O, Mairy lost the pin of her drawers.
 She didn't know what to do
 To keep it up.
 To keep it up.

It? Them. Such a bad headache. Has her roses probably. Or sitting all day typing. Eyefocus bad for stomach nerves. What perfume does your wife use. Now could you make out a thing like that?

To keep it up.

Martha, Mary. I saw that picture somewhere I forget now old master or faked for money. He is sitting in their house, talking. Mysterious. Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen.

To keep it up.

Nice kind of evening feeling. No more wandering about. Just loll there: quiet dusk: let everything rip. Forget. Tell about places you have been, strange customs. The other one, jar on her head, was getting the supper: fruit, olives, lovely cool water out of a well, stonecold like the hole in the wall at Ashtown. Must carry a paper goblet next time I go to the trottingmatches. She listens with big dark soft eyes. Tell her: more and more: all. Then a sigh: silence. Long long long rest.

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter, then all sank.

Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a million in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still the other brother lord Ardilaun has to



change his shirt four times a day, they say. Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter.

What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same.

An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth.

He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar.

Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S. J. on saint Peter Claver S. J. and the African Mission. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was almost unconscious. The protestants are the same. Convert Dr William J. Walsh D.D. to the true religion. Save China's millions. Wonder how they explain it to the heathen Chinese. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank heresy for them. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy with hand under his cheek. Josssticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguishedlooking. Sorry I didn't work him about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose.

The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere.

4. Ulises (Lotófagos). Lectoras: Elena Cacedo & Pilar Pastor

El frío olor de la piedra sagrada lo llamaba. Pisó los escalones desgastados, empujó la puerta batiente y entró silenciosamente desde atrás.

Se está celebrando algo: alguna cofradía. Lástima tan vacía. Buen lugar discreto para estar junto a una chica. ¿Quién es mi prójima? Abarrotado a todas horas al son de música lenta. Aquella mujer en la misa de medianoche. Séptimo cielo. Mujeres arrodilladas en los bancos con roncales carmesíes al cuello, las cabezas inclinadas. Un grupo arrodillado ante el comulgatorio. El sacerdote pasaba ante ellas, murmurando, sosteniendo la cosa en las manos. Se paraba con cada una, sacaba una comunión, sacudía una o dos gotas (¿estarán en agua?) y la ponía meticulosamente en la boca de ella. El sombrero y la cabeza se hundían. Luego la siguiente. El sombrero se hundía al momento. Luego la siguiente: una vieja menuda. El sacerdote se inclinó para ponérsela en la boca, murmurando continuamente. Latín. La siguiente. Cierra los ojos y abre la boca. ¿Qué? Corpus: cuerpo. Cadáver. Buena idea lo del latín. Las atonta primero. Hospicio para los moribundos. No parece que la mastiquen: sólo se la tragan. Curiosa idea: comerse pizcas de un cadáver. Por eso los caníbales le cogen el gusto a eso.



Se echó a un lado observando sus ciegas máscaras pasando por el crucero, una a una, buscando sus sitios. Se acercó a un banco y se sentó en la esquina, el sombrero y el periódico en el regazo. Las ollas que tenemos que llevar. Deberíamos tener sombreros hechos a semejanza de nuestras cabezas. Estaban a su alrededor aquí y allá, con las cabezas aún inclinadas y sus ronzales carmesí, esperando que se les derritiera en el estómago. Algo parecido a los mazzoth: es esa clase de pan: pan ácimo. Míralas. Y me apuesto que les hace sentirse felices. Pirulí. Seguro que sí. Sí, pan de los ángeles lo llaman. Hay una gran idea tras ello, especie de reino de Dios dentro de ti que sientes. Primeros comulgantes. Barquillos uno por un penique. Luego todos se sienten como miembros de una misma familia, igual que en el teatro, todos en el mismo barco. De verdad. Estoy seguro de ello. No están tan solos. En nuestra confraternidad. Luego salen una pizza achispados. Vía de escape. La cosa es si de verdad crees en ello. Curas en Lourdes, aguas del perdón, y la aparición de Knock, estatuas que sangran. Viejo dormido cerca de ese confesionario. De ahí esos ronquidos. Fe ciega. Seguro en los brazos de a nosotros tu reino. Adormece todas las penas. Despertar el año que viene por estas fechas.

Vio al sacerdote guardar el copón, bien adentro, y arrodillarse un instante ante él, mostrando una gran suela gris de bota por debajo de las cosas de encaje que llevaba puestas. Supongamos que pierde el alfiler de las. No sabría qué hacer para. Redondelito calvo detrás. Letras en la espalda. ¿I.N.R.I.? No: I.H.S. Molly me lo explicó una vez que se lo pregunté. Jesús he pecado: o no: Jesús he sufrido, quiere decir. ¿Y lo otro? Imprecaron al nazareno con recios insultos.

Vemos un domingo después del rosario. No rechaces mi ruego. Aparecería con un velo y bolso negro. Oscurecer y la luz detrás de ella. Puede que esté aquí con una cinta al cuello y haga lo otro como si tal cosa con disimulo. Su naturaleza. Aquel tipo que delató a sus cómplices los invencibles era de, Carey se llamaba, de comunión diaria. Esta misma iglesia. Pedro Carey, sí. No, en Pedro Claver estoy pensando. Denis Carey. Imagínate. Mujer y seis hijos en casa. Y maquinando aquel asesinato todo el tiempo. Esos tragasantos, ahora que lo pienso ése es un buen nombre para ellos, hay algo de mirada esquiva en ellos. No son rectos en los negocios tampoco. No, no, no está aquí: la flor: no, no. Por cierto ¿he roto ese sobre? Sí: bajo el puente.

El sacerdote enjuagaba el cáliz: luego lo apuró de un trago de golpe. Vino. Lo hace más aristocrático que si bebiera por ejemplo lo que acostumbran cerveza negra Guinness o algún bebestiario sin alcohol biter de lúpulo dublinés de Wheatley o soda Cantrell y Cochrane (aromática). No les dan nada de eso: vino Kasher: sólo lo otro. Mal consuelo. Mentira piadosa pero muy aconsejable: si no tendrían ajumado a cuál peor pasándose por aquí a mendigar una copa. Raro todo este ambiente de. Muy bien. Pero que muy bien que está.

Mr. Bloom miró para detrás hacia el coro. No va a haber música. Lástima. ¿Quién lleva lo del órgano aquí me pregunto? El viejo Glynn ése sí que sabía hacerle hablar a ese instrumento, el vibrato: cincuenta libras al año dicen que cobraba en Gardiner Street. A Molly le salió una voz preciosa aquel día, el Stabat Mater de Rossini. El sermón del Padre Bemard Vaughan primero. ¿Cristo o Pilatos? Cristo, pero no nos tengas toda la noche con lo mismo. Música es lo que querían. El ruido de pies cesó. Se podía oír el volar de una mosca. Le dije que modulara la voz hacia aquel rincón. Sentía la emoción en el ambiente, el lleno, la gente mirando hacia arriba:



Quis est homo.

Algunas de esas viejas piezas de música sacra espléndidas. Mercadante: las siete palabras. La duodécima misa de Mozart: ese Gloria. Aquellos antiguos papas entusiastas de la música, del arte y las estatuas y los cuadros de todos los tipos. Palestrina por ejemplo también. Se lo pasaron pero que muy bien mientras duró. Saludable también, salmodiando, horas regulares, luego elaboraban licores. Benedictine. Green Chartreuse. Aun así, esto de tener eunucos en el coro eso era pasarse. ¿Qué clase de voz es ésa? Debe de ser curioso oírlos tras sus propios bajos potentes. Entendidos. Supongo que no sentirían nada después. Algo así como una calma. Sin preocupaciones. Entrar en carnes ¿no es así? Glotones, altos, piernas largas. ¿Quién sabe? Eunucos. Una forma de solucionarlo.

Vio al sacerdote inclinarse y besar el altar y luego darse media vuelta y bendecir a toda la concurrencia. Todos se santiguaron y se pusieron de pie. Mr. Bloom echó un vistazo a su alrededor y luego se puso de pie, mirando por encima de los sombreros elevados. De pie en el evangelio claro está. Luego todos se volvieron a arrodillar y él se repantigó quedadamente en el banco. El sacerdote bajó del altar, sosteniendo ese chisme hacia delante, y él y el monaguillo se contestaron el uno al otro en latín. Luego el sacerdote se arrodilló y comenzó a leer de una tarjeta:

—Oh Dios, refugio y fortaleza nuestra

Mr. Bloom adelantó la cara para coger las palabras. Inglés. Tirarles el hueso. Recuerdo algo vagamente. ¿Cuánto tiempo hace de tu última misa? Gloriosa e inmaculada virgen. José, su esposo. Pedro y Pablo. Más interesante si entendieras de lo que va. Magnífica organización ciertamente, marcha como un reloj. Confesión. Todo el mundo necesita. Entonces se lo diré todo. Penitencia. Castígueme, por favor. Excelente arma en sus manos. Mejor que la del médico o abogado. Mujer que se muere por. Y yo bsbsbsbsbsbs. ¿Y ha shashashashasha? ¿Y por qué hiciste? Mira el anillo buscando una excusa. Las paredes de la susurrante galería tienen oídos. Marido se enteraría para su mayor sorpresa. Bromilla de Dios. Luego ahí sale ella. Arrepentimiento a flor de piel. Vergüenza encantadora. Orar ante un altar. Ave María y Santa María. Flores, incienso, velas que se derriten. Ocultar sus sonrojos. El ejército de salvación una burda imitación. Prostituta arrepentida se dirigirá a la asamblea. Cómo encontré al Señor. Buen caletre deben tener esos tipos de Roma: dirigen todo el cotarro. ¿Y no barren el dinero para casa también? Legados además: al C.P. con el tiempo confiando en absoluta discreción. Misas por el descanso de mi alma ofrecerán públicamente a puertas abiertas. Monasterios y conventos. El sacerdote en aquel caso de testamento de Fermanagh como testigo. No había manera de acoquinarlo. Tenía la respuesta lista para todo. Libertad y exaltación de nuestra santa madre iglesia. Los doctores de la iglesia: fraguaron bien toda la teología.

El sacerdote oró:

—Bienaventurado Arcángel San Miguel, defiéndenos en la hora de la lucha. Sé nuestro guía ante la maldad y los engaños del demonio (¡que Dios le domine, humildemente lo pedimos!); y tú, oh príncipe de los ejércitos celestiales, por la gloria de Dios arroja a Satán a los infiernos y con él a todos los otros espíritus malignos que vagan por el mundo para la perdición de las almas.



El sacerdote y el monaguillo se pusieron de pie y se marcharon. Se acabó. Las mujeres quedaron atrás: en acción de gracias.

Será mejor que me largue. Hermano Blablá. Podrían venir a pasar el platillo quizá. Cumplir el precepto pascual.

Se puso de pie. Caramba. ¿Han estado esos dos botones del chaleco desabrochados todo el tiempo? A las mujeres les encanta. Nunca te lo dicen. Pero nosotros. Perdón, señorita, es que tiene una (iuf?) es sólo una (iuf?) pelusa. O la falda por detrás, el corchete desabrochado. Fulgores de la luna. Se molestan si no. Por qué no me lo ha dicho antes. Aun así les gustas más desaliñado. Menos mal que no era más al sur. Salió, abrochándose discretamente, por el crucero y a través de la puerta principal a la luz. Estuvo un momento sin ver al lado de la pila de frío mármol negro mientras que delante de él y detrás dos devotas mojaban manos furtivas en la bajamar del agua bendita.

5. Ulysses (Lotus Eaters). Reader: Mal Murphy.

Trams: a car of Prescott's dyeworks: a widow in her weeds. Notice because I'm in mourning myself. He covered himself. How goes the time? Quarter past. Time enough yet. Better get that lotion made up. Where is this? Ah yes, the last time. Sweny's in Lincoln place. Chemists rarely move. Their green and gold beaconjars too heavy to stir. Hamilton Long's, founded in the year of the flood. Huguenot churchyard near there. Visit some day.

He walked southward along Westland row. But the recipe is in the other trousers. O, and I forgot that latchkey too. Bore this funeral affair. O well, poor fellow, it's not his fault. When was it I got it made up last? Wait. I changed a sovereign I remember. First of the month it must have been or the second. O, he can look it up in the prescriptions book.

The chemist turned back page after page. Sandy shrivelled smell he seems to have. Shrunken skull. And old. Quest for the philosopher's stone. The alchemists. Drugs age you after mental excitement. Lethargy then. Why? Reaction. A lifetime in a night. Gradually changes your character. Living all the day among herbs, ointments, disinfectants. All his alabaster lily pots. Mortar and pestle. Aq. Dist. Fol. Laur. Te Virid. Smell almost cure you like the dentist's doorbell. Doctor Whack. He ought to physic himself a bit. Electuary or emulsion. The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck. Simples. Want to be careful. Enough stuff here to chloroform you. Test: turns blue litmus paper red. Chloroform. Overdose of laudanum. Sleeping draughts. Lovephiltres. Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough. Clogs the pores or the phlegm. Poisons the only cures. Remedy where you least expect it. Clever of nature.

—About a fortnight ago, sir?

—Yes, Mr Bloom said.

He waited by the counter, inhaling slowly the keen reek of drugs, the dusty dry smell of sponges and loofahs. Lot of time taken up telling your aches and pains.

—Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin, Mr Bloom said, and then orangeflower water...

It certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax.

—And white wax also, he said.



Brings out the darkness of her eyes. Looking at me, the sheet up to her eyes, Spanish, smelling herself, when I was fixing the links in my cuffs. Those homely recipes are often the best: strawberries for the teeth: nettles and rainwater: oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk. Skinfood. One of the old queen's sons, duke of Albany was it? had only one skin. Leopold, yes. Three we have. Warts, bunions and pimples to make it worse. But you want a perfume too. What perfume does *you*? *Peau d'Espagne*. That orangeflower water is so fresh. Nice smell these soaps have. Pure curd soap. Time to get a bath round the corner. Hammam. Turkish. Massage. Dirt gets rolled up in your navel. Nicer if a nice girl did it. Also I think I. Yes I. Do it in the bath. Curious longing I. Water to water. Combine business with pleasure. Pity no time for massage. Feel fresh then all the day. Funeral be rather glum.

—Yes, sir, the chemist said. That was two and nine. Have you brought a bottle?

—No, Mr Bloom said. Make it up, please. I'll call later in the day and I'll take one of these soaps. How much are they?

—Fourpence, sir.

Mr Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils. Sweet lemony wax.

—I'll take this one, he said. That makes three and a penny.

—Yes, sir, the chemist said. You can pay all together, sir, when you come back.

—Good, Mr Bloom said.

He strolled out of the shop, the newspaper baton under his armpit, the coolwrapped soap in his left hand.

At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said:

—Hello, Bloom. What's the best news? Is that today's? Show us a minute.

Shaved off his moustache again, by Jove! Long cold upper lip. To look younger. He does look balmy. Younger than I am.

Bantam Lyons's yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the baton. Wants a wash too. Take off the rough dirt. Good morning, have you used Pears' soap? Dandruff on his shoulders. Scalp wants oiling.

—I want to see about that French horse that's running today, Bantam Lyons said. Where the bugger is it?

He rustled the pleated pages, jerking his chin on his high collar. Barber's itch. Tight collar he'll lose his hair. Better leave him the paper and get shut of him.

—You can keep it, Mr Bloom said.

—Ascot. Gold cup. Wait, Bantam Lyons muttered. Half a mo. Maximum the second.

—I was just going to throw it away, Mr Bloom said.

Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly and leered weakly.

—What's that? his sharp voice said.

—I say you can keep it, Mr Bloom answered. I was going to throw it away that moment.

Bantam Lyons doubted an instant, leering: then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr Bloom's arms.

—I'll risk it, he said. Here, thanks.

He sped off towards Conway's corner. God speed scut.



Mr Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square and lodged the soap in it, smiling. Silly lips of that chap. Betting. Regular hotbed of it lately. Messenger boys stealing to put on sixpence. Raffle for large tender turkey. Your Christmas dinner for threepence. Jack Fleming embezzling to gamble then smuggled off to America. Keeps a hotel now. They never come back. Fleshpots of Egypt.

He walked cheerfully towards the mosque of the baths. Remind you of a mosque, redbaked bricks, the minarets. College sports today I see. He eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of college park: cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot. Damn bad ad. Now if they had made it round like a wheel. Then the spokes: sports, sports, sports: and the hub big: college. Something to catch the eye.

There's Hornblower standing at the porter's lodge. Keep him on hands: might take a turn in there on the nod. How do you do, Mr Hornblower? How do you do, sir?

Heavenly weather really. If life was always like that. Cricket weather. Sit around under sunshades. Over after over. Out. They can't play it here. Duck for six wickets. Still Captain Culler broke a window in the Kildare street club with a slog to square leg. Donnybrook fair more in their line. And the skulls we were acracking when M'Carthy took the floor. Heatwave. Won't last. Always passing, the stream of life, which in the stream of life we trace is dearer than them all.

Enjoy a bath now: clean trough of water, cool enamel, the gentle tepid stream. This is my body.

He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. He saw his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow: his navel, bud of flesh: and saw the dark tangled curls of his bush floating, floating hair of the stream around the limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower.

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

Be these meer marchant taylor's fablings of a race referend with oddman rex? Is now all seenheard then forgotten? Can it was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that so diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned and partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we trow, beyessed to and denayed of, are given to us by some who use the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to sorrow for their pricking pens on that account. The seventh city, Urovivla, his citadear of refuge, whither (would we believe the laimen and their counts), beyond the outraved gales of Atreatic, changing clues with a baggermalster, the hejirite had fled, silentioussuemeant under night's altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave, (be mercy, Mara! A he whence Rahoulas!) from the ostmen's dirtby on the old vic, to forget in expiating manslaughter and, reberthing in remarriment out of dead seekness to devine providence, (if you are looking for the bilder deep your ear on the movietone!) to league his lot, palm and patte, with a papishee. For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee halter. The wastobe land, a lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emeraldilluim, the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment with promise his days apostolic were to be long by the abundant mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured, would rise against him with all which in them were, franchisables and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotshpilots, do



him hurt, poor jink, ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse for them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption-of-an holy nation, the common or ereingarden castaway, in red resurrection to condemn so they might convince him, first pharoah, Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Business bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most occasions the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the horrors of the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)

We seem to us (the real Us!) to be reading our Amenti in the sixth sealed chapter of the going forth by black. It was after the show at Wednesbury that one tall man, humping a suspicious parcel, when returning late amid a dense particular on his home way from the second house of the Boore and Burgess Christy Menestrels by the old spot, Roy's Corner, had a barkiss revolver placed to his faced with the words: you're shot, major: by an unknowable assailant (masked) against whom he had been jealous over, Lotta Crabtree or Pomona Evlyn. More than that Whenn the Waylayer (not a Lucalizod diocesan or even of the Glendalough see, but hailing fro' the prow of Little Britain), mentioning in a bytheway that he, the crawsopper, had, in edition to Reade's cutless centiblade, a loaded Hobson's which left only twin alternatives as, viceversa, either he would surely shoot her, the aunt, by pistol, (she could be okaysure of that!) or, failing of such, bash in Patch's blank face beyond recognition, pointedly asked with gaeilish gall wodkar blizzard's business Thornton had with that Kane's fender only to be answered by the aggravated assaulted that that that was the snaps for him, Midweeks, to sultry well go and find out if he was showery well able. But how transparginly nontrue, gentlewriter! His feet one is not a tall man, not at all, man. No such parson. No such fender. No such lumber. No such race. Was it supposedly in connection with a girls, Myramy Huey or Colores Archer, under Flaggy Bridge (for ann there is but one liv and hir newbridge is her old) or to explode his twelvechamber and force a shrievalty entrance that the heavybuilt Abelbody in a butcherblue blouse from One Life One Suit (a men's wear store), with a most decisive bottle of single in his possession, seized after dark by the town guard at Haveyoucaught-emerod's temperance gateway was there in a gate's way.

Fifthly, how parasoliloquisingly truetoned on his first time of hearing the wretch's statement that, muttering Irish, he had had had o'gloriously a'lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree, the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in Ramitdown's ship hotel since the morning moment he could dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthefluthered up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow's bonnet a'top o'it, he falsetook for a cattlepillar with purest peaceablest intentions. Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudojocax aplanation how, according to his own story, he vas a process server and was merely trying to open zozimus a bottlop stoub by mortially hammering his *magnum bonum* (the curter the club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots about the swan, Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with nothing his hald barra tinnteack and came down with homp, shtemp and jumphet to the tiltyard from the wastes a'sleep in his obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the norse of guns playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Dulyln, said war' prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he'd wealthes in mormon halls when wokenp by a fourth loud snore out of his land of byelo while hickstrey's maws was grazing in the moonlight by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating from the blind pig and anything like it (oonagh!oonagh!) in the whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering babel allower the door and sideposts, he always



said, was not in the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of boose which would not rouse him out o' slumber deep but reminded him loads more of the martiallawsey marsed of foreign musikants' instrumongs or the overthrewer to the third last days of Pompery, if anything. And that after this most nooningless knockturn the young reine came down desperate and the old liffopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she cud be, ruining all the bouchers' schurts and the backers' wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejaneyjailey they were all night wasching the walters of, the weltering walters off. Whyte.



Just A Song At Twilight

By, Bill Dixon

Celtic Thunder

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

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

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,

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

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

Autores de la canción: Philip Michael Coulter

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