



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Exiles (Acto segundo)-Ulises E9 (Scylla and Charybdis) – Finnegans Wake (L1 E3)

Chris Dove, amenizará la velada

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

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The Brown and the Yellow Ale, by Chris Dove

Exiles

A Play in Three Acts

By James Joyce

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Characters

RICHARD ROWAN, a writer.

BERTHA.

ARCHIE, their son, aged eight years.

ROBERT HAND, journalis.

BEATRICE JUSTICE, his cousin, music teacher.

BRIGID and old servant of the Rowan family.

A FISHWOMAN.

At Merrion and Ranelagh suburbs of Dublin. Summer of the year 1912.

Readers: Bill Dixon (Narrator -Richard Rowan); Mal Murphy (Robert Hand); Kate Marriage (Bertha).

Second Act

A room in Robert Hand's cottage at Ranelagh. On the right, forward, a small black piano, on the rest of which is an open piece of music. Farther back a door leading to the street door. In the wall, at the back, folding doors, draped with dark curtains, leading to a bedroom. Near the piano a large table, on which is a tall oil lamp with a wide yellow shade. Chairs, upholstered, near this table. A small cardtable more forward. Against the back wall a bookcase. In the left wall, back, a window looking out into the garden, and, forward, a door and porch, also leading to the garden. Easychairs here and there. Plants in the porch and near the draped folding



doors. On the walls are many framed black and white designs. In the right corner, back, a sideboard; and in the centre of the room, left of the table, a group consisting of a standing Turkish pipe, a low oil stove, which is not lit, and a rocking-chair. It is the evening of the same day.

[ROBERT HAND, in evening dress, is seated at the piano. The candles are not lit but the lamp on the table is lit . He plays softly in the bass the first bars of Wolfram's song in the last act of 'Tannhäuser'. Then he breaks off and, resting an elbow on the ledge of the keyboard, meditates. Then he rises and, pulling out a pump from behind the piano, walks here and there in the room ejecting from it into the air sprays of perfume. He inhales the air slowly and then puts the pump back behind the piano. He sits down on a chair near the table and, smoothing his hair carefully, sighs once or twice. Then, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, he leans back, stretches out his legs, and waits. A knock is heard at the street door. He rises quickly.]

ROBERT.

[Exclaims.] Bertha!

[He hurries out by the door on the right. There is a noise of confused greeting. After a few moments ROBERT enters, followed by RICHARD ROWAN, who is in grey tweeds as before but holds in one hand a dark felt hat and in the other an umbrella.]

ROBERT.

First of all let me put these outside.

[He takes the hat and umbrella, leaves them in the hall and returns.]

ROBERT.

[Pulling round a chair.] Here you are. You are lucky to find me in. Why didn't you tell me today? You were always a devil for surprises. I suppose my evocation of the past was too much for your wild blood. See how artistic I have become. [He points to the walls.] The piano is an addition since your time. I was just strumming out Wagner when you came. Killing time. You see I am ready for the fray. [Laughs.] I was just wondering how you and the vicechancellor were getting on together. [With exaggerated alarm.] But are you going in that suit? O well, it doesn't make much odds, I suppose. But how goes the time? [He takes out his watch.] Twenty past eight already, I declare!

RICHARD.

Have you an appointment?

ROBERT.

[Laughs nervously.] Suspicious to the last!

RICHARD.

Then I may sit down?

ROBERT.

Of course, of course. [They both sit down.] For a few minutes, anyhow. Then we can both go on together. We are not bound for time. Between eight and nine, he said, didn't he? What time is it, I wonder? [Is about to look again at his watch; then stops.] Twenty past eight, yes.

RICHARD.

[Wearily, sadly.] Your appointment also was for the same hour. Here.



ROBERT.
What appointment?

RICHARD.
With Bertha.

ROBERT.
[*Stares at him.*] Are you mad?

RICHARD.
Are you?

ROBERT.
[*After a long pause.*] Who told you?

RICHARD.
She.

[*A short silence.*]

ROBERT.
[*In a low voice.*] Yes. I must have been mad. [*Rapidly.*] Listen to me, Richard. It is a great relief to me that you have come—the greatest relief. I assure you that ever since this afternoon I have thought and thought how I could break it off without seeming a fool. A great relief! I even intended to send word... a letter, a few lines. [*Suddenly.*] But then it was too late... [*Passes his hand over his forehead.*] Let me speak frankly with you; let me tell you everything.

RICHARD.
I know everything. I have known for some time.

ROBERT.
Since when?

RICHARD.
Since it began between you and her.

ROBERT.
[*Again rapidly.*] Yes, I was mad. But it was merely lightheadedness. I admit that to have asked her here this evening was a mistake. I can explain everything to you. And I will. Truly.

RICHARD.
Explain to me what is the word you longed and never dared to say to her. If you can or will.

ROBERT.
[*Looks down, then raises his head.*] Yes. I will. I admire very much the personality of your... of... your wife. That is the word. I can say it. It is no secret.

RICHARD.
Then why did you wish to keep secret your wooing?

ROBERT.
Wooing?

RICHARD.
Your advances to her, little by little, day after day, looks, whispers. [*With a nervous movement of the hands.*] *Insomma*, wooing.



ROBERT.

[*Bewildered.*] But how do you know all this?

RICHARD.

She told me.

ROBERT.

This afternoon?

RICHARD.

No. Time after time, as it happened.

ROBERT.

You knew? From her? [RICHARD *nods.*] You were watching us all the time?

RICHARD.

[*Very coldly.*] I was watching you.

ROBERT.

[*Quickly.*] I mean, watching me. And you never spoke! You had only to speak a word—to save me from myself. You were trying me. [*Passes his hand again over his forehead.*] It was a terrible trial: now also. [*Desperately.*] Well, it is past. It will be a lesson to me for all my life. You hate me now for what I have done and for...

RICHARD.

[*Quietly, looking at him.*] Have I said that I hate you?

ROBERT.

Do you not? You must.

RICHARD.

Even if Bertha had not told me I should have known. Did you not see that when I came in this afternoon I went into my study suddenly for a moment?

ROBERT.

You did. I remember.

RICHARD.

To give you time to recover yourself. It made me sad to see your eyes. And the roses too. I cannot say why. A great mass of overblown roses.

ROBERT.

I thought I had to give them. Was that strange? [*Looks at RICHARD with a tortured expression.*] Too many, perhaps? Or too old or common?

RICHARD.

That was why I did not hate you. The whole thing made me sad all at once.

ROBERT.

[*To himself.*] And this is real. It is happening—to us.

[*He stares before him for some moments in silence, as if dazed; then, without turning his head, continues.*]

ROBERT.

And she, too, was trying me; making an experiment with me for your sake!



RICHARD.

You know women better than I do. She says she felt pity for you.

ROBERT.

[*Brooding.*] Pitied me, because I am no longer... an ideal lover. Like my roses. Common, old.

RICHARD.

Like all men you have a foolish wandering heart.

ROBERT.

[*Slowly.*] Well, you spoke at last. You chose the right moment.

RICHARD.

[*Leans forward.*] Robert, not like this. For us two, no. Years, a whole life, of friendship. Think a moment. Since childhood, boyhood... No, no. Not in such a way—like thieves—at night. [*Glancing about him.*] And in such a place. No, Robert, that is not for people like us.

ROBERT.

What a lesson! Richard, I cannot tell you what a relief it is to me that you have spoken—that the danger is passed. Yes, yes. [*Somewhat diffidently.*] Because... there was some danger for you, too, if you think. Was there not?

RICHARD.

What danger?

ROBERT.

[*In the same tone.*] I don't know. I mean if you had not spoken. If you had watched and waited on until...

RICHARD.

Until?

ROBERT.

[*Bravely.*] Until I had come to like her more and more (because I can assure you it is only a lightheaded idea of mine), to like her deeply, to love her. Would you have spoken to me then as you have just now? [RICHARD *is silent.* ROBERT *goes on more boldly.*] It would have been different, would it not? For then it might have been too late while it is not too late now. What could I have said then? I could have said only: You are my friend, my dear good friend. I am very sorry but I love her. [*With a sudden fervent gesture.*] I love her and I will take her from you, however I can, because I love her.

[*They look at each other for some moments in silence.*]

RICHARD.

[*Calmly.*] That is the language I have heard often and never believed in. Do you mean by stealth or by violence? Steal you could not in my house because the doors were open; nor take by violence if there were no resistance.

ROBERT.

You forget that the kingdom of heaven suffers violence: and the kingdom of heaven is like a woman.

RICHARD.

[*Smiling.*] Go on.



ROBERT.

[*Diffidently, but bravely.*] Do you think you have rights over her—over her heart?

RICHARD.

None.

ROBERT.

For what you have done for her? So much! You claim nothing?

RICHARD.

Nothing.

ROBERT.

[*After a pause strikes his forehead with his hand.*] What am I saying? Or what am I thinking? I wish you would upbraid me, curse me, hate me as I deserve. You love this woman. I remember all you told me long ago. She is yours, your work. [*Suddenly.*] And that is why I, too, was drawn to her. You are so strong that you attract me even through her.

RICHARD.

I am weak.

ROBERT.

[*With enthusiasm.*] You, Richard! You are the incarnation of strength.

RICHARD.

[*Holds out his hands.*] Feel those hands.

ROBERT.

[*Taking his hands.*] Yes. Mine are stronger. But I meant strength of another kind.

RICHARD.

[*Gloomily.*] I think you would try to take her by violence.

[*He withdraws his hands slowly.*]

ROBERT.

[*Rapidly.*] Those are moments of sheer madness when we feel an intense passion for a woman. We see nothing. We think of nothing. Only to possess her. Call it brutal, bestial, what you will.

RICHARD.

[*A little timidly.*] I am afraid that that longing to possess a woman is not love.

ROBERT.

[*Impatiently.*] No man ever yet lived on this earth who did not long to possess—I mean to possess in the flesh—the woman whom he loves. It is nature's law.

RICHARD.

[*Contemptuously.*] What is that to me? Did I vote it?

ROBERT.

But if you love... What else is it?

RICHARD.

[*Hesitatingly.*] To wish her well.



ROBERT.

[*Warmly.*] But the passion which burns us night and day to possess her. You feel it as I do. And it is not what you said now.

RICHARD.

Have you...? [*He stops for an instance.*] Have you the luminous certitude that yours is the brain in contact with which she must think and understand and that yours is the body in contact with which her body must feel? Have you this certitude in yourself?

ROBERT.

Have you?

RICHARD.

[*Moved.*] Once I had it, Robert: a certitude as luminous as that of my own existence—or an illusion as luminous.

ROBERT.

[*Cautiously.*] And now?

RICHARD.

If you had it and I could feel that you had it—even now...

ROBERT.

What would you do?

RICHARD.

[*Quietly.*] Go away. You, and not I, would be necessary to her. Alone as I was before I met her.

ROBERT.

[*Rubs his hands nervously.*] A nice little load on my conscience!

RICHARD.

[*Abstractedly.*] You met my son when you came to my house this afternoon. He told me. What did you feel?

ROBERT.

[*Promptly.*] Pleasure.

RICHARD.

Nothing else?

ROBERT.

Nothing else. Unless I thought of two things at the same time. I am like that. If my best friend lay in his coffin and his face had a comic expression I should smile. [*With a little gesture of despair.*] I am like that. But I should suffer too, deeply.

RICHARD.

You spoke of conscience... Did he seem to you a child only—or an angel?

ROBERT.

[*Shakes his head.*] No. Neither an angel nor an Anglo-Saxon. Two things, by the way, for which I have very little sympathy.

RICHARD.

Never then? Never even... with her? Tell me. I wish to know.



ROBERT.

I feel in my heart something different. I believe that on the last day (if it ever comes), when we are all assembled together, that the Almighty will speak to us like this. We will say that we lived chastely with one other creature...

RICHARD.

[*Bitterly.*] Lie to Him?

ROBERT.

Or that we tried to. And He will say to us: Fools! Who told you that you were to give yourselves to one being only? You were made to give yourselves to many freely. I wrote that law with My finger on your hearts.

RICHARD.

On woman's heart, too?

ROBERT.

Yes. Can we close our heart against an affection which we feel deeply? Should we close it? Should she?

RICHARD.

We are speaking of bodily union.

ROBERT.

Affection between man and woman must come to that. We think too much of it because our minds are warped. For us today it is of no more consequence than any other form of contact—than a kiss.

RICHARD.

If it is of no consequence why are you dissatisfied till you reach that end? Why were you waiting here tonight?

ROBERT.

Passion tends to go as far as it can; but, you may believe me or not, I had not that in my mind—to reach that end.

RICHARD.

Reach it if you can. I will use no arm against you that the world puts in my hand. If the law which God's finger has written on our hearts is the law you say I too am God's creature.

[*He rises and paces to and fro some moments in silence. Then he goes towards the porch and leans against the jamb. ROBERT watches him.*]

ROBERT.

I always felt it. In myself and in others.

RICHARD.

[*Absently.*] Yes?

ROBERT.

[*With a vague gesture.*] For all. That a woman, too, has the right to try with many men until she finds love. An immoral idea, is it not? I wanted to write a book about it. I began it...

RICHARD.

[*As before.*] Yes?



ROBERT.

Because I knew a woman who seemed to me to be doing that—carrying out that idea in her own life. She interested me very much.

RICHARD.

When was this?

ROBERT.

O, not lately. When you were away.

[RICHARD *leaves his place rather abruptly and again paces to and fro.*]

ROBERT.

You see, I am more honest than you thought.

RICHARD.

I wish you had not thought of her now—whoever she was, or is.

ROBERT.

[*Easily.*] She was and is the wife of a stockbroker.

RICHARD.

[*Turning.*] You know him?

ROBERT.

Intimately.

[RICHARD *sits down again in the same place and leans forward, his head on his hands.*]

ROBERT.

[*Moving his chair a little closer.*] May I ask you a question?

RICHARD.

You may.

ROBERT.

[*With some hesitation.*] Has it never happened to you in these years—I mean when you were away from her, perhaps, or travelling—to... betray her with another. Betray her, I mean, not in love. Carnally, I mean... Has that never happened?

RICHARD.

It has.

ROBERT.

And what did you do?

RICHARD.

[*As before.*] I remember the first time. I came home. It was night. My house was silent. My little son was sleeping in his cot. She, too, was asleep. I wakened her from sleep and told her. I cried beside her bed; and I pierced her heart.

ROBERT.

O, Richard, why did you do that?

RICHARD.

Betray her?



ROBERT.

No. But tell her, waken her from sleep to tell her. It was piercing her heart.

RICHARD.

She must know me as I am.

ROBERT.

But that is not you as you are. A moment of weakness.

RICHARD.

[*Lost in thought.*] And I was feeding the flame of her innocence with my guilt.

ROBERT.

[*Brusquely.*] O, don't talk of guilt and innocence. You have made her all that she is. A strange and wonderful personality—in my eyes, at least.

RICHARD.

[*Darkly.*] Or I have killed her.

ROBERT.

Killed her?

RICHARD.

The virginity of her soul.

ROBERT.

[*Impatiently.*] Well lost! What would she be without you?

RICHARD.

I tried to give her a new life.

ROBERT.

And you have. A new and rich life.

RICHARD.

Is it worth what I have taken from her—her girlhood, her laughter, her young beauty, the hopes in her young heart?

ROBERT.

[*Firmly.*] Yes. Well worth it. [*He looks at RICHARD for some moments in silence.*] If you had neglected her, lived wildly, brought her away so far only to make her suffer...

[*He stops. RICHARD raises his head and looks at him.*]

RICHARD.

If I had?

ROBERT.

[*Slightly confused.*] You know there were rumours here of your life abroad—a wild life. Some persons who knew you or met you or heard of you in Rome. Lying rumours.

RICHARD.

[*Coldly.*] Continue.

ROBERT.

[*Laughs a little harshly.*] Even I at times thought of her as a victim. [*Smoothly.*] And of course,



Richard, I felt and knew all the time that you were a man of great talent—of something more than talent. And that was your excuse—a valid one in my eyes.

RICHARD.

Have you thought that it is perhaps now—at this moment—that I am neglecting her? [*He clasps his hands nervously and leans across toward ROBERT.*] I may be silent still. And she may yield to you at last—wholly and many times.

ROBERT.

[*Draws back at once.*] My dear Richard, my dear friend, I swear to you I could not make you suffer.

RICHARD.

[*Continuing.*] You may then know in soul and body, in a hundred forms, and ever restlessly, what some old theologian, Duns Scotus, I think, called a death of the spirit.

ROBERT.

[*Eagerly.*] A death. No; its affirmation! A death! The supreme instant of life from which all coming life proceeds, the eternal law of nature herself.

RICHARD.

And that other law of nature, as you call it: change. How will it be when you turn against her and against me; when her beauty, or what seems so to you now, wearies you and my affection for you seems false and odious?

ROBERT.

That will never be. Never.

RICHARD.

And you turn even against yourself for having known me or trafficked with us both?

ROBERT.

[*Gravely.*] It will never be like that, Richard. Be sure of that.

RICHARD.

[*Contemptuously.*] I care very little whether it is or not because there is something I fear much more.

ROBERT.

[*Shakes his head.*] You fear? I disbelieve you, Richard. Since we were boys together I have followed your mind. You do not know what moral fear is.

RICHARD.

[*Lays his hand on his arm.*] Listen. She is dead. She lies on my bed. I look at her body which I betrayed—grossly and many times. And loved, too, and wept over. And I know that her body was always my loyal slave. To me, to me only she gave... [*He breaks off and turns aside, unable to speak.*]

ROBERT.

[*Softly.*] Do not suffer, Richard. There is no need. She is loyal to you, body and soul. Why do you fear?

RICHARD.

[*Turns towards him, almost fiercely.*] Not that fear. But that I will reproach myself then for



having taken all for myself because I would not suffer her to give to another what was hers and not mine to give, because I accepted from her her loyalty and made her life poorer in love. That is my fear. That I stand between her and any moments of life that should be hers, between her and you, between her and anyone, between her and anything. I will not do it. I cannot and I will not. I dare not.

[He leans back in his chair breathless, with shining eyes. ROBERT rises quietly, and stands behind his chair.]

ROBERT.

Look here, Richard. We have said all there is to be said. Let the past be past.

RICHARD.

[Quickly and harshly.] Wait. One thing more. For you, too, must know me as I am—now.

ROBERT.

More? Is there more?

RICHARD.

I told you that when I saw your eyes this afternoon I felt sad. Your humility and confusion, I felt, united you to me in brotherhood. *[He turns half round towards him.]* At that moment I felt our whole life together in the past, and I longed to put my arm around your neck.

ROBERT.

[Deeply and suddenly touched.] It is noble of you, Richard, to forgive me like this.

RICHARD.

[Struggling with himself.] I told you that I wished you not to do anything false and secret against me—against our friendship, against her; not to steal her from me craftily, secretly, meanly—in the dark, in the night—you, Robert, my friend.

ROBERT.

I know. And it was noble of you.

RICHARD.

[Looks up at him with a steady gaze.] No. Not noble. Ignoble.

ROBERT.

[Makes an involuntary gesture.] How? Why?

RICHARD.

[Looks away again: in a lower voice.] That is what I must tell you too. Because in the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her—in the dark, in the night—secretly, meanly, craftily. By you, my best friend, and by her. I longed for that passionately and ignobly, to be dishonoured for ever in love and in lust, to be...

ROBERT.

[Bending down, places his hands over RICHARD'S mouth.] Enough. Enough. *[He takes his hands away.]* But no. Go on.

RICHARD.

To be for ever a shameful creature and to build up my soul again out of the ruins of its shame.

ROBERT.

And that is why you wished that she...



RICHARD.

[*With calm.*] She has spoken always of her innocence, as I have spoken always of my guilt, humbling me.

ROBERT.

From pride, then?

RICHARD.

From pride and from ignoble longing. And from a motive deeper still.

ROBERT.

[*With decision.*] I understand you.

[*He returns to his place and begins to speak at once, drawing his chair closer.*]

ROBERT.

May it not be that we are here and now in the presence of a moment which will free us both—me as well as you—from the last bonds of what is called morality. My friendship for you has laid bonds on me.

RICHARD.

Light bonds, apparently.

ROBERT.

I acted in the dark, secretly. I will do so no longer. Have you the courage to allow me to act freely?

RICHARD.

A duel—between us?

ROBERT.

[*With growing excitement.*] A battle of both our souls, different as they are, against all that is false in them and in the world. A battle of your soul against the spectre of fidelity, of mine against the spectre of friendship. All life is a conquest, the victory of human passion over the commandments of cowardice. Will you, Richard? Have you the courage? Even if it shatters to atoms the friendship between us, even if it breaks up for ever the last illusion in your own life? There was an eternity before we were born: another will come after we are dead. The blinding instant of passion alone—passion, free, unashamed, irresistible—that is the only gate by which we can escape from the misery of what slaves call life. Is not this the language of your own youth that I heard so often from you in this very place where we are sitting now? Have you changed?

RICHARD.

[*Passes his hand across his brow.*] Yes. It is the language of my youth.

ROBERT.

[*Eagerly, intensely.*] Richard, you have driven me up to this point. She and I have only obeyed your will. You yourself have roused these words in my brain. Your own words. Shall we? Freely? Together?

RICHARD.

[*Mastering his emotion.*] Together no. Fight your part alone. I will not free you. Leave me to fight mine.



ROBERT.

[Rises, decided.] You allow me, then?

RICHARD.

[Rises also, calmly.] Free yourself.

[A knock is heard at the hall door.]

ROBERT.

[In alarm.] What does this mean?

RICHARD.

[Calmly.] Bertha, evidently. Did you not ask her to come?

ROBERT.

Yes, but... *[Looking about him.]* Then I am going, Richard.

RICHARD.

No. I am going.

ROBERT.

[Desperately.] Richard, I appeal to you. Let me go. It is over. She is yours. Keep her and forgive me, both of you.

RICHARD.

Because you are generous enough to allow me?

ROBERT.

[Hotly.] Richard, you will make me angry with you if you say that.

RICHARD.

Angry or not, I will not live on your generosity. You have asked her to meet you here tonight and alone. Solve the question between you.

ROBERT.

[Promptly.] Open the door. I shall wait in the garden. *[He goes towards the porch.]* Explain to her, Richard, as best you can. I cannot see her now.

RICHARD.

I shall go. I tell you. Wait out there if you wish.

[He goes out by the door on the right. ROBERT goes out hastily through the porch but comes back the same instant.]

ROBERT.

An umbrella! *[With a sudden gesture.]* O!

[He goes out again through the porch. The hall door is heard to open and close. RICHARD enters, followed by BERTHA, who is dressed in a darkbrown costume and wears a small dark red hat. She has neither umbrella nor waterproof.]

RICHARD.

[Gaily.] Welcome back to old Ireland!

BERTHA.

[Nervously, seriously.] Is this the place?



RICHARD.

Yes, it is. How did you find it?

BERTHA.

I told the cabman. I didn't like to ask my way. [*Looking about her curiously.*] Was he not waiting? Has he gone away?

RICHARD.

[*Points towards the garden.*] He is waiting. Out there. He was waiting when I came.

BERTHA.

[*Selfpossessed again.*] You see, you came after all.

RICHARD.

Did you think I would not?

BERTHA.

I knew you could not remain away. You see, after all you are like all other men. You had to come. You are jealous like the others.

RICHARD.

You seem annoyed to find me here.

BERTHA.

What happened between you?

RICHARD.

I told him I knew everything, that I had known for a long time. He asked how. I said from you.

BERTHA.

Does he hate me?

RICHARD.

I cannot read in his heart.

BERTHA.

[*Sits down helplessly.*] Yes. He hates me. He believes I made a fool of him—betrayed him. I knew he would.

RICHARD.

I told him you were sincere with him.

BERTHA.

He does not believe it. Nobody would believe it. I should have told him first—not you.

RICHARD.

I thought he was a common robber, prepared to use even violence against you. I had to protect you from that.

BERTHA.

That I could have done myself.

RICHARD.

Are you sure?



BERTHA.

It would have been enough to have told him that you knew I was here. Now I can find out nothing. He hates me. He is right to hate me. I have treated him badly, shamefully.

RICHARD.

[Takes her hand.] Bertha, look at me.

BERTHA.

[Turns to him.] Well?

RICHARD.

[Gazes into her eyes and then lets her hand fall.] I cannot read in your heart either.

BERTHA.

[Still looking at him.] You could not remain away. Do you not trust me? You can see I am quite calm. I could have hidden it all from you.

RICHARD.

I doubt that.

BERTHA.

[With a slight toss of her head.] O, easily if I had wanted to.

RICHARD.

[Darkly.] Perhaps you are sorry now that you did not.

BERTHA.

Perhaps I am.

RICHARD.

[Unpleasantly.] What a fool you were to tell me! It would have been so nice if you had kept it secret.

BERTHA.

As you do, no?

RICHARD.

As I do, yes. *[He turns to go.]* Goodbye for a while.

BERTHA.

[Alarmed, rises.] Are you going?

RICHARD.

Naturally. My part is ended here.

BERTHA.

To her, I suppose?

RICHARD.

[Astonished.] Who?

BERTHA.

Her ladyship. I suppose it is all planned so that you may have a good opportunity. To meet her and have an intellectual conversation!



RICHARD.

[*With an outburst of rude anger.*] To meet the devil's father!

BERTHA.

[*Unpins her hat and sits down.*] Very well. You can go. Now I know what to do.

RICHARD.

[*Returns, approaches her.*] You don't believe a word of what you say.

BERTHA.

[*Calmly.*] You can go. Why don't you?

RICHARD.

Then you have come here and led him on in this way on account of me. Is that how it is?

BERTHA.

There is one person in all this who is not a fool. And that is you. I am though. And he is.

RICHARD.

[*Continuing.*] If so you have indeed treated him badly and shamefully.

BERTHA.

[*Points at him.*] Yes. But it was your fault. And I will end it now. I am simply a tool for you. You have no respect for me. You never had because I did what I did.

RICHARD.

And has he respect?

BERTHA.

He has. Of all the persons I met since I came back he is the only one who has. And he knows what they only suspect. And that is why I liked him from the first and like him still. Great respect for me she has! Why did you not ask her to come away with you nine years ago?

RICHARD.

You know why, Bertha. Ask yourself.

BERTHA.

Yes, I know why. You knew the answer you would get. That is why.

RICHARD.

That is not why. I did not even ask you.

BERTHA.

Yes. You knew I would go, asked or not. I do things. But if I do one thing I can do two things. As I have the name I can have the gains.

RICHARD.

[*With increasing excitement.*] Bertha, I accept what is to be. I have trusted you. I will trust you still.

BERTHA.

To have that against me. To leave me then. [*Almost passionately.*] Why do you not defend me then against him? Why do you go away from me now without a word? Dick, my God, tell me what you wish me to do?



RICHARD.

I cannot, dear. [*Struggling with himself.*] Your own heart will tell you. [*He seizes both her hands.*] I have a wild delight in my soul, Bertha, as I look at you. I see you as you are yourself. That I came first in your life or before him then—that may be nothing to you. You may be his more than mine.

BERTHA.

I am not. Only I feel for him, too.

RICHARD.

And I do too. You may be his and mine. I will trust you, Bertha, and him too. I must. I cannot hate him since his arms have been around you. You have drawn us near together. There is something wiser than wisdom in your heart. Who am I that I should call myself master of your heart or of any woman's? Bertha, love him, be his, give yourself to him if you desire—or if you can.

BERTHA.

[*Dreamily.*] I will remain.

RICHARD.

Goodbye.

[*He lets her hand fall and goes out rapidly on the right. BERTHA remains sitting. Then she rises and goes timidly towards the porch. She stops near it and, after a little hesitation, calls into the garden.*]

BERTHA.

Is anyone out there?

[*At the same time she retreats towards the middle of the room. Then she calls again in the same way.*]

BERTHA.

Is anyone there?

[*ROBERT appears in the open doorway that leads in from the garden. His coat is buttoned and the collar is turned up. He holds the doorposts with his hands lightly and waits for BERTHA to see him.*]

BERTHA.

[*Catching sight of him, starts back: then, quickly.*] Robert!

ROBERT.

Are you alone?

BERTHA.

Yes.

ROBERT.

[*Looking towards the door on the right.*] Where is he?

BERTHA.

Gone. [*Nervously.*] You startled me. Where did you come from?



ROBERT.

[*With a movement of his head.*] Out there. Did he not tell you I was out there—waiting?

BERTHA.

[*Quickly.*] Yes, he told me. But I was afraid here alone. With the door open, waiting. [*She comes to the table and rests her hand on the corner.*] Why do you stand like that in the doorway?

ROBERT.

Why? I am afraid too.

BERTHA.

Of what?

ROBERT.

Of you.

BERTHA.

[*Looks down.*] Do you hate me now?

ROBERT.

I fear you. [*Clasping his hands at his back, quietly but a little defiantly.*] I fear a new torture—a new trap.

BERTHA.

[*As before.*] For what do you blame me?

ROBERT.

[*Comes forward a few steps, halts: then impulsively.*] Why did you lead me on? Day after day, more and more. Why did you not stop me? You could have—with a word. But not even a word! I forgot myself and him. You saw it. That I was ruining myself in his eyes, losing his friendship. Did you want me to?

BERTHA.

[*Looking up.*] You never asked me.

ROBERT.

Asked you what?

BERTHA.

If he suspected—or knew.

ROBERT.

And would you have told me?

BERTHA.

Yes.

ROBERT.

[*Hesitatingly.*] Did you tell him—everything?

BERTHA.

I did.

ROBERT.

I mean—details.



BERTHA.
Everything.

ROBERT.
[*With a forced smile.*] I see. You were making an experiment for his sake. On me. Well, why not? It seems I was a good subject. Still, it was a little cruel of you.

BERTHA.
Try to understand me, Robert. You must try.

ROBERT.
[*With a polite gesture.*] Well, I will try.

BERTHA.
Why do you stand like that near the door? It makes me nervous to look at you.

ROBERT.
I am trying to understand. And then I am afraid.

BERTHA.
[*Holds out her hand.*] You need not be afraid.

[*ROBERT comes towards her quickly and takes her hand.*]

ROBERT.
[*Diffidently.*] Used you to laugh over me—together? [*Drawing his hand away.*] But now I must be good or you may laugh over me again—tonight.

BERTHA.
[*Distressed, lays her hand on his arm.*] Please listen to me, Robert... But you are all wet, drenched! [*She passes her hands over his coat.*] O, you poor fellow! Out there in the rain all that time! I forgot that.

ROBERT.
[*Laughs.*] Yes, you forgot the climate.

BERTHA.
But you are really drenched. You must change your coat.

ROBERT.
[*Takes her hands.*] Tell me, it is pity then that you feel for me, as he—as Richard—says?

BERTHA.
Please change your coat, Robert, when I ask you. You might get a very bad cold from that. Do, please.

ROBERT.
What would it matter now?

BERTHA.
[*Looking round her.*] Where do you keep your clothes here?

ROBERT.
[*Points to the door at the back.*] In there. I fancy I have a jacket here. [*Maliciously.*] In my bedroom.



BERTHA.

Well, go in and take that off.

ROBERT.

And you?

BERTHA.

I will wait here for you.

ROBERT.

Do you command me to?

BERTHA.

[Laughing.] Yes, I command you.

ROBERT.

[Promptly.] Then I will. *[He goes quickly towards the bedroom door; then turns round.]* You won't go away?

BERTHA.

No, I will wait. But don't be long.

ROBERT.

Only a moment.

[He goes into the bedroom, leaving the door open. BERTHA looks curiously about her and then glances in indecision towards the door at the back.]

ROBERT.

[From the bedroom.] You have not gone?

BERTHA.

No.

ROBERT.

I am in the dark here. I must light the lamp.

[He is heard striking a match, and putting a glass shade on a lamp. A pink light comes in through the doorway. BERTHA glances at her watch at her wristlet and then sits at the table.]

ROBERT.

[As before.] Do you like the effect of the light?

BERTHA.

O, yes.

ROBERT.

Can you admire it from where you are?

BERTHA.

Yes, quite well.

ROBERT.

It was for you.

BERTHA.

[Confused.] I am not worthy even of that.



ROBERT.

[Clearly, harshly.] Love's labour lost.

BERTHA.

[Rising nervously.] Robert!

ROBERT.

Yes?

BERTHA.

Come here, quickly! Quickly, I say!

ROBERT.

I am ready.

[He appears in the doorway, wearing a darkgreen velvet jacket. Seeing her agitation, he comes quickly towards her.]

ROBERT.

What is it, Bertha?

BERTHA.

[Trembling.] I was afraid.

ROBERT.

Of being alone?

BERTHA.

[Catches his hands.] You know what I mean. My nerves are all upset.

ROBERT.

That I...?

BERTHA.

Promise me, Robert, not to think of such a thing. Never. If you like me at all. I thought that moment...

ROBERT.

What an idea?

BERTHA.

But promise me if you like me.

ROBERT.

If I like you, Bertha! I promise. Of course, I promise. You are trembling all over.

BERTHA.

Let me sit down somewhere. It will pass in a moment.

ROBERT.

My poor Bertha! Sit down. Come.

[He leads her towards a chair near the table. She sits down. He stands beside her.]

ROBERT.

[After a short pause.] Has it passed?



BERTHA.

Yes. It was only for a moment. I was very silly. I was afraid that... I wanted to see you near me.

ROBERT.

That... that you made me promise not to think of?

BERTHA.

Yes.

ROBERT.

[*Keenly.*] Or something else?

BERTHA.

[*Helplessly.*] Robert, I feared something. I am not sure what.

ROBERT.

And now?

BERTHA.

Now you are here. I can see you. Now it has passed.

ROBERT.

[*With resignation.*] Passed. Yes. Love's labour lost.

BERTHA.

[*Looks up at him.*] Listen, Robert. I want to explain to you about that. I could not deceive Dick. Never. In nothing. I told him everything—from the first. Then it went on and on; and still you never spoke or asked me. I wanted you to.

ROBERT.

Is that the truth, Bertha?

BERTHA.

Yes, because it annoyed me that you could think I was like... like the other women I suppose you knew that way. I think that Dick is right too. Why should there be secrets?

ROBERT.

[*Softly.*] Still, secrets can be very sweet. Can they not?

BERTHA.

[*Smiles.*] Yes, I know they can. But, you see, I could not keep things secret from Dick. Besides, what is the good? They always come out in the end. Is it not better for people to know?

ROBERT.

[*Softly and a little shyly.*] How could you, Bertha, tell him everything? Did you? Every single thing that passed between us?

BERTHA.

Yes. Everything he asked me.

ROBERT.

Did he ask you—much?

BERTHA.

You know the kind he is. He asks about everything. The ins and outs.



ROBERT.

About our kissing, too?

BERTHA.

Of course. I told him all.

ROBERT.

[Shakes his head slowly.] Extraordinary little person! Were you not ashamed?

BERTHA.

No.

ROBERT.

Not a bit?

BERTHA.

No. Why? Is that terrible?

ROBERT.

And how did he take it? Tell me. I want to know everything, too.

BERTHA.

[Laughs.] It excited him. More than usual.

ROBERT.

Why? Is he excitable—still?

BERTHA.

[Archly.] Yes, very. When he is not lost in his philosophy.

ROBERT.

More than I?

BERTHA.

More than you? *[Reflecting.]* How could I answer that? You both are, I suppose?

[ROBERT turns aside and gazes towards the porch, passing his hand once or twice thoughtfully over his hair.]

BERTHA.

[Gently.] Are you angry with me again?

ROBERT.

[Moodily.] You are with me.

BERTHA.

No, Robert. Why should I be?

ROBERT.

Because I asked you to come to this place. I tried to prepare it for you. *[He points vaguely here and there.]* A sense of quietness.

BERTHA.

[Touching his jacket with her fingers.] And this, too. Your nice velvet coat.

ROBERT.

Also. I will keep no secrets from you.



BERTHA.

You remind me of someone in a picture. I like you in it... But you are not angry, are you?

ROBERT.

[*Darkly.*] Yes. That was my mistake. To ask you to come here. I felt it when I looked at you from the garden and saw you—you, Bertha—standing here. [*Hopelessly.*] But what else could I have done?

BERTHA.

[*Quietly.*] You mean because others have been here?

ROBERT.

Yes.

[*He walks away from her a few paces. A gust of wind makes the lamp on the table flicker. He lowers the wick slightly.*]

BERTHA.

[*Following him with her eyes.*] But I knew that before I came. I am not angry with you for it.

ROBERT.

[*Shrugs his shoulders.*] Why should you be angry with me after all? You are not even angry with him—for the same thing—or worse.

BERTHA.

Did he tell you that about himself?

ROBERT.

Yes. He told me. We all confess to one another here. Turn about.

BERTHA.

I try to forget it.

ROBERT.

It does not trouble you?

BERTHA.

Not now. Only I dislike to think of it.

ROBERT.

It is merely something brutal, you think? Of little importance?

BERTHA.

It does not trouble me—now.

ROBERT.

[*Looking at her over his shoulder.*] But there is something that would trouble you very much and that you would not try to forget?

BERTHA.

What?

ROBERT.

[*Turning towards her.*] If it were not only something brutal with this person or that—for a few moments. If it were something fine and spiritual—with one person only—with one woman.



[Smiles.] And perhaps brutal too. It usually comes to that sooner or later. Would you try to forget and forgive that?

BERTHA.

[Toying with her wristlet.] In whom?

ROBERT.

In anyone. In me.

BERTHA.

[Calmly.] You mean in Dick.

ROBERT.

I said in myself. But would you?

BERTHA.

You think I would revenge myself? Is Dick not to be free too?

ROBERT.

[Points at her.] That is not from your heart, Bertha.

BERTHA.

[Proudly.] Yes, it is; let him be free too. He leaves me free also.

ROBERT.

[Insistently.] And you know why? And understand? And you like it? And you want to be? And it makes you happy? And has made you happy? Always? This gift of freedom which he gave you—nine years ago?

BERTHA.

[Gazing at him with wide open eyes.] But why do you ask me such a lot of questions, Robert?

ROBERT.

[Stretches out both hands to her.] Because I had another gift to offer you then—a common simple gift—like myself. If you want to know it I will tell you.

BERTHA.

[Looking at her watch.] Past is past, Robert. And I think I ought to go now. It is nine almost.

ROBERT.

[Impetuously.] No, no. Not yet. There is one confession more and we have the right to speak.

[He crosses before the table rapidly and sits down beside her.]

BERTHA.

[Turning towards him, places her left hand on his shoulder.] Yes, Robert. I know that you like me. You need not tell me. [Kindly.] You need not confess any more tonight.

[A gust of wind enters through the porch, with a sound of moving leaves. The lamp flickers quickly.]

BERTHA.

[Pointing over his shoulder.] Look! It is too high.

[Without rising, he bends towards the table, and turns down the wick more. The room is half dark. The light comes in more strongly through the doorway of the bedroom.]



ROBERT.

The wind is rising. I will close that door.

BERTHA.

[*Listening.*] No, it is raining still. It was only a gust of wind.

ROBERT.

[*Touches her shoulder.*] Tell me if the air is too cold for you. [*Half rising.*] I will close it.

BERTHA.

[*Detaining him.*] No. I am not cold. Besides, I am going now, Robert. I must.

ROBERT.

[*Firmly.*] No, no. There is no *must* now. We were left here for this. And you are wrong, Bertha. The past is not past. It is present here now. My feeling for you is the same now as it was then, because then—you slighted it.

BERTHA.

No, Robert. I did not.

ROBERT.

[*Continuing.*] You did. And I have felt it all these years without knowing it—till now. Even while I lived—the kind of life you know and dislike to think of—the kind of life to which you condemned me.

BERTHA.

I?

ROBERT.

Yes, when you slighted the common simple gift I had to offer you—and took his gift instead.

BERTHA.

[*Looking at him.*] But you never...

ROBERT.

No. Because you had chosen him. I saw that. I saw it on the first night we met, we three together. Why did you choose him?

BERTHA.

[*Bends her head.*] Is that not love?

ROBERT.

[*Continuing.*] And every night when we two—he and I—came to that corner to meet you I saw it and felt it. You remember the corner, Bertha?

BERTHA.

[*As before.*] Yes.

ROBERT.

And when you and he went away for your walk and I went along the street alone I felt it. And when he spoke to me about you and told me he was going away—then most of all.

BERTHA.

Why then most of all?



ROBERT.

Because it was then that I was guilty of my first treason towards him.

BERTHA.

Robert, what are you saying? Your first treason against Dick?

ROBERT.

[*Nods.*] And not my last. He spoke of you and himself. Of how your life would be together—free and all that. Free, yes! He would not even ask you to go with him. [*Bitterly.*] He did not. And you went all the same.

BERTHA.

I wanted to be with him. You know... [*Raising her head and looking at him.*] You know how we were then—Dick and I.

ROBERT.

[*Unheeding.*] I advised him to go alone—not to take you with him—to live alone in order to see if what he felt for you was a passing thing which might ruin your happiness and his career.

BERTHA.

Well, Robert. It was unkind of you towards me. But I forgive you because you were thinking of his happiness and mine.

ROBERT.

[*Bending closer to her.*] No, Bertha. I was not. And that was my treason. I was thinking of myself—that you might turn from him when he had gone and he from you. Then I would have offered you my gift. You know what it was now. The simple common gift that men offer to women. Not the best perhaps. Best or worst—it would have been yours.

BERTHA.

[*Turning away from him.*] He did not take your advice.

ROBERT.

[*As before.*] No. And the night you ran away together—O, how happy I was!

BERTHA.

[*Pressing his hands.*] Keep calm, Robert. I know you liked me always. Why did you not forget me?

ROBERT.

[*Smiles bitterly.*] How happy I felt as I came back along the quays and saw in the distance the boat lit up going down the black river, taking you away from me! [*In a calmer tone.*] But why did you choose him? Did you not like me at all?

BERTHA.

Yes. I liked you because you were his friend. We often spoke about you. Often and often. Every time you wrote or sent papers or books to Dick. And I like you still, Robert. [*Looking into his eyes.*] I never forgot you.

ROBERT.

Nor I you. I knew I would see you again. I knew it the night you went away—that you would come back. And that was why I wrote and worked to see you again—here.



BERTHA.

And here I am. You were right.

ROBERT.

[*Slowly.*] Nine years. Nine times more beautiful!

BERTHA.

[*Smiling.*] But am I? What do you see in me?

ROBERT.

[*Gazing at her.*] A strange and beautiful lady.

BERTHA.

[*Almost disgusted.*] O, please don't call me such a thing!

ROBERT.

[*Earnestly.*] You are more. A young and beautiful queen.

BERTHA.

[*With a sudden laugh.*] O, Robert!

ROBERT.

[*Lowering his voice and bending nearer to her.*] But do you not know that you are a beautiful human being? Do you not know that you have a beautiful body? Beautiful and young?

BERTHA.

[*Gravely.*] Some day I will be old.

ROBERT.

[*Shakes his head.*] I cannot imagine it. Tonight you are young and beautiful. Tonight you have come back to me. [*With passion.*] Who knows what will be tomorrow? I may never see you again or never see you as I do now.

BERTHA.

Would you suffer?

ROBERT.

[*Looks round the room, without answering.*] This room and this hour were made for your coming. When you have gone—all is gone.

BERTHA.

[*Anxiously.*] But you will see me again, Robert... as before.

ROBERT.

[*Looks full at her.*] To make him—Richard—suffer.

BERTHA.

He does not suffer.

ROBERT.

[*Bowing his head.*] Yes, yes. He does.

BERTHA.

He knows we like each other. Is there any harm, then?



ROBERT.

[Raising his head.] No there is no harm. Why should we not? He does not know yet what I feel. He has left us alone here at night, at this hour, because he longs to know it—he longs to be delivered.

BERTHA.

From what?

ROBERT.

[Moves closer to her and presses her arm as he speaks.] From every law, Bertha, from every bond. All his life he has sought to deliver himself. Every chain but one he has broken and that one we are to break. Bertha—you and I.

BERTHA.

[Almost inaudibly.] Are you sure?

ROBERT.

[Still more warmly.] I am sure that no law made by man is sacred before the impulse of passion. *[Almost fiercely.]* Who made us for one only? It is a crime against our own being if we are so. There is no law before impulse. Laws are for slaves. Bertha, say my name! Let me hear your voice say it. Softly!

BERTHA.

[Softly.] Robert!

ROBERT.

[Puts his arm about her shoulder.] Only the impulse towards youth and beauty does not die. *[He points towards the porch.]* Listen!

BERTHA.

[In alarm.] What?

ROBERT.

The rain falling. Summer rain on the earth. Night rain. The darkness and warmth and flood of passion. Tonight the earth is loved—loved and possessed. Her lover's arms around her; and she is silent. Speak, dearest!

BERTHA.

[Suddenly leans forward and listens intently.] Hush!

ROBERT.

[Listening, smiles.] Nothing. Nobody. We are alone.

[A gust of wind blows in through the porch, with a sound of shaken leaves. The flame of the lamp leaps.]

BERTHA.

[Pointing to the lamp.] Look!

ROBERT.

Only the wind. We have light enough from the other room.

[He stretches his hand across the table and puts out the lamp. The light from the doorway of the bedroom crosses the place where they sit. The room is quite dark.]



ROBERT.

Are you happy? Tell me.

BERTHA.

I am going now, Robert. It is very late. Be satisfied.

ROBERT.

[*Caressing her hair.*] Not yet, not yet. Tell me, do you love me a little?

BERTHA.

I like you, Robert. I think you are good. [*Half rising.*] Are you satisfied?

ROBERT.

[*Detaining her, kisses her hair.*] Do not go, Bertha! There is time still. Do you love me too? I have waited a long time. Do you love us both—him and also me? Do you, Bertha? The truth! Tell me. Tell me with your eyes. Or speak!

[*She does not answer. In the silence the rain is heard falling.*]

Ulises. Episodio 9: Escila y Caribdis.

Time: 2 pm

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

Characters: Thomas William Lyster, John Egliton, George Russell, Richard Best, Buck Mulligan.

Stephen y Leopold Bloom.

Lectora: Pilar Pastor

Cortés, para hacerles sentirse cómodos, el bibliotecario cuáquero ronroneó:

—Y tenemos, no es así, esas páginas inapreciables del Wilhelm Meister. Un gran poeta sobre un gran poeta hermano. Un alma vacilante alzándose en armas contra un mar de obstáculos, desgarrada por dudas discrepantes, como se ve en la vida misma.

Dio un paso en paso de danza sobre cuero chirriante y retrocedió un paso en paso de danza sobre el solemne enmadeado.

Un ayudante sin hacer ruido entreabriendo la puerta un poco le hizo una seña sin hacer ruido.

—En seguida, dijo él, crujiendo en su marcha, aunque rezagándose. (...)

Mr. Best entró, alto, joven, apacible, ligero. Llevaba en la mano con gracia una libreta, nueva, abultada, limpia, brillante.(...)

—Ese escolar modelo, dijo Stephen, hallaría las meditaciones de Hamlet sobre la vida venidera de su alma principesca, el improbable, insignificante y poco dramático monólogo, tan superficiales como las de Platón.



John Eglinton, frunciendo el ceño, dijo, rezumando ira:

–Palabra que me hierve la sangre cuando alguien compara a Aristóteles con Platón.

–¿Cuál de los dos, preguntó Stephen, me hubiera desterrado de su república?

Desenvaina tus definiciones aceradas. La caballosidad es la cosicidad de todo caballo. Corrientes de tendencia y eones es lo que veneran. Dios: el centro del mundo: muy peripatético. Espacio: lo que maldita sea tienes por fuerza que ver. A través de espacios más pequeños que los glóbulos rojos de la sangre del hombre se escalofarrastran tras las posaderas de Blake hasta la eternidad de la que este mundo vegetal no es más que una sombra. Aférrate al ahora, al aquí, a través del cual todo el futuro se sumerge en el pasado.

Mr. Best se acercó, amigable, hacia su colega.

–Haines se ha ido, dijo.

–¿De veras?

–Le estaba enseñando el libro de Jubainville. Está muy entusiasmado, entiéndanme, con los Cantos de amor de Connacht de Hyde. No me lo pude traer para que oyera la discusión. Se fue a la librería Gill a comprarlo.

Adelante, obra mía, rauda

a saludar al pueblo fiero,

escrito, bien me pesa, contra mi gusto

en torpe inglés indecoroso.

–Se le están subiendo los humos de turba a la cabeza, opinó John Eglinton.

Nosotros sabemos en Inglaterra. Ladrón penitente. Se ha ido. Me fumé su pitillo. Verde piedra cintilante. Una esmeralda engarzada en el anillo del mar.

–La gente no sabe lo peligrosos que pueden ser los cantares de amor, el huevo áureo de Russell previno ocultamente. Los movimientos que provocan revoluciones en el mundo nacen de los sueños y visiones de un corazón campesino en la falda de la montaña. Para ellos la tierra no es un suelo utilizable sino la madre viva. El aire enrarecido de la academia y de la cancha producen la novela de a seis chelines, la canción de teatro de variedades. Francia da la mejor flor de corrupción con Mallarmé pero la vida apetecible se revela sólo a los pobres de corazón, la vida de los feacios de Homero.

Desde estas palabras Mr. Best desvió una cara candorosa hacia Stephen.



–Mallarmé, entiéndanme, dijo, ha escrito esos maravillosos poemas en prosa que Stephen MacKenna solía leerme en París. Aquel sobre Hamlet. Dice: il se promène, lisant au hvre de lui-même, entiéndanme, leyendo el libro de sí mismo. Describe el Hamlet que dieron en una ciudad de Francia, entiéndanme, una ciudad de provincias. Lo anunciaron.

La mano libre trazó graciosamente minúsculos signos en el aire.

Hamlet

ou

Le Distrait

Pièce de Shakespeare

Le repitió al doblemente ceño fruncido de John Eglinton:

–Pièce de Shakespeare, entiéndanme. Es tan francés. El punto de vista francés. Hamlet ou ...

–El mendigo distraído, concluyó Stephen. John Eglinton se rió.

–Sí, supongo que así sería, dijo. Un pueblo excelente, sin duda alguna, pero horriblemente miope en algunos asuntos. Suntuosa y retardada exageración del asesinato. –Verdugo del alma le llamó Robert Greene, dijo Stephen. Por algo era hijo de un carnicero, que blandía el hacha curvada escupiéndose en las manos. Nueve vidas se siegan por la única de su padre. Padre nuestro que estás en el purgatorio. Los Hamlets de caqui no dudan en disparar. El matadero ensangrentado del acto quinto es un vaticinio del campo de concentración cantado por Mr. Swinburne.

Cranly, yo su mudo ordenanza, siguiendo batallas de lejos.

Cachorros y matronas de huestesferoces a quienes nadie

salvo nosotros habría perdonado la vida... .

Entre la sonrisa del sajón y el aullido del yanqui. La sartén y el fuego.

–Porfía que Hamlet es una historia de fantasmas, dijo John Eglinton en ofrenda a Mr. Best. Como el chico gordo de Pickwick quiere damos escalofríos.

¡Escucha! ¡Escucha! ¡Oh, escucha!

Mi carne le oye: en escalofríos, le oye.

Si alguna vez habéis... .



—¿Qué es un espectro? dijo Stephen con energía turbadora. Alguien que se disipa hasta la impalpabilidad a través de la muerte, de la ausencia, del cambio de formas. El Londres isabelino quedaba tan lejos de Stratford como queda el corrompido París del virginal Dublín. ¿Quién es el espectro del limbo patrum, que vuelve al mundo que le ha olvidado? ¿Quién es el Rey Hamlet?

John Eglinton cambió de postura su cuerpo enjuto, reclinándose hacia atrás para juzgar.

Elevado.

—A esta misma hora un día de mediados de junio, dijo Stephen, pidiendo oídos con una veloz mirada. La bandera está izada sobre el corral de comedias junto a la margen derecha del río. El oso Sackerson ruge en la explanada cercana, el jardín de París. Juaneteros que navegaron con Drake mastican salchichas entre la mosquetería.

Color local. Mete todo lo que sabes. Hazles cómplices.

—Shakespeare ha dejado la casa del hugonote en Silver Street y camina junto a los corrales de cisnes a la orilla del río. Pero no se queda a echar de comer al cisne hembra que lleva por delante a su manada de cisnecitos hacia los juncos. El cisne de Avon tiene otros quebraderos de cabeza. Composición de lugar. ¡Ignacio de Loyola, acude presto en mi ayuda!

—Comienza la función. Un actor avanza desde las sombras del escenario, disfrazado con la cota de malla desechada por un buco cortesano, hombre bien plantado con voz de bajo. Es el espectro, el rey, rey y no rey, y el actor es Shakespeare que ha estudiado Hamlet todos los días de su vida que no fueron vanidad para poder representar el papel del fantasma. Dirige las palabras a Burbage, el joven actor que está ante él más allá de la nebulosa sábana encerada, llamándole por un nombre:

Hamlet, soy el alma de tu padre,

requiriéndole que ascuche. A un hijo le habla, al hijo de su alma, al príncipe, al joven Hamlet y al hijo de su cuerpo, a Hamnet Shakespeare, que ha muerto en Stratford para que su tocayo viva para siempre.

¿Es posible que aquel actor Shakespeare, espectro por ausencia, y con los ropajes del rey de Dinamarca enterrado, espectro por muerte, expresando sus propias palabras al nombre de su propio hijo (de haber vivido Hamnet Shakespeare hubiera sido el hermano gemelo del príncipe Hamlet), es posible, me gustaría saber, o probable que él no sacara o previera la conclusión lógica de esas premisas: eres el hijo desposeído: yo soy el padre asesinado: tu madre es la reina culpable, Ann Shakespeare, de soltera Hathaway?

—Pero este remover en la vida familiar de un gran hombre, empezó Russell impacientemente.

¿Estáis ahí, bien nacido?



–Interesante sólo para el registrador. Quiero decir, tenemos las obras. Quiero decir cuando leemos la poesía del Rey Lear ¿qué nos va a nosotros cómo vivió el poeta? Por lo que se refiere a vivir nuestros sirvientes pueden hacerlo por nosotros, ha dicho Villiers de Fisle. Figando y removiendo en las comidillas cotidianas de camerinos, el poeta y sus borracheras, el poeta y sus deudas. Tenemos el Rey Lear. y eso es inmortal.

La cara de Mr. Best, apelada, asintió.

Corran sobre ellos tus olas y tus aguas, Mananaan,

Mananaan MacLir... .

¿Cómo es eso, muy señor mío, y aquella libra que os prestó cuando estabas hambriento?

Pardiez, que me era necesaria.

Tomad vos este sueldo.

¡Vamos, venga! Gastaste casi todo en la cama de Georgina Johnson, hija de clérigo. Mordedura de la conciencia.

¿Piensas devolverlo?

Claro que sí.

¿Cuándo? ¿Ahora?

Pues No.

¿Cuándo, entonces?

Nadie me ha regalado nada. Nadie me ha regalado nada.

Tranquilo. Él es de por allá del Boyne. La esquina nordeste. Lo debes.

Espera. Cinco meses. Las moléculas cambian todas. Yo soy otro yo ahora. Otro yo el que aceptó la libra.

Bla. Bla. Bla.

Pero yo, entequeia, forma de las formas, soy yo por la memoria porque sujeto a constantes formas cambiantes.

Yo que pequé y oré y ayuné.

Un niño que Conmee salvó de los palmetazos.



Yo, yo y yo. Yo.

A. E.I.O.U. I owe you, le debo.

—¿Tiene intención de oponerse abiertamente a la tradición de tres siglos? preguntó la voz crítica de John Eglinton. El espectro de ella al menos yace enterrado para siempre. Ella murió, al menos para la literatura, antes de que hubiera nacido.

—Murió, replicó Stephen, sesenta y siete años después de que hubiera nacido. Le vio llegar y salir del mundo. Recibió sus primeros abrazos. Parió a sus hijos y le puso peniques en los ojos para mantener los párpados cerrados cuando reposaba en el tálamo mortuario.

El tálamo mortuario de madre. Vela. El espejo entapujado. Quien me trajo a mí al mundo yace ahí, cubierta de bronce, bajo unas cuantas flores baratas. Liliata rutilantium.

Lloré en soledad.

Reader: Bill Dixon

John Eglinton looked in the tangled glowworm of his lamp.

—The world believes that Shakespeare made a mistake, he said, and got out of it as quickly and as best he could.

—Bosh! Stephen said rudely. A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

Portals of discovery opened to let in the quaker librarian, softcreekfooted, bald, eared and assiduous.

—A shrew, John Eglinton said shrewdly, is not a useful portal of discovery, one should imagine. What useful discovery did Socrates learn from Xanthippe?

—Dialectic, Stephen answered: and from his mother how to bring thoughts into the world. What he learnt from his other wife Myrto (*absit nomen!*), Socratidion's Epipsychidion, no man, not a woman, will ever know. But neither the midwife's lore nor the caudlelectures saved him from the archons of Sinn Fein and their naggin of hemlock.

—But Ann Hathaway? Mr Best's quiet voice said forgetfully. Yes, we seem to be forgetting her as Shakespeare himself forgot her.

His look went from brooder's beard to carper's skull, to remind, to chide them not unkindly, then to the baldpink lollard costard, guiltless though maligned.

—He had a good groatsworth of wit, Stephen said, and no truant memory. He carried a memory in his wallet as he trudged to Romeville whistling *The girl I left behind me*. If the earthquake did not time it we should know where to place poor Wat, sitting in his form, the cry of hounds, the studded bridle and her blue windows. That memory, *Venus and Adonis*, lay in the bedchamber of every light-of-love in London. Is Katharine the shrew illfavoured? Hortensio calls her young and beautiful. Do you think the writer of *Antony and Cleopatra*, a passionate pilgrim, had his eyes in the back of his head that he chose the ugliest doxy in all Warwickshire to lie withal? Good: he left her and gained the world of men. But his boywomen are the women of a boy. Their life, thought, speech are lent them by males. He chose badly?



He was chosen, it seems to me. If others have their will Ann hath a way. By cock, she was to blame. She put the comether on him, sweet and twentysix. The greyeyed goddess who bends over the boy Adonis, stooping to conquer, as prologue to the swelling act, is a boldfaced Stratford wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than herself.

And my turn? When?

Come!

—Ryefield, Mr Best said brightly, gladly, raising his new book, gladly, brightly.

He murmured then with blond delight for all:

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty countryfolk would lie.

Paris: the wellpleased pleaser.

A tall figure in bearded homespun rose from shadow and unveiled its cooperative watch.

—I am afraid I am due at the *Homestead*.

Whither away? Exploitable ground.

—Are you going? John Eglinton’s active eyebrows asked. Shall we see you at Moore’s tonight? Piper is coming.

—Piper! Mr Best piped. Is Piper back?

Peter Piper pecked a peck of pick of peck of pickled pepper.

—I don’t know if I can. Thursday. We have our meeting. If I can get away in time.

Yogibogeybox in Dawson chambers. *Isis Unveiled*. Their Pali book we tried to pawn. Crosslegged under an umbrel umbershoot he thrones an Aztec logos, functioning on astral levels, their oversoul, mahamahatma. The faithful hermetists await the light, ripe for chelaship, ringroundabout him. Louis H. Victory. T. Caulfield Irwin. Lotus ladies tend them i’the eyes, their pineal glands aglow. Filled with his god, he thrones, Buddh under plantain. Gulfer of souls, engulfer. Hesouls, shesouls, shoals of souls. Engulfed with wailing creecries, whirled, whirling, they bewail.

In quintessential triviality
For years in this fleshcase a shesoul dwelt.

—They say we are to have a literary surprise, the quaker librarian said, friendly and earnest. Mr Russell, rumour has it, is gathering together a sheaf of our younger poets’ verses. We are all looking forward anxiously.

Anxiously he glanced in the cone of lamplight where three faces, lighted, shone.

See this. Remember.

Stephen looked down on a wide headless caubeen, hung on his ashplanthandle over his knee. My casque and sword. Touch lightly with two index fingers. Aristotle’s experiment. One or two? Necessity is that in virtue of which it is impossible that one can be otherwise. Argal, one hat is one hat.

Listen.



Young Colum and Starkey. George Roberts is doing the commercial part. Longworth will give it a good puff in the *Express*. O, will he? I liked Colum's *Drover*. Yes, I think he has that queer thing genius. Do you think he has genius really? Yeats admired his line: *As in wild earth a Grecian vase*. Did he? I hope you'll be able to come tonight. Malachi Mulligan is coming too. Moore asked him to bring Haines. Did you hear Miss Mitchell's joke about Moore and Martyn? That Moore is Martyn's wild oats? Awfully clever, isn't it? They remind one of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Our national epic has yet to be written, Dr Sigerson says. Moore is the man for it. A knight of the rueful countenance here in Dublin. With a saffron kilt? O'Neill Russell? O, yes, he must speak the grand old tongue. And his Dulcinea? James Stephens is doing some clever sketches. We are becoming important, it seems.

Cordelia. *Cordoglio*. Lir's loneliest daughter.

Nookshotten. Now your best French polish.

—Thank you very much, Mr Russell, Stephen said, rising. If you will be so kind as to give the letter to Mr Norman...

—O, yes. If he considers it important it will go in. We have so much correspondence.

—I understand, Stephen said. Thanks.

God ild you. The pigs' paper. Bullockbefriending.

Synge has promised me an article for *Dana* too. Are we going to be read? I feel we are. The Gaelic league wants something in Irish. I hope you will come round tonight. Bring Starkey.

Stephen sat down.

The quaker librarian came from the leavetakers. Blushing, his mask said:

—Mr Dedalus, your views are most illuminating.

He creaked to and fro, tiptoeing up nearer heaven by the altitude of a chopine, and, covered by the noise of outgoing, said low:

—Is it your view, then, that she was not faithful to the poet?

Alarmed face asks me. Why did he come? Courtesy or an inward light?

—Where there is a reconciliation, Stephen said, there must have been first a sundering.

Lectora: María Paz González

Entr'acte.

Con cara irreverente, adusta como la de un deán, Buck Mulligan se acercó, luego despreocupado pajarero, hacia el saludo de sus sonrisas. Mi telegrama.

—¿Hablabas del vertebrado gaseoso, si no ando descaminado? preguntó a Stephen.

Chaleco lila, saludó alegremente con el panamá quitado como si se tratara de una sonaja.

Le dan la bienvenida. Was Du verlachst wirstDu noch dienen. Camada de farsantes: Fotino, pseudo Maaachi, Johann Most.



Él Que se engendró a Sí mismo mediante el Espíritu Santo y Él mismo se envió a Sí mismo, Redentor, entre Él mismo y los demás, fue, agraviado por Sus enemigos, desnudado y azotado, fue clavado como un murciélago en la puerta de un granero, muerto de hambre en el madero, Se dejó sepultar, se levantó, forzó los infiernos, caminó hasta los cielos y allí estos mil novecientos años está sentado a la derecha de Sí Mismo pero aún vendrá en el último día a juzgar a vivos y muertos cuando todos los vivos estén muertos ya.

Glo-o-ri-a in ex-cel-sis De-o (cantado)

Eleva las manos. Caen los velos. ¡Oh, flores! Campanas sobre campanas sobre campanas coreando.

–Sí, cómo no, dijo el bibliotecario cuáquero. Una discusión de lo más instructiva. Mr. Mulligan, que me zurzan si no, tiene también su teoría sobre la obra y sobre Shakespeare. Todos los lados de la vida deben estar representados.

Sonrió a todos lados igualmente.

Buck Mulligan pensó, perplejo.

–¿Shakespeare? dijo. Creo conocer ese nombre.

Una fugaz sonrisa fogosa se irradió en sus relajadas facciones.

–Desde luego, dijo, recordando brillantemente. El fulano ese que escribe como Synge.

Mr. Best se volvió hacia él.

–Haines le andaba buscando, dijo. ¿Dio con él? Se encontrará con usted en la C.P.D. Ha ido a la librería Gill a comprar los Cantos de amor de Connacht de Hyde.

–He pasado por el museo, dijo Buck Mulligan. ¿Ha estado él aquí?

–Los paisanos del bardo, contestó John Eglinton, están algo cansados quizá de nuestras originalidades teorizantes. He oído que una actriz ha hecho de Hamlet por cuatricentésimoctava vez anoche en Dublín. Vining mantenía que el príncipe era una mujer. ¿Es que nadie ha intentado demostrar que es irlandés? El juez Barton, tengo entendido, anda detrás de algunas pistas. Maldice (Su Alteza, no Su Señoría) por San Patricio.

–Lo más original de todo es esa histona de Wilde, dijo Mr. Best, levantando su original libreta. Ese Retrato de Mr. W. H. donde demuestra que los sonetos fueron escritos por un tal Willie Hughes, hombre de muchos matices.

–Para Willie Hugues ¿no es así? preguntó el bibliotecario cuáquero.

¿O Hughie Wills? Mr. William Helmesmo. W. H.: ¿quién soy yo?



–Quiero decir, para Willie Hughes, dijo Mr. Best, enmendando su glosa fácilmente. Claro que todo es paradoja, entiéndanme, Hughes mazona y matiza los colores, pero es tan típico cómo él lo soluciona. Es la propia esencia de Wilde, entiéndanme. La pincelada ingeniosa.

Su mirada les pinceló las caras al sonreír, efebo blondo. Esencia mansa de Wilde.

Estás puñeteramente ingenioso. Tres tragos de güisqui te bebiste con los ducados de Dan Deasy.

¿Cuánto gasté? Bah, unos chelines.

Para un hatajo de periodistas. Humor húmedo y seco.

El sentido. Darías tus cinco sentidos por la orgullosa librea de juventud con la que él presume. Facciones de deseo gratificado.

Haberlos otros mu. Tómala por mí. En época de apareamiento. Júpiter, mándales una fría época de celo. Sí, atortólala.

Eva. Desnudo pecado trigoventral. Una serpiente la enrolla, colmillo 'nel beso.

–¿Creen ustedes que es sólo una paradoja? preguntaba el bibliotecario cuáquero. Al bromista nunca se le toma en serio cuando está más en serio.

Hablaron seriamente de la seriedad del bromista.

La cara seria de nuevo de Buck Mulligan ojeó a Stephen un rato. Luego, meneando la cabeza, se acercó, sacó un telegrama doblado del bolsillo. Sus móviles labios leyeron, sonriendo de nuevo a gusto.

–¡Telegrama! dijo. ¡Inspiración admirable! ¡Telegrama! ¡Una bula papal!

Se sentó en una esquina sin luz del escritorio, leyendo en voz alta gozosamente:

–El sentimentales aquel que quisieragozar sin incurrir en la inmensa deuda de lo hecho. Firmado: Dedalus. ¿Desde dónde lo mandaste? ¿Desde la casa de putas? No. Desde College Green. ¿Te has bebido las cuatro libras? La tía va a ir a ver a tu padre insustancial. ¡Telegrama! Malachi Mulligan, El Ship, Lower Abbey Street. ¡Ay, retorcido sin par! ¡Ay, Cuchillero sacerdotificado!

Gozosamente se metió mensaje y sobre en un bolsillo pero moduló fúnebremente con acento irlandés quejilloso:

–Tal como te lo estoy diciendo, señor cariñito, es que estábamos raros y deprimidos, Haines y yo, en el momento en que él mismo lo trajo. Mascullado que hubimos por una pócima patibularia que a un fraile levantara, estoy pensando, y él fofo en fomicio. Y nosotros una hora



y dos horas y tres horas en Connery allí sentaditos muy como es debido esperando unas pintas para cada uno.

Gimoteó:

–Y nosotros allí dale que te pego, pichoncito, y tú en paradero desconocido mandando tus conglomerados con que nosotros venga con la lengua fuera una yarda como clérigos en seco muertos por un algo que echarse al garguero.

Stephen se rió.

Presurosamente, en advertencia Buck Mulligan se inclinó.

–El vagamundo de Synge te está buscando, dijo, para asesinarte. Se ha enterado de que te measte en la puerta de su casa en Glashule. Ha salido en almadreñas para asesinarte.

–¡A mí! profirió Stephen. Ésa fue tu contribución a la literatura.

Buck Mulligan jubilosamente se inclinó para atrás, riendo al oscuro techo indiscreto.

–¡Asesinarte! rió.

Cruel cara de gárgola que guerreó contra mí por nuestro rancho de picadillo de asaduras en la rue Saint André des Arts. Con palabras de palabras por palabras, palabras. Oisin con Patrick. Hombrefauno se encontró en la foresta de Clamart, blandiendo una botella de vino. Cést vendredi saintl Assasinos irlandeses. Su imagen, errante, encontró. Yo la mía. Encontré un bufón en el bosque.

–Mr. Lyster, dijo un ayudante desde la puerta entomada.

–.... en el que cada cual puede encontrar el suyo. Así pues el Magistrado Madden en su Diario de Maese William Silence ha encontrado los términos de caza ¿Sí? ¿Qué sucede?

–Hay un caballero aquí, señor, dijo el ayudante, acercándose y ofreciendo una tarjeta. Del Freeman. Desea ver los ficheros del Kilkenny People del año pasado.

–Cómo no, cómo no, cómo no. ¿Está el caballero ?

Cogió la apremiante tarjeta, ojeó, no vio, retiró sin ojear, miró, preguntó, chirrió, preguntó:

–¿Está? ¡Ah, ahí está!

Raudo con paso de gallarda se marchó, salió. En el corredor iluminado de luz del día habló en locuaces esfuerzos de celo, por su labor sujeto, el más correcto, más amable, más honrado sombrero de cuáquero.



—¿Este caballero? ¿Freeman's Journal? ¿Kilkenny People? Con toda seguridad, claro que sí. Buenos días, señor. Kilkenny Tenemos cómo no

Una silueta paciente esperaba, escuchando.

—Todos los importantes de provincias Northern Whig Cork Examiner, Enniscorthy Guardian. El año pasado. 1903 Por favor ... Evans, lleve a este caballero ... Quiere seguir al ayudant O por favor permítame Por aquí ... Por favor, señor

Locuaz, laborioso, encabezó el camino hacia los periódicos de provincias, una figura oscura deferente pisándole los rápidos talones.

La puerta se cerró.

—¡El judío! exclamó Buck Mulligan.

Se levantó de un salto y arrebató la tarjeta.

—¿Cómo se llama ése? ¿Moisés Cortés? Bloom.

Siguió despellejando:

Jeová, el recaudador de prepuicios, ya no existe. Lo encontré en el museo adonde fui a saludar a la enespumanacida Afrodita. La boca griega que nunca se ha enarcado en oración. Todos los días debemos rendirle homenaje. Vida de la vida, tus labios avivan.

Repentinamente se volvió hacia Stephen:

—Te conoce. Conoce a tu viejo. Ay, timoroso soy que ése haga más el griego que los griegos. Sus pálidos ojos galileos estaban posados en el canal mesial. Venus Calipigia. ¡Ay, el trueno de esos lomos! *El dios en pos de la doncella ascondida.*

Reader: Andrew Walsh

—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.



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY



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.

Punkt.

Leftherhis
 Secondbest
 Leftherhis
 Bestabed
 Secabest
 Leftabed.

Woa!

—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!

Catamite.

—The sense of beauty leads us astray, said beautifulinsadness Best to uglig Eglinton.

Steadfast John replied severe:

—The doctor can tell us what those words mean. You cannot eat your cake and have it.

Sayest thou so? Will they wrest from us, from me, the palm of beauty?

—And the sense of property, Stephen said. He drew Shylock out of his own long pocket. The son of a maltjobber and moneylender he was himself a cornjobber and moneylender, with ten tods of corn hoarded in the famine riots. His borrowers are no doubt those divers of worship mentioned by Chettle Falstaff who reported his uprightness of dealing. He sued a fellowplayer for the price of a few bags of malt and exacted his pound of flesh in interest for every money lent. How else could Aubrey's ostler and callboy get rich quick? All events brought grist to his mill. Shylock chimes with the jewbaiting that followed the hanging and quartering of the queen's leech Lopez, his jew's heart being plucked forth while the sheeny was yet alive: *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* with the coming to the throne of a Scotch philosophaster with a turn for witchroasting. The lost armada is his jeer in *Love's Labour Lost*. His pageants, the histories, sail fullbellied on a tide of Mafeking enthusiasm. Warwickshire jesuits are tried and we have a porter's theory of equivocation. The *Sea Venture* comes home from Bermudas and the play Renan admired is written with Patsy Caliban, our American cousin. The sugared sonnets follow Sidney's. As for fay Elizabeth, otherwise carrotty Bess, the gross virgin who inspired *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, let some meinherr from Almany grope his life long for deephid meanings in the depths of the buckbasket.

(...)

Lectoras: Elena Carcedo y Nieves Morán.

—Un padre, dijo Stephen, luchando contra la desesperanza, es un mal necesario. Escribió la obra en los meses que siguieron a la muerte de su padre. Si sostiene que él, un hombre con canas y dos hijas casaderas, con treintaicinco años de vida, nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita, y cincuenta de experiencia, es el estudiante imberbe de Wittenberg entonces tienen que mantener que su vieja madre de setentaños es la reina lasciva. No. El cadáver de John Shakespeare no deambula en la noche. Hora tras hora se pudre y se pudre. Descansa, despojado de la patemidad, después de haberle asignado ese estado místico al hijo. Calandrino de Boccaccio fue el primero y el último hombre que se sintió un niño en el vientre. La patemidad, en el sentido de fecundación consciente, es desconocida para el hombre. Es un estado místico, descendencia apostólica, del único engendrador al engendrado único. Sobre ese misterio y no sobre la Madonna que el astuto intelecto italiano echó a las muchedumbres de Europa está fundada la iglesia y fundada inamoviblemente porque está fundada, como el mundo, macro y microcosmo, sobre el vacío. Sobre la incertidumbre, sobre la improbabilidad. Amor matris, genitivo subjetivo y objetivo, puede ser la única verdad en la vida. La patemidad



podiera ser una ficción legal. ¿Quién es el padre de cualquier hijo que cualquier hijo deba amarle o él a cualquier hijo?

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Cuando Rutlandbaconsouthamptonshakespeare u otro poeta del mismo nombre en la comedia de los errores escribió Hamlet no era el padre de su propio hijo meramente sino que, no siendo ya un hijo, él era y se sentía el padre de toda su raza, el padre de su propio abuelo, el padre de su nieto nonato que, igualmente, nunca nació, pues la naturaleza, tal como la entiende Mr. Magee, aborrece la perfección.

Todojoseglinton, avivado de placer, levantó la mirada luminosavergonzosamente. Echando un vistazo alegremente, puritano divertido, por entre la retorcida eglantena.

Adula. Excepcionalmente. Pero adula.

—Él mismo su propio padre, Mulliganhijo se dijo a sí mismo. Espera. Siento un niño en el vientre. Tengo un hijo nonato en el cerebro. ¡Palas Atenea! ¡Una función! ¡La función es la trampa! ¡Dejadme parir!

Se asió la frentepanza con ambas manos parteras.

—En cuanto a su familia, dijo Stephen, el nombre de su madre vive en el bosque de Arden. Su muerte le inspiró la escena con Volumnia en Coriolanus. La muerte de su hijoniño es la escena de la muerte del joven Arturo en El rey Juan. Hamlet, el príncipe negro, es Hamnet Shakespeare. Quiénes son las niñas de La tempestad, de Perides, de El cuento de invierno lo sabemos. Quiénes eran Cleopatra, la olla de carne de Egipto, y Crésida y Venus podemos adivinarlo. Pero hay otro miembro de su familia que está registrado.



–La trama se enmaraña, dijo John Eglinton.

(...)

Estoy cansado de mi voz, la voz de Esaú. Mi reino por una copa.

Prosigue.

–Dirán que esos nombres estaban ya en las crónicas de donde sacaba los argumentos de sus obras. ¿Por qué sacó éstos en vez de otros? Richard, un hideputa jorobado, malengendro, le hace el amor a una enviudada Ann (¿qué hay en un nombre?), la corteja y la conquista, una viuda alegre hideputa. Richard el conquistador, tercer hermano, llegó después de William el conquistado. Los otros cuatro actos de esa obra quedan colgando descuidadamente del primero. De todos sus reyes Richard es el único rey no escudado del respeto de Shakespeare, el ángel del mundo. ¿Por qué la trama secundaria de El rey Lear en la que Edmund figura arrancado de la Arcadia de Sidney se inserta aprisa y corriendo en una leyenda céltica más antigua que la historia?

–Ese era el estilo de Will, defendió John Eglinton. No debiéramos en nuestros días combinar una saga nórdica con extractos de una novela de George Meredith. Que voukz–vous? diría Moore. Él emplaza Bohemia a orillas del mar y hace que Ulises cite a Aristóteles.

–¿Por qué? se respondió Stephen a sí mismo. Porque el tema del hermano desleal o usurpador o adúltero o los tres en uno lo tendrá Shakespeare, y no a los pobres, siempre consigo. El detalle del destierro, destierro del corazón, destierro del hogar, suena ininterrumpidamente desde Los dos caballeros de Verona en adelante hasta que Próspero rompe su vara, la entierra un cierto número de brazas bajo tierra e inunda su libro. Se duplica a sí mismo a la mitad de su vida, se refleja en otro, se repite, prótasis, epítasis, catástasis, catástrofe. Se repite de nuevo cuando está con un pie en la sepultura, cuando a su hija casada Susan, de tal palo tal astilla, se la acusa de adulterio. Pero fue el pecado original el que ensombreció su entendimiento, debilitó su voluntad y dejó en él una fuerte inclinación al mal. Palabras tomadas de los señores obispos de Maynooth. Un pecado original y, como pecado original, cometido por otro en cuyo pecado él también ha pecado. Está entre líneas en sus últimos escritos, está petrificado en su lápida bajo la cual los cuatro puntos cardinales de ella no han de yacer. El tiempo no lo ha marchitado. La belleza y la paz no lo han borrado. Existe por doquier en la variedad infinita del mundo que ha creado, en Mucho ruido por nada, dos veces en Como gustéis, en La tempestad, en Hamlet, en Medida por medida – y en todas las demás obras que no he leído.

Rió para liberar su mente de la servidumbre de su mente.

El magistrado Eglinton recapituló.

–La verdad está a medio camino, afirmó. Él es el espectro y el príncipe. Él está presente en todo.



–Lo está, dijo Stephen. El niño del acto primero es el hombre maduro del acto quinto. Todo en todo. En Cimbelino, en Otelo es alcahuete y cornudo. Actúa y es actuado. Amante de un ideal o una perversión, al igual que José mata a la verdadera Carmen. Su intelecto infatigable es el lago furente incesantemente ávido de que el moro dentro de él sufra.

–¡Cuco! ¡Cuco! clocó obscenamente el cuquero Mulligan. ¡Ay! ¡Palabra temible!

La bóveda oscura recibió, resonó.

–¡Y qué personaje el de Iago! profirió John Eglinton impasible. Dicho esto Dumas fils (o es Dumas père) tiene razón. Después de Dios Shakespeare es el que más ha creado.

–El hombre no le place ni la mujer tampoco, dijo Stephen. Vuelve después de una vida de ausencia a ese lugar de la tierra donde nació, donde siempre ha sido, hombre y niño, testigo silencioso y allí, concluido el viaje de la vida, planta su morera en la tierra. Luego muere. Todo movimiento ha cesado. Unos sepultureros entierran a Hamlet père y a Hamlet fils. Rey y príncipe finalmente en la muerte, con música incidental. Y, aunque asesinado y traicionado, es llorado por todos los frágiles corazones tiernos pues, danés o dublinés, el dolor por los muertos es el único esposo de quien rehúsa divorciarse. Si les gusta el epílogo considérenlo con detenimiento: el próspero Próspero, el buen hombre recompensado, Lizzie, cachito de amor del abuelito, y síyo Richie, el hombre malo que la justicia poética se He – va al lugar donde van los negros malos. Golpe de efecto. Encontró en el mundo de fuera como real lo que había en su mundo de dentro como posible. Maeterlinck dice: Si Sócrates d'Vara su casa hoy encontraría al sabio sentado en el escalón de la puerta. Si Judas saliera esta noche sería aludado adonde le dirigieran sus pasos. Cada vida es muchos días, día tras día. Andamos por nosotros mismos, encontrándonos con ladrones, espectros, gigantes, ancianos, jóvenes, esposas, viudas, cuñados–en–el–amor, pero siempre encontrándonos con nosotros mismos. El dramaturgo que escribió el folio de este mundo y lo escribió con urgencia (hizo para nosotros primero la luz y el sol dos días después), el señor de las cosas tal como son a quien los romanos más catóticos llaman dios boia, dios verdugo, es indudablemente el todo en todo en todos nosotros, mozo de cuadra y carnicero, y sería alcahuete y comudo también de no ser que en la economía del cielo, augurada por Hamlet, no hay más matrimonios, el hombre glorificado, ángel andrógino, es esposa de sí mismo.

–¡Eureka! exclamó Buck Mulligan. ¡Eureka!

(...)

Buck Mulligan se levantó de su risible garabateo, riendo: y dijo entonces gravemente, almiarando malicia:

–Fui a visitar al bardo Kinch en su residencia veraniega de Upper Mecklenburgh Street y lo encontré sumido en el estudio de Summa contra Gentiles en compañía de dos damas gonorreicas, Nelly la Fresca y Rosalie, la puta del muelle del carbón.

Se interrumpió.



–Vamos, Kinch. Vamos, el Aengus errante de las aves.

Vamos, Kinch. Te habrás comido todo lo que dejamos. Sí. Te serviré tus sobras y despojos.

Stephen se levantó.

La vida es muchos días. Éste se va a acabar

(...)

–El judío errante, susurró Buck Mulligan con temor reverencial de clown. ¿Viste su mirada? Te miró con ojos de deseo. Os temo, viejo marinero. Ay, Kinch, estáis en peligro. Conseguíos un cojinetes para los calzones.

Modales de Oxenford.

Día. Sol carretillado sobre arco de puente.

Una espalda oscura caminaba por delante de ellos, paso de leopardo, bajaba, salía por la cancela, bajo los espinos forjados de la verja.

Ellos la siguieron.

Oféndeme aún más. Continúa hablando.

Aire benigno definía las aristas de las casas de Kildare Street. No hay pájaros. Frágiles desde los tejados dos penachos de humo ascendían, empenachados, y en una falla de suavidad eran sopladados suavemente.

Cesa de esforzarte. Paz de los sacerdotes druídicos de Cimbelino: hierofánticos; desde la vasta tierra un altar.

*Loemos a los dioses
y que los humos sinuosos trepen a sus narices
desde nuestros sacros altares.*



Finnegans Wake (B1E3). Reader: Damian Gallagher

Now by memory inspired, turn wheel again to the whole of the wall. Where Gyant Blyant fronts Peannlueamoore There was once upon a wall and a hooghoog wall a was and such a wallhole did exist. Ere ore or ire in Aarlund. Or you Dair's Hair or you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams ended with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags if he strikes a lousaforitch and we'll come to those baregazed shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good old gaggles and Isther Estarr play Yesther Asterr. In the drema of Sorestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged that shack under fair rental of one yearlyng sheep, (prime) value of sixpence, and one small yearlyng goat (cadet) value of eightpence, to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the reminants of his years; and when everything was got up for the purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pigdirt hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplade's eggday, unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.

O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be always remembered in connection with what has gone before that there was a northroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer holedigs, digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of Dirty Dick's free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye Sammons were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a Kommerzial (Gorbotipacco, he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber) from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) II/- in the week (Gosh, these wholly romads!) of conscience money in the first deal of Yuly wheil he was, swishing beesnest with blessure, and swobbing broguen eerish myth brockendootsch, making his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankofurto Siding, a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on him the Lynn O'Brien, a meltoned lammswolle, disturbed, and wider he might the same zurichschicken other he would, with tosend and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey's damages become. Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass, that the game of gaze and bandstand butchery was merely a Patsy O'Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks rough at pinnacle's peak and after this sort. Humphrey's unsolicited visitor, Davy or Titus, on a burgley's clan march from the middle west, a hikely excellent crude man about road who knew his Bullfoost Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance untidled to Cloudy Green, deposend his bockstump on the waityoumaywantme, after having blew some quaker's (for you! Oates!) in through the houseking's keyhole to attract attention, bleated through the gale outside which the tairor of his clothes was hogcalling, first, be the hirsuiter, that he would break his bulshewigger's head for him, next, be the heeltapper, that he would break the gage over his lankyduckling head the same way he would crack a nut with a monkeywrench and, last of all, be the stirabouter, that he would give him his (or theumperom's or anybloody else's) thickerthanwater to drink and his bleday steppebrodhar's into the bucket. He demanded more wood alcohol to pitch in with, alleging that his granfather's was all taxis and that it was only after ten o'connell, and this his isbar was a public oven for the sake of irsk irskusky, and then,



BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY



not easily discouraged, opened the wrathfloods of his atillarery and went on at a wicked rate, weathering against him in mooxed metaphores from eleven thirty to two in the afternoon without even a luncheonette interval for House, son of Clod, to come out, you jewbeggar, to be Executed Amen. Earwicker, that patternmind, that paradigmatic ear, receptoretentive as his of Dionysius, longsuffering although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of his conservatory, behind faminebuilt walls, his thermos flask and ripidian flabel by his side and a walrus whiskerbristle for a tuskpick, compiled, while he mourned the flight of his wild guineese, a long list (now feared in part lost) to be kept on file of all abusive names he was called (we have been compelled for the rejoicement of foinne loidies ind the humours of Milltown etcetera by Josephine Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with Inkermann and so on and sononward, lacies in loo water, flee, celestials, one clean turv): Firstnighter, Informer, Old Fruit, Yellow Whigger, Wheatears, Goldy Geit, Bogside Beauty, Yass We've Had His Badannas, York's Porker, Funnyface, At Baggotty's Bend He Bumped, Grease with the Butter, Opendoor Ospices, Cainandabler, Ireland's Eighth Wonderful Wonder, Beat My Price, Godsoilman, Moonface the Murderer, Hoary Hairy Hoax, Midnight Sunburst, Remove that Bible, Hebdromadary Publocation, Tummer the Lame the Tyrannous, Blau Clay, Tight before Teatime, Real Your Pantojoke, Acoustic Disturbance, Thinks He's Gobblasst the Good Dook of Ourguile, W.D.'s Grace, Gibbering Bayamouth of Dublin, His Farther was a Mundzucker and She had him in a Growler, Burnham and Bailey, Artist, Unworthy of the Homely Protestant Religion, Terry Cotter, You're Welcome to Waterfood, signed the Ribbonmen, Lobsterpot Lardling, All for Arthur of this Town, Hooshed the Cat from the Bacon, Leathertogs Donald, The Ace and Deuce of Paupering, O'Reilly's Delights to Kiss the Man behind the Borrel, Magogagog, Swad Puddlefoot, Gouty Ghibeline, Loose Luther, Hatches Cocks' Eggs, Muddle the Plan, Luck before Wedlock, I Divorce Thee Husband, Tanner and a Make, Go to Hellena or Come to Connies, Piobald Puffpuff His Bride, Purged out of Burke's, He's None of Me Causin, Barebarean, Peculiar Person, Grunt Owl's Factotem, Twelve Months Aristocrat, Lycanthrope, Flunkey Beadle Vamps the Tune Letting on He's Loney, Thunder and Turf Married into Clandorf, Left Boot Sent on Approval, Cumberer of Lord's Holy Ground, Stodge Arschmann, Awnt Yuke, Tommy Furlong's Pet Plagues, Archdukon Cabbanger, Last Past the Post, Kennealey Won't Tell Thee off Nancy's Gown, Scuttle to Cover, Salary Grab, Andy Mac Noon in Annie's Room, Awl Out, Twitchbratschballs, Bombard Street Bester, Sublime Porter, A Ban for Le King of the Burgaans and a Bom for Ye Sur of all the Ruttledges, O'Phelim's Cutprice, And at Number Wan Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with Feathers end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler, Enclosed find the Sons of Fingal, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife and Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apeegeequanee Chimmuck, Plowp Goes his Whistle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He— — Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Vee was a Vindner, Sower Rapes, Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite, —'Man Devoyd of the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humborg, Hraabhraab, Coocoohandler, Dirt, Miching Daddy, Born Burst Feet Foremost, Woolworth's Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist, Guilteypig's Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister Fatmate, In Custody of the Polis, Boawwill's Alocutionist, Deposed, but anarchistically respectful of the liberties of the noninvasive individual, did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such sedentarity, though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive resistant in the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up Kimmage Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in the fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was on at the time and he thought the rowmish devowtion known as the howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn.



The Brown and the Yellow Ale

Karan Casey

As I was going down the road one fine morning
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
I met with a young man without any warning
Oh love of my heart

He asked me if the woman by my side was my daughter
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
When I said she was my wife, well, his manner did not alter
Oh love of my heart

He asked me if I'd lend her for an hour and a day
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
I said, "If she thinks it fair, you may take her away
Oh love of my heart

She said, "You take the high road, and I'll take off with him
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
And we'll meet again by the ford in the river"
Oh love of my heart

I waited by the ford for an hour and a quarter
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
And when she came to me, 'twas without shame I saw her
Oh love of my...

She told me her story, I lay down and I died
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
She sent two men out for timber, oh she never even cried
Oh love of my heart

A board of alder and a board of holly
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
And two greater yards of a shroud all about me
Oh love of my heart

Now if my own little mother, she had never been a woman
Oh the brown and the yellow ale
I would sing you many's another song about the women
Oh love of my heart