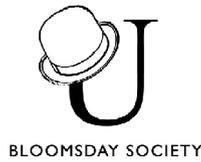


BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de *Finnegans Wake*, LIC1, de James Joyce

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

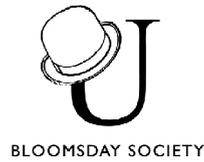
Miércoles, 28 de marzo 2018



1. Reader: Damian Palomero. From “The story” to “joy” (Tindall: 46-49).

2. Reader: Bill Dixon.

It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane eld, when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts, when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first leal ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his lovesaking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybiddy else, and Jarl van Hoother had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminyes, cousins of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-inlaw, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and fireland was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty perusienne: Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porterpease? And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shandy westerness she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hoother warlessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deaf stop come back to my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the lovespots off the jiminy with soap sulliver saddles and she had her four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she convorted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back again at Jarl van Hoother's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hoother had his baretholobruised heels drowned in his cellarmalt, shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy Hilary and the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet, wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prankquean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flackering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her madesty. So her madesty 'a forethought' set down a jiminy and took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoother bleathered atter her with a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back with my earring stop. But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Turnlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristrian.



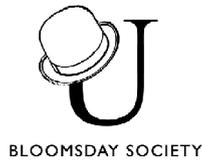
So then she started raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was back again at Jarl von Hooter's and the Larryhill with her under her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm? And Jarl von Hooter had his hurricane hips up to his pantrybox, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), ant the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the watercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twinkling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump, asking: Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of porter pease? But that was how the skirtmishes enduppied. For like the campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von Hooter Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his furframed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen orangeman in his violet indignation, to the whole length of the strength of his bowman's bill. And he clopped his rude hand to his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup
(Perkodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurthrumathunaradidillifait itillibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of illiterative porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the tiler made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave and van Hooter was to git the wind up. Thus the hearsomeness of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.

3. Lectora: Pilar Pastor. De "¡Oh fénix culpable! a "nombre"(FWEsp 23-25).

4. Reader: Gavin Dodgson. From "Foenix culprit" to "H.C.E" (Tindall 49-52).

5. Reader: John Mc Clafferty.

The menhere's always talking of you sitting around on the pig's cheeks under the sacred roofree, over the bowls of memory where every hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat on high is the mark of your manument. All the toethpicks ever Eirenesians chewed on are chips chepped from that battery block. If you were bowed and soild and letdown itself from the oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy.



The game old Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He's duddandgunne now and we're apter finding the sores of his sedeq but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league long rest of him, while the millioncandle eye of Tuskar sweeps the Moylean Main! There was never a warlord in Great Erinnes and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say. No, nor a king nor an ardking, bung king, sung king or hung king. That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn't ring round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a Maccullaghmore the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at the funeral to compass our cause? If you was hogglegully itself and most frifty like you was taken waters still what all where was your like to lay the cable or who was the batter could better Your Grace? Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off to the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your shuffle and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the pale eggynaggy and a kis to tilly up. We calls him the journeyall Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor. You had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archgoose of geese stubbled for All Angels' Day. So may the priest of seven worms and scalding tayboil, Papa Vestray, come never anear you as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that's in Heaven! Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots incloted, is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of Copricapron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your olala is in the region of sahuls. And that's ashore as you were born. Your shuck tick's swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loamsome roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be not unrested! The headboddylwatcher of the chempel of Isid, Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, metherjar, I know thee, salvation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abramanation, who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming is unknown, all the things which the company of the precentors and of the grammarians of Christpatrick's ordered concerning thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the shipmen, steep wall!

Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of us, in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary, bad scrant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o'gong for lunch and dinnerchime. As popular as when Belly the First was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same shop slop in the window. Jacob's lettercrackers and Dr Tipple's Vi-Cocoa and the Eswuards' desippated soup beside Mother Seagull's syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly-Parsons failed. Coal's short but we've plenty of bog in the yard. And barley's up again, begrained to it. The lads is attending school nessans regular, sir, spelling beesknees with hathatansy and turning out tables by mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers after Tom Bowe Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. 'Tisraely the truth! No isn't it, roman pathoricks? You were the doublejoynted janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a grandfer yet entirely when the ritehand seizes what the lovearm knows. Kevin's just a doat with his cherub cheek, chalking oghres on walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag of knicks, playing postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were milk you could lieve his olde by his ide but, laus sake, the devil does be in that knirps of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy, making encostive inkum out of the last of his lavings and writing a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hetty Jane's a child of Mary.



She'll be coming (for they're sure to choose her) in her white of gold with a touch of ivy to rekindle the flame on Felix Day. But Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. You remember Essie in our Luna's Convent? They called her Holly Merry her lips were so ruddyberry and Pia de Purebelle when the redminers riots was on about her. Were I a clerk designate to the Williamswoodsmenufactors I'd poster those pouters on every jamb in the town. She's making her rep at Lanner's twicenightly. With the tabarine tamtamers of the whirligimagees. Beats that cachucha flat. 'Twould dilate your heart to go.

Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and repose your honour's lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons, and may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spooring. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy. Fetch neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther angst of Wramawitch! Here's lumbos. Where misties swaddlum, where misches lodge none, where mystries pour kind on, O sleepy! So be yet!

I've an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter, trust me. She'll do no jugglywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to help to build me mural, tippers! I'll trip your traps! Assure a sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or didn't we, sharestutterers? So you won't be up a stump entirely. Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenoveire. Arrah, it's herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends? You storyan Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman plethy good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork's wrong with her only her lex's salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion watching her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement, decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's allavalonche that blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the meaning, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldensilver. The lips would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Findrinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger's bride. She was flirtsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks for supper after kanekannan and abbely dimpling and is in her merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news, all the news. Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount. Stilla Star with her lucky in goingaways. Opportunity fair with the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he noise about all same Harry chap. She's seeking her way, a chickle a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, *Les Loves of Selskar et Pervenche*, freely adapted to *The Novvergin's Viv*. There'll be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her final tear. Zee End. But that's a world of ways away. Till track laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering candles flare. Anna Stacey's how are you! Worthier waist in the noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose you now! Finn no more!



For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there's already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit, flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong (Ivoeh!) the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brewster's chimpney and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humphing his share of the showthers is senken on him he's such a grandfallar, with a pocked wife in pickle that's a flyfire and three lice nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle. And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing what your fourfootlers saw or he was never done seeing what you coolpigeons know, weep the clouds aboon for smiledown witnesses, and that'll do now about the fairyhees and the frailyshees. Though Eset fibble it to the zephiroth and Artsa zoom it round her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his created ones a creation. White monothoid? Red theatocrat? And all the pinkprophets cohaething? Very much so! But however 'twas 'tis sure for one thing, what sherif Toragh voucherfors and Mapqiq makes put out, that the man, Humme the Cheapner, Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym, came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial fermament one tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a wherry, the twin turbane dhow, *The Bey for Dybbling*, this archipelago's first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong updipdripping from his depths, and has been repreching himself like a fishmummer these siktyten years ever since, his shebi by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and changing cane sugar into sethulose starch (Tuttut's cess to him!) as also that, batin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebbiated, our old offender was humile, commune and ensectuous from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and praisers be!) and, totalising him, even hamissim of himashim that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be ultimendly respunchable for the hubbub caused in Edenborough.

6. Lectora: Elena Carcedo. *Los Principios de Una Ciencia Nueva*, de Giambattista Vico.

El reconocimiento de Giambattista Vico como uno de los principales filósofos de la historia se ha producido en los dos últimos siglos. Durante su vida la fama de la que hoy goza le fue negada reiteradamente. Tan sólo en su Nápoles natal obtuvo cierta notoriedad, aunque no la suficiente como para dejar atrás una mísera vida. Ocupó la catedra de Retórica en la capital partenopea y publicó varios trabajos, pero ninguno de ellos logró difundirse más allá del sur de Italia. Su principal obra *Principios de una ciencia nueva** fue incluso recibida con frialdad por los napolitanos. El lenguaje oscuro y difícil, el estilo pesado y excesivamente recargado y lo original de sus planteamientos impidieron que tuviese un éxito mayor. La brillantez de sus pensamientos, no obstante, consiguió, una vez muerto Vico, lo que el filósofo italiano no había logrado en vida, el prestigio internacional.

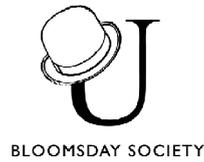
El propósito de los *Principios de una ciencia nueva* era exponer, a través de un estudio elaborado, metódico y lleno de datos, los pilares que sostienen lo que Vico denominó una "scienza nuova". Estableció las tres condiciones mínimas para que pueda surgir una filosofía de la historia: el método científico, la fundamentación de la subjetividad humana y la categoría del proceso. Fue el primer filósofo que convirtió la historia en una ciencia y sus planteamientos provocaron una profunda revolución metodológica en esta disciplina.



La obra se divide en cinco apartados a lo largo de los cuales Vico muestra su erudición y la importancia que concede al conjunto de las humanidades, no sólo a la filosofía y la historia, sino también a la lingüística y a la literatura. En el primer apartado expone los principios que rigen aquella “ciencia nueva”. El segundo trata sobre la sabiduría poética. En el tercero aplica sus teorías al descubrimiento de las “verdades homéricas”. En el cuarto se detiene en el estudio del curso que sigue la historia de las naciones. Y en el último se centra en el retorno de la “misma revolución cuando las sociedades destruidas se levantan sobre sus ruinas”.

Giambattista Vico nació en Nápoles en 1668. Su padre era un librero pobre y su madre la hija de un carrocerero. El empeño de su padre logró que estudiase Derecho en la Universidad de Nápoles, aunque su asistencia a las clases fue nula. Tras una breve incursión en el mundo de la abogacía, fue contratado como tutor de los hijos de un noble local para más adelante ganarse la vida escribiendo elogios por encargo para bodas, funerales, etc. En 1699 logró hacerse con la cátedra de Retórica de la Universidad de Nápoles. Años más tarde, en 1723, aspiró a la cátedra de Jurisprudencia en esa misma universidad pero fue rechazado, acentuando su carácter ya de por sí solitario. En 1741 abandonó su cátedra de retórica y perdió la memoria durante los últimos años de su vida. Falleció en 1744.

riverrante, pasado Eva y Adán, de curva ribereña a codo de bahía, nos trae por un comodioso vicus de recirculación de vuelta a Howth Castle y Environs.



7. Singer: Bill Dixon

Finnegans Wake

There is at least one oblique reference to "Silent, O Moyle" in chapter III.3:

...and I wound around my **swanchen's** necklace a school of shells of **moyles**marine to swing their saysangs in her **silents**...

[548:32-34; emphasis added]

The words "moyles" and "silents" in these lines are an obvious tip-off; in addition, "swanchen" suggests *Schwänchen*, which is the German word for "little swan."

Silent, O Moyle

Words by Thomas Moore, to the air "My Dear Eveleen";
musical arrangement by N. Clifford Page

Song Lyrics

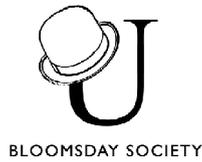
From *Irish Melodies*, No. ii, 9

The Song of Fionnuala*

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

*To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. — I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the Countess of Moira. [Thomas Moore's note to the song.]



Notes on the Song

The lyrics above are taken from a 19th-century American edition of Thomas Moore's poetical works. The sheet music has a few very minor differences (e.g., "O Moyle" instead of "oh Moyle" and "heav'n" instead of "heaven").

In Irish mythology, Lir was the lord of the sea. According to the *Oidead Clainne Lir* ("The Tragedy of the Children of Lir"), after the king's four children were turned into swans by their wicked stepmother, Aoife, they retained the power of human speech, but also were possessed of the gift of music. They first went to Lake Derryvaragh, where they spent 300 years living peacefully. But they spent the next 300 years without shelter on the stormy Straits of Moyle (between Ireland and Scotland). Their final 300 years were passed near Inishglory, off the Straits of Erris, in the open Atlantic. Life here was especially harsh — the western seas of Mayo are frigid and turbulent, and one bitter night the ocean actually froze solid.

The signal that the curse was soon to end came when the hermit Mo Caemóic arrived in Inishglory and the Christian matin bells were rung there for the first time. The hermit heard the swans' beautiful singing, took them in, and looked after them for a time. When the curse was lifted from Fionnuala and her brothers, the hermit was astonished at the sight of four ancient, withered human beings close to death. He quickly baptized them so they could ascend to heaven, and he later buried them together in a single grave.

This sorrowful tale is the reason that over the centuries the Irish have been protective of swans, to the extent that it is practically taboo to kill them.