



# BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

**Ensayo General de Bloomsday 2019**

**Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid**

**Miércoles, 29 de mayo de 2019**



1. Discursos
2. Plática de Ian Gibson
3. Ian Gibson leerá, párrafos de "The portrait"
4. Puca Óg interpretará, "The Groves of Blarney"

5. Dubliners (The Dead). Reader: Bill Dixon.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

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

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

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

## 6. Puca Óg interpretará, "The Lass of Aughrim".

## 7. Thunder, by John Liddy. Reader: Kate Marriage.

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

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



Like love outside the room.

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

## TRUENO

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

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

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

**8. Puca Óg interpretará, The Thuderbolt**

**9. Conversación entre Ian Gibson y Jonh Liddy**



## 10. Decent Burials. Reader: Andrew Walsh.

### DECENT BURIALS

for Ian Gibson

#### 1. Ireland

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

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

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

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

#### 2. Spain

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

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

Their mother went blind from the sadness of her loss.  
and there will be other places uncovered to reveal  
the horror for both sides to find consensus,

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

### ENTIERROS DECENTES

#### 1. Irlanda

Algunos lugareños creen que un soldado inglés  
puede ser enterrado en el centro del pantano de Gort,



Lixnaw, fuera de Tralee, debajo de zarza y helecho.

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

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

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

## 2. España

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

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

Su madre quedó ciega a raíz der la tristeza de su pérdida.  
Y habrá otros lugares descubiertos para revelar  
el horror para que ambos bandas encuentran consenso,

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

## 11. Nausicaa (Ulises E13). Lectora: Pilar Pastor

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



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

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

Levanto los ojos Gerty y prorrumpió en una risita alegre que tenía en sí toda la frescura de una joven mañana de mayo.

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

**12. Puca Óg interpretará, “Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls”.**

**13. Ian Gibson leerá un pasaje del soliloquio de Molly Bloom.**

**14. Puca Óg interpretará, Love’s old sweet song.**

**15. Finnegans Wake. Reader: Mal Murphy**

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

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



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

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

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

**16. Puca Óg interpretará, "I wish I dwelt in marble halls".**

**17. Fin de fiesta.**