



@llysses

16 June 2011

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PART 4

ULYSSES MEETS TWITTER 2011

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> Reuben J, Dodd, blackbearded Iscariot, bad shepherd, bearing on his shoulders the drowned corpse of his son, approaches the pillory.

Kidney of Bloom, pray for us. Wandering soap, prey for us. Potatoe preservative against plague and pestilence, prey for us.

(Bitterly.) Man and woman, love, what is it? A cork and bottle.

her painted eyes, the rustle of her slip in whose sinuous folds lurks the lion reek of all the male brutes that have possessed her.

greatest possible interval which./Interval which. Is the greatest possible ellipse. Consistent with. The ultimate return. The octave. Which.

God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveler, having traversed in reality itself, becomes that self. ...Self...ineluctably...to become. Ecco!<

61

As the newsboys shout of the Antichrist Stephen sees Bloom. Somewhere between their thoughts appears Reuben J Antichrist -the Wandering Jew

Bloom is thinking of his dead son as he *sees* Dodd/Antichrist carrying Dodd's son (a sodden, huddled mass) who was saved from drowning.

In comes a kangaroo hopping hobgoblin who says that he is 'primordial man'. He spins gambling chips that fly like planets before sailing away

In comes Elijah as an American preacher offering perfectibility & eternal life that is found by train or by (sun)phone. His P resident is God

In comes AE (GW Russell) transformed into sea God Mananaan MacLir. He talks of the ancient origins of language, of Eastern faith & of butter

In comes Virag Lipoti (Bloom's Granpapachi) down the chimneyflue. The dead man pours out words as he assesses the whores with clinical lust

62

Argumentum ad feminam: mammal in weight; serpents are gluttons for woman's milk, undoing with sweet pudor her poor man.

A chapter of accidents, you have forgotten, so exercise your mnemotechnic. Past was is today. Partially drunk, by the way.

My ocular, always an open sesame. The cloven sex. Woman squeals, bites, spucks for a good penance. Diabolic rictus: piffpaff! pchp!

Love's old sweet song. The bird had no voice. Locomotor ataxy. O, my dictionary. Minor chord comes now. I am going to scream.

3 wise virgins. VIRAG: She sold lovephiltres, whitewax, orange flower. Messiah! Hik! Hek! Hak! Fare thee well. Dreck! (Exeunt severally)

Cardinal Dedalus, a rosary of corks ending in a corkscrew cross, sings with broad rollicking humour. I'm suffering the agony of the damned.

DOORHANDLE: Theeee. BLOOM: (pricks his ears) If it were he? Go, go, go, I conjure you, whoever you are. (Zoe offers him chocolate.)

Bella Cohen enters, all of a mucksweat. BLOOM: powerful being. In my eyes read that slumber which women love. FAN: You are mine. It is fate.

BLOOM: Enormously I desiderate your domination. I am exhausted, abandoned, no more young. GOULDING: Best value in Dub.

FAN: All things end. Be mine. Now. BLOOM: All now? I should not have parted with my talisman. Every phenomenon has a natural cause. Ah!

HoundOfDishonour! Empress! AdorerOfTheAdulterousRump! Hugeness! Dungdevourer! Magnificence! Down Footstool! Feel my entire weight.

I (Bello) shall sit on your (Bloom's) [face] saddleback every morning after my thumping good breakfast (Rashers n' Guinness).

This bung's about burst. Bladyughfoulmoecklenburgwhurawhorascortastrumpapomanennykocksapastippatappatupperstrippuckputtanach! Take that!

Not man.*sniff*Woman./You are unmanned and will shed your male garments and don the shot silk over head and shoulders./O crinkly! Scrapy!

TheSinsOfThePast R rising against U. Many. 1ez's. QS2 most revolting obscenity NzV-da? Go the whole hog. PUKE IT OUT! B candid 4 once.

BELLO: Wretch! With this ring I thee own. You'll be taught the error of your ways. (bares his arm and plunges it elbowdeep in Bloom's vulva)

BELLO: Learn the mincing walk on Louis Quinze heels, the Grecian bend provoking, knees modestly kissing. Pander to their Gomorran vices.

BLOOM: (Bends his blushing face into his armpit and simpers with forefinger in mouth) O, I know what you're hinting at now!

BELLO: What else are you good for, an impotent thing like you? Limp as a boy of six's doing his pooly behind a cart. Can you do a man's job?

BLOOM: I was indecently treated, I... Inform the police. BELLO: Would if you could, lame duck. A downpour we want not your drizzle.

BLOOM: Justice! All Ireland versus one! Has nobody...? (He bites his thumb) BELLO: (Sneers) Crybabby! Crocodile tears!

Bloom, broken, closely veiled for sacrifice. Sobs. Darkshawled the circumcised in sackcloth: So he's gone? Ah yes. Bloom? Queer kind of chap

NYMPH: Mortal! Dost not weepst! I was surrounded by stale smut! You kissed me in four places! BLOOM:(sighs) Frailty thy name is marriage.

NYMPH: Wat hav I nt sn in that Chmbr? BLM:Soiled persnl linen NYMPH:Worse! BLM:(reflects precautiously) (waterfall) POUAPHOUCA POUAPHOUCA

BLM: growing boy/jostling car/mingling odours/dark sexsmelling /vice/HEAT. YEWS+NYMPH: Who profaned in open air? PTHOUCAPTHOUCA PTHOUCAPTHOUCA!

BLM:Lotty Clarke/Saint couldn't resist/Demon poss'ssd me. Who saw? No grl wld play when went girling. Too ugly:-(~Bbbbbllllllbbblblodschbg?

NYMPH:(loftily)We immortals- Stonecold + pure BLM:(defeated) O, I have been a perfect pig KITTY:(in thicket) Show me one of them cushions

BLOOM: It overpowers me. So womanly full. It fills me full. Phillaphulla Poulaphouca. Where dreamy creamy gull waves o'er the waters dull.

(Bloom halfriases. His back trousers' button snaps) BUTTON: Bip! O Leopold lost the pin of his drawers. Didn't know what to do, to keep it up

NYMPH: Sacrilege! To attempt my virtue! (A large moist stain appears on her robe) You are not fit to touch the garment of a pure woman.

BLOOM (to Bella): passee. Mutton dressed as lamb. Long in the tooth and superfluous hairs. Take a handful of hay and wipe yourself.

BLOOM: (Gently) Give me back that potato, will you? Relic of poor mamma. There is a memory attached to it. I should like to have it.

BELLA: Who's paying here? BLOOM: You had better hand over that cash to me to take care of. Why pay more? STEPHEN: (Hands him all his coins)

Bloom safeguards Stphns 1&6s11d. Stphn-Cigarette please. Bloom-Better 2 eat. Zoe reads Stphns ☹️. ♂ is courage. Lynch-Sheet Lightning courage.

Father Dolan-Lazy scheming boy! DonJohnConMee-Stphn's a good boy. Zoe stops ☹️ reading. Bella reads Blooms ☹️. Zoe-Henpecked husband?

Bloom-That weals from a fall 22 years ago; I was 16. Stphn-I'm 22.16 years ago I fell off my hobbyhorse.Hurt my ☹️. Zoe whispers 2 Florry.

Stphn-Unpleasant Bloom-Come away now Stphn-Why not speak to him? (Taps brow) In here I'll kill the ♀ + ♀ PvtCar-What do U say about my ♀?

EDW.VII ♀ -peace + a clean straight fight Stphn-Let my country die + me EDW.VII ♀ ↑ Stphn-♀s + unicorns PvtCom-Kick him in his knackers

Bloom-Doesn't know what he says,Absinthe ☠ Gentleman+poet PvtCar-Don't give a bugger Bloom-Come home or get in trouble Stphn- I don't avoid it

BiddyTheClap-He's patrician TheCitizen-May God slit English throats Rumbold hangs CroppyBoy, chokes song Horhot ho hray ho rhothers hest

72

He gives up the ghost, then its sperm on cobblestones is sopped up by Honourable (ladies).Rumbold did his painfull duty+hung the awful rebel

Ed the 7th(reprises) "On Corronation Day" as p(FC) Carr defends his king. And the 3rd of the Blessed Trinity? ERIN GO BRAGH! roar The Citizen

Irish Missle Troops + Royal Dublin Fusiliers + ENGLAND?! Cissy + Cuntly + Biddy as SACRED LIFEGIVERS [not harlots]!Then:Dublin on fire!

Guns boom+troops deploy+hoofs gallop+whores screach+the Earth trembles+dragons' teeth rain (down)+black candles rise! Then the Altarstone...

FR.O'Flynn celebrates (communion)+REV.mr.Haines Love-carrot in arse-before The Voices of The Dead+The Blessed:ALLELUIA,lord god omnipotent!

Strident discord:Song of "Kick The Pope"[Orange] vs songs of Mary [Green].Raging p(FC)Carr +Ol Gummy Granny [against] Dedalus. Acushla.

73

WATCH What's wrong here? BLOOM Leave him to me, I can... CARR He insulted my lady friend. BLOOM You hit him w/out provocation! I'm a witness!

KELLEHER(#DMPInformant)That's all right, I know him.(Laughs)We were often as bad ourselves! WATCH What are U all gaping at?(CROWD disperse)

THE WATCH Night, gentlemen. (They move off.), KELLEHER I'll shove along, Safe home! HORSE HohoHome. BLOOM I'll just wait...(exit KELLEHER)

BLOOM Stephen! (No answer.) (STEPHEN turns on his left side, sighing, doubling himself together.)(BLOOM stands guard; communes w/the night.)

(Against the dark wall appears slowly a changeling boy of eleven, He reads a book, silently, from right to left; smiling, kissing the page.)

BLOOM (Wonderstruck, calls inaudibly) Rudy! (#EtonSuit #GlassShoes #reading #kissing) RUDY gazes into Blo om's eyes #smiling #unseeing.