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PART 5

ULYSSES MEETS TWITTER 2011

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☞ Preparatory to anything else Bloom proceeded perforce in the direction of Amiens street railway terminus (soapsuddy Stephen in tow).

En route Bloom spoke a word of caution re: the dangers of nighttown while Stephen was recognised by friend of his father's, Gumley.

—Someone saluted you, Bloom said. —He is down on his luck, Stephen said. Bloom seemingly evinced little interest and gazed at the quay.

—Everyone according to his needs and everyone according to his deeds, Bloom ejaculated finally. 🗨️

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Mr Bloom ventured to warn Stephen of Dr Mulligan the bad bamboozler, when a vivacious language, presumably Italian, came from an icecream car. The pair escaped this heated altercation in the cabman's shelter, said to be owned by Skin-the-Goat. A cup of coffee, sample of solid food, Mr Bloom suggested. The older of the two spoke of the beauty of Italian, of it being melodious and full. Stephen, deathly trying to coax a yawn, remarked that the altercation had been over money, and thus names/sounds are but impostures. Here the pair was approached by the redbearded sailor. He squarely inquired of our young hero's name (Dedalus). They spoke of Simon's Irish nature, of him shooting eggs. DB Murphy, he revealed himself as. He'd not seen his wife in years; it reminded Bloom of Molly and his desire to have her travel and sing.

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Bloom fell to woolgathering on the enormous dimensions of water about the globe It covered three fourths of it And it left him wondering why The Sailor father tore open his shirt+scratched away at his chest on which was to be seen an image tattooed intended to represent an anchor It beats me, Mr Bloom confided to Stephen, how a (prostitute) like that, reeking with disease can be barefaced enough to solicit any man... On this knotty point (of religion) however the views of the pair, poles apart as they were both in schooling and everything else, clashed. You ought to eat more solid food You would feel a different man. (Bloom) -Liquids I can eat, Stephen said But O, oblige me by taking away...

Stephen said starting and rambling on to some unknown listener somewhere, we have the impetuosity of Dante and the isosceles triangle...
 Some person or persons invisible directed (the sailor) to the urinal erected by the cleansing committee all over the place for the purpose.
 Skin-the-goat, evidentially with an axe to grind, was airing his grievances... the natural resources of Ireland or something of that sort
 England was toppling already, and her downfall would be Ireland, her Achilles heel... Silence all around marked the termination of his finale
 Mr Bloom was rather inclined to poohpooh the suggestion... Irish soliders had as often fought for England as against her, more so in fact.
 Ex quibus, Stephen mumbled in a noncommittal accent, their two or four eyes conversing

He heard all kinds of words changing colour like Ringsend crabs burrowing quickly into all colours of different sorts of the same sand. Then
 looked up and saw the eyes that said or didn't say the words the voice he heard said.
 food for reflection would amply repay. Intellectual stimulation was a first rate tonic for the mind, from time to time. the coincidence of
 meeting, discussion, dance, row, old salt of the here today and gone tomorrow type, night loafers, the galaxy of events all went to make
 up a miniature cameo of the world. The lives of the submerged tenth, coalminers, divers, scavengers etc., v much under the microscope lately

Eternal question: can real love, supposing there happens to be another chap in the case, exist between married folk?
 So, Spain. "Do you consider that a Spanish type? Mrs Bloom, my wife the prima donna, Madam Marion Tweedy" Bloom indicated.
 A faded photo. Large sized lady, her fleshy charms on evidence in an open fashion, in evening dress cut low. A liberal display of bosom.
 It was a thousand pities a young fellow should waste his time with profligate women. House and homeless. "At what o'clock did you dine?"
 "Some time yesterday." "Yesterday! Ah, you mean it's after Twelve!" "The day before yesterday." Literally astounded, Bloom reflected.
 A certain analogy there somehow was as if both their minds were travelling, so to speak, in the one train of thought.

Good as my word. Foot the bill. Home 4 a cup of Epp's cocoa and a shakedown. Meet Molly. Still a bit weak on his pins.

He praises Shakespeare's songs over opera. Good he can practise literature in spare moments without its clashing with his vocal career.

Grand concert. Original music - no M+S hymns. A beautiful tenor voice. Duets in Italian w/Madam Marion Tweedy. 4 patrons of King St house.

Just saw horse let fall 3 smoking globes of turds. Driver of a lowbacked car - marry us Father Maher!

He allowed his body to move freely in space by separating himself from the railings and crouching in preparation for his fall.

What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, admire?

It's universality: its democratic equality and constancy

His mood? He had not risked, he did not expect, he had not been disappointed, he was satisfied.

What satisfied him? To have sustained no positive loss. To have brought a positive gain to others. Light to the gentiles.

Did he find four separating forces between his temporary guest and him? Name, age, race, creed.

Did either openly allude to their racial difference? Neither

Why did Bloom refrain from stating that he had frequented the university of life?

Because of his fluctuating incertitude as to whether this observation had or had not been already made by him to Stephen or by Stephen to him.

What two temperaments did they individually represent? The scientific. The artistic.

What was Stephen's auditive sensation? He heard in a profound ancient male unfamiliar melody the accumulation of the past.

What was Bloom's visual sensation? He saw in the quick young male familiar form the pre-destination of a future.

Smiling, a Jew, he heard with pleasure and saw the unbroken kitchen window. Unsmiling, he heard and saw with wonder a Jew's daughter.

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What proposal did Bloom, diambulist, make to Stephen, noctambulist? To pass in repose the hours between Thu and Fri in the apartment

Was the proposal of asylum accepted? Promptly, inexplicably, with amicability, gratefully it was declined

Stephen? A conscious rational animal proceeding from the known to the unknown ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void

Bloom? A competent keyless citizen he had proceeded energetically from the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void

Bloom set the candlestick on the floor. Stephen put the hat on his head. What spectacle? Heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit

Meditations of evolution increasingly vaster. Obverse meditations of involution increasingly less vast. Features of the constellations

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Was he convinced of the esthetic value of spectacle? Indubitably, ardent constellations the frigidity of their planet. Belief: astrological.

Both were silent? Silent, contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of their hisnothis fellowfaces. Malekey femalelock

Alone, what did Bloom hear? IUBILANTIUM CHORUS HEIGHO. Retreating feet on the heavenborn earth.

Alone, what did Bloom feel? The cold of interstellar space, the mirror... The image of a solitary ipso/alio relative man.

What final visual impression was communicated to him by the mirror? Catalogue these books. Shakespeare's WORKS. A Handbook of Astronomy.

87

Necessity of order, a place for everything and everything in order to exercise after an interval of amnesia, he remembered the mnemotechnic.

He compressed between 2 fingers a benignant persistent ache in his footsoles the fore part of which the nail of his great toe had effracted.

Olive green with smart carriage finish both localities equally reported by trial to be held under feefarm grant Encyclopaedia Britannica.

After 30 years service the grounds contain a glass summerhouse, sweet pea, lily of the valley, eeltraps, lobsterpots, 2 hammocks and so on.

Arranged successively in ascending powers of a course that lay between the highest constituted power in the land actuated by an innate love.

All menial molesters of domestic, all recalcitrant violators of domestic connubiality.

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track winnings; lottery; treasure; transportation engineering; novel hydraulic enterprise; gold mine RT @'lbloom Opulent residence afforded how?

Physicist, philosopher, physiologist derive satisfaction from same in somnolence RT @'lbloom Why meditate on impossible schemes?

Letter to @hflower plus favorable reception w/ @'jbreen @'misscallan @'maidGertrude = future virile episode w/mercenary lady anticipated

Insurance policy, daughter letter, erotica, life insurance, rubbers, birth certificate, father letter, father name.... #drawers

89

What other objects relative to Rudolph Bloom (born Virag) were in the 2nd drawer? an envelope addressed: To My Dear Son Leopold

What idiosyncracies were concomitant products of amnesia? Occasionally he drank voraciously juice of gooseberryfool from an inclined plate.

blindstripling, marfeast, lickplate, spoilsport, pickthank, eccentric publiclaughingstock on bench of park under discarded perforated umbrella.

Removal of nocturnal solitude, superior quality of human (mature female) to inhuman (hotwaterjar) calefaction, stimulation of matutinal contact

What impression of an absent face did Bloom, arrested, silently recall?

Redolent of opoponax

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► He removed a pillow from the head to the foot of the bed and entered with circumspection the bed of consummation of marriage and of breach

of marriage. Each who enters imagines himself to be the first. He is neither first nor last nor only nor alone. (Blazes) Sentiments? Envy,

jealousy, abnegation, equanimity. As natural as every natural act of natural creatures. The futility of vindication: the apathy of the

stars. He kissed the plump yellow smellow melons of her rump. The childman weary, the manchild in the womb. He rests. He has travelled ●

Yes bc he never did a thing like that old faggot Mrs Riordan 2 much old chat abt politicsearthquakes no fun I hope ill never be like her

I like that in him as much a nun as im not Yes bringing him flowers anything at all to get in2 a mans bedroom #bothanunandawhore

Yes because all men get a bit like that at his age 40 1 woman is not enuff very fond of oysters not that I care 2 straws

Yes bc he couldnt possibly do without it that long I told him about pretending to like it til they come cant kiss a man w/out marrying him

The Bishop the coalman maybe a priest at confession in his vestments like a Stallion driving it up into you bc thats all they want

tremendous amount filling her up with a baby I made him pull it out O yes take that Mrs M that poisoned her husband being hanged I wonder

the shape of my foot wagging my foot and I saw his eyes on my feet the shoes my foot my stockings

what are we waiting for O my heart of course hes mad on the subject of drawers then he knew how to take a woman when he sent me the 8 big poppies because mine was the 8th

said I was lovely the evening we kissed @canallock my #Irishbeauty better leave this ring keep turning it better for him to put it into me from behind

be thankful for our mangy cup of tea my belly is a bit too big ill have to knock off the stout at dinner men wont look at you women try to walk on you b/c they know youre no man

no im what I am 33 in September hate pretending like Jesus in the crib @Inchicore in the #BlessedVirgins arms no woman old hr a child that big taken out of her

when I looked at myself in the glass hardly recognised myself

ages ago the days like years not a letter from a living soul except the odd few I posted to myself so bored sometimes

waiting always waiting to guiiiide him toooo me waiting nor speeed his flying feet their damn guns bursting and booming

I can feel his mouth I must stretch myself I wished he was here I feel all fire inside me

it fills up your whole day and life always something to think about every moment and see it all round you like a new world

I looked up at the church first and then at the windows then down and our eyes met I felt something go through me my eyes were dancing

Mulveys was the first

it never entered my head what kissing meant till he put his tongue in my mouth

Frseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefrong that train again weeping tone once in the dear deaead days beyondre c all
goodbye to my sleep for this night anyhow

I think Ill get a bit of fish tomorrow or today is it Friday yes

he cant say I pretend things can he Im too honest

they all look @ her like me when I was her age lips so red pity they won't stay I was 2 aren't they a nuisance always something wrong w em

O Jesus yes that thing has come on me yes wish he had what I had + then he'd boo pouring out of me like the sea O how the waters come down
everything that comes of it a thing of beauty he excited me the 1st night ever we met not 1 in creation w habits he has imitating everybody

wait 2 oclock their 20 pockets aren't enough + their lies I wonder was it some little bitch hes got in with + thats the way his money goes

all in great style suppose hes a man now he liked me too they all do young stranger you met before + didn't I dream something about poetry

Molly in bed or Penelope weaving and unraveling. The savagesexy marriage ties of Molly and Leopold are further revealed.

Molly in Old Cohens bed now has Stephen D in her fantasies imagining stimulating conversations O and a nice young cock in her mouth.

Thoughts turn to her lion Poldy who loves her bottom and swells so hard yet so soft a man who can be jealous but she will not be chained.

Molly quickly shuns thoughts of her poor dead Rudy more interested in finding the smell of a whores on Bloom and other sluts.

Molly responds to her own jealousy by getting angry imagining telling Bloom about her own indiscretions and making him watch.

Her heart gives way to the hard softness of love when she reminisces about the day Bloom proposed and she said yes I said I will Yes.
