



@llysses

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**PART 2**

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## ULYSSES MEETS TWITTER 2011

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20

Change the subject. Beaufoy. Bloom touched her funnybone, warning her: His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell. Watch!

U.P.: up

Wanted, smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work. I called you naughty darling because I do not like that other world

Poor Mrs Purefoy! Luncheon interval. After their feed with a good load under their belts. Policeman's lot is oft a happy one

This is the worst hour of the day. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed. Don't eat a beefsteak. That cow will pursue you through eternity

A certain mood: The dreamy cloudy gull / Waves o'er the waters dull. The tip of his finger blotted out the sun's disk. What's parallax?

21

Bloom quickbreathing slower walking passed Adam court <http://bit.ly/grafonst> lured his senses. High voices Sunwarm silk. Jingling harness

His heart astir he pushed in the door of <http://bit.ly/musteat> Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slush of greens.

Men,men,men. Wolfing gobfuls. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarettesmoke, men's beery piss. His gorge rose. Couldn't eat a morsel here

Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill! After all there's a lot in that #vegetarian. Wretched brutes waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls. Moo

Plup. Rawhead and bloody bones. Flayed glasseyed sheep hung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust.

He entered Davy Byrnes. Moral pub. —Hello, Bloom, @NoseyFlynn said. Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy + . . . Have you a cheese sandwich?

22

L Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. O, wonder! Me. And me now. Stuck, the flies buzzed.

B Beauty: It curves, curves are beauty. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind:food,chyle,blood,dung,earth,food:

L He's in the craft, he said. At Duke lane, a ravenous terrier choked up a sick knucky cud on the cobble stones + lapped it with new zest.

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O A blind stripling stood tapping the curbstone with his slender cane. Of course other senses are more. More shameless not seeing.

O What dreams he would have, not seeing? Karma they call that transmigration for sins u did in past life the reincarnation met him pikehoses

M First I must. Library. Making for the museum gate with long windy strides he lifted his eyes. Light in his eyes. My heart Yes Gate Safe!

23

The Quaker librarian purrs, the beautiful ineffectual dreamer attends, & Satan makes of his ass a trumpet, holding even follies hostage.

People do not know how dangerous lovesongs can be.

Composition of place. Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!

Mother's deathbed. Candle. The sheeted mirror. I wept alone.

We are becoming important it seems.

24

Shakespeare a cuckold? Yes, says Stephen. The poet and his wife reconciled, so they must first have sundered.

The inward light-Jesus, George Fox, the Quaker librarian. What if Caesar had bewared the Ides of March? #whatmighthavebeen

Sundering, then reconciliation; Stephen repeats himself. Note to self: "Said that."

Stagely, pumped, Buck Mulligan enters mocking. The others wonder: Shakespeare an Irishman? Hamlet a woman? The sonnets written for a man?

Buck pulls out Stephen's sentimentalist telegram and says, Syngé is going to murder you for pissing on his door! Piddler Buck.

Bloom arrives, looking for a newspaper. "The sheeny!" Buck cries, then mocks him: "Greeker than the Greeks!" #myantisemitichomophobicfriend

25

Buck Mulligan, his pious eyes upturned, prayed: Blessed Margaret Mary Anycock!

In a rosery of Fetter Lane of Gerard, herbalist, he walks, greyedauburn. An azure harebell like her veins. Lids of Juno's eyes, violets.

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punkt lefttherhis Secondbest Bestabed Secabest Leftabed. Woah! pretty countryfolk had few chattels then, John Eglinton observed.

life ran very high in those days. Lovely! Catamite. The sense of beauty leads us astray, said beautiful in sadness Best to ugliness Eglinton.

Sufflaminandus sum. He was made in German, Stephen replied, as the champion French polisher of Italian scandals.

Venus had twisted her lips in prayer. Agenbite of inwit: remorse of conscience. It is an age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god.

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"Will: name hidden. Super here, clown there. Overplus in sonnets" And honorificabilitudinitatibus. He's Hamlet's ghost. Both satisfied.

Brothers Shakespeare, Edmund/Richard. Adultrous (Ann), usurping, damned, not Dane. King Lear's Edmund. Richard the Third - brother.

Eureka! sayeth Mulligan. Elginton asked: Believe my own theory? No, and don't expect any money. Left John unwed, and unfancied.

Motley Puck Mulligan's play: a national immorality in three orgasms. Remembers my multicolored, multitudinous vomit. Jest on. Know thyself.

Good day to Bloom the wandering Jew. Left the 'femme de trente ans.' Que voulez-vous? Buck thinks a look with lust after me.

27

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COMME (on the rd2Artane) Practical Catholic, servant o'th masses? Spies I maimed seaman & a sunnqwinking wife. Doff. & tail th at fake cockney Vaughan!

6 eyeing small'uns & frocked up Maginni, Lo invincible ignorance & MsM' Guinness. The poor Christian Bros. boys, the aged & the virtuous. Doff. Goodday 2 yahs.

Outbound by tram; Protestant incoming! Difficulty uniting host & head, Sum oldsters need blessing twice. Bt wot of the lost'uns: black, brown, yella?

Ole Times In The Barony - ways not our own. Bt the cabbage will bow 2 the Don, John Jesuit. The Office now, Deus in adiutorium. Fluster of sin bursts 4th.

\* Corny chews hay with the coffin @ hand \* A1-legged sailor crutching on for a small bounty from above \* Bt wot of the innocents now Stevie is gone?

Katey & Boody & Maggy too. There's no money in old books, just shirts & soup 4 din-dins. And Our Pa who is not in Heaven. THE THROWAWAY FLOATS ON...

28

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\* B Boylan bought basket w/ 2 fat pears, head by tail, 4 delivery. Copped look on shopgirl's shirt + thought his 1 recorded thought of day.\*

\* A Artifoni (music tchr) and Stephen D chatted in Ital(ian/ics): "U shld sing more." "I'll think about it." AA ran 4, but missed, tram.\*

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\*Miss Dunne (Martha Clifford?), Boylan's secy, typed 16/6/04, fixing date 4 us. (Thnx, Ms D!) Daydreamed. Took call from boss, @ fruitshop.\*

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\*Ned L led 1-man Abbey Tour: "Most historic spot in Dublin." "Photos allowed?" "Yes." Ned sneezed: "Chow! (Chilled @ Dignam funeral.)\*"

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\*Lenehan to M'Coy: "I'm backing Sceptre in Gold Cup. Saw B Lyons betting on dark horse [Throwaway]." Passed dark Bloom browsing books. . .

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. . .Lenehan: "I felt up Molly B in car from Glencree: gamey mare w/ fine pair she. Still, B is cultured allroundman, w/ touch of the artist.\*"

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29

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Mr. Bloom turned over idly pages...He read where his finger opened. Feel! press! Chrished! —Sweets of Sin, he said...That's a good one.

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—Where would I get money? Mr. Dedalus said. There is no-one in Dublin would lend me a fourpence. The viceregal cavalcade passed...

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Rogerson's quay, w. hulls + anchorchains, sailing westward, sailed by skiff, a crumpled throwaway, rocked on the ferrywash, Elijah is coming

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Throb always without you + the throb always within. I between them. Between 2 roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one + both.

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He turned + halted by the slanted bookcart. Who has passed here bet me? My eyes they say she has. She is drowning. She will drown me w. her

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Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, murmuring, glassyeyed, strode past the Kildare street club. Ben Dollard frowned...

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30

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Clatter of horsehoofs sounded. All turned where they stood. -What was it? -The lord lieutenantgeneral & general governor of Ireland.

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O, but you missed Dedalus on Hamlet. —I'm sorry, he said. Shakespeare is the happy huntingground of all minds that have lost their balance

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Buck Mulligan's primrose waistcoat shook gaily... —You should see him, he said, when his body loses its balance. Wandering Aengus I can him

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10 years, he said, chewing & laughing. He is going to write something in 10 years...Elijah, skiff, light crumpled throwaway, sailed eastward

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He met other schoolboys. Do they notice I'm in mourning? A big coffin. Never see him again. Death, that is. Pa is dead. My father is dead.

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The cavalcade passed/Blazes Boylan forgot 2 salute but offered the ladies the bold admiration of his eyes & the red flower between his lips

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31

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Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyringing. Imperthnthn. But look: the bright stars fade. The morn is breaking. jaunted jingling.

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A moonlit nightcall: far, far. I feel so sad. So lonely blooming. Listen! Then not till then. My eppripfftaph. Be pfrwritt. Done. Begin!  
O wept! Aren't men frightful idiots? Bloowho Bloom. But Bloom? Don't let me think of him or I'll expire. Bloowhose dark eye read Of sin.  
Not yet. The sweets of sin. Bronze whiteness. Jingle. her maidenhair, Musing. Mute. None nought said nothing. Yes.  
Greetings from the famous son of a famous father. Whom may he be? Mr. Dedalus asked. Who may he be? Can you ask? Stephen, the youthful bard.  
Brightly the keys, all twinkling, linked, called to a voice to sing the strain of dewy morn, of youth, of love's leavetaking, life's love's morn.

32

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—Warily walking went Bloom, unconquered hero. Jingle a tinkle jaunted. Not yet. At four. What is he doing at the Ormond? Let's hear the time.  
—Sonnez la cloche! Smack. She set free sudden in rebound her nipped elastic garter smackwarm against her smackable woman's warmhosed thigh.  
—Bloom heard a jing, a little sound, He's off. Jingling. He's gone. Jingle. Hear.  
—Most beautiful tenor air ever written. Speech paused on Richie's lips. All is lost now.  
—A low incipient note sweet banshee murmured: all. A throstle. His breath, birdsweet. Is lost. Mournful he whistled. Fall, surrender, lost.

33

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Si Dedalus. Wore out his wife: now sings. Love's old sweet sonnez la gold. Words? Music? No, it's what's behind. Time makes the tune.  
Blaze Boylan. Jiggedy jingle. Knock. Last look at mirror always before she answers the door. perfumed for him. What perfume does your wife?  
Bloom looped, unlooped, noded, disnoded. In cry of lionel loneliness that she should know, \*Martha, ah Martha\* One love. One hope.  
First night when first I saw her at Dillon's. Yellow, black lace she wore. Musical chairs. We two the last. Fate. Luring. Ah, alluring.  
Just going to write. He blotted quick on pad of Pat. Miss Martha Clifford. c/o P O Dolphin's barn lane. Dublin.  
Why do you call me nought? You naughty too? Tell me I want to. Know. O. Trails off there sad in minor. Sign H pps La la ree

34

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Look look look at us. Joy. Tearing silk. Warm dark open. Loud proud knocker. Six sharps? Must go. Listen. Mea culpa. Doesn't half know I'm.

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Cockcarracarra. Philosophy. O rocks! No son. Rudy. Too late now. If not? Soon I am old. Croppy boy bore no hate. Bless me, father. Go. Tap.  
Bloom looked, unblest to go. Woman body flute alive. Will? You? I. Want. You. To. Fro: over polished knob, thumb + finger passed in pity.  
Blmstup. Soap sticky behind. His body laid. Soft Bloom, I feel so lonely Bloom. Fat of death, Simon. Last rose of summer, lovely Mina song.  
Gassy thing cider. P.O. Get shut. Up the quay Lionelleopold, naughty Henry. Tap. Jolly for the wife. pom. Wallop. Yashmak or kismet. Fate.  
Tap. Tap. Stripling, blind. Frowsy whore. put you off stroke. Let her pass. Must be the bur. No-one behind. Coming. ppprrpffrrppff. Done.

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35

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Sitting atop his boulderstool rubbing his hand in his cauliflowereye: broadshouldered deepchested redhaired #thecitizen #workingforthecause  
Thirst I wouldn't sell for half a crown, bluemouldy and #begob could hear it hit the pit of my stomach w/ a click as I quaffed my cup of joy  
And o' #bloom the bloody freemason slopingprowling through Michan's land, with his cod's eye counting all the guts of fish #theprudentsoul  
Dignam dead, plain as a pikestaff: foot and mouth disease, how are the mighty fallen! Paid the debt of nature, no more dead than you are.

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36

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*Spirit hands flutter in darkness. Ruby light etheric double jivic orangefiery scarlet rays. Pralaya path. Sublunary bloodthirsty entities.  
Devanic circles. Mars Jupiter out for mischief. Friends of earth still in the body. Physog peep in. Doing the weeps. Tear bloody near eye.  
Master barber barbarous bloody barbarian. Capital punishment. Vengeful knights of the razor. Philoprogenitive erection. Hungry bloody mongrel.  
Phenomenon! Sinn Fein! F.O.T.S.I Affray. Delegates. Patriarchal sombrero. Disembowelling appliances. Terracotta saucepan. Most precious blood.  
Exactly 17 o'clock. Heads were bared. Eyes glowered furiously. Hero martyr in capital spirits. Non Plus Ultra: Sheila, my own. Anna Liffey.  
Saltstream tears. Monster audience. Genial giants. Skull & crossbones brooch. Gallant young Oxonian. Furtive tear. Makes me bleeding cry.*

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37

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So then the citizens begins talking about the Irish language and the corporation meeting and all to that  
Of course Bloom had to have his say too. if you took up a straw from the bloody floor and said *Do you see that straw?* he'd talk about it for an hour.

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—Blazes knows which side his bread is buttered, says Alf. I hear he's running a concert tour now up in the north.

—Who? says Bloom. Ah yes, that's quite true. Yes, a kind of summer tour, you see. Just a holiday.

Hob begob, I says to myself, says I. That explains the milk in the coconut and absence of hair on the animal's chest. Blazes doing the tootle on the flute.

38

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*And they shackled him hand and foot and would take of him ne bail ne mainprise but preferred a charge against him for he was a malefactor,*

*—The strangers, says the citizen, Our own fault, We let them come in, We brought them, The adulteress and her par amour brought the Saxon robbers here,*

*Bloom letting on to be awfully deeply interested in nothing, a spider's web in the corner behind the barrel,*

*and the citizen scowling after him and the old dog at his feet looking up to know who to bite and when,*

*So he starts telling us about corporal punishment and about the crews of tars and officers and rearadmirals*

39

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—Persecution, says Bloom, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nation.

—I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Robbed. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted.

—Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen. —I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.

Force, hatred, history, is not life for men + women, insult + hatred + everybody knows it's the very opposite of that that is really life

—Is he a Jew or a gentile or a holy Roman or a swaddler or what the hell is he? Says Ned. —We don't want him, says Crofter.

—He's a perverted Jew, says Martin, from a place in Hungary and it was he drew up all the plans according to the Hungarian system.

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