



@llysses

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PART 3

ULYSSES MEETS TWITTER 2011

40

—A wolf in sheep's clothing, says the citizen. That's what he is. Virag from Hungary! Ahasuerus I call him. Cursed by God.

—Mendelssohn was a Jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a Jew and his father was a Jew. Your God.

—He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead. —Well his uncle was a Jew, says he. Your God was a Jew. Christ was a Jew like me

—By Jesus, says the citizen, I'll brain that bloody Jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will.

The last we saw was the bloody car rounding the corner and the bloody mongrel after it to tear him limb from limb.

And they beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of brightness like a shot off a shovel.

41

The chapter, Nausicaa begins. There are many useful allusions to The Odyssey in this chapter.

On the beach at sunset are 3 girls and Mary Star of the Sea. Cissy and Edy with young brothers toss a red ball. Gerty sits apart.

Gerty MacDowell is the "most beautiful girl in all Dublin" now mourning for her lost love.

Bloom is in the shadows with hand in his pocket watching Gerty who with woman's instinct she is aware of his presence.

Gerty could have been a princess (like Nausicaa) in another life for she is so self composed and beautiful.

A temperance group arrives reminding Gerty her father's fall into drink they sing she prays to Our Blessed Mother.

42

The twins in brotherly fashion right merrily with lusty cries kicked the ball towards the seaweedy rocks towards the gentleman in black who aimed up the strand down under Gerty's skirt mystical rose wet with contrition she drew back her foot her transparent stockings her new hat gave a kick lifted her skirt just enough for the face in twilight saddest she'd ever seen. Warm flush, stain of original sin. Say papa baby

her heart went pitapat. His eyes burned into her, wonderful eyes. The heart of the girlwoman the ball took good aim and rolled out to him
He looked almost a saint and his confession-box was so quiet and clean and dark and his hands were just like white wax her dreamhusband
She haven of refuge for the afflicted, queen of most holy rosary, Gerty could see without looking that he never took his eyes off of her.

43

The eyes that were fastened upon her set her pulses tingling. She looked at him a moment, meeting his glance, and a light broke in upon her.
And then a rocket sprang and bang shot blind blank and O! then the Roman candle burst and it was like a sigh of O! and everyone cried O! O!
At it again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him and, wretch that he was, how had he answered? An utter cad he had been. He of all men!
Should a girl tell? No, a thousand times no. That was their secret, only theirs, alone in the hiding twilight and there was none to know
Jilted beauty. A defect is ten times worse in a woman. But makes them polite. Glad I didn't know when she was on show. Hot little devil
Off colour after Kiernan's, Dignam's. For this relief much thanks. In Hamlet, that is. Lord! It was all things combined. Excitement.

44

Wonder how is she feeling in that region? That's her perfume. Hyacinth? Roses. Sweet and cheap: soon sour. Dogs greet each others' behinds.
Mansmell. Source of life. And it's extremely curious the smell. Mr. Bloom inserted his nose. Almonds? Lemons? Yes. No. The soap.
Like to be the rock she sat on. Green apples open like flowers, know their hours, sunflowers. Wooed in June in the garden my Molly.
He gets the plums, I the plumstones. Drained all the manhood from me, she did. Rip. Van. periwinkles. All forgotten. Oh, Molly.
A lonely candle explodes in white stars. They floated, fell: they faded ... at sea, Milly never turned sour. But the growing pains! Molly...
I. AM. A. Stick in the mud. A bat flew. A bell chimed. A clock cooed. Gerty MacDowell knew he was. Cuckoo Cuckoo Cuckoo. By Molly.

45

► That allhardest of woman hour wombfruit borne (boyaboy!) whence the art of medicine eases issue in the wellbuilt home of moth ers.
A woman in throes now full three days.

At night's oncoming the door was opened and a mickle noise as of many that sat there at meat. Strange fishes. A brewage like to mead.
Pondering woman's woe with wonder, sir Leopold was passing grave, minded of his good lady Marion's only manchild borne had di ed.
looked upon his friend's son and was shut up in sorrow. ◀

46

NOW drink we of this mazer + quaff ye this mead which is not indeed parcel of my body but my soul's bodiment. Mark me now:
Bring a stranger within thy tower it will go hard but thou wilt have the secondbest bed. Orate, fratres, pro memetipso. #merchantofjalaps
Therefore hast thou sinned against my light + hast made me, thy lord, to be the slave of servants. Return, return, Clan Milly; forget me not
And thou hast left me alone for ever in the dark ways of my bitterness: and with a kiss of ashes hast thou kissed my mouth #nonserviam
ETIENNE CHANSON * a black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled back. Came now the storm that hist his heart.
no other thing but a hubbub noise. discharge of fluid. all of the order of a natural phenomenon #bloomtotherescue{Fear vanquished? No}

47

Rogues and bounders both, Lenehan and Costello enter the field, foot and mouth the cud to be chewed; rumination follows.
Bloom perplexed. The appetite and effluent of English bulls is considered by the convocation.
Two bulls yoked to the plough split the island in twain. A requiem for the dispossessed and displaced.
Young bullock Mulligan presents his card — stud to the shy, consort to the nervous; Lambey Love Island his destination — free entry.
A reverie; Bannon remembers Milly fondly; but for a sock he would have nailed her! An unmatriculated student of forgotten French letters.

48

Lying-in Hospital glows with an antiseptic white light despite the late 10PM hour of this late Dublin June night.
Mrs Purefoy on the white bed of her room lightly caresses her swollen, fearsome womb
Out of concern for the lady's stiff birth goes our dear hatless Leopold Bloom to wait with others in a boisterous common room

Staff hovers as if medicine were dark art while Mrs Purefoy shrieks from her heart - with JOY! at the deliverance of her own sweet tiny boy

49

Chapter called Oxen of the Sun begins "What is the age of the soul of man?" 'nuf said.

Bloom ponders one Universal Soul in the birthing house as he was once a son, a lover, a father bringing thoughts of Rudy to mind.

Both Bloom and Stephen think or speak of the world of the ancient gods and the new theosophy by M Blavatsky.

Through metempsychosis the soul of man will age and we will become lightbodies with the ability to ascend like Elijah.

Mullgan mocks and the assembly ensues on a psuedoSocraatic dialogue considering lofty subjects as sperm and evolution.

50

It had been a weary weary while both for patient and doctor. All that skill could do was done and the brave woman had manfully helped.

Look at her as she reclines with the motherlight in her eyes, in the first bloom of new motherhood, breathing a silent prayer of thanks.

Dealing with sins which are hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart but they abide there and wait. Already Buck has turned.

Remember, the end comes suddenly, and the downpour comes. Bloom stops but the Nurse ushers them out to Burke's their ulterior goal.

To the speakeasy. Tight. I shew you, shir. Absinthe the lot. Blaze on for the chap puking. Unwell in his abominable regions. Look slippery.

You need to rise early you sinner. He's got a coughmixture with a punch in it for you, my friend, in his back pocket. Just you try it on.

51

☛ Nighttown: rows of grimy houses with gaping doors. Rare lamps with faint rainbow fans. A plate crashes; a woman screams; a child wails.

CISSY CAFFREY (singing shrill from a lane): I gave it to Molly / Because she was jolly, / The leg of the duck / The leg of the duck.

Stephen + Lynch a-stroll. BAWD: All prick and no pence. LYNCH: Pornosophical philotheology. STEPHEN: We have shrewridden Shakespeare.

LYNCH: Where are we going? STEPHEN: Lecherous lynx, to la belle dame sans merci, Georgina Johnson, ad deam qui laetificat juventutem meam.

He emerges, puffing poldy, blowing Bloohoom, lugging parcels of pig's crubeen and cold sheep's trotter. Unlucky Bloom tormented by traffic.

BLOOM: (He feels his trouser pocket.) Poor mamma's panacea. Bit light in the head. Brainfogfag. Too much for me now. Ow! 🐷

52

Haha. Merci. Esperanto. Slan leath.

Are you not my son Leopold, the grandson of Leopold who left the house of this father + the god of his fathers?

Mamma! Poldy! Molly!

Dirty married man! I love you for doing that to me.

Not so loud my name. Rescue of women. Magdalen asylum. I am the secretary...

53

#Bloom11: A little frivol shall we if u r so inclined? Mrs Breen: O you ruck! Bloom: Ladies and Gentlemen I give you Ireland, home and beauty.

Mrs Breen: Love's old sweet song. Tremendously teapot! #Bloom11: The Witching hour of night. Mrs Breen: You're hot! Highjinks below stairs.

#BLOOM The home without potted meat is incomplete rattling good place round there for pigs feet RICHIE Best value in Dub. Ah Bright Lights!

#BLOOM I want to tell u a secret about how I came to b here But u must never tell I have a most particular reason MRS BREEN O not for worlds

MRS BREEN She did of course the cat Don't tell me Nice Adviser Naughty cruel I was! #BLOOM11 Little thing w/ a heart the size of a fullstop

private Carr: He aint half balmy The Navy: We are the boys. Of Wexford! #Bloom11 #LaThtr #BLOOMSDAY!

54

Wildgoose chase this: mangongwheeltracktrolleytwhittertwhattweadingglarejuggernaut Wet Dream.

Bloom all pigsticky sweets of sin let slide retrievercrunchingcopscomecoming[caught!]

Signor sings his spikebootlashknotthongbarlinirubbinglionpride. Crime cruelty, Bloom. Name address.

Dr. Bloom dentist--or--von Bloom pasha--or--Henri di Fleur, whats-is-name Henry de-flowering watching besetting. Alibi?

Bloom: Bloom in question this. Love entangledemented, dashitall uniform does it. Martha: promise breached, breaches pizzled.

my wife I am a daughter...staunch a Britisher, absentminded king and country...a literary occupation of which I am the inventor...

55 (version 1)

Beaufoy's books plagiarized by Poldy, jackdaw of Rhiems, the age's arch-conspirator! U of Life schooled him badly.

Driscoll, scullerymaid, not of the unfortunate class, was surprised by defendant in the rere of her premises.

Accused pleading not guilty now makes a bogus statement. Unfortunate incident in Beaver Street (bowels bad) as cross continues.

O'Molloy for the defence: 'My client is but an infant, of Mongol extraction, from Pharaoh's land. Not all there.' Bloom kisses his hand.

'Mosaic code not jungle law must see off prosecutrix and hyena alike. My client wants to go straight + is the whitest man I know.'

Queens of Dublin soc, Mrs B and Mrs B. Inflamed by peerless globes of one; purloined potato for t'other's honour. Shame on him!

55 (version 2)

Beaufoy@Bloom: Soapy Sneak plagiarist! You've basely cribbed my gems, you uneducated cad! Bloom@Beaufoy: I attend the University of Life.

Beaufoy makes case to court: @Bloom is an amoral liar, street angel + house devil. King V. Bloom Begins! 1st witness...

Peasant Mary Driscoll: I rejected @Bloom's advances w/ my scourbrush! Shame on him! Leo (unshaven+flannel trousers) is laughed at in court.

Leo pleads not guilty, adds incoherent rambling sobstory. Court pokes fun. @omalloylaw defends: Bloom a kind immigrant incapable of assault!

@omalloylaw suddenly ages to near-death state! Bloom also morphs; now hi-class + well-dressed! He glibly names rich + powerful friends.

Snobbish Bloom Also Accused! Mrs. Barry (married,) says Leo loves her globes! He asked for her misconduct, but she rebuked his Paul de Kock.

56

A crowd of sluts & ragamuffins surged forward

Several highly respectable Dublin ladies hold up improper letters received from Bloom.

(Pigdog & always was ever since he was pupped, the well known cuckold.)

Bloom is robbed of a spanking & primed for a hanging

Paddy Dignam appears via metempsychosis. Spooks & animal needs.

57

(Zoe, a young whore accosts him) ZOE: Has mousey any tickles tonight? (His skin, alert, feels her fingers approach.) How's the nut's?

BLOOM: Off side. Curiously they are on the right. Heavier I suppose. One in a million my tailor, says. Are you a Dublin girl?

ZOE: I feel it. (Her hand slides into his trouser pocket and brings out a hard black shriveled... POTATO. She regards it and Bloom.)

(Midnight chimes in distant steeples) ZOE: I'm English. Have you a swaggerroot? Go on. Make a stump speech out of it.

BLOOM: Mankind is incorrigible. Sir Walter Raleigh brought from the new world that potato, but their reign is rover for rever and ever and...

(Wild applause! Maypoles + masts spring up! Under an arch of triumph Bloom appears. The ladies throw down rosepetals! The men cheer!)

58

#Bloom *(In gold mantle, hand on #testicles, wielding sceptre): *"Bloomusalem!" Wireless transmitters receive. #Destiny* (winks): *"plagiarist!"

59

Mulligan's diagnosis of Bloom: Bisexually abnormal, perversely idealistic. epilepsyelephantiasis. Sinned against, not sinning. VIRGO INTACTA

Dr. Dixon: Bloom is a finished example of the new womanly man. He is about to have a baby. Bloom: O, I so want to be a mother.

Bloom's eight silvergold sons: NASODORO, GOLDFINGER, CHRYSOSTOMOS, MAINDOREE, SILVERSMILE, SILBERSELBER, VIFARGENT, PANARGYROS

Eight handsome metallic faces, respectably dressed, multilingual, intellectual. All immediately appointed to positions of high public trust.

Bloom, are you the Messiah ben Joseph or ben David? He is asked to perform miracles and does. MosesbegatNoahbegat. #bloomisacod.

prison gate girls. "If you see Kay" — F.U.C.K. - "Tell him he may" - "See you in tea" - C.U.N.T. - "Tell him from me."
