

Six Commentaries from *Ulysses* by James Joyce
Thomas de Hartmann
Op. 71
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1. INTRODUCTION From the beginning of episode 11 (Sirens)	2. TESTAMENT From episode 9 (Scylla and Charybdis)
<p><i>Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyringing.</i> <i>Impertthnthn thnthnthn.</i> <i>Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips.</i> <i>Horrid! And gold flushed more.</i> <i>A husky fifenote blew.</i> <i>Blew. Blue bloom is on the.</i> <i>Goldpinnacled hair.</i> <i>A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin,</i> <i>rose of Castile.</i> <i>Trilling, trilling: Idolores.</i> <i>Peep! Who's in the... peepofgold?</i> <i>Tink cried to bronze in pity.</i> <i>And a call, pure, long and throbbing.</i> <i>Longindying call.</i></p>	<p><i>You mean the will.</i> <i>That has been explained, I believe, by jurists.</i> <i>She was entitled to her widow's dower</i> <i>At common law. His legal knowledge was great</i> <i>Our judges tell us.</i> <i>Him Satan fleers,</i> <i>Mocker:</i> <i>And therefore he left out her name</i> <i>From the first draft but he did not leave out</i> <i>The presents for his granddaughter, for his</i> <i>daughters,</i> <i>For his sister, for his old cronies in Stratford</i> <i>And in London. And therefore when he was urged,</i> <i>As I believe, to name her</i> <i>He left her his</i> <i>Secondbest</i> <i>Bed.</i> <i>Punkt.</i> <i>Leftherhis</i> <i>Secondbest</i> <i>Leftherhis</i> <i>Bestabed</i> <i>Secabest</i> <i>Leftabed.</i> <i>Woa!</i></p>

3. WALTZ OF THE HOURS From episode 15 (Circe)	4. ECLOGUE From the beginning of episode 13 (Nausicaa)
<p>Spoken: <i>(From a corner the morning hours run out, goldhaired, slimsandalled, in girlish blue, waspwaisted, with innocent hands. Nimbly they dance, twirling their skipping ropes. The hours of noon follow in amber gold. Laughing, linked, high haircombs flashing, they catch the sun in mocking mirrors, lifting their arms.)</i></p> <p>Sung: <i>(The morning and noon hours waltz in their places, turning, advancing to each other, shaping their curves, bowing vis à vis. Cavaliers behind them arch and suspend their arms, with hands descending to, touching, rising from their shoulders.)</i></p> <p>[HOURS] <i>You may touch my.</i></p> <p>[CAVALIERS] <i>May I touch your?</i></p> <p>[HOURS] <i>O, but lightly!</i></p> <p>[CAVALIERS] <i>O, so lightly!</i></p>	<p><i>The summer evening had begun to fold the world in its mysterious embrace. Far away in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of all too fleeting day lingered lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud promontory of dear old Howth guarding as ever the waters of the bay, on the weedgrown rocks along Sandymount shore and, last but not least, on the quiet church whence there streamed forth at times upon the stillness the voice of prayer to her who is in her pure radiance a beacon ever to the stormtossed heart of man, Mary, star of the sea.</i></p>

<p>5. CUCKOO From the end of episode 13 (Nausicaa)</p>	<p>6. NIGHT AT GIBRALTAR From the end of episode 18 (Penelope) (end of the book)</p>
<p><i>A bat flew. Here. There. Here. Far in the grey a bell chimed. Mr Bloom with open mouth, his left boot sanded sideways, leaned, breathed. Just for a few</i></p> <p>Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo.</p> <p><i>The clock on the mantelpiece in the priest's house cooed where Canon O'Hanlon and Father Conroy and the reverend John Hughes S. J. were taking tea and sodabread and butter and fried mutton chops with catsup and talking about</i></p> <p>Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo.</p> <p><i>Because it was a little canarybird bird that came out of its little house to tell the time that Gerty MacDowell noticed the time she was there because she was as quick as anything about a thing like that, was Gerty MacDowell, and she noticed at once that that foreign gentleman that was sitting on the rocks looking was</i></p> <p>Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo.</p>	<p>Spoken: <i>...and the big wheels of the carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas 2 glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets</i></p> <p>Sung: <i>and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and the pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.</i></p> <p>Spoken: <i>Trieste-Zürich-Paris, 1914-1921</i></p>