



# NULYSSES

Philip Maltman

“...a new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore.”

*Shelley*

### **Telemachus**

Grandiose, my dear  
the summer priest excels  
in stropping for effect

with fish in cheek  
never a cross word

and money hole  
well lubricated by chance.

The Mass  
fiddled with a twisted crook  
to pull his janitor  
on to a Viking carousel  
with *doubt*,  
the substitute  
for sight or sense of smell.

The story must, remain the same  
the trinity, be firm  
despite the disrespectful tone  
let future critics squirm.

Upon the ramparts  
flies the shredded bunting  
of a mother's skirts  
Stephen swats a fly  
with his inner eye.  
Break the news gently .....



## Nestor

Deasy's fingers  
plod like polished yardsticks  
through the mealy mouth of history  
I always paid, he says  
I always paid, my way  
his neck - tightness  
stiffly making teeth pop out  
as gaps in his philosophy appear.

The horse brown corridor  
hums with mothers' milk  
smoothed into glistening heads  
moving slack mouthed masters  
to smack their charges  
diagonally across the scalp  
then suck their fingers  
in the gloomy staffroom over tea.



## Proteus

At least that, if no more...  
green shadows multiply  
in murmuring surge  
across polluted sandflats  
to our father's mother washed wrinkles  
translucent in caverns  
hollowed out by the sea  
lugworms twist as lugworms would  
sensuous in wet sand  
sculpted by the ninth wave  
(ay very like a whale)  
bladderwracks burst  
with exhausted youth  
theres no future like an old future....  
he is the brittle driftwood  
skeleton and soul of a canine corpse  
walking into eternity  
eyes wide open  
nerves asleep but,  
touched by something  
passing close behind  
whose signal skull  
spells Golgotha  
whose overtones  
almost obscure  
the fluttering crossbones  
Old father ocean soon to be  
subtle Doctor of Philology  
unlocking, not descriptions of things seen  
but trying to decipher what they mean.



## Calypso

Kock crows!  
all inner organs clench  
concealed orange lake  
in dusty spring gloom  
Bath of the Nymph?  
Good morning Mr. Bloom  
Soon to cast off from Calypso  
who's swelling landscape  
is Molly's powdered skin  
lapped by crystalline cotton  
furling in breakfast light  
its angles darkening  
in alternating streets  
while up above  
white cloud on gold ground  
crossing butcher's threshold  
souls in blood envelopes  
amid sweet smelling juices  
where cats might dribble and bite  
Now, no more stories of the night.  
The letter and the tray  
bring back the exiled blaze of day  
which oozes through the area glass  
highlighting smoke and spit  
from Poldy's burning kidney.  
And passing through the open door  
wherein Bloom squats and strains,  
a prowling ray  
picks titbits in the dusty air  
a lighter brighter man  
set to board the funerary shadows  
of a summer stroll.



## Lotus Eaters

From umbra through penumbra  
to the light  
on brown stone  
on black shoe leather  
as it taps the warming cobbles.  
Ten o'clock a.m.  
time for man's renewed baptism,  
a Turkish soaping or thereabouts  
but first, things to pick up  
and things to throw away.

Her envelope torn up  
under the bridge  
Hello McCoy and, no McCoy  
Flowers for the alter  
fourpence worth of sweet lemony wax  
Mr Alexander's horse  
an outsider thrown to the Lyons.

Bloom has an eye  
for circular design  
a taste for massage  
in the area of the bowler's ball  
before pulling up stumps  
and an early bath.



## Hades

In black from Newbridge  
to the beat of youth's hub  
spinning the fissured rim of age  
on short tempered streets to Glasnevin.

Prospect of white against the wall  
in chaste silence  
creeps the figure of a Macintosh  
lankylooking galoot  
consulting with Tiresias in the mist.

Multiplying convulsions of the gut  
convey me to this place  
where raindrops fur the nap  
washing lustrous in the fertile folds of an  
inconvenient dinge.

Elevation of the sacred heart  
a fine touch that...  
one hundred burials  
haunt the sunstroked retina  
as, through the gates they pass  
stately, from underworld  
to sunshine girls  
in the Heart of the Hibernian Metropolis.



## AEOLUS

### THE CAPITAL CLATTER OF INVENTION

Machines dispatch  
all manner of messages  
post, news, folk, booze  
radiating  
brown lozenge, green crescent  
blue diamonds, green cross  
white circle, short circuit  
no parataxis here.

### KEYS TO METATHESIS

blown in by Bloom  
Edited, hot and cold  
blown out too soon  
Cockadoodledo!  
Red faced Jew  
High and dry  
annointed with mock respect  
which forms but a fragile shell  
there to be boxed  
from all four corners  
Poor Bloom, wise owl  
too hot to hoot

### A FLOWER PASSES

In the rushing stream  
the Irish Pee  
tight trousered englishmen  
prefer the W.C.  
Our culture borne on the wind  
ventilates desire  
which England deems a wicked sin  
a weed blown in the mire

### YOUNG SHOOT PROTRUDES

from sandy soil  
bearing Deasy's foot in mouth  
a pyrrhic for the english tongue  
too trapped to lick its lover's breasts  
too old to suck its mum's.

### AND STEPHEN'S MOTHER HAS PASSED AWAY

to echoes of black cackle  
on the river Styx  
drifting up from history's arse  
sweeter thoughts revealed to him  
through the soft porches  
of a didactic city.

### VIEW FROM PRECARIOUS PURCHASE

a plum sight indeed!  
hand picked in Teneriffe  
my beans is spilled  
in time I'll have to pay  
for time I've killed.



## Lestrygonians

Pineapple, yellow sedimentary  
shovelled phosphates  
sprinkled with sugary light  
A tiny Christ  
upon the wall  
breathing in the darkness  
with a fishskin glow  
of yankee evangelism  
(He lies this afternoon)  
Our hero cuts between  
precipitous walls  
and suspicious parking bays  
and will negotiate a rising gorge  
with tasteful reluctance  
Pigs at a trough  
nuzzling, pink, fleshy  
Bloom contemplates  
the enigmatic huntress  
dripping whip in hand  
whose carnal inflations  
washed in rainwater  
(blood of the lamb)  
are pressing tightly  
easing, squeezing  
in and out of teasing  
desirous of  
unmanly clasping  
then grinding gluttons  
uprorious rasping  
eat or be eaten  
see and not be seen  
not to see, straw hat  
not to see him  
take full refuge in research  
between Library and Museum.



## Scylla and Charybdis

Leatherbound maelstrom  
boardtrodden histories  
spiderlegged Baskerville and Times  
rapaciously scuttering  
through virgin folios.

Aristotle sits upon a rock  
contemplates his hand  
Plato lurks inside his cave  
with palmistry to scan  
who is the poorer man ?

I will know that I have need  
when you have taken heed  
of wounds which fail to bleed  
and understand the struggle.  
To believe is to suffer  
not to believe  
is non belief, no more.  
What I say now  
will enter, in dispersion  
all waves and rays in the vicinity  
and soon become invisible  
inaudable.  
That's what you said  
not that, not me, rather  
a changing molecule  
whose name is Shakespeare  
and whose meaning is obscure,  
perhaps that should be clear.

Come walk with me  
and mind that drop  
which lies  
beyond the bounds  
of your imagination.  
I have a tale to tell  
that could be said  
to reek of hell  
about a father and a son  
who, due to uncertainties of Physics  
keep coming up as one.

If opposition will exist  
I will release in time  
by consubstantial breeding  
an artistic androgyne.  
Joys to you my son.

But hollow victory  
until you lose your grip  
and welcome calm reality  
for God demands a moment's respite.

Cease to strive  
and listen to the wind  
between the rocks  
and the liquid contours  
of the swirling sea.  
He walks upon the water  
it seems without a care  
but life is never what it seems  
does balance come with prayer?



## Wandering Rocks

Father John blesses  
every bobbing sunshine head  
while not so humble hooves...  
Corny the constable's confident  
bends a chiselled ear  
prays for his poor Pa...  
Molly's toilette is suspended  
to cast silver at a sailor  
Having been forced...  
Back home the girls confer  
in staggering domesticity  
Elijah passes...  
as Blazes swells his fruit  
with swaggering duplicity  
much kindness...  
Stephen's light Italian Gib  
is jostled by the knees of Highland men  
with the bad trousers...  
Miss Dunne extracts the mystery  
from all commercial calls  
and I can only wave...  
Ned Lambert and the Reverend Love  
primed underground  
to explode above  
Tom Kernan's Tails...  
Lenehan the lecher changes his tune  
finally for Bloom  
bells which toll...  
Feminine curves, undulatory  
nudity and sweat, the sweets of sin  
the sweets of sin...  
Auction room closed down by bells  
which toll for Simon Dedalus  
finally for Bloom...  
Tom Kernan's Tails  
fan the puffing of his lofty head  
to explode above...  
Dilly you are drowning  
and I can only wave  
Miss Dunne extracts the mystery...  
Hold that man  
with the bad trousers  
the knees of Highland men...  
You see there is much kindness  
in the Jew  
no swaggering duplicity...  
Elijah passes Stephen's crosstrees  
yet gives no cause for hope  
Back home the girls confer...

"Having been forced, I was willing"  
says the bitch's bastard  
Molly's toilette is suspended...  
Dawdling diminutive Dignam  
prays for his poor Pa  
bends a chiselled ear...  
Whilst not so humble hooves  
drown all but nods and curtseys  
every bobbing sunshine head.



## Sirens

In sunburn and out of shadows  
parading his restraint  
straining shackled lugs  
and weep no more eyes  
viewed by satin reflected black  
decorated with the jingling  
of Homeric metals upon a cast canal.

Bloomlashed to mast  
can do nothing but....tap  
will do nothing  
preserve warm flesh

to bear his future need  
receive patrician seed  
at queue's end  
sending only messages in air  
as the tethering leash tightens  
squeaks from squeezed windpipe

I don.....I didn.....I do

ear blindness tapping  
turning all, clapping  
to link by song.  
But jingling cock's creaking shoehorn  
is out of tune.  
It only bangs in time.  
Ormond Hotel  
Smoked back  
brown blood sausage  
preserve warm flesh  
to bear and to receive.  
Dripping jungle of noise  
Countertapping otoscopic  
bubububouncing off  
in peppery somersaults  
encore! clap! clap!

Sweet Martha  
to receive my pen  
tap.....tap turning  
conducting tours of love  
this way and that  
tapping, rising, falling  
love's old sweet song  
with cloak of fatal secrecy  
Bloom's percussive protests  
envelope a jingling arse  
in afternoon sun and shadow  
and sun and shadow and .....  
love's old sweet song  
walks everywhere

and when the time is right  
hides behind convulsive windbreak  
What's sauce for the shadowy goose , he says.....  
and lives to fight another day  
Unconquering hero.....curtain, bow.



but an Irish cyclops would have two eyes..

Schoolboy age 15

## Cyclops

Yon blackened funnel wiper  
damn near telescoped my porthole Joe  
And don't you know  
that Moses would be ill advised  
to trap the erring plumber  
whose experience of watery escape  
is superior to his.

We lumbering loutish tars  
washed into Kiernan's cave  
to join the brash Barabas  
aswim with foaming jugs  
his leathery tongue  
lashing the boulder hard rump  
of his arsebiting dog of a dog.  
A bollocks of hyperbole  
has spun above  
the stiff yet hanging heads of all  
a bolas in full flight  
which wraps around his own  
erect monocular form  
with siesmic effect.  
Amid this phallic forest of sharpened sticks  
the Jew will be hard pressed.

O'Bloom, son of Rory  
Lutipold Blumenduft  
the foe we hate before us  
sneaks a veil across the M.C.'s eye  
through which a mote inserts itself  
crossing the threshold he loves...  
darkening the doors to love...  
dropping in...love...passing through  
the passage of this prudent Jew  
We will insist that Bloom the bug  
has hidden luck which makes him smug  
Nullus aes has Bloom  
although assailants' cuffs he'd tug  
the citizen we're sure he'd see poked in the mug

Sinn Fein !  
the stranger made that speech a crime  
We spiders in Polyphemus den  
can all see clearly  
in the one direction  
ranged in a line  
we are a force quite blind to love  
hostility and injustice pave our way  
attributes which Poldy always throws away.

The twice cooked gander now takes flight  
Binocular Bloom, eyes peeled  
perceives the aerodynamic cracker recepticle  
cyclonic, spinning towards celestial light  
vying with the manic mongrel  
to skid and clatter in yonder gutter  
ben Bloom Elijah !  
shooting star winking in the evening sky.



## Nausicaa

Howth, his memorial mound  
embracing star ... to star of sea  
along the cold electric  
grey-blue smoothness  
of the folding waves  
rising and falling  
beyond the Caffrey twins  
young naval males  
building and brawling  
Cissy ... Edy ... Gerty  
Baby Boardman crawling  
on the summer night strand.  
The man in black  
his dark drooping eyes,rocking,  
alight on Gerty's swinging legs  
look up up at the virgin's cool toes  
trembling on her frozen plinth  
his so sad face  
her surreptitious glance  
rising and falling.  
Cissy skips across the sand  
"Have you the time sir?"  
"I'm very sorry,  
my old clock's been stoppered  
for some time," he says  
But benedictions  
and numinous massaging  
will loosen Bloom's  
twilight communion  
with Bloom, the censer swings

from rock .....to rock  
Poor man .....falling  
waves return .....rising  
Gerty thinks....stretching

her soft frame bending back  
to view the towering candles  
of the Mirus Bazaar  
arched and held  
straining each delicious filament.

Night air swooping  
through transparent hose  
stroking her lightly lunar flesh  
which stiffens  
as it grips our hero tightly

Red tide .....they jointly  
white tide .....kick the beam

Sceptre slain by Throwaway  
over here .....quite near  
almost

as if with strangled cry  
the starburst Roman Lamps let fly  
wave, wave goodbye  
the scented air  
carries nocturnal fauna home  
Ecstatic, tight black bat  
cassocked skeletal glove  
stretches and releases  
its elastic path.  
Women .... muses pimping Bloom  
do they paint themselves  
to have the layers peeled away?  
Only a man would touch Wet Paint  
attract .....repel  
magnetism with its perpetually obscured  
firework display.

Fiery shells dripping into black water  
tides, pulling forth the unborn  
Mystery man on the beach.

Molly .....cuckoo,cuckoo .....we can heave to.  
Milly .....cuckoo, cuckoo .....how she used to.  
Martha ....cuckoo,cuckoo .....the evening post arrives.  
Gerty .....cuckoo,cuckoo .....I AM asleep alive.

CUCKOO.



## OXEN OF THE SUN

Tetrium quid in domus Homes est  
(repeat three times)  
three times three fertility  
Wilhemina in her ninth  
with her ninth lying in  
la chambre à vaches  
swaddled luminous white  
amidst underglow of surmmerstorm.  
As he enters the light  
(Nurse Callan Good Eve)  
so doth his shadow leave  
by the front door.  
Sir Leopold  
buzzed by boozy Dixon  
whose company in Keep be kept  
mounts the veritable plain of birch  
to partake only in minor part  
the tightening of the tightly packed herd  
slaying sacred cows  
with triangulated precision  
arrowheads red with blood  
“For Jesus sake desist! .....  
this Punch, this nightly feast,  
and let the child above  
be bom in peace.”  
Stephen son of Simon, in the chair  
distressed by claps of thundery air  
awaits this mornings priest  
now in a pair....  
Mulligan and Bannon  
two bulls conoeing  
through broken watery streets  
arrive upon th’ unsceptred isle  
to raise the standard of Omphalos  
fecund fucker of all....  
“Would you PLEASE hold that down!”  
Bannon brings a snap from Mullingar  
Costello snaps at a retreating calf.  
Young doctors  
with dislocated bedside manners  
wrapped in the winding sheets  
of temporary impotence  
Dixon’s tacky troubadors  
will succeed in transformation  
beyond imagination  
and Bloom  
a shuffled text  
delivering of himself  
when once a boy  
co-incides with the birth  
of little Purefoy  
Offspring of a perfect faith

Wereupon Stephen  
son of man  
gestatory poet  
of virgin longing  
shudders as the bellowing storm  
labours across the void  
“Burke’s!” he calls  
the party spurts  
its undammed cataract  
into the new washed night  
poking sticks at sleeping patches of air  
spattering the streets with vocal chalk  
underlining.....Theodore Purefoy  
forever.....lifegiver.  
In Burke’s  
with Dick Head’s canting  
woozy wobbling  
drunks and their doxy souvenirs  
“TIME ! G.P.’s”  
Upon the Bar a Bass  
and much of divers splosh  
as from the bar the sons of fathers pass  
who is this Macintosh ?  
Bright lights peer through  
the dark night  
to entice and excite  
to sin against the light  
J.C.A.D. I see  
Almighty God  
his megaphone in hand  
selling tickets  
to the promised land.



## CIRCE

From station platform  
Bloom descends  
into the bedridden flame sodden  
flickering terminus of mechanical beasts  
Leopold soberish, fatherly  
treads the squealing boards  
between blackened flats  
receding, rank with transport muck  
bejewelled with sooty eyes of whores.

### THE EYES:

Here we squint and screw  
forever watching you.

### BLOOM:

If ever a man needed discouragement  
and me with my very own mismanagement  
As Bridie moans  
and Cissy drones  
and Gerty limps to find accusatory tones.

### THE EYES:

Leering from a lane we are.

### THE LANE:

Where once a leafy bower  
now I am the midnight hour.  
Mrs Breen derives her dolours  
from swaggering Countrybloom  
strolling, he-ad askew  
mouth twisting in quizzing whimsy  
as inkwinged clamps arrest him  
before the throbbing bloodsoaked  
snot ridden farting public gallery

### THE GALLERY:

Call Lupusold Bloom  
poor whipping boy  
by appointment to Venus in Furs.

### BLOOM:

Excuse me not ladies  
no excuse coaxes the noose  
The Stranger will take care of Judas  
( He hangs around with Shakespeare)  
As the smoke is kissed away  
and Zoe's grip is got  
rise up King Leopold the First  
with every baubling tinselled geegaw  
tinkling round the new Bloomusalem  
suffused with glow of rosy dawn  
Unflapped Macintosh takes the floor  
(his bid for Martyrdom)  
is swallowed by his own trap- door  
Now, momentarily clear,  
the polished stage cups Bloom  
within its all bestowing hand  
a friend to all  
new Bloowomanly man  
(Change scene: overview from altitude)  
Pig ignorance of the mother in Ireland  
Ireland in the mother  
leads puffing snouts to Madam Cohen's couch  
hoist on a stone cold slab

Bloom is ballockbutchered  
by below the belt Bella.  
This mornings gulls  
query the efficiancy  
of his tit bit shit  
(a trouser button spins through the universe)  
he returns relieved  
only different in degree  
as Soldiers to the right  
and Watch to the left, you see  
run stitches up the wound of doubt  
in bogus authority.  
Stephen rides the curve  
into the point of no return.

### THE POINT:

Dear Mother  
to be without the key  
is to meet the locksmith  
who is all things to all men  
Father, son, and Mother of invention  
inner necessity - outer silence  
unless called to account by another  
ANOTHER

I will see that he will not falsely  
pay another's way, but travel on  
to fight another's day

### ANOTHER

Black night, mother, money, pay  
I am my own, I owe, I own the word  
(the word and deed drop Stephen  
within Bloom's seamless circle)

### ANOTHER ONE

Help this young man  
Why?.....nobody else.....  
Guilty.....Rudy.....  
Not guilty.....Rock upon which  
Steady  
with Amazonian undercurrent  
a Mercurial figurine  
with glass keys  
and Artificial Lamb  
hoves into view  
bearing his transmissive cross  
re-cut and rearranged,  
a raft to row from hell.



## Eumaeus

On foot, dear boy  
and gathered from the horizontal  
sacrificial limbs dusted down  
scattering samaritan seeds.  
Hail fellow - no cab  
and no mistake  
unlike your ill - conceived trip  
to Mabbut Street.  
Keep still in the boat now .....  
this night we come ashore  
under the loop line bridge  
*(My shadow.... or to be more precise  
the darker tones on ground and wall  
secured in a distortion,  
much enlarged, of my own shape  
cast due to the light  
being somewhat behind me .....  
contains the myriad night thoughts  
which can be retrieved  
at a moment's notice  
to subtly illuminate  
those aspects of my character  
which might serve this young man well  
in terms of general help or advice  
indeed in doing this  
I have a role to play  
all to the good all to the good, I say.)*

The smell of Ibsen's loaves baking  
weaves across cobbled walls  
still damp with specks of lightning  
this clash on the edge  
of misfortune and better days  
sees Stephen tossing coins upon the water.  
From beckoning rocks an  
operatic quarrel  
among Neapolitan wayfarers  
on numeracy unknown to Bloom  
echoes to the shelter door  
where Skin- the-Goat  
serves rolls and coffee  
in sheeps clothing  
and Murphy, red hot off the brick boat  
proceeds to talk tall,  
and dark and pseudo-handsome  
of dastardly deeds  
and sorry situations  
which bring our Bloom to fantasise  
when he should recognise  
that Jolly Jack Tar's watery yams  
are matched only by his eyes.

And did you see Gibraltar Jack?  
its misty hulk  
leaning into the brightening west  
Jack scratches at his bulk  
Antonio grins upon his twitching chest.

The Matelot's false alarms  
reveal a withering challenge  
to kindness and attention  
invitation and intention  
safe in Bloom's integrity  
niether need return to sea  
but, to another pin-up mother  
they must wend their way.

They leave behind  
a weeping storm-tossed cabin  
with intruders and extruders  
salt of the scummy sea  
so to speak.  
Bloom's guiding hand  
conducting Stephen  
whose singing of the siren's net  
in turn conducts homeward  
this unfathomable duet.



## Ithaca

Who's there?

Leolus who trod Stephoorn in parallel  
to circumnavigate  
nightblue flagsteps ring and tell  
onwards towards the Eccles area gate  
(*Upon the Ramparts*)

Where will you lead me?

We will go no furthermore  
only to the Cocoa-coloured kitchen  
where vaults and contents are graded and  
restored  
into an alphabet which fits in  
(*The Horse-brown corridor*)

Wherefore should you do this?

Mutual advantages at last  
glow in the dark for Bloom  
even now to light his path  
unto Penelope's room  
(*Walking into eternity*)

What do you think of me?

I ? Me of you or you of me?  
incomplete as artist to date  
born Scientist in 81,396 B.C.  
enquiring how to reinstate  
(*and passing through the open door*)

Did he receive you well?

Taken by the litywhite hand  
an offer of adjacent repose  
into the children's nightmare land.  
Declined, but then ... one never knows.  
(*and things to throw away*)

Cannot you stay till I eat my Porridge?

I must pass through this uncertain hour  
as stars traverse the loaded night  
I am the glow amidst a meteor shower  
August St Lawrence aids my worthy flight  
(*as through the gates they pass*)

When is he fit and seasoned for his passage?

Standing below the heavenly glow  
which traces Molly's sleep projections  
dual organs easing watery flow  
the star crossed pair perceive a rare perfection  
(*In the rushing stream*)

What's the matter now?

No matter, time to be alone  
place this key into the lock  
undoing it the one remaining home  
provides egress for he who must needs walk  
(*between Library and Museum*)

Where is he gone?

Down Eccles Lane, a twanging elliptical saviour  
he steps out on the sphere  
Bloom's Irishman upon his best behaviour  
Young Stephen.....disappears  
(*it seems without a care*)

But soft, what noise?

Clocks crow in silhouette  
through cold interior space  
the universal warmth of coming dawn  
is rubbed into the cheeks of Poldy's face  
(*and every bobbing sunshine head*)

What hath befallen ?

Collision with the corner  
of a waltzing wooden world  
House in need of fumigation  
RETURNING MASTER'S FLAG UNFURLED!  
(*and lives to fight another day*)

Good Sir, whose powers are these?

The literal powers of Leopold Paula Bloom  
in leather, cloth, and paper  
arranged to please the ruffled room  
and ease the spent undraper  
(*The passage of this prudent Jew*)

What would she have?

Flowerville upon a gentle eminence  
with thunder conductor probing earth.  
The sunset gardener finds romance.  
Her future need is more than mirth.  
(*.....we can heave to*)

What are they that would speak with me?

True schemes of nascent wealth  
forefathers in first drawer unlocked  
the means towards security of health.  
Secondly, don't go off half-cocked!  
(*to the promised land*)

But stay, what noise?

The beating of a drum to advertise  
£5 Reward for information lacking  
Bloom's location, please advise .....  
.... Bow stringing with the thunder table cracking.  
(with Amazonian undercurrent)

You do remember all the circumstances?

The day uncoils beside the night's soft rump  
as earth's mild surge transmits to prod his loins  
Poldy's heart and mind still slowly pumped  
Sinbad and the Auk's egg are rejoined.  
(save for one he could not comprehend)



## Penelope

Alta Notte upon the rock stirring gently the warm liquid pictures gathered in the surface juices of Molly's sanguinary tensions (While Bloom panoramically surveys the fiery straits and Stephen pierces deep below the waves) Molly swims mediterraneanly her petal flesh flower full blooming body dissolving in Dublin's earth pie upon the rock push upon the rock again and pull upon the abusive poseur's cock again love's old sweet song its a wonder its not fitted with a harness like an Arab steed in ceremonial under glow of white against the Moorish Black and deep blue-black against the white because I was accomplished at fifteen and know the strengths and limitations of my sex because at bottom where the roots show off their preferences the flesh is willing because at bottom where women carry forth all men (this is his omission) because I was accomplished at bottom as a woman carrying forth the word I bite my tongue in half to say and not to say yes I have been unfulfilled the engagement was a success interpretation complete no artist no and none can do without me within me 7 miles up and in this flesh which bears forth all spirit whether nailed upon the flailing fist or fist upon the brow I will decide I think to fight and grandiose gestures set aside in bed you are lucky to be breakfast just a shade away from the bedroom door the singing of another song to comfort young and sing the raining kisses of sensations deep inside me feeling like the person I am in the dear dead days a charming girl who prepared for her performance in the Alameda Gardens one fine midday when the heat rested like a floating bather across all exposed surfaces it covers me he does he will accompany me skitting together whilst up my sleeve is love's sweet song the new rendition exposition elucidation definition and what defines me birth and death clean linen fucked if I know all too hearty is it bed and bed and breakfast in it or not or eggs is eggs yes I'm sure its him and not me or not for the first time anyway let me feel it can I bear to be without it I will The morning has crept into Molly's veins like moonlit water tidal in its expulsion of the unravelled (proud to be because yes that way free to face another day) unfertilised yes to be egg.

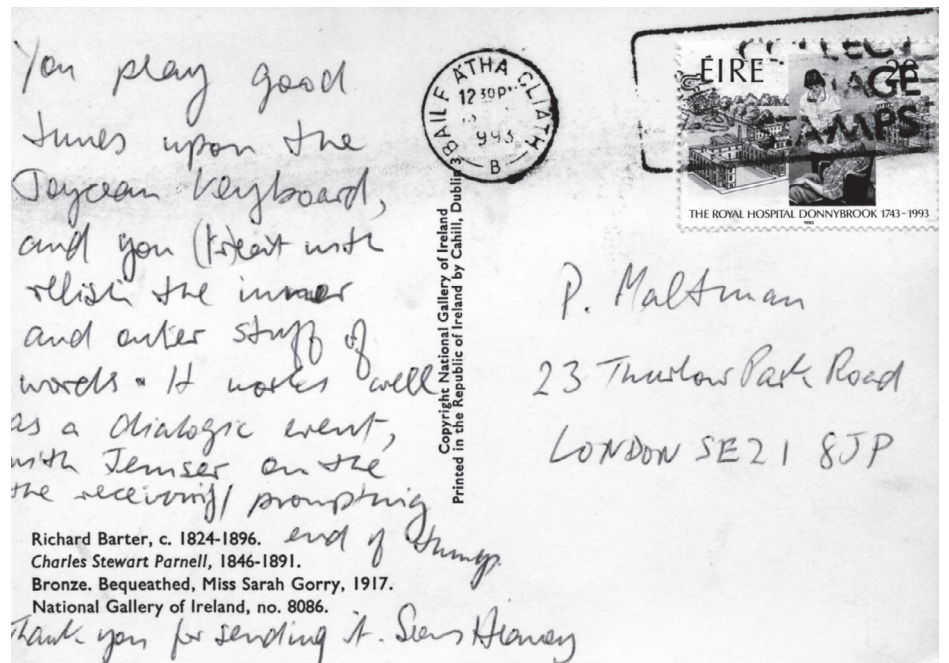
London 29th June 1993



## Story of Nulysses

I first read Ulysses after seeing Joseph Strick's film at the Academy Cinema in London's Oxford Street in 1967. I found it very difficult. Nearly 20 years later after trying Ulysses a few more times and a little bit of Finnegans Wake I met Des Fox, a Dubliner who owned a facsimile copy of Joyce's manuscript. We spent years talking about Joyce and I read Ulysses, studied Ulysses, re-read Ulysses and generally "conquered it by absorbtion". I wrote a new Ulysses or Nulysses in 1993 after going through the original with a fine tooth comb and with the help of many people from the Joycean world and many a helpful book of allusions. When I had finished I sent copies to many literary types. The Joycean world accepted it with good grace and two Irish poets were kind enough to write encouraging words.

Thanks to  
Seamus Heaney  
and  
Tom Paulin



Dear Philip Maltman,

Many thanks for your  
letter and your chapbook which has a  
lovely mix and verve and love of Joyce's  
art - and an exact linguistic grip.

Good luck,  
Tom Paulin