



Scripts.com

Ulysses

By Fred Haines

The Hallucination of Ulysses
Come up here, Dedalus!
Come up, you fearful jesuit!
Dedalus?
Here is my dear brothers
the real Christ
body, soul,
the blood and guts.
Slow music, please
Silence all!
Tell me, Mulligan!
Yes, my dear!
How long is Haines
will this tower?
He thinks you
is not a gentleman.
Ah, that pesky English!
Bursting with money
and indigestion,
because it comes from Oxford.
You know, Dedalus?
He does not understand.
If he stays here,
go away!
Hey, lend me your handkerchief
so I wipe my razor.
The bard's scarf!
The new color for the Irish poets
green snot.
Can you imagine the taste?
My aunt believes
you killed your mother.
He could have knelt down, when
his dying mother asked, Dedalus.
I imagine his mother,
pleading with his last breath,
so that you kneel
and prayed for her.
There is something sinister in you.
Even a Jesuit education
creates strange things.
Ah, poor doggy!
I'll give you some shirts
and some scarves.

How are going
breeches of the second hand?
Thanks, but I can not use them.
Are gray.
Ah, can not use them!
Etiquette is etiquette!
He kills his mother,
but can not use gray pants.
Look at you,
his dreadful bard!
What do you have against me?
SPIT!
Remember the first time
I went to your house,
after the death of my mother?
Her aunt asked who
was in her room.
- What I said?
"Ah, Dedalus,
whose mother died stupidly. "
I said that?
And what's wrong with that?
I think the death beast.
I see dead in droves,
every day being
processed in casings
in the dissecting room.
That's pretty beast
that's it.
You do not knelt
on his deathbed and yet
is upset with me.
What nonsense!
I said it, but declined
offend the memory of his mother.
I'm not thinking
on offense to my mother.
- What, then?
- On the offense to me.
- You're impossible!
- Are you there, Mulligan?
I'm coming!
Do not be sad about it all day.
Let the bad mood away.

Haines wants breakfast each morning.
He finds it very smart.
Tickle it with a
changed, okay?
I got paid,
this morning.
At school? It was enough?
Lend us a little,
let's take a nice drop.
In the name of the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Spirit.
I'll tell you something, Mulligan,
you make a very strong tea.
As the old mother Grogan said,
when I make tea, I make tea
when I make water,
I make water!
- My God, it is tea!
- "Is this what I do, Mrs Cahill,
she said. Attention: Mrs. Cahill,
God sent it, do not use the teapot. "
Put on your book
as an indication of Stephen,
This is folk art!
Seriously, Dedalus, I'm broken.
Just go to school
And bring me some
the money they owe me.
Today's poets
should drink and dream.
Yes ..
Today, Ireland expects
his men to do their duty.
I need to visit
your national library today.
But first,
let's get to our dive!
This is the day
their monthly bath, Dedalus?
The dirty poet undertakes
to wash once a month.
All Ireland is washed
by the Gulf Stream.
I intend to use your phrases such

in my book, if you please.
- Will I be paid for it?
- Well, that I can not say.
Oh, wait until you hear
his theory of Hamlet, Haines.
Come on, Dedalus!
Have you eaten all we left.
What is your theory about Hamlet?
No!
I am not qualified to do so!
You could not understand it
without drinking a little, right?
It's simple.
He proves mathematically
that Hamlet's grandson
is Shakespeare's grandfather,
and that he himself,
is the spirit of his father.
What?
Himself?
A little drink of anything,
can loosen the tongue of Dedalus.
I once read a theory about
such thing as a father and son
the child is struggling
to be rewarded by her father.
I think we should not laugh,
He is blaspheming.
- How did he call it?
- The ballad of joking Jesus.
Oh, you had heard?
About 3 times a day
after meals.
You're not a believer, is it?
I mean, a believer in the sense
strict word.
It seems to me that the word
has only one meaning.
Yes, of course.
Believe it or not, right?
Whoever stole the poor
Thus Spake give Mr. Zarathrusta!
Secretly, I do not believe
the idea of a personal God.

You also do not
believe, I imagine.
You're giving me a bad
example of free thought.
I dare say that you like
Irish, should think so.
In England, we know that
treat them unfairly,
and it seems to me that
we can blame history.
I'm English,
and I think as such.
I do not want my country
fall into the hands of a Jew.
I believe this
be a problem now.
Poldy?
Hurry this tea, I'm thirsty!
But it takes!
Who are the letters?
Can I open the curtains?
Is it good?
Who sent the letter?
Ah, the Boylan!
Him ..
he is bringing
The program for the concert this afternoon.
At 4 o'clock.
What to sing?
Ah, "La ci" give and
"Love's Old Sweet Song."
You. .. or
to open the window a little?
What time is the funeral
Paddy Dignam?
I think it's at 11.
I have not read the newspaper.
Give me ...
No!
No, the book!
He must have fallen!
I wanted to ask him
about a word.
Here. What does it mean?

Metempsychosis?

Yes, who or what is it?

Metempsychosis is Greek. The Greek.

Means ...

the transmigration of souls.

Ah, that great!

Speak my language!

"... The monster Maffei desisted,
and the victim walked away with a curse ... "

- Are you finished?

- Yes, and there's nothing obscene.

She is passionate

the first guy all the time?

I have not read.

You want another?

I want to.

Bring another of Paul de Kock's.

What a beautiful name it has!

Reincarnation,

that is the word!

Some people believe

we continue to life

in another body after death

and others who have lived before.

Some say they remember

of past lives.

It smells burned,

left something on fire?

The kidney!

Hockey!

Mr. Daesy asked me to

remove my doubts with you.

- You can not do alone?

- No, sir.

6, takes one.

Stupid and ignorant.

Still, someone loves you.

Put him in your arms

and his heart.

Moreover,

the rest of the world misses.

A leading zero.

Still, he is loved.

Although with its weakness,

with full force.
Understand now?
Can you get 2 of your own?
I was like him,
graceful and needy.
My childhood
was by my side.
They are very simple.
Yes, sir. Thanks.
Come on,
Mr. Deasy calls.
There you are.
Hockey!
Mr Dedalus,
let's settle the score.
I'm counting.
- 3 and 12.
- Thank you, sir.
Do not hold so
will lose!
- Buy one of these here.
- My would always be empty.
Why not save!
You know what's reason
of pride for the English?
Pay the bills alone.
Never borrowed a penny.
Can you feel it? Can?
- At the moment, no.
- I knew not.
But one day feel.
We are generous,
but we also have to be fair.
I fear these words,
that make us so unhappy.
You consider me
an old conservative?
I have rebel blood too.
We are sons of Irish kings!
Alas!
Mr Dedalus, you would do me
a favor with his literary friends?
I have here
a letter to the press,

It is a disease foot and mouth.

Take a look.

"I can invade your space

valuable, foot and mouth

- To get to the point ... "

- I measure not words, is not it?

Take the bull by the horns

in all directions

thank the hospitality

of your columns ...

I want it printed!

I am surrounded by difficulties,

intrigue of ...

You can write, Mr Dedalus,

England is in the hands of

Jews as we are here.

Jewish merchants

working for the destruction.

A merchant is the one

who buys cheap and sells dear,

- Jew or gentile, is not it?

- They sinned against the light!

- Who has not sinned?

- What do you mean?

History is a nightmare

which I am trying to awake.

The laws of the Creator

are not equal to ours.

The whole story has always had

the same direction

- The manifestation of God!

- That's God!

- What?

- A shout in the street!

I predict that you will not be

this job for long.

Well, if you can

publish it at once.

I know two editors slightly.

We'll talk tomorrow.

Have a nice day, sir.

Ah, Mr Dedalus?

I just wanted to talk about what they say

Ireland has the honor of being

the only country that does not chase
Jews. Did you know that? No.

- Why?

- Why, sir?

Because I never allowed in!

Never allow your input!

- Bloom Hello!

- What are the new ones?

Is the paper today?

I want to see if the French won
anything else.

Where's the book on the subject?

Do you have any ...

... No problem, I hope?

It means ...

Oh no!

Today is the funeral of Paddy Dignam.

Yeah, poor guy.

A pity!

Well, come on, what can we do?

The wife is doing well, I believe?

Ah, yes!

Very well, thank you.

She will sing in a big fair
in Ulster Hall, Belfast, 25 days.

Really?

Who will produce?

Ah ... is like a tour.

Formed a committee ...

... Boylan was, you know?

You know him!

Ah, Boylan will produce?

Well, it's good news.

- You can keep ...

- Oh, wait let me see, wait!

- You can throw away when finished.

- What?

Play when finished,

I would even play.

Thanks ... to have borrowed.

Ineluctable modality of the visible.

At least, if not more,
wandered through my eyes.

Symbols,

all I'm here for;
roe and kelp;
the approach of the tide;
rusted hull.
Close your eyes and see!
I'm doing me good in the dark.
My sword is ash
beside me.
Strike it.
They beat!
The sound is solid!
Now open your eyes!
I will open, just a moment.
I'm going to eternity
on Sandymount shore?
And all vanished since?
And if I open and you are forever
in the dark?
Enough!
I see if you can!
There, all the time without you
and always will be.
World without end!
One of her sorority,
I screeched to life.
Creation from nothing.
Wife and partner Adam Kadmon,
Heva, naked Eve.
She had no navel.
Amaze!
Belly without blemish, bulging,
defender of parchment stretched.
No! White corn,
Eastern and immortal,
eternal wandering of the eternal.
Womb of sin. In the dark
the womb of sin, I was also.
Created, not forged.
For them!
A man with my voice
and my eyes,
and a ghost
ashes with the breath.
They united and separated,

the will of the coupler.
I can not forget
the letter to the press.
And then? The Bar 12:30.
Moreover,
this is easy with this money,
as a good young imbecile.
Yes
I must.
My hat Latino soldier.
God, we simply
we should dress the character.
Ah! Just say the natural way:
"When I was in Paris,
Boul Mich, I used to ...".
What a great luggage
brought back,
curiosity to a
blue French telegram:
"Mother dying
come home, Dad. "
Mulligan's aunt
thinks you killed your mother.
The room and cold
domed tower waits.
I will not sleep there
when night comes.
Mulligan rescued a man from
drowning and you fear a dog barking.
You would do what he did?
A boat would be near,
a lifesaver.
Would do or not?
Truth! Say!
I would like,
I try.
I am not a good swimmer.
Water, cold, softness.
Soft eyes, soft hand,
soft, tender.
I am lonely here.
Ah, touch me soon, now!
What is that word
known to all men?

I'm quiet and lonely here.
Sad too.
Tap.
Touch me!
This is a great old custom.
Glad to know that is not dead.
So look through your friend,
Dedalus!
- Who?
- Your son and heir.
That Mulligan
boor was with him?
No!
He even went alone.
He is with the ratings down.
Mulligan is a damn criminal.
His name stinks all over Dublin.
But with God's help
and of His blessed Mother,
I still write a letter
any day,
for his mother, or aunt,
or whoever,
that will open your eyes.
I predict its downfall,
believe me!
I will not allow his nephew
bastard ruin my son.
Numb by his son.
He's right, something to cling to.
If Rudy had lived.
Must have been that morning,
Raymond,
she was at the window watching
2 dogs doing it incessantly.
- The increasing desire it.
- Give us a touch, Poldy.
God, I'm dying for it.
How life begins.
And then it grows.
My son inside her.
I could have helped her in life.
I could.
- What is the problem?

- We stopped.
- Where are we?
- In the grand canal.
- Oh, the weather is changing.
- You are unpredictable as
baby's bottom.
We went back to walking.
- How are you?
- He is not seeing.
Ah, yes it is!
- How are you?
- Who?
Blazes Boylan.
There he is, taking a breath.
- Sad! A child!
- Poor thing. Better not to live.
Hmm .. but they say the worst
is the man who takes his own life.
Temporary insanity, of course!
We must have a charitable view.
They say that man
that does this is cowardly.
Well, we should not judge.
I was disturbed to see him
talking about suicide before Bloom.
- What? Why?
- His father poisoned himself.
My God! I learned
now. Poisoned herself?
Hey, who's the guy behind
us? He is familiar to me.
Bloom. Madame Molly Bloom was ...
is, I mean, the soprano.
- She is your wife.
- Ah, I knew it!
I danced with her for 15 or
17 years ago, and she was
a great partner.
There is a history,
that two drunks came here
a night of fog,
look for the grave of a friend.
They asked for Mulcahy
and were informed of the location of the grave.

After wandering through the smoke,
they found the tomb.

A drunk read the name
Terence Mulcahy, and the other
was looking at the statue
of our Saviour the widow built.
After looking at the
sacred figure said:

"It looks nothing like the man.
Not Mulcahy, whoever did this! "
Close the door!

Has a hurricane out there!
Oh, on the announcement of Keys.
He wants two calls at the top.
We can do it.

You have the design?
Well, I can pick up at the library.
He was in the newspaper Kilkenny.
We do, yes.

Ask Him to give us three months
to renew the contract.
- Well, I was going to go there.
So go!

The world is ahead of you!
Thank you, sir.

Who wants a guess
for the Gold Cup?
Sceptre is the horse!
Entrez, mes enfants!

- Whose is it?
- From Mr Garrett Deasy.
- Good morning, Stephen!
- Good morning!
- Disease of the foot and mouth.
- The letter is not mine.
- Mr. Garrett asked me ...
- Oh, I know.

I also know his wife,
more than the old Tatar God
I also know his wife,
more than the old Tatar God
already done. By Jesus, she had
disease foot and mouth, for sure!
I want to write me something.

Something provocative!
Disease of the foot and mouth
that sucks!
Involve everyone, Father, Son,
Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy.
Let me keep.
Gentlemen, may I suggest
that the house transfer services?
For that particular site?
My vote is the Mooney's!
On this subject,
he will renew two months and not 3,
but he wants a pair
in the Telegraph as well.
Tell him
to kiss my ass!
- Tell all the letters.
- Well, if I can
design in the library,
I tell him what you got
a free ad.
- Tell him he can
kiss my ass real Irish
whenever you want!
- Hello, Leopold!
- Chelsea Breen, how are you?
I can not complain.
How are you going to Molly?
Alright!
And your lord and master?
Oh, I do not even speak!
He is a danger to rattlesnakes!
- You know what I did last night?
- What?
It woke me in the middle of the night,
saying that the ace of spades
was climbing the stairs.
- The ace of spades?
Ah ... um ... Mina Purefoy
already had the baby?
I just call
ask how you're going.
She is on maternity
Holles Street.

- For three days she is ill.
- Sorry about that!
It's a complicated delivery,
second nurse.
- Poor thing!
- Ah, there he is!
I brought your lunch.
Give my regards to Molly, right?
I will give.
Good morning, again!
The Jewish thoughtful.
He saw her eyes?
Ah, Dedalus, are in danger!
Get your shield!
Father?
Stand up straight,
for the love of the Lord Jesus!
- You got any money?
- Where do I get the money?
Nobody in Dublin
lend me a dime.
You got something.
Here you are.
See what you can do with it.
I bet you got five.
Give me more than that!
My,
you are like others, is not it?
A group of cheeky unhappy
since your poor mother died.
Can not seek money
elsewhere?
I can.
I looked across the gully
O'Connell Street.
I'll try this now.
- You're funny.
- Here, buy a bottle of milk,
bread or something.
Soon I go home.
- There he is.
- What is he buying?
Leopoldo or
The Bloom Is on the Rye.

- He is crazy about books!
- He is an educated man.
He is not a common and ordinary person.
There's something artistic in Bloom.
Have you seen this book?
Oh no.
She would not like that.
"All dollars
that her husband had given her,
were spent in the most expensive and
wonderful dress shops.
For him! For Raoul!
His mouth is stuck in his
a voluptuous and delicious kiss
while his hands might feel
its opulent curves under
clothing. Is delayed
he said hoarsely,
looking at her suspiciously.
The beautiful woman withdrew its wrapper,
displaying their shoulders Queen
and volume in the breasts. "
Oh, no ... 'll take this.
Ah, Sweets of Sin!
This is very good!
- Here it is!
- Thanks!
Oh, look there!
"The time is closing!" Says one.
"Good luck!"
It should be exciting up there!
- Stephen?
- What are you doing here?
I bought it in another cart for a penny.
Is it good?
Chardenal's French primer.
Why did you buy it?
To learn French?
Take it! Is reasonable.
Father not Mind
bet on you.
I imagine that all
my books are gone.
Some.

We had no choice.
Give us a touch, Poldy!
"God, I'm dying for it!"
I was happier before.
He was 28 years.
She was 23. Something
changed after Rudy.
I never liked that.
We can not turn back time.
How's the old heart,
citizen?
Better than ever!
What is it, Garry?
We're going to win?
Let's see if we win
such Gold Cup.
I think not yet.
Not until the fourth.
- When you stop jogging.
- Me too. Unlikely.
How's Willy Murray lately?
Let's drink to our friend,
Dignam!
Paddy Dignam? Dead?
- What time is it?
- 4 hours.
I'm late!
Listen, but I saw the 5
minutes ago.
He is not
more dead than you!
Maybe. They managed
bury it in the morning somehow.
My God! Dignam!
I could swear ...
- That God is good?
- I'll forgive him for that!
Good God
it takes the poor Dignam?
Well, he is without
their problems now.
I say he is a villain
bloody, taking the lives
the poor Willy Dignam!

- Paddy Dignam!
- Be quiet!
- Good morning, gentlemen!
- Martin Cunningham passed through here?
- No, want to drink with us and wait?

Oh no sorry ...

no thanks, can not drink any more.

- But I'll take one of these cigars!
- Pass it to one of those, please!

Ah, thank you!

- Are you afraid that he bite?
- No. Bloom is afraid that he think your leg is a pole.
- Are you sure you want nothing?
- Ah, no thanks.

Actually, I just need to talk with Martin Cunningham on insurance of poor Dignam.

He asked me to to their home.

- Are you going there?

- Yes.

- You say to Ms. Dignam, I'm sorry for the loss and the funeral. Also, everyone who knew him are sad, having never known someone as good and true Willy and the poor deceased, and tell her ...

- Yes, of course! With pleasure!

I heard that Boylan is producing a concert now, in the north!

- Is not she?

- Who? Ah, yes.

It's true.

A summer tour, you know?

- As an event.

Mrs. Bloom is the star principal, is not it?

My wife will sing, yes.

I believe it will be a success.

He is great at organizing, excellent!

Lenehan, you look like someone
who lost a bob and found a tanner.
The race of the Gold Cup.
Throwaway won.
A stinky outside,
20-1.
And the rest nowhere.
Nice win!
20-1!
Such is life in a cottage.
Throwaway!
Weakness,
His name is Sceptre.
Persecution!
The story is full of it!
- Perpetuating hatred among nations.
- You know what is a nation?
- Yes.
- What is it?
A nation?
Nation is a group of people equal,
living in the same place.
- If so I'm a nation
they live in the same
place for 5 years.
Or again,
living in different places.
- This is my case!
- What is your nation,
if I may ask?
- Ireland!
I was born here.
Ireland!
Pass us the drinks.
What is that one?
This is my, how the heck
said the policeman dead.
And I belong to a race
which is also hated and persecuted.
Right now, this instant,
sold at auction in Morocco
as slaves.
You're talking
The New Jerusalem?

- I'm talking about injustice!
- Okay, raise your flag
and fight like men.
This is not good.
Strength, hate!
This is not life for men
and women! Insults and harassment.
Everyone knows
to be the opposite.
- What is life?
- What?
I mean,
the opposite of hatred.
Well,
I go to court
Martin Cunningham to get here
say that I come back in one minute.
A new apostle to the Gentiles.
Universal love.
Well, that's not what we learned?
To love our neighbors?
That guy?
Crave neighbors is their motto.
- Love an ...
- Well, Joe, to his good health and song.
- More power, citizen!
- That's right!
The blessing of God,
Mary and Patrick on you.
- I know where he went.
- Who?
Bloom! In court, it's a lie!
He bet on Throwaway
and went to get some money!
Bantam Lyons said Bloom
made his bet this morning.
He is the only man in Dublin
who won.
A black horse.
He himself is a black horse.
- Hello Joe, where is Bloom?
- Defrauding widows and orphans.
The new messiah of Ireland
island of saints and sages.

Well,
they are still waiting for their redeemer.
- And so do we!
- Yes, and every man is born
they believe might be the Messiah.
And all Jews are
extremely enthusiastic
to discover whether they are the mother or father.
Oh my God,
needed to know Bloom
deceased before his son was born.
I found it one day at a market,
buying kilos of food
for baby, six weeks before
of women giving birth.
- You call this man?
- I wonder if he got over it.
- Well, his son was born, is not it?
- And who he suspects?
- Ah, love with the neighbor ...
There you are!
Just got off the court.
- I was looking for you.
- We are ready now.
Ah, can rely on.
You will see it is
who owes money to him!
- Enough is enough!
Think he does not know,
scared the hell?
I got a Jew for you
it was you who started it!
- All are mouse droppings!
- What?
Do not tell anyone,
is secret!
- Let's Get Away
- Leave me alone!
Three cheers for Israel!
Mendelssohn was a Jew and Karl Marx,
Mercadante and Spinoza.
The Savior was a Jew,
and also his Father.
Your God!

He had no father!
Now comes, go soon!
- God to whom?
- Well, his uncle was a Jew,
his God was a Jew and
Christ was a Jew like me!
Garry behind them!
Look at that child!
Join things.
We came to see the fireworks, Gerty!
Leopold! What brings you here?
Hopefully not a problem!
No! I met with Mrs. Breen
and she told me about Mina Purefoy.
It is still in labor?
Was born?
Almost, almost!
Giving birth to a woman
is not easy, you know?
- I bet not!
- Mr Bloom, how are you?
- Oh, how are you doc?
I'm fine, thanks.
Can I expect to see here?
Let's see, doctor,
she's almost there, very close!
Do not want to disturb you,
Nurse ...
- Do not bother, Leopold!
- You can wait in the waiting room,
here are drinking a little.
Mrs Purefoy!
Please, gentlemen, speak low!
This is a house of healing!
Silence all!
Shut up big!
Maestro?
Life presents a difficult image,
with misery and despair.
The father has a gun abominable,
the mother has a lazy womb.
Casper's cousin was caught,
for a homosexual crime.
my sister miscarried,

the 42 th time.

Uncle Charlie was neutered,
and he rarely cares.

It was only their duty,
cleaning the back of Grandpa's
Silence!

Silence all!

Our beloved poet will recite,
for your particular entertainment.

Get up, son!

- My God in Heaven!

- Take care, Stephen!

It's noble father in person,
beating on the roof.

Gentlemen, gentlemen!

- What about him?

- The Jesuits startled.

They came with dire visions
about hell.

He will never recover!

That is their tragedy.

What is yours?

- What is that?

- Oh, I need more drink.

Pass me that bottle,
please!

You've done it all night?

What?

Come on, Dedalus, Haines wants to leave.

He's not well!

Nonsense!

The poet only need to sleep.

Gotta go home

before sunset!

Sure, Dedalus,

Give us the keys now!

Come here and I'll tell you.

I have a hymen inside.

Medical students of the Trinity.

Idiots with no money!

10 shillings for a virgin.

Pure, was never touched!

Something on your mind?

With all my worldly goods

Something on your mind?
With all my worldly goods
worldly in you.
You did it!
- I hate you!
- Me? When? Are you dreaming?
When he saw all my
Secrets in the drawer.
Oh, you bastard married man,
I love him for doing that to me!
Leopold! You here,
in the darkness of sin?
Shh! Do not talk so loud!
Do not leave me!
Well, this is an interesting block.
Rescue of fallen women,
Magdalene Asylum,
I am the secretary.
Look, do not tell me lies
or to tell Molly!
Would you like me to embrace,
for a split second?
Ah, you rascal!
I needed to see!
In old times' sake!
I just want a little fun,
a pepper in our marriages.
Know I always had a
crush on you?
- Ah, yes! You even seem a saint!
Josie Powell
was the most beautiful debutante in Dublin.
Remember the party
Christmas Eve?
You were the lion of the night,
with their heroic recitations.
Ladies and Gentlemen,
I give you Ireland, home and beauty.
The beloved dead day
beyond recall.
The old song of love!
We sit together on the staircase
under the mistletoe.
- I took the splinter from your hand.

You were hot.
Hot!
But you married Breen,
never forgive her for that!
All that meant to me,
woman is killing me!
Why not kissed me on the spot
where everything would be okay?
You wish!
Molly's best friend!
How can?
You go ahead, buddy?
Hey, how's your
middle leg?
Come over here I
cake for you!
Caught in the act!
We do not cause inconvenience.
- Come on, name and address?
- Yes, of course!
Dr. Bloom, a dentist.
You have heard of Blum Pasha?
Owns half of Austria,
Egypt. It's my cousin.
- Proof.
- Allow me.
My club is
Junior Army and Navy ...
- Profession or business?
- Well, I follow a literary occupation,
Author journalism.
I have connections with the presses
English and Irish.
They can call and confirm.
Hello?
Irish Urinal and Weekly Arsewipe talking!
Who? How? Bloom?
Never heard!
The people against Bloom.
Call the woman. Driscoll!
Mary Driscoll, maid!
You are part of the class
unfortunate?
I'm not bad!

I carry a respectable moral
and had to leave his job
to preserve my people!
Than the accused?
He gave some suggestions,
but I prefer to remain poor as I am!
I was right!
I gave her souvenirs, emerald alloys
well above their position.
I defended unconditionally
when she was accused of theft.
Now tell the truth!
God is my witness
I never touched anything!
The offense continued?
Something happened?
He surprised me in the middle of
facilities, Sir, when
the lady was out doing
shop the morning of a request
the safety pin.
He held me and abused me
in four places as a result.
And also shifted
in my clothes!
- She agreed!
- I wanted to confront him,
by God and it strengthened
"Be quiet!"
Order in court!
The accused now
make a false statement.
Innocent!
This is no place for levity
indecent rather than a deadly
sinner disguised by drinks
beverages. I lay here,
that there were no intimacies
and offenses against virtue,
claimed by Driscoll, were
declared, but did not occur!
There were cases of sleepwalking
the family of my client
but he wants to improve!

He now faces a difficult phase
mortgage due to his extensive
property in faraway Asia Minor.

See slides

which will be shown.

Oh, damn!

The girl was treated by the defendant,
like her own daughter.

I must bring evidence to certify
that hide the truth again,
playing the old game,
when in error,
persecute Bloom.

I suggest

you do the right thing.

- A coin in his pocket.

- Arrest him, officer!

He sent me an anonymous letter.

I still have it.

He said he had seen

My unique globes

when I sat in a box

Royal Opera House, and says that
the deeply burned.

He offered to send me
by mail, a work of fiction
Monsieur Paul de Kock,
called Sweets of Sin.

- Oh, me too!

Yes

even one person is wrong!

He sent me several letters
Handwritten, with exaggerated praise
as "the Venus of kid."

He praised my batty
lower extremities, my
swollen calf in silk stockings
positioned on the edge,
and praised my terribly
hidden treasures
invaluable income, which,
he said, could conjure.

He urged me to pollute the bed
marriage, adultery,

at the earliest opportunity.

Me too!

This plebeian Don Juan observed me
pro behind a car
and sent me obscene pictures,
as those sold
nights in Paris.

An insult to any lady!

They showed a naked lady,
fragile and lovely, his wife,
as he solemnly told me,
taken by him of course,
practicing illicit relations with a
muscular torero,
obviously a scoundrel!

And he urged me to do the same,
me behaving badly,
sinning with soldiers of the troops.

He implored me to soil his letter
in a way that I dare not say,
to punish him,
as it truly deserves,
to ride it and ride it,
and give it a lash perverse!

- Me too!

I will, by God above me,
flagellar this stray dog,
while I can.

- Here? Again! I love danger!

Burn your ass
to get started!

Draw stars and stripes on it!
Has no forgiveness for him,
is a married man!

- All those people,

I just wanted to give a new idea,
a warm without burning effusion,
a gentle dusting
to stimulate circulation.

Well, by God, you will have a
big surprise now, believe me!

You've awakened the sleeping tiger
within me, to the fury!

Make him suffer, Hanna dear.

Add pepper to it.
Reduce your pooch
the minimum of his life.
Cat of nine tails,
castrate him, vivissequé it!
Ah, I got chills!
It was your ambrosial beauty.
Forget, forgive!
Fate, absolve me this time!
Do not, Mrs. Talboys!
He should be beaten!
- I will not.
- He is and always was a pig!
Dare to bespeak me!
I will punish him in every way
on public streets.
He is a known traitor!
Lay down your pants without losing
time. Come here, sir! Quick!
Message of the Sacred Heart: New
addresses of all traitors to Dublin!
- Sailor, he has organized.
- Really?
That's what I heard!
20 women were thrown into the Gulf.
At least the crime of Bloom
was lighter! Many think so.
Whereas Leopold Bloom,
domiciled in Eccles Street, 7
known as a forger, bigamist,
pimp, scoundrel, a traitor and
public nuisance for citizens
Dublin. I'll put an end
that white slave trade
Dublin and deliver this hideous plague!
Scandalous!
He will take the place where
and imprisoned in Mountjoy prison.
There, he will be hanged by the
neck until dead, and then
if not fail the mission,
God have mercy on his soul.
Who Hang Judas Iscariot?
- Me?

- Yeah, you!
He's inside with his friend,
Mr. Cohen.
You can go ahead and pay more.
You are the father?
- No.
- They are both black.
The mouse is tickled with this
night? How are the balls?
Off.
Curiously they are right.
Tilted to this side,
I think.
One chance in 1 million,
My tailor says.
I think the good seed,
by his accent.
- Are you in Dublin?
- I'm not really!
I'm English!
Got a cigarette?
Child device.
The mouth can be better used than
cylinder with a weed.
- Go ahead, make a speech!
Our capitalist buccaneers,
what interests them?
Machines are their ideals,
paraphernalia to save labor,
substitutes, manufactured monsters
to murder each other.
Rubbish produced by capitalists,
take care of ordinary work.
The poor starve in the meantime.
Three times the Lord to live in Dublin!
Viva!
- For the love of God is Bloom?
- There goes the famous Bloom,
the biggest innovator in the world.
- All men saw!
And they did!
A classic face,
He has the forehead of a thinker.
I now present,

Its powerful emperor,
president and king, the most serene,
and more competent ruler of the kingdom,
God save Leopold!

Thanks!

His Eminence, anything!

You will use
the power of its law and mercy,
for the execution of all judgments
Ireland and the nearby territories?

Let the Creator deal with me!

All this, I promise to do!

Let the Creator deal with me!

All this, I promise to do!

Andrew Patrick David Leopold

George, is crowned!

I become his companion,
in life and death,
to land the job.

My subjects!

I am here to announce that today
repudiate our current wife
and get our hands real
for the princess Selene,
the splendor of the night!

Green socks,
you're good for your country!

He is the man
that Ireland needs!

My beloved subjects,
a new day will dawn.

I, Bloom, tell them in fact,
that is in my hands!

You should enter
to the golden city,
to be called the New Bloomusalm
New Hibernia of the future!

Dad!

Clap for Poldy!

Aleph, Beth, Ghimmel, Kosher,
Yom, Kippur, Beni Brith, Meshuggah.

Remember me, Mr. Leo? Mandel

A dozen roses for your lady!

You want to take advantage of me.

Lady Bloom accepts no presents!
This is a holiday!
What do you call a feast,
I call the sacrament!
I advocate the reform of the principles
the municipality and the 10 commandments!
New worlds for old: Jews,
Muslims and Gentiles.
Free currency, free love and
a free church in a free state!
- And free fox the henhouse?
Mixed races
and mixed marriages!
- What about mixed bathing?
- He is Episcopalian, search
exceed our sacred faith!
- Beast, you are an abominable person!
Give us a tune, Bloom.
One of his old songs!
I swore I would never leave,
it proved to be a cruel betrayal,
with tooraloom, tooraloom,
tooraloom, aiei
Good old Bloom,
There is nobody like him!
- Irish stage!
- He uses a machine
from time to thwart
the sacred nature!
Christian friends,
anti-people and Bloom,
the man called Bloom,
comes from the depths of hell!
A libertine demonic
Adoring wife of the red
the wooden stakes and
cauldrons of oil, are to him!
- Caliban!
- Lynch him!
- Thrash him!
- He's as bad as Parnell!
This is a true madness,
I'm innocent!
I'll call my old friend,

Dr Malachi Mulligan,
sexual expert, to make
medical tests on my defense!
Dr. Bloom
bisexually abnormal.
Since birth,
epilepsy was present,
consequence
of uncontrollable lust.
There are symptoms of exhibitionism
chronic, ambidexterity is also latent.
He was prematurely
unmasked by self-abuse
perversity idealistic
as a consequence.
Declared a lecher,
which has metal teeth.
I did a vaginal examination,
and then applied an acid
test anal, pectoral, axial
and pubic hair,
and declare the virgo intact.
Professor Bloom has proved a
example of the new man effeminate.
His moral nature is
simple and lovely.
Many consider him a
wanted man, a dear person.
He is an exotic subject in general,
shy but not weak-mental
in the medical sense.
Another report says
he was a child late.
I ask for clemency.
On behalf of the most sacred thing
that our bodies can carry.
He is about to have a baby!
- Ah, want to have a baby!
- Bloom, you are the Messiah?
- Who told you!
- Then make a miracle!
Prophecy!
Okay,
the race of the Gold Cup?

20-1!

All the insanity, patriotism
and grief for the dead, must cease.

Keep talking
and be boring!

I bet that woke
with the left foot,
or enjoyed too quickly
with his best girl.

Ah,

I can read your thoughts!

Men and women love.

What is this?

- The cork and the bottle.

- I do not like to hear untruths.

Take a chance

an old hooker!

I am very inconsistent.

You are a necessary evil.

- Where? London?

- I was born in Yorkshire.

I will, Tommy Tittlemouse,
stop it and do the worst.

He has money for more time?

10 shillings?

- More baby, more!

- And more's the mother!

Come and I'll undress me!

You know, someone would
dreadfully jealous if she knew!

Boys, do it now!

Tell your mother you'll be there.

Unite now!

Sign up to join the eternal

a race without end!

You are gods,
obstinate or stupid?

If the 2nd advent comes to Coney Island,
be ready? Depends on

you, feel this cosmic force.

We are aware of that is the cosmos?

No!

Be on the side of angels

Now, witness!

I forgot myself!
In a moment of weakness
I messed up and did what I did
against the Constitution!
A plumber was my undoing
when I was still pure.
It was a terrible consequence of
drunkenness in the Hennessy 3 stars.
I became guilty with Whelan,
when he fell into bed.
I let him play
with me for fun!
In the beginning was the Word,
in the end, world without end.
Blessed be
eight followers.
- Who has a cigarette?
- Here!
Sing something,
Love's old sweet song!
I'm speechless.
I am almost finished an artist.
I think you
is a spoiled priest.
Beg!
That yes
is a good doggie!
My God!
I'm all dirty with sweat.
- Too tight?
- If you fail,
Handy Andy,
I kick his balls!
Waiting for your next orders
continue gentlemen ...
- Manic dishonor!
- Empress!
- Worshipper of rituals adulterers!
- Gigante!
- Worshipper of the dungeon!
- Magnificence!
Lower it!
Put one foot forward!
Slide the left foot

a little behind!
Will fall, is falling!
With hands down!
Truffles!
Feel my entire weight.
Bow down, slave, his despot.
I promise never to disobey!
Oh my God
You know what to expect!
I'm the Tartar
quiet down and the yield!
- She's not here!
- She's not here!
She has not done on purpose
Mr. Bello
it will be a good girl!
- Do not be so hard on her,
Mr. Bello
show a bit ...
Come here sweetie,
I have a word with you
just a correction.
A talk from the heart, sweetie!
There's a good girl now.
I need to correct it for your sake,
a soft place and secure.
How's the meat back here?
Ah, gentle pet,
start preparing!
- Do not tear my ...
- You will now see,
I will do it to remember me
for life!
- I'll hurt you!
- Oh, do not be so cruel, oh!
- Is it hell!
- Good!
Do not keep me waiting,
darn!
You beat me,
I'll tell!
Hang on girls,
so I can beat him!
- Yeah, go on it!

- Let me go!
- No, I do!
- I see that the preferences
Guinness are at 16 .
Call me an idiot for not
have bought that lot!
And that damn stranger
Throwaway, won 20-1!
Where is that
portion of ash cursed!
Oh, cruel monster!
Race Horse!
Say, what was the scene more
obscene all his life of crime?
The sins of the past!
Rise against you!
He underwent a
clandestine marriage,
in the shadow of the black church.
Messages unpronounceable
he sent mentally
while the patient was,
naughty,
the attendant telephone.
5 ways for public
he sent messages,
offering his partner,
all the strong men.
Ah, I was a
real pig!
Terrible things have given!
The foundation with the syringe
Hamilton Long,
the friend of the ladies.
Ah, get out your trash!
Hold your tongue!
You can make a
men's work?
I would not hurt their feelings,
but there is a man of muscle there.
I was indecently treated,
Ask the police!
If you could inform,
duck idiot!

We want a downpour,
not a drizzle!
It seems to me
a fine night's work.
- Smell it! Guess
or your money back.
Ah, lobster and mayonnaise.
Hello, Bloom,
Ms. Bloom is ready?
Take, for buying
a gin or a water.
Advertise me! I have business
with his wife, you know?
Thank you, sir. Yes, sir.
Mrs. Bloom is in the bath.
Raoul, darling,
Come dry me!
I'm just using my new
hat and a sponge!
Going up!
Let them watch!
Pimp, it is the whip!
You can put your eye
in the keyhole and
kidding himself
while I go through
sometimes.
Thank you, sir,
I will do it!
Vaseline, sir? Flower
orange? Lavender water?
- He idolizes!
Oh, look, he's carrying
the room while doing it!
Show! Hide! Show!
Do it! More! Go!
Hey, this is not a musical concert!
And do not beat around the piano!
Who is paying?
I asked who is paying?
Here,
we're all on the same side!
Dedalus,
give her blessing to her.

She has!
You want three girls,
here are 10 shillings.
So apologies 100,000.
- It was been behind my back!
- Allow me!
3 times 10, we're even.
You're bold, doggie!
Could kiss you!
Here it is yours!
How so?
Look, it was better you have given me
the money to take care,
why pay more?
- Be just before generous.
- I will be, but it is too much?
Do not blame me
so lost!
I do not care one bit!
See, our friend!
Noise in the street.
Look, dear,
I am, let's dance!
I was once a beautiful flower in May,
Dedalus!
- I'm dead.
- Jesus, who are you?
What idiot is doing
this joke?
Mockery!
She kicked the bucket!
Everyone should go through this,
Stephen. You too!
- The time will come!
- They say I killed her mother.
He offended your memory.
The cancer killed her, not me!
- Destination!
- You sang that song
for me, "Love's bitter mystery."
Tell me if you know the word, mother,
the word known to man.
Who had pity for you when
was sad in the midst of strangers?

Prayers are powerful,
Repent, Stephen!
- Monsters, hyena!
- I pray for you in another world.
Let your food do Dilly,
every night after work.
For years and years,
I loved my son!
My first son,
when you were in my womb.
- It's hot, I'm melting!
- Look, he is white.
- Hey, Giddy, has no window!
- Repent,
ah, the hell-fire!
- The leech eats the head
and bloody bones.
- Beware!
- Be careful with the hand of God!
- Silence!
Add cold water to it.
Oh Sacred Heart of Jesus,
have mercy on the soul of Stephen,
save it from hell
with his Sacred Heart.
No! Break my spirit
if any of you can!
- I'll take you all to hell!
- Lord have mercy
Stephen, for me!
Was my inexpressible grief,
When overflowing with love,
pain and agony on Calvary!
No!
Imbecile!
Stop right there!
Who pays for the chandelier there?
You were with him!
- What buff, woman?
- Who pays?
- 10 shillings!
- 10 shillings?
Did not take too much money from it?
Do not give me this conversation

this is not a slum!

- It's a house of 10 shillings!

- The damage did not cost it!

Your ...

- He insulted?

- I spoke in vocative feminine.

I was with the soldiers,

and they let me do,

you know, so a

Young ran after me.

But I'm faithful to the man who cares

me, even being a prostitute.

- Tell what happened right!

- I was with the soldiers!

Why not?

The brave soldier!

How then would

if I broke his jaw?

How? Too bad.

Noble art of pretension,

personally

I detest action.

Come on, professor,

the car is waiting.

What were you saying?

Repeat!

I understand your point of view.

I believe that to die for their country,

but I'd rather have my country die

by me and so far have been well.

Under death

Long live life!

Hey, Harry,

Give a kick to his balls!

Look,

he does not know what it says,

drank a little more

than it should.

I know him well, is a

gentleman and poet.

- I do not care who he is!

- We do not care who he is!

We said nothing,

not a word!

- It's just a misunderstanding.
- Come on, Harry, hit him in the eye!
Hit you if you
give me space, okay?
Fair fight here, do the butcher
bloody go out for shopping!
- They will fight for my cause!
- Come on, before it starts to fight!
Oh, come on, you fool, he would
insulted but I forgive, I forgive you!
I'll insult him!
Get out, get away!
Police!
- What happened here?
- Let me in, I can ...
Do not want to instructions
how I do my job.
- Name?
- He is the son of Simon Dedalus.
It's a little stubborn.
Won money on a race today.
I was drinking and
he tried to follow me.
I can take care of him,
Sergeant!
This can happen
with anyone, right?
- Sure you can, sir!
- Boys are boys!
I can take it home!
C'mon! Hey, Mr Dedalus?
Stephen?
Who?
The face reminds me
his poor mother.
Rudy?
In return,
they talked about music,
literature, Ireland, Paris, friendship,
women, prostitution, diet
and the Roman Catholic Church.
Bloom found common factors of
similarity between their positive reactions
and the negative experiences?

Both were sensitive
to art, music,
Preferably
of plastic and paint.
Both demonstrated disbelief
in many orthodox religions,
in social doctrines,
national and ethnic.
That reaction was Bloom,
arrival at your destination?
On arrival at the 4th house,
of equal squares,
the number 7 Eccles Street,
He automatically put his hand
in the back pocket of his jeans,
to get his key.

- She was there?

- I was in my pants pocket

- She was there?

- I was in my pants pocket
corresponding to the pants
used the previous day.

- Why was angry again?

- Because he forgot and then
remembered he had remembered
himself not to forget!

What appears to the host,
are the main qualities
guest?

Confidence in him.

An equal and opposite power
of abandonment and recuperation.

As for humor?

He did not dare,
he did not expect,
was not disappointed,
he was satisfied.

Pleased not to have sustained
a positive loss,
gain offered by having
positive to others.

Light to the Gentiles.

What made his first verse
original, written by him,

a poet in potential
with 11 years of age,
on occasion where
offered three prizes of 10, 5 and 2,
shillings respectively, in a competition
Shamrock, a weekly newspaper?
An ambition oblique
In my verse printed
Makes me hope
find that space?
If you surrender,
Please put in the end,
The name of your sweetheart,
L. Bloom.
They spoke openly
about their racial difference?
None. What, if reduced
its simple
reciprocally,
where thought to Bloom
on the thought of Stephen
on Bloom, and thought
Stephen on thought
Bloom about Stephen.
He thought that he thought
he was a Jew,
although he knew he
I knew he knew he was not.
Why Bloom refused to say that
had attended the university of life?
Because its buoyant uncertainty
on the observation had
or had not been made
by him to Stephen
nor by Stephen to him.
What two temperaments
individually represent?
The scientific, artistic.
What is home
without Plumtree's Potted Meat?
Incomplete.
With a void of contentment.
Which domestic problem as it is,
if not more than any other,

often
disruption to your mind?
What to do with our wives.
Stephen Bloom proposed that it pass
the hours between today and tomorrow
between the kitchen in the apartment
and the dormitory for guests.
Some advantages may appear
the extension of this Agreement.
For Stephen, home insurance
and stability of education.
For Bloom, rejuvenation
intelligence, satisfaction of care.
For Molly, the disintegration of
obsession and acquisition of pronunciation
Stephen perfect Italian.
This proposed asylum
was accepted?
Gently inexplicably
Kindly, thankfully, he refused.
What confronted them when they,
The first host, then the guest,
emerged silently,
in the dark and obscure passage
row house
to the shadows of the garden.
The starry sky has long
with fruit wet night.
Both were silent.
Silence, contemplating one another,
the mirror of his flesh with each other,
in his or his,
friendly face.
The trajectory of his first
simultaneous action of urine,
was uneven.
The Bloom's was longer,
less noisy, the Stephen
was higher, more sibilant.
Who in the last hours
the previous day,
argued for a consumption
diuretic, an insistent pressure.
Alone, which Bloom hear?

The double reverberation of the foot,
reborn on earth,
double body vibration
a Jew, the resonant surface.
Alone, Bloom feels the cold
stellar space,
the subpoena incipient
the approach of dawn.
What imperfections
a perfect day,
Bloom, walking, silently
truly sets?
A fault condition,
to renew an ad
certify the presence or absence
lower rectal orifice,
in the case of deities
Hellenic female.
In response to questioning
night of his wife,
Bloom omits the information
public trial in the neighborhood
that with the permit
Bernard Kiernan
showed an erotic provocation,
therefore, young lady;
and reveals the reference volume
pornographic and sinful:
"Sweets of Sin."
Bloom's acts.
Wisely ...
entering the lair of traps
lust and snakes,
clearly, to care less,
respectfully, the bed
conception and birth,
consummation of marriage
and the opening of marriage;
sleeping and dying.
What did its members,
when gradually
stretched to meet?
- New linens,
additional odors,

the presence of the human form
female, hers, printing
the male human form,
not his.

Some crumbs,
some pieces of meat,
reheated,
that he removed.

What were the last thoughts,
and that was the last
occupant of the bed?
Reflections on his force,
commonly the body proportion,
Bat, business skill,
the best, amazingly,
worthless.

What event or person emerged
as a salient point of his narration?
Stephen Dedalus,
teacher and author.

During the course of this brief
ascending and narration,
the narrator and the listener
are called to demonstrate
the limits of compatibility
marriage, where a complete
carnal intercourse with ejaculation
semen in the female organ,
is not made 10 years ago,
5 months and 18 days.

That was five weeks before
Birth and death of his only
son Rudolph Bloom Junior
11 days of life.

A boy exhausted
a child in the womb.

Belly exhausted.

He rests.

He traveled,
with Sinbad the Sailor
Tinbad and the Tailor
Jinbad and the Gaoler,
Ninbad and the Preacher,
Whinbad and the Whale, e. . .

Yes
because he has never done anything like this,
how to order your coffee
in bed with two eggs.
Bring your coffee?
Yes
it came from somewhere,
I'm sure by his appetite.
Anyway,
love is not,
but would inappetent
thinking about it.
Is it any bitch or someone
he got there.
If they knew him
as well as I ...
someone who may find
tenderness, because all men
are thus well as boot
all the money they can from it.
The biggest idiots
are old.
And pulled my bag
to disguise!
Not that I care,
but I wonder.
As long as I do not have the two
on my toes all the time
like that bitch,
Mary that we had,
inflating your ass to excite him.
A woman is not enough for them.
I do not stoop
about to spy on them.
Yes, because he would not be
so long without,
should do so
somewhere.
Just to ruin
a woman, no satisfaction,
hoping to enjoy it and then
having to end up alone anyway.
This makes
your lips turn pale.

Anyway,
is done once and for all.
Everybody talks
about it,
but it is only the first time,
after a situation is so common
not more talk.
Why can not kiss a man
without having to marry him?
First comes the feeling crazy
and then get as good
that can not be avoided.
There's nothing like a long hot
kiss, which almost paralyzes us.
And I hate to admit me
with Father Corrigan.
He touched me, Father.
Is there anything wrong with that?
Where?
And I told the channel.
But where exactly you,
my daughter?
On the back of the leg.
At the high end?
Yes, Father, at discharge.
That's where you sit?
Yes
My God, he could not
say ass and just to clarify?
What is the problem?
And you ...
I do not know what he said, I forgot.
No, Father!
And I always think
the real father.
What he wants to know,
when I already confessed to God?

I wonder:

Did I know about the cabin?
I could see his face,
will he could see mine?
Of course, I never would face.
They're dying for a woman

course.

Would you be satisfied with me?

Something I did not like
was to have him hitting me
behind when I was leaving,
so intimate that I got to laugh.

I am not a horse,
or an ass, am I?

Is he awake
thinking or dreaming of me?

We went to the port
and clean fish

I had a salty smell,
yes, because I felt
nice and tired and I fell asleep
so I fell into bed.

This crappy old bed
shaking like a cab!

I guess you can hear us
across the street.

So I suggested
we put the quilt on the floor,
with pillow
under my butt.

Terrible thunder scared me
like those thunderstorms in Gibraltar.

Terrible thunder scared me
like those thunderstorms in Gibraltar.

And they come
and say that God does not exist
and mockery if he heard this,
because it never goes to church
in masses or meetings.

He says about the soul,
we have no soul in us,
only the gray matter.

He does not know what is
why not have one.

Yes

Because he has 3 or 4 times
with that huge thing

Gross and he has.

Your nose is not so great!

Later he took all my

clothes with the blinds closed,
hours after dressing myself,
perfuming and combing me me
as a steel
or some kind of crowbar.
Standing all the time!
He must have eaten oysters,
a dozen!
He had a beautiful voice
and I never found anyone
in life with a size of those,
that make you feel
fully populated.
What is the idea that we do
this way,
with a hole in the middle?
They come as a stallion
Up to you,
because that's all they want.
That bad look and determined.
I needed to be
with eyes half-closed,
even then, he has
that courage within yourself.
I did take out and put
me in considering
how great,
which is good if you have not
been washed properly.
Last time
I let him finish me.
What a beautiful invention made
for women
since they
get all the pleasure.
But if someone cares
with others, could know
through what I did with Rudy
Mina Purefoy and what goes
with her husband, who fills one with
son or two a year, like clockwork.
They are not satisfied while
do not see us as a swollen elephant.
What can be expected

a man like that?
I'd rather die than 20 times
I married again with one of them.
But of course he will not find
never a woman who
things with him like I do.
I liked the way
how she loved me,
he knew how to pick a woman,
8 when he sent me flowers,
But he could not embrace
as well as Gardner.
I looked a little bland,
clear when he looked at me closely
my makeup in the mirror.
The mirror
never passes the expression.
In fact, lie on top of me
that way,
tapping its immense
hip bone,
it is heavy as well as having
the hairy chest to warm up.
Always having
that lie to them.
Even better if he caught me
behind, the way Mrs. Mastiansky
told me that her husband did,
just like dogs do.
Stretched the language
as far as I could.
You can understand a man
the way he is?
He looked like a devil by some
minutes later he returned saying
that the press was tearing
the tickets and swearing at all
because he said he had lost 20
pennies and lost even more to
the outsider who won the race.
So, would take me.
Anyway,
I want to make it
at least 2

chemises or 3 for me.
But I do not know
what kind of prints he likes.
Perhaps none.
He did not say?
Yes
And half the girls in
Gibraltar never wore one too!
Naked as God made them!
That Andalusian
singing her Manola,
did little secret
with what she had.
Yes
What are these veins?
I'm curious to know
how should be done,
2nd equal in the case of twins.
They should represent the beauty,
put up there
like statues in the museum.
One pretends to hide
with one hand.
They are so beautiful.
Compared with a man,
Of course, with their two suitcases
more floods and other
thing hanging on it,
or when it is standing on his
forward as a hat rack.
That's why hide
leaves behind!
The woman represents beauty,
Of course, they admit.
I wonder if they are not afraid
to take a kick,
or take a hit,
or something!
I ask that anyone
keep that in mind!
If I could remember
at least half of things,
I would write a book.
The work of the Master Poldy.

Be happy that these
men take a woman.
Feel your mouth.
Oh, Lord, I need to stretch me!
I wish he or someone
were here to make me
enjoy that way.
Feel the fire inside me.
Maybe if I could dream
with the time he was
the 2nd time running her fingers
behind me and I enjoyed
for nearly five minutes with my
legs around him.
I had to hug him afterward.
Oh God I wanted to scream
all kinds of stuff,
erotic words,
or something!
But without looking ugly
or with those lines.
Who knows how to react?
You want to feel good
with a man!
Not all are equal to him,
thank God!
Some want you
feel so good about it.
I notice the difference!
There are those who do not speak!
I gave my eyes that look,
with her hair loose medium
and my tongue between
my lips,
going for him,
savage brute!
Ah, well I could still
find someone to give me
what I want so much, that is to have
something hard inside.
We no longer have the same chances
we had before!
I would welcome someone
a love letter.

True or not,
it brightens your day and your life!
Always having something to think about,
every moment,
and witness to his back
a new world!
I could write
a response in bed, walking,
only a few words.
I never imagined that this
would be my name Bloom.
Well, better than those
Pinto with awful names.
Ms. Anna Pinto
or some other name with Pinto.
The train again!
Sound boring!
Close your eyes and breathe
my lips open.
Kiss, sad eyes,
eyes open, piano!
I hate these big words!
I'll make that clear from the next
time you're in the spotlight.
Kathleen Kearney
and their squirrels.
A bunch of puns Sparrow,
arrogant, talking about politics.
Understand it as well
on my backside.
I think she's submissive,
for no man
look at her twice.
Gardner said no man
could look at my mouth
teeth and smiling
without thinking about it.
I was afraid that he
might not like my accent.
Everything
my father left me.
And my mother left eye
and appearance in some way.
He died for my lips!

Women should find
a husband to look good!
And also one that excites
money,
those who can choose
whoever you want, as Boylan,
and still have sex 4 or 5 times
stuck in each others arms.
Or the voice too!
I might even be a first lady
but I married him!
Looking down,
with his chin down,
but not much
not to be twofold.
Have they
burning with envy!
Anyway,
I hope he does not meddle
with drugs that cross the illusion
he is young again
burning through money and getting
increasingly drunk.
He can not drink water?
I like to hear it up
the stairs in the morning,
with the cups
beating tray.
And then he started making
their applications for eggs, toast and tea.
I think there
another man in the world
with the habits like his.
It's good that I do not kick,
or you can pull out all
my teeth!
Wait! It is the Church of Georgia!
That would be a good time
for him to come home!
First check your shirt.
Let's see if he still
have those French letters
who used the pocket.
He must think

I do not know!
Man a liar!
All 20 pockets are not
enough for their lies.
And why should we expect?
While it is true,
they do not.
Do not enter almost anything
in their empty heads.
They need to be taken slowly
your own poison
with their eggs and tea
hot with butter and toast.
He also
is a terrible liar!
No, he did not have the courage
come out with a married woman!
For her, Denis, as he calls it,
got that look so unhappy,
what harm could
call him husband.
Yes
he's a bitch to him.
He says it's author and will be
university professor of Italian.
I wanted to have some lessons.
What does he plan now
showing him my photo?
I'm not good on her.
Still, I look young.
Does not he solved
make me a present,
yes, after all
and why not?
I was in mourning,
doing 11 years.
Yes
he would have 11 years.
While we need the grief,
not good to go.
He insisted
to mourn the cat.
I think now
he is a man.

He was an innocent boy
and a dear little boy.
He liked me too,
I remember.
Everyone likes.
Wait, my God!
Yes, wait
Yes, one moment!
He was on the cards in the morning,
I played the deck.
Union with young unknown,
no beautiful or ugly you already know.
I thought I could be him!
But he is not a brat
nor is unknown.
They all write about women
in his poetry,
and it is unlikely
to find many like me,
smooth with visions of love
and serenades,
where poetry is in the air.
Certainly he is very distinct,
I'd like to meet
a man with this,
God,
not as the wild I know.
Moreover, he is young!
A young guy who can
find dipping rocks
Margate Beach.
Sunbathing,
naked like gods or something,
and then playing in the sea with them.
Why do men
are not all like that?
Women have some consolation.
Like that little statue
he bought.
Could look at it
all day!
It exists
the real beauty and poetry!
I always feel

I want to kiss you all,
including her adorable
young cock, so simple.
I would not mind
put it in my mouth
nobody's watching.
It is as if he asked
suck it for you!
It looks so clean and clear
with his boyish face.
I would even
in a split second,
even something that came out of it,
would like a porridge,
or dew,
there is no danger.
He is so clean compared
pigs with those men,
I believe they never dreamed
Washing in a range of 1 year.
Can this be what gives
mustaches on women.
I just love it if I could
get involved with a beautiful
young poet
at my age.
I'll put the cards
early in the morning
and I will wait until
the letter you want appears,
or I'll read and study everything
what you can learn and remember,
if only I knew
what he likes,
he did not think I'm dumb
and that all women are equal.
I can teach you
on another subject,
I will make him feel all up
he almost fainted on me.
And then,
he can write
about his lover and mistress,
publicly

with all our photos
the papers when he becomes famous.
Ah, but then
What would I do with it?
Would not
to be a husband,
but you can not
deceive a lover!
No, it would be!
He has no manners,
is not refined
or anything of that nature,
slapping on my ass
that way,
because they called him Hugh.
The ignorant do not recognize
poetry as money.
This is what happens
not to keep it in place!
He rips the pants and shoes
and puts the chair before me,
with face-to-toe,
without even asking permission
and still maintains this vulgar way
with his shirt half open,
that use to be admired.
Of course he is right,
with his way of passing
time playing,
which is much better than being
in bed with what,
a lion?
God, I think he has
something better to say. A lion would have!
Oh, I think it's because they are
so plump and tempting
inside my jacket,
he could not resist!
They excite me, sometimes.
Men enjoy the pleasure
they feel when seeing the body
of a woman. We are so
round and clear for them.
Sometimes I wish I had

one from me for a change
to try to use that thing
they have and stick it in me,
so hard, and at the same time,
so soft when you touch.
Men, again!
They can pick and choose
whoever they want.
A married woman,
a grieving widow
or a girl
all with different flavors.
We're doomed
living chains,
but they will not
chain me right!
When I start,
I tell you,
that because of our husbands
stupid, we can not
remain friends instead
starting a fight?
Why we were given
all that desire?
Not my fault
if I am young, I?
It's a wonder I can not be
an old hag at my age!
Living with him so coldly,
you just hold me sometimes
when sleeping.
My order wrong,
he does not know who he is!
Any man who would kiss the ground
the woman steps,
I deserve to throw my hat!
Thereafter,
he can kiss whatever you want.
But we have not even
an atom of expression in us!
We are all one piece
lard,
but I would not
that with a man!

Gross dirty!
I do not want to think anymore!
I kissed his foot,
seorita!
This is a man
that nobody understands,
except me!
Still,
it is obvious that a woman likes
being embraced 20 times a day.
That makes her feel young!
No matter by whom,
but what matters is being
in love with someone.
If the person you want is not there ...
sometimes, God,
I thought about leaving by night
where nobody knows me,
and pick up a sailor from the sea,
deranged,
not caring who
I was, but only for
make love
without thinking about anything.
It could be also
one of those gypsies
traveling there.
One of these subjects
with beautiful eyes and
face boor,
attacking me in the dark
against the wall,
without saying a word.
Or a murderer,
anyone!
It is a pity that the sailors
are rotting with disease!
Ah, take this huge walk away,
for God's sake!
Listen!
The winds that blow
my pities away,
so that it can
sleep and regret,

the great tipster
Don Poldy La Flora,
and I must drag myself to the
kitchen to prepare your
coffee authority,
while it is rolled
as a mom.
I will do the same,
have you seen me run?
I'd like to see me!
Demonstrate attention
and treat her like dirt!
I do not care what
others say, but it would be
much better for the world
if women were ruling,
because we would not see women killing
and slaughtering each other.
Well,
is a sad case to those
they have a beautiful son,
like that
and are not happy.
I'm not!
He failed to make one?
Not my fault!
We were happy together
as I saw the two dogs
doing it that way,
in the middle of the deserted street.
This left me completely
heartbroken!
I think I should not have it
buried with that jacket
I knitted woolly,
I was like crying!
It should have given
some poor child.
But I knew well,
I would never have another.
It was our first death too!
Never been the same.
Oh, I will not start to come into
depression, talking about it again!

I wanted to understand why
he spent the night here
ruining your life forever
maybe.
Still,
would be great!
So quiet!
Wanted to tell him
many nonsense, serving it well,
thought to be his fault
the fact that I was an adulteress.
Oh, big deal
if this is all evil
we did
in this valley of tears.
God knows
it is nothing!
Everyone does,
but they hide.
I think a woman is good for this,
He not only would have made us
this way,
so attractive to men.
They often say
God does not exist.
I'd give anything
what they learn.
Why not try to create something?
Then the priest will cry,
because they are dying,
and why?
Because they are afraid of hell,
with their consciences.
Ah, yes
I know them well!
Who was the first person in the universe,
first of all, who created everything?
Who?
Hmm .. that they do not know!
Neither do I, so
here we are.
He can try to make the sun
not be born tomorrow.
The sun rises for you,

he said, the day we were
lying on the grass in Howthhead,
with his gray suit
and his straw hat the day
he asked me to marry.

Yes

First,

I gave him the cake of my mouth
and it was leap year,
as now, yes ...

16 years ago.

My God,

after that long kiss,
I almost lost my breath!

Yes

we are like flowers.

The body of a woman

yes.

That was the only thing
true that he ever said:

"The sun rises for you today."

Yes!

So I liked him,
because he knew
or felt,
as was a woman.

I knew I could always
be by your side,
giving all the pleasure
I could.

I could guide you to
they asked me to say yes!
I do not respond promptly,
just look to the sea and the sky.

Ah,

the terrible flood depth;
crimson sea,
like fire;
the glorious sunsets as the sun;
fig trees in the gardens mall, yes!
All alleys strange
roses and boxes, blue and yellow.
The roses and jasmine,
geraniums, cacti and Gibraltar,

as a girl where I was
a mountain flower, yeah!
When you put a rose in her hair,
like the Andalusian girls
used to do,
red or should be, yes!
And as he kissed me near
the Moorish wall,
and I thought he was
Best of all,
and then asked with eyes
I asked for
to marry again, "You
I would like ...", and he asked,
yes, say yes,
my mountain flower.
First, I put my
arms around him,
yes, and then pulled it
in my direction so that
feel the scent on my breasts,
yes and his heart was deranged,
and yes,
I said yes I do, yes!