

An Irish Seder

by Daniel Harris

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It wasn't supposed to be like this. A few students of the legendary Al Fine were to gather for a quiet June 16th evening. But Kelly insisted that we have a seder like experience with Joyce's *Ulysses*. So began another night in the legendary life of Ben Clarone.

Now, I was never one to join groups or even party much. I spent all my time making art, not consuming it, to paraphrase Mozart. I was in the middle of creating an opera that was going to be presented initially as an oratorio to see if it was worthy of a full scale opera presentation. I had been sleep deprived for a couple of months.

The promise of free food and drink was too much to pass up since I hadn't played a gig in months and was living on peanut butter and celery. When Kelly called I was too hungry and thirsty for drink to turn him down.

I arrived a fashionable 10 minutes after the announced start.

I was the first to arrive.

Kelly gave me a shot of Jameson and a Guinness to wash it down. Shortly, a slew of Irish friends, poets, musicians and writers showed up at Kelly's definitely downscale crib. Whiskey, beer and the predictable joint made an appearance.

Apparently everyone, except myself, knew the drill as they all arrived with well marked-up copies of Joyce's *Ulysses*. A toast was proposed and then a giant Irish dude stood up and proclaimed: *Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a*

bowl of lather..... And so began the Irish Seder. The liberation of the Irish from the British and Church boot by James Joyce. A description of the Irish troubles as ever an Irish word has ever been writ.

Not knowing the ritual, I sat amused and wishing my well thumbed copy of the text was in my hands. I asked my neighbor, an Irish lass with terribly asymmetrical breasts and ample hips, if I might follow along with her. She gave me a leering glance and spread the current page open with a small fat fingered hand to where the Buck Mulligan type was reading in a fine baritone brogue. Cutesy smiles were followed by her moving her ample hip into my boney hip.

Usurper.

The Buck Mulligan clone proclaimed. He sat down. A toast was proposed. Shot glasses with Jameson and flagons of Guinness were dutifully drained. A bearded elderly chap stood up and proclaimed: *You, Cochrane, What city sent for him?*

And the Nestor chap began to speak in tongues.

So far it seemed nothing more than an Irish seder, a celebration of Joyce's *Ulysses*. The story of the Irish.

When

Cuckoo

Cuckoo

Cuckoo

It was not three in the morning, but the Oxen of the Sun were not to be denied, nor was strong drink. More Jameson and Guinness were drained and the sun came up.

Sweetie with the asymmetricals was looking better as befit the evening.

Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. Send us, bright one, light one. Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit.

I put my right hand under asymmetricals skirt and moved up her copious inner thigh.

Moist happiness and a slight parting greeted my arrival. Tumescence was not far behind. A smallish chubby hand grasped my magnificence, as Melville described it of a sperm whale. Issue was not long in forthcoming. Thankfully not the mincer, but the hand of an elegant sure-touched Nora. She had me in her grot as Joyce said or "Carnal Concupiscence." Stephen Deadlus was not as satisfied.

Duos , trios, quartets and quintets of voices arose and recited scenes of bars, whorehouse, outhouse and street.

At this time it was late afternoon and "Eomaemus was *preparatory to anything else, Mr Bloom bushed off the greater bulk of shavings and handed Stephen the hat and ashplant and bucked him up generally in orthodox Samaritan fashion , which he very badly needed...*" I too need some bucking up as I was fading fast and found my head on asymmetrical' s thighs. A soda and mineral sounded perfect, but the smell of ready-for-action pussy was pulling at my nose and groin.

A break was called, it was twelve hours into the fray. The assemblage left for bathrooms, the back yard and fresh air and others vomited the evening's drink into the hyacinths and thornberry bushes. Somewhere between a hangover and drunkenness, I decided to bone asymmetrical. She was bent over the table helping herself to a tea biscuit and I flicked her skirl over her hips and plunged my Johnson firmly into her quim. It was ready. She

swallowed the biscuit and my member with equal relish. Without a by or leave, she massaged her own diminutive member and we both came in a shower of jis and crumbs. I collapsed into my chair and she reached for a chocolate cookie.

The reading continued. As darkness descended on the second night. It seemed ears and perceptions sharpened. There was continual reading, but drinking, conversation and then arguments began simultaneously. Concerns about the quality and accent of the reader began to be criticized. Readers who also sang were called to account for the accuracy of their interpretation. A fist was thrown. People restrained the combatants. The reading never stopped. Asymmetrical put my hand between her thighs. I was greeted by joyous juiciness. As Marcus Aurelius said, *sex is the friction of small members*. And so it was. Asymmetrical melted into her cookie.

At four in the morning, Asymmetrical was asleep. My shorts were spooched. Molly Bloom was having a *Yes, Yes*" experience. *And father put his hand just so.... and the mark of his spunk....and yes I will"*

Bleary, drunk and slovenly, a final toast of Jameson and Guinness and thirty two hours later the Irish seder was finished. Asymmetrical snored in her tea biscuit and Buck Mulligan snored in his vomit. Moses never led a finer troop to freedom.

