SERGI PUIG

HADES

monodrama on chapter 6 of James Joyce's Ulysses

for voice, flute, accordion and percussion

(PREVIEW)

SERGI PUIG

HADES

monodrama on chapter 6 of James Joyce's Ulysses

for voice, flute, accordion and percussion

H A D E S, for voice, flute, accordion and percussion (2022)

monodrama on chapter 6 of James Joyce's Ulysses

I. The Carriage
- i. Full of his son
- ii. He's coming in the afternoon
- iii. No more pain

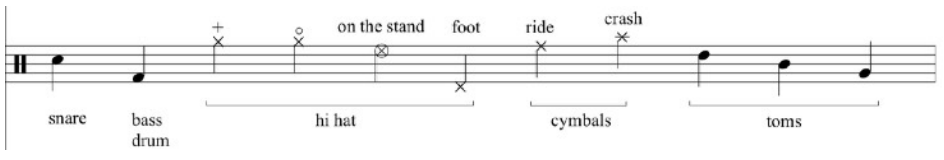
II. Prospect Cemetery
- i. Ceremony
- ii. If we were all suddenly somebody else

III. Back to the world again
- i. I do not like that other world

Instrumentation

Soprano (also castanets, tibetische zymbeln and some percussion indications in the score)
Flute (doubling Piccolo and Bass Flute)
Percussion (1 player) (with mallets, fingertips with metal thimble, bow and with eggbeaters)

- standard drum kit (snare, bass drum, hi hat, 2 cymbals, 3 toms)
- 3 temple blocks
- tam tam and 2 gongs
- crotales (2 octaves, * C#6 - B7)
- tibetische zymbeln
- wind chimes
- triangle
- pacay shaker
- claves
- vibraphone



Accordion

T.T. = 30' ca.

Chapter 6 - HADES

ON STAGE

I. The Carriage

Three white figures sit waiting in a black carriage (Martin Cunningham, Mr Power and Simon Dedalus). They have their eyes closed but pupils drawn in their eyelids.

Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it tight till it shut tight. He notices that he has a bar of soap in his back trouser pocket. He passed an ann through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue.

All waited. Then wheels were heard from in front turning: then nearer: then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and swaying. Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind. The blinds of the avenue passed and number nine with its craped knocker, door ajar.

At walking pace.

One of the white figures rises up and stands right in front of Mr Bloom, stares at him and invades his physical space. Mr Bloom feels intimidated and uneasy and to escape the situation, he imagines his own son, Rudy, who died at 11 days old almost a decade ago, now as a young boy next to Molly. He then goes on to think positively about his daughter Milly and his fatherhood.

i. Full of his son

He is right. Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the sergeant grinning up. She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched. Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.

Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down. Her tomboy oaths. O jumping Jupiter! Ye gods and little fishes! Still, she's a dear girl. Soon be a woman. Mullingar. Dearest Papli. Young student. Yes, yes: a woman too. Life. Life.

ii. He’s coming in the afternoon

Mr.Bloom remembers briefly that Blazes Boylan will meet with Molly that afternoon.

He’s coming in the afternoon. Her songs.

Suddenly one of the white figures becomes aware of the presence of Blazes Boylan. The three white figures and Mr Bloom observe the figure of Boylan.

Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand.

The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him that they she sees? Fascination. Worst man in Dublin.

Boylan's figure disappears.

That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone.

iii. No more pain

Two of the three white figures stand up and come back to haunt Mr. Bloom. The situation becomes more tense, images and symbolism related to death and suicide appear. Mr. Bloom finally reacts by looking sharply at one of the white figures, who looks away from him and slowly returns with his companion to their places.

Mr. Bloom flashes back to the scene of his father's death and the suicide letter.

He looked away from me. He knows. Rattle his bones. That afternoon of the inquest. The redlabelled bottle on the table. The room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blinds. The coroner's ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Had slipped down to the foot of the bed. Verdict: overdose. Death by misadventure. The letter. For my son Leopold.

No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns

II. Prospect Cemetery

They arrive at Prospect Cemetery.

The high railings of Prospects rippled past their gaze. Dark poplars, rare white forms. Forms more frequent, white shapes thronged amid the trees, white forms and fragments streaming by mutely, sustaining vain gestures on the air.

Mr Bloom steps down from the carriage as he moves the soap, which had been bothering him during the journey, from his back pocket to his handkerchief pocket.

i. Ceremony

Mr Bloom heads for the chapel, there is a bible and holy water on a table. Mr Bloom opens the bible and has his characteristically pragmatic thoughts on the religious ceremony.‘

‘-Non intres in iudicium cum servo fuo, Domine.’

Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin. Requiem mass. Crape weepers. Blackedged note paper. Your name on the altarlist. Chilly place this. Want to feed well, sitting in there all the morning in the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next please. Eyes of a toad too. What swells him up that way? Molly gets swelled after cabbage. Air of the place maybe. Looks full up of bad gas. Must be an infernal lot of bad gas round the place.

My kneecap is hurting me. Ow. That's better.

‘-Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.’

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up. What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over. Every mortal day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children, women dead in childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded business men, consumptive girls with little sparrow's breasts. All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them: sleep. On Dignam now.

‘- In paradisum.’

Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise. Says that over everybody. Tiresome kind of a job. But he has to say something.

ii. If we were all suddenly somebody else.

The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by the men straddled on the gravetrestles. They struggled up and out : and all uncovered.

Pause.

Never see a dead one, they say. Shame of death. They hide. Also poor papa went away. Well it is a long rest. Feel no more. It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone else. Try the house opposite. Wait, I wanted to. I haven't yet. Then darkened deathchamber. Light they want. Whispering around you. Bam! expires. Gone at last. People talk about you a bit: forget you.

Mr. Bloom picks up a spade and flings heavy clods of clay on the coffin. Suddenly he turns his face away.

And if he was alive all the time ? Whew ! By Jingo, that would be awful ! No, no: he is dead, of course. of course he is dead. Monday he died. They ought to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock or a telephone in the coffin and some kind of a canvas airhole. Flag of distress. Three days. Rather long to keep them in summer. Just as well to get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no. The clay fell softer. Begin to be forgotten. Out of sight, out of mind.

III. Back to the world again.

i. I do not like that other world.

A very bright light appears on the stage. The gates are glimmering in front : still open.

The journey to the underworld is over. Mr Bloom reflects once more, before leaving the cemetery.

Back to the world again. Enough of this place. Brings you a bit nearer every time. There is another world after death named hell. I do not like that other world she wrote. No more do I. Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds : warm fullblooded life.

END.

HADES

I. The Carriage

i. Full of his son

Autor/Text: James Joyce (1882-1941)

Music: Sergi Puig

*Three white figures sit waiting in a black carriage.
They have their eyes closed.
Mr. Bloom enters the stage.
They open their eyes.

Grave, funeral march ♩ = 48

Soprano

* TACET

Piccolo

* TACET

pp poco

sempre

Percussion

* TACET

crotales

with fingertips (metal thimble)

standard drum kit

ppp

pp poco cresc.

pacay shaker

sf – p molto

sf – p molto

sf – p

Accordion

* TACET

sf – ppp sub.

vibrato

sempre

3

Mr Bloom walks to the carriage and sits in the vacant place.

S

Picc.

(pp)

poco

pp sub.

poco

pp

sf – p

pp poco

fp fp

mp – p

Perc.

p

pp poco cresc.

crotales

standard drum kit

p

ppp

pp poco cresc.

sf – p

sf – p

sf – p molto

sf – p

Acc.

(sf – ppp sub.)

poco cresc.

sf – p poco

poco rit. - - - - - a tempo

5

Mr Bloom notices that he has a bar of soap in his back trouser pocket.
He settles himself better in the seat and looks seriously from the carriage at the atmosphere of the avenue.

S

Picc.

m.v.

ord.

p cresc. *sf – p* *cresc.* *mf* *p cresc.* *sf – p* *p* *poco* *pp* *poco*

crotales

standard drum kit

with soft mallets

with fingertips (metal thimble)

Perc.

ppp *ppp* *pp cresc.*

p *poco* *p* *mf* *sf – p* *poco*

Acc.

mp – ppp sub. *sf – ppp sub.* *mf* *sf – ppp sub.* *sempre*

7

S

Picc.

mp *mf – p* *poco* *sf – p* *sf – p* *mf – p* *poco* *fp* *mf* *p sub.* *pp* *sf* *molto* *fp* *sfz*

crotales

standard drum kit

crotales

standard drum kit

with soft mallets

l.v.

Perc.

mp *pp* *p* *pp* *mf* *p* *mp* *p* *fpp* *sub.*

sf – p *mf*

Acc.

(sf – ppp sub.) *cresc.* *mf* *p – ppp sub.* *cresc.* *sfz – f*

All wait. Everyone closes their eyes.

The white figures open their eyes. A jolt. The carriage begins to move, creaking and swaying.
Number 9 Newbridge Avenue is left behind. At walking pace.

9

lunga (ca. 5")

breve (ca. 3")

S

Picc.

3:2

3:2

p *sfz – f* *mp secco*

p *f*

sf – p *sfz – f*

standard drum kit

Perc.

(*pp*) *non cresc.*

sudden silence

ppp

on the bell

sf – p *mp*

p

mp

sf – p

Acc.

sf – ppp sub. *sempre*

sfz – f *poco*

sf – ppp sub.

sfz – f

molto rit. - - - - - - - **più lento** ♩ = 32

11

∗ One of the white figures (piccolo player) rises up and stands right in front of Mr. Bloom.

S

Picc.

mp secco *mf*

sfz – p *poss.*

sffz – ff *poco*

∗

Perc.

on the stand

mp fp *pp*

fp

sffz – ff *pp*

mf

sfz *molto* *sempre*

mp

sffz – ff *molto*

f *mf*

mp

Acc.

poco

sf – ppp sub.

sffz – ff *molto*

sfz *sempre*

molto vibrato

sffz – ff feroce

sfz

sfz – f

The white figure stares at Mr. Bloom and invades his physical space.
Mr. Bloom feels intimidated and uneasy and tries to avoid the white figure.

13

S

Picc.

Perc.

mf *f* *secco* *f* *ff* *f* *secco* *ff*

on the bell

sfz –f *sfz –f* temple blocks *sfz –f*

f

Acc.

sffz –ff *f* *sffz* *sffz –ff* *f* *sfz* *sffz* *sffz –ff* *sffz* *sffz –ff* *sfz* *f* *sffz*

accelerando

Tempo I ♩ = 48

To escape the situation, Mr. Bloom imagines his own son, Rudy, who died at 11 days old a decade ago, now as a young boy next to Molly.

15

S

Picc.

mf *molto* *f* *poco* *ff* *sempre*

Perc.

mf *f* *sffz –ff* *5:4* *pp* *f –fff* *molto*

Acc.

sffz –ff *sfz* *f* *sffz* *sffz –ff* *f* *sffz* *sfz* *f* *sffz* *sffz –ff* *molto*

*The white figure slowly returns to her place and sits down, always with her eyes closed.

17

S

pp p pp mf pp p

He is right.

Picc.

mp pp sfz–f mp pp sfz–f molto ppp

5:4

Perc.

crotales

with fingertips (metal thimble)

ppp like a shadow

pp ppp

gong

mp

Acc.

pp

3

pp p poco ppp echo

3

19

S

pp p pp poco p molto f poco pp non cresc.

Some - thing to hand on

Picc.

muta a flute

f p sf molto sub.

Perc.

(ppp) pp

Acc.

3 3 3

pp p poco mf

21

S

mp p mf f espress. f molto p dolce non cresc.

If lit - - - tle Ru - dy had lived

Fl.

f p

Perc.

ppp p ppp

Acc.

pp poco p mf p pppsub.

23

S

pp poco p pp cresc.

See him grow up

Fl.

pp dolce sfz molto pp p – pp pp < p

Perc.

ppp pp p

gong

ppp

Acc.

p – pp ppp poco pp ppp p