

Vol. 77

Joyce Lexicography
Volume Seventy-Seven



Frances Bolderreff:

Sireland calls you.

JAMES JOYCE! (FW428.07)

Stories from *Finnegans Wake*.

Edited by

C. George Sandulescu

CONTEMPORARY
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București 2014



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Frances Boldereff: Sireland calls you, James Joyce!
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ISBN 978-606-8592-13-8

In *Reading Finnegans Wake* Frances Boldereff discusses both linguistic details and narrative aspects of James Joyce's last book. Boldereff's analysis has two distinct parts. The linguistic details in the second part, such as the frequency of HCE for instance, were contextualized and linearized by us in the 19 preceding volumes, with an eye to facilitating further research. The present volume, number 77 in our Joyce Lexicography Series, deals with the narrative, the stories. Boldereff chooses to explain *Finnegans Wake* by means of incidents belonging to Irish history, geography, literature.

It is a real pity that Boldereff's work has been completely neglected over the years by FW researchers both in their references and their discussions. She is an ignored FW researcher of significant value.

În *Reading Finnegans Wake*, Frances Boldereff examinează două aspecte ale cărții lui James Joyce: importanța detaliilor lingvistice și prezența elementelor narative.

Volumul lui Boldereff are, așadar, două părți distincte. Detaliile lingvistice cuprinse în a doua parte a cărții ei, cum ar fi de pildă frecvența repetării inițialelor HCE în textul lui Joyce, au fost de curând publicate de noi în 19 volume, în contextul original și cu numărul de pagină și de rând, pentru a ușura cercetarea. Volumul 77 pe care îl publicăm acum în seria *Joyce Lexicography* se ocupă de narațiune, de povestiri. Boldereff explică *Finnegans Wake* prin intermediul incidentelor pe care înțelegem din explicațiile ei că Joyce le-a cules din istoria, geografia, literatura irlandeză.

Reparăm în acest fel o omisiune regretabilă a ultimelor șase decenii, timp în care cercetătorii cărții *Finnegans Wake* nu s-au folosit de concluziile lui Frances Boldereff nici în argumentare, nici în bibliografie măcar. Pe nedrept ignorată, ea este cu siguranță un punct de referință în cercetarea internațională James Joyce.

11 January 2014

C. George Sandulescu & Lidia Vianu

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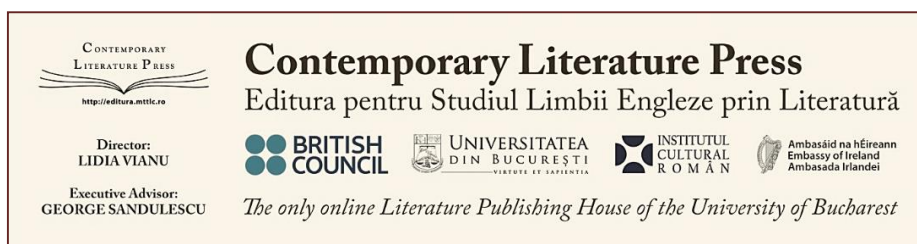
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Frances Boldereff: *Reading Finnegans Wake*, Classic Nonfiction Library, Woodward, Pennsylvania, 1959, Part 1, "Bluest book in baile's annals", pp. 1-210.

N.B. This Lexicographic Series as a whole is primarily meant as **teaching material** for the larger half of Continental Europe, which, for practically three quarters of a century, was deprived of ready access to the experimental fiction and poetry of the world. All Western literary criticism was also banned. Hence, the imperative necessity of re-issuing a considerable amount of post-war discussions. **The Publisher.**

Given the importance of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, all postgraduates in English, Romanian, French, and German work on this research project as part of their normal and regular academic assignments.

LV

Academic Director C L P

If you want to have all the information you need about *Finnegans Wake*, including the full text of *Finnegans Wake* line-numbered, go to the personal site **Sandulescu Online**, at the following internet address: <http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/>

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You are kindly asked to address your comments, suggestions, and criticism to the
Publisher: lidia.vianu@g.unibuc.ro

C. George Sandulescu

Why do we publish volume after volume?

The slogan under which we are publishing Joyce on the Internet is the following: now, that Joyce is out of copyright, let us bring Joyce to the world! And do away in this manner with all misconception of difficulty.

All the more so, on account of the fact that Joyce and a host of other western writers were banned! By the West's own allies—the Soviets!

[— So vi et! (FW 414.14:1::2)]

Not only the books were banned, but also most of the films, and absolutely all the newspapers and periodicals for a solid half century. It seems that the Joyce Foundations and their acolytes, be they in America, or Switzerland, or Britain, are quite unaware that **all Western criticism** was banned as “bourgeois” and “capitalistic” by the same local authorities for half a century... It is regrettable that the West does not care a fig about this intellectual phenomenon with far-reaching consequences today, and in the days to come.

The West does not care that practically all Joyce criticism is still not available in half Europe: the unrepublished titles like the *Concordance to Finnegans Wake*, or Glasheen's *Third Census of Finnegans Wake*, to say nothing of Atherton's *The Books at the Wake*, are nowhere available for the general public.

This is the reason why the Publishing House is taking care of changing the situation.

Frances Boldereff

Reading *Finnegans Wake*.

1

**BLUEST
book
in
baile's
annals**

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THE POET SPEAKS.



Joyce had an admiration for the study of Homer made by Victor Bérard. He learned from it that out of those dry factual manuals, *periploi*, comparable to the modern nautical guide, Homer spun his *Odyssey* and Bérard has shown in careful analysis of individual passages that Homer, in true Greek fashion, anthropomorphized facts, making what was informative, but unexciting, into the liveliest of realities. Joyce was not slow to take the hint; he has created UROVIVLA, THE SEVENTH CITY OF CHRISTENDOM, or Dublin, out of thousands of minute facts into a city which will endure as long as man reads.

In *Finnegans Wake* he has gone further; he has given us an accurate account of Ireland from her beginning, so that any reader who will trace out the history in Joyce's specific references will end up with a most complete knowledge of Ireland, centered of course, on Dublin. With a patience which it would not be possible to exaggerate, he has taken minute fact after fact and so woven them together that the life of his people is before one as on a magic cloth, magic, because as one holds it up this way, light falls from it revealing the past and as it is turned in the hand, the same will reveal the present.

Joyce comes of a race which from earliest times has been entranced with the word. There were poets in Ireland long before there were Christians; the poet was the most respected member of the community and very often he and the king were one and the same person. A poet did not acquire his skill haphazardly, nor did he maintain a reputation based on past performances. He told out of his living memory hundreds of poems glorifying the deeds of his ancestors and he composed for the delight of his contemporaries, poems in praise of the deeds of living companions. His power had to be proven—he had to sing so well that he could completely sway his audience, to laughter, to tears, to courage, to anger, to rest, whatever was called for.

Now out of the many special privileges which poets enjoyed in the early days of Ireland, privileges such as tax exemption, freedom from serving in an army and the exceedingly generous gifts of land, cattle, jewelry, boats, swords and so on which were bestowed on them as by right, and by their frequent employment as judges in the arbitration of difficult cases, the poet came to look on himself in a way to further arrogance. And this arrogance was not something accidental, or personal, it was the visible sign of an inner reality—he formed with those of like ability, the most important element in the complete life of his community.

There are many stories which reveal quite clearly that kings were sometimes weary of these arrogant demanding guests, but all efforts to dislodge them from their

position proved futile until the rise of the monastic schools, reflecting in their existence the increasing power of the Christian church, shifted somewhat the balance.

But however it shifted and altered there has never been a time in Ireland when the life of the Irish was not contained in words; it could be in the eloquence of a Daniel O'Connell or in the moving words of a Robert Emmet, but incorporated in all acts and emotions of the Irish, at its heart, was and is, the love of the word. It is the fuel at the center of the flame.

When Joyce was a student at the National University, he published an essay on James Clarence Mangan, a poet then recently dead, whose life and work were in doubtful celebrity because of the tortured and dissolute life Mangan had led. Joyce grasped the reality of Mangan's achievement and in words of unmistakable reverence, revealed not only the permanence of Mangan's writing, but defined in condensed, passionate language, what are the necessary functions of a poet.

The portion of his speech which is thus general, I quote below as the most excellent possible introduction to *Reading Finnegans Wake*, since it states in the soberest of terms the job a poet undertakes. This speech has been referred to as "the exuberant speech of youth" and the implication drawn that Joyce outgrew such youthful posturings. Nothing could be further from the truth. The language which ignorance has designated as flowery and exuberant is actually quoted verbatim from a poet he understood, William Blake, and from one he loved, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The more important of the two, the quotation from Blake, pinpoints a fact as hard and real as the mineral core at the center of our planet. It sounds exuberant because of its intense condensation.

Every word in this speech is precise. Joyce meant it as a statement of his credo. And *Finnegans Wake* is the concretion of that credo.

CERTAINLY HE IS WISER WHO ACCUSES NO MAN OF ACTING UNJUSTLY TOWARDS HIM, SEEING THAT WHAT IS CALLED INJUSTICE IS NEVER SO, BUT IS AN ASPECT OF JUSTICE, YET THEY WHO THINK THAT SUCH A TERRIBLE TALE IS THE FIGMENT OF A DISORDERED BRAIN DO NOT KNOW HOW KEENLY A SENSITIVE BOY SUFFERS FROM CONTACT WITH A GROSS NATURE.

* * * *

FINALLY, IT MUST BE ASKED CONCERNING EVERY ARTIST HOW HE IS IN RELATION TO THE HIGHEST KNOWLEDGE AND TO THOSE LAWS WHICH DO NOT TAKE HOLIDAY BECAUSE MEN AND TIMES FORGET THEM.

* * * *

POETRY, EVEN WHEN APPARENTLY MOST FANTASTIC IS ALWAYS A REVOLT AGAINST ARTIFICE, A REVOLT IN A SENSE, AGAINST ACTUALITY. IT SPEAKS OF WHAT SEEMS FANTASTIC AND UNREAL TO THOSE WHO HAVE LOST THE SIMPLE INTUITIONS WHICH ARE THE TESTS OF REALITY; AND, AS IT IS OFTEN FOUND AT WAR WITH ITS AGE, SO IT MAKES

NO ACCOUNT OF HISTORY, WHICH IS FABLED BY THE DAUGHTERS OF MEMORY, BUT SETS STORE BY EVERY TIME LESS THAN THE PULSATION OF AN ARTERY, THE TIME IN WHICH ITS INTUITIONS START FORTH, HOLDING IT EQUAL IN ITS PERIOD AND VALUE TO SIX THOUSAND YEARS. NO DOUBT THEY ARE ONLY MEN OF LETTERS WHO INSIST ON THE SUCCESSION OF THE AGES, AND HISTORY OR THE DENIAL OF REALITY, FOR THEY ARE TWO NAMES FOR ONE THING, MAY BE SAID TO BE THAT WHICH DECEIVES THE WHOLE WORLD. IN THIS, AS IN MUCH ELSE, MANGAN IS THE TYPE OF HIS RACE. HISTORY ENCLOSES HIM SO STRAITLY THAT EVEN HIS FIERY MOMENTS DO NOT SET HIM FREE FROM IT. HE, TOO, CRIES OUT, IN HIS LIFE AND IN HIS MOURNFUL VERSES, AGAINST THE INJUSTICE OF DESPOILERS, BUT NEVER LAMENTS A DEEPER LOSS THAN THE LOSS OF PLAIDS AND ORNAMENTS. HE INHERITS THE LATEST AND WORST PART OF A LEGEND UPON WHICH THE LINE HAS NEVER BEEN DRAWN OUT AND WHICH DIVIDES AGAINST ITSELF AS IT MOVES DOWN THE CYCLES. AND BECAUSE THIS TRADITION IS SO MUCH WITH HIM HE HAS ACCEPTED IT WITH ALL ITS GRIEFS AND FAILURES AND HAS NOT KNOWN HOW TO CHANGE IT, AS THE STRONG SPIRIT KNOWS, AND SO WOULD BEQUEATH IT; THE POET WHO HURLS HIS ANGER AGAINST TYRANTS WOULD ESTABLISH UPON THE FUTURE AN INTIMATE AND FAR MORE CRUEL TYRANNY. IN THE FINAL VIEW THE FIGURE WHICH HE WORSHIPS IS SEEN TO BE AN ABJECT QUEEN UPON WHOM, BECAUSE OF THE BLOODY CRIMES THAT SHE HAS DONE AND OF THOSE AS BLOODY THAT WERE DONE TO HER, MADNESS IS COME AND DEATH IS COMING, BUT WHO WILL NOT BELIEVE THAT SHE IS NEAR TO DIE AND REMEMBERS ONLY THE RUMOUR OF VOICES CHALLENGING HER SACRED GARDENS AND HER FAIR TALL FLOWERS THAT HAVE BECOME THE FOOD OF BOARS. NOVALIS SAID OF LOVE THAT IT IS THE AMEN OF THE UNIVERSE AND MANGAN CAN TELL OF THE BEAUTY OF HATE; AND PURE HATE IS AS EXCELLENT AS PURE LOVE. AN EAGER SPIRIT WOULD CAST DOWN WITH VIOLENCE THE HIGH TRADITIONS OF MANGAN'S RACE—LOVE OF SORROW FOR THE SAKE OF SORROW AND DESPAIR AND FEARFUL MENACES—BUT WHERE THEIR VOICE IS A SUPREME ENTREATY TO BE BORNE WITH FORBEARANCE SEEMS ONLY A LITTLE GRACE; AND WHAT IS SO COURTEOUS AND SO PATIENT AS A GREAT FAITH?

EVERY AGE MUST LOOK FOR ITS SANCTION TO ITS POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY, FOR IN THESE THE HUMAN MIND, AS IT LOOKS BACKWARD OR FORWARD, ATTAINS TO AN ETERNAL STATE. THE PHILOSOPHIC MIND INCLINES ALWAYS TO AN ELABORATE LIFE—BUT THE LIFE OF THE POET IS INTENSE—THE LIFE OF BLAKE OR DANTE TAKING INTO ITS CENTRE THE LIFE THAT SURROUNDS IT AND FLINGING IT ABROAD AGAIN AMID PLANETARY MUSIC. WITH MANGAN A NARROW AND HYSTERICAL NATIONALITY RECEIVES A LAST JUSTIFICATION, FOR WHEN THIS FEEBLE-BODIED FIGURE DEPARTS DUSK BEGINS TO VEIL THE TRAIN OF THE GODS, AND HE WHO LISTENS MAY HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS LEAVING THE WORLD. BUT THE ANCIENT GODS, WHO ARE VISIONS OF THE DIVINE NAMES, DIE AND COME TO LIFE MANY TIMES, AND, THOUGH THERE IS DUSK ABOUT THEIR FEET AND DARKNESS IN THEIR INDIFFERENT EYES, THE MIRACLE OF LIGHT IS RENEWED ETERNALLY IN THE IMAGINATIVE SOUL. WHEN THE STERILE AND TREACHEROUS ORDER IS BROKEN UP, A VOICE OR A HOST OF VOICES IS HEARD SINGING, A LITTLE FAINTLY AT FIRST, OF A SERENE SPIRIT WHICH ENTERS WOODS AND CITIES AND THE HEARTS OF MEN, AND OF THE LIFE OF EARTH, DET DEJLIGE VIDUNDERLIGE JORDLIV DIT GAADEFULDE JORDLIV—BEAUTIFUL, ALLURING, MYSTERIOUS.

BEAUTY, THE SPLENDOUR OF TRUTH, IS A GRACIOUS PRESENCE WHEN THE IMAGINATION CONTEMPLATES INTENSELY THE TRUTH OF ITS OWN BEING OR THE VISIBLE WORLD, AND THE SPIRIT WHICH PROCEEDS OUT OF TRUTH AND BEAUTY IS THE HOLY SPIRIT OF JOY. THESE ARE REALITIES AND THESE ALONE GIVE AND SUSTAIN LIFE. AS OFTEN AS HUMAN FEAR AND CRUELTY, THAT WICKED MONSTER BEGOTTEN BY LUXURY, ARE IN LEAGUE TO MAKE LIFE IGNOBLE AND SULLEN AND TO SPEAK EVIL OF DEATH THE TIME IS COME WHEREIN A MAN OF TIMID COURAGE SEIZES THE KEYS OF HELL AND OF DEATH, AND FLINGS THEM FAR OUT INTO THE ABYSS, PROCLAIMING THE PRAISE OF LIFE WHICH THE ABIDING SPLENDOUR OF TRUTH MAY SANCTIFY, AND OF DEATH, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FORM OF LIFE. IN THOSE VAST COURSES WHICH ENFOLD US AND IN THAT GREAT MEMORY WHICH IS GREATER AND MORE GENEROUS THAN OUR MEMORY, NO LIFE, NO MOMENT OF EXALTATION IS EVER LOST: AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE WRITTEN NOBLY HAVE NOT WRITTEN IN VAIN, THOUGH THE DESPERATE AND WEARY HAVE NEVER HEARD THE SILVER LAUGHTER OF WISDOM. NAY, SHALL NOT SUCH AS THESE HAVE PART, BECAUSE OF THAT HIGH, ORIGINAL PURPOSE WHICH REMEMBERING PAINFULLY OR BY WAY OF PROPHECY THEY WOULD MAKE CLEAR, IN THE CONTINUAL AFFIRMATION OF THE SPIRIT?

And had known how to change it, as the strong spirit knows.

That is it.

Joyce set himself the task of writing the greatest poem about his country that had ever been written of any land, including Greece; he set himself an ideal which comprised the formal requirements of the greatest ollave and he wished to be judged by these predecessors as having surpassed them—it was the light in their dead eyes which he longed to see glow in admiration, not because he spurned admiration from the living, but because he knew that none among the living had the poetic power to evaluate his poem on the formal basis he desired to be judged upon. In the days of the ollave, the carefully trained poet contested among many for his place as supreme poet; there is more than one ancient tale which relates how the ollave almost had his place snatched from him by an ardent and equally-well-trained competitor. In Joyce's day these conditions had passed, so that we are unlikely today to include in our thinking about poets, the formal scholarly achievements which were necessarily attained in ancient times. This concern with technique and formal definite requirements is a strong trait of early Irish poetry, as will be demonstrated in the chapter to follow.

There is not a single page of *Finnegans Wake* which does not contain a direct reference to Ireland—on each page are scattered references to her history, her

geography, her ethnography and her literature. Every battle he refers to, in whatever country fought, was a battle in which Irish soldiers played an important role and in a war about which the Irish people had strong emotions. It is the most intensely national poem in existence and the exile, James Joyce, *wild goose* par excellence, loved his mother Erin as she has not ever before been loved—he was not willing to accept any of the obvious steps to her furtherance because he did not believe in their efficacy—his great mind and heart forbade him to look to Ireland's future as being imbedded in the progress of the study of Gaelic, in the rise of an Irish theatre or in the stay-at-home, accept-land-and-faith attitude of his fellow students and their elders. He loved Ireland as most men love a woman—not for what she was, but for the intense emotion she generated in his breast—he was saturated with every wrong, enamoured of her achievements and above all, longing that the fierce beautiful thing she had never lost, never put out for sale, never given a name to—the achievement which could not be measured nor even praised—her fire of being like to none other land that is or had been—this ungraspable reality—he wished to frame and hold for our inspection in a living context which would so endure that her fame might go on forever. He succeeded.

APRIL 14. JOHN ALPHONSUS MULRENNAN HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE WEST OF IRELAND. EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC PAPERS PLEASE COPY. HE TOLD US HE MET AN OLD MAN THERE IN A MOUNTAIN CABIN. OLD MAN HAD RED EYES AND SHORT PIPE. OLD MAN SPOKE IRISH. MULRENNAN SPOKE IRISH. THEN OLD MAN AND MULRENNAN SPOKE ENGLISH. MULRENNAN SPOKE TO HIM ABOUT UNIVERSE AND STARS. OLD MAN SAT, LISTENED, SMOKED, SPAT. THEN SAID:

AH, THERE MUST BE TERRIBLE QUEER CREATURES AT THE LATTER END OF THE WORLD.

I FEAR HIM. I FEAR HIS REDRIMMED HORNY EYES. IT IS WITH HIM I MUST STRUGGLE ALL THROUGH THIS NIGHT TILL DAY COME, TILL HE OR I LIE DEAD, GRIPPING HIM BY THE SINEWY THROAT TILL . . . TILL WHAT? TILL HE YIELD TO ME? NO. I MEAN HIM NO HARM. *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, (Viking Press, Compass edition, p. 252).

What old man?

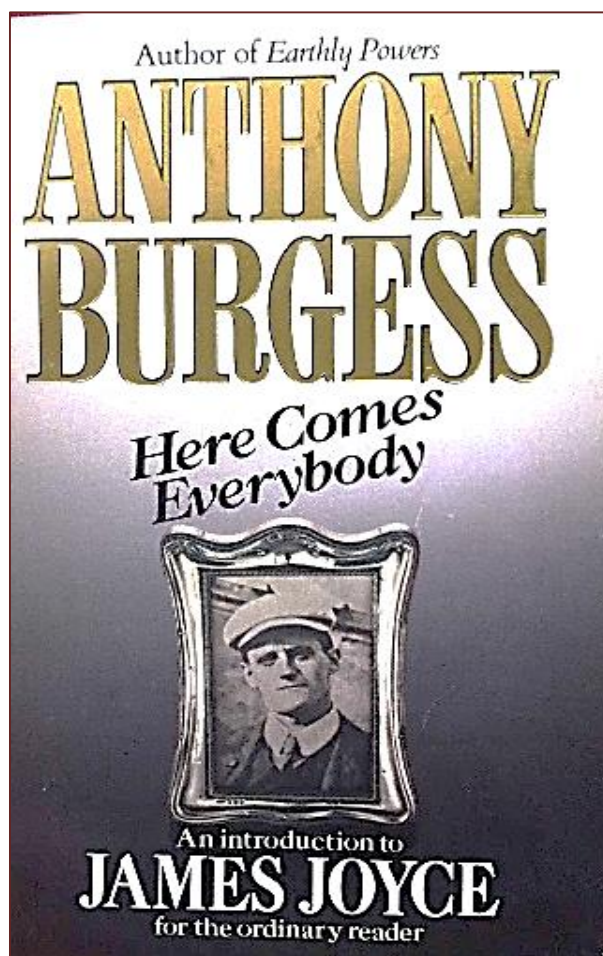
He whom the Gaelic League had formed in their sentimentality as the image of Ireland—an old, white-haired man, speaking Gaedhlic, unlettered, provincial, superstitious and backward-glancing.

Joyce had never been one to nurse a sentimentality. His every fibre rejected it, nor would he boast of his love nor describe his plans for Her. He perceived what was necessary to give life to Banba and because he knew with the certainty of a poet, he refused to turn aside from his path, even though it cost him the good will of all of his

companions and the silent, envious, sultry dislike of those to whom he was but casually related. He would not participate in nonsense, nor would he explain that the nonsense was harmful. He saw clearly to what a pass the narrow, sentimental way of the Gaelic League would lead his country—all he could *do* was to create and to put his creation out in the universe to bide its time. He may or may not have created a conscience for his country, but whatever use Ireland is prepared to make of his achievement, we of the West whom he names with love—the American in the sense Blake spoke the name, “America”, of whatever land we may come, are prepared to accept from him our task, we in whom he has planted the classic spirit, and loving what is truly Irish as Joyce loved it, we can hope with him, “Erin go bragh”.

ALL DAY I HEAR THE NOISE OF WATERS
MAKING MOAN,
SAD AS THE SEA-BIRD IS, WHEN GOING
FORTH ALONE,
HE HEARS THE WINDS CRY TO THE WATERS'
MONOTONE.
THE GREY WINDS, THE COLD WINDS ARE BLOWING
WHERE I GO.
I HEAR THE NOISE OF MANY WATERS
FAR BELOW.
ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, I HEAR THEM FLOWING
TO AND FRO.

Collected Poems, p. 43, (Viking, Compass edition).



C. George Sandulescu (ed.)
Frances Boldereff: **Sireland calls you, James Joyce!**
Stories from *Finnegans Wake*.

17

CHAPTER ONE

THE OLLAVE

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HE THOUGHT, IN AN ASSISAN MOOD, THAT THESE MEN MIGHT BE NEARER TO HIS PURPOSE THAN OTHERS; AND ONE EVENING WHILE TALKING WITH A CAPUCHIN, HE HAD OVER AND OVER TO RESTRAIN AN IMPULSE WHICH URGED HIM TO TAKE THE PRIEST BY THE ARM, LEAD HIM UP AND DOWN THE CHAPEL-YARD AND DELIVER HIMSELF BOLDLY OF THE WHOLE STORY OF *The Tables of the Law*, EVERY WORD OF WHICH HE REMEMBERED. *Stephen Hero*, p. 177 (New Directions).

I regard this sentence of Joyce's with some chagrin, for I wonder how I can have read it often and not have seen it. It contains the key for which I have been searching, with which to unlock *Finnegans Wake* and although Richard Blackmur mentioned this story written by William Butler Yeats in a lecture he gave some years ago on *Ulysses*, until very recently the statement escaped my attention. I try to defend myself by reflecting that readers never read all of what an author has written and of the small portion they do read, very little is comprehended exactly.

This sentence contains the key to the method of *Finnegans Wake* and leads us to a knowledge of its contents. The questions which are asked me over and over again are, "Why did Joyce write the way he did?" "Why did he make his book so difficult that no one can read it?" "How can he be a great writer if no one understands him?" The simple answer to these questions is that Joyce was an Irishman, writing in a method established a thousand years before his birth in Ireland and he has as a poet the characteristics of the land of his birth, the only subject about which he has written. As we do not quarrel with Homer for being Greek, let us put aside our annoyance at Joyce for being Irish and examine into the literature of his country to find there the clues to explain his method. The first thing to observe in the sentence we have quoted is that he wanted to recite it aloud and that he remembered every word of it. The ability to remember every word of it may not particularly impress us because television programs have familiarised us with persons who have astounding photographic memories. The resemblance to Joyce's ability is a false one, as Joyce did not have a photographic memory; what he had was the inborn trait of a highly developed specialist, known in ancient Ireland as an ollave. That he so regarded himself is stated several times in *Finnegans Wake*.

Long before the advent of Christianity in Ireland there was a profound respect for the poet. In the social structure of pagan times he held the foremost place. The

great body of the people could neither read nor write. Yet they were not uneducated; they had an education of another kind—reciting poetry, historic tales and legends, or listening to recitation—in which all people, high and low, took delight. This was true education, a real exercise for the intellect and a refined enjoyment.

There were schools in Ireland before Christianity which were carried on by druids. After the general spread of Christianity, while monastic schools were growing up everywhere through the country, the old schools still held their ground, taught now by Christians, ollaves or doctors, laymen, who were the representatives of the druid teachers of old times.

At the meeting at Drumkeet, A.D. 574, the system of secular education was reorganized. The scheme, which is described in some detail by Keating from old authorities whose works are now lost to us, was devised by the ardollave or chief poet of all Ireland, Dallan Foryaill, the author of the *Amra*, or *Elegy on St. Columkille*. There was to be a chief school or college for each of the five provinces and under these a number of minor colleges, one in each *tuath*. They were all endowed with lands and those persons who needed it should get free education in them. The heads of these schools were the ollaves of poetry and literature, all laymen. A lay college generally comprised three distinct schools, held in three different houses near each other: a custom that came down from pagan times. We are told that Cormac Mac Art, King of Ireland from A.D. 254 to 277 (see glossary, p. 54) founded three schools at Tara (see glossary, p. 248), one for the study of military science, one for law, and one for general literature. St. Bricin's College, founded in the seventh century, comprised one school for law, one for classics, and one for poetry and general Gaelic learning, each school under a head professor. And as late as the fifteenth century we find that the O'Clerys of Donegal (see glossary, p. 105) kept three schools, namely, one for literature, one for history and one for poetry.

In both the ecclesiastical and the secular schools there were seven degrees for the students. Both schemes are set forth in the Brehon Laws (see glossary, p. 31), the grades in the lay schools are described in a tract known as the *Small Primer* (read P. W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*), but there is much more information in the Book of the Ollaves contained in the *Book of Ballymote* where the arrangements are described in some detail. This tract gives the length of the whole course for the seven lay degrees as twelve years, which includes one year for preliminary, or elementary work and then describes the work for each year. The entire system as described by the ancient authorities and condensed by P. W. Joyce in his *Social History of Ancient Ireland* can be summarized as follows for the Bardic Schools.

FIRST YEAR

- a. *Ollaire* }
b. *Taman* }
c. *Drisac* }

The students with these designations were engaged in elementary work, corresponding to what we find in our Elementary schools.

COURSE OF STUDY: 50 Oghams or Alphabets: Elementary grammar: 20 tales, of which the *Ollaire* had 7, the *Taman* 3 more and the *Drisac* 10 more, or an equivalent of 20.

SECOND YEAR

Fochluc

His art is slender because of his youth, like a sprig of *fochlocan* or brooklime, hence the name.

COURSE OF STUDY: 50 Oghams along with the 50 of the *Drisac*; 6 easy lessons in Philosophy; certain specified poems; 30 Tales, ie., 10 in addition to the 20 of the *Drisac*. (It is the same all through, the number of tales required for each grade includes those of the preceding grade.)

THIRD YEAR

MacFuirmid

So called because he 'is set' (*fuirmithir*) to learn an art from his boyhood.

COURSE OF STUDY: 50 Oghams more than the *Fochluc* (150 altogether): six minor lessons of Philosophy: Diphthongal Combinations (as part of

FOURTH YEAR

Dos

Grammar): certain specified poems: 40 Tales.

From his familiarity to a *dos*, ie., a bush or young tree.

COURSE OF STUDY: The Laws of the Priveleged Classes, *Bretha Nemed*: 20 poems of the type called *Eman*: 50 Tales. (All of this was written in the form of poetry, including the law tracts.)

FIFTH YEAR

Cli

"Which means a *cleith* or pillar, and as the pillar is strong and straight, elevates and is elevated, protects and is protected, and is powerful from floor to ridge, so with the man of this grade: his art is powerful, his judgment is straight: he elevates his dignity above those below him."

COURSE OF STUDY: The secret language of the poets (an abstruse kind of composition): 48 poems of the type called *Nath*: 70 or 80 Tales.

SEVENTH, EIGHTH
AND NINTH YEARS

Anruth

Which means "noble stream" (from *an*, noble, and *sruth*, a stream), that is to say, a stream of pleasing praise issuing from him and a stream of wealth to him (in payments and presents for his poetry and learning).

SEVENTH YEAR

COURSE OF STUDY:
Miscellanies or Collections
assigned to the *Sai* or
Professor: the laws of
Bardism, ie., the special
style of Bardic poetry.

EIGHTH YEAR

COURSE OF STUDY:
Prosody (a very
complicated study):
Glosses, i.e., the meaning of
obsolete and obscure Gaelic
words: *Imbas Forosnai*,
Teinm Laegda, and *Dichetal*
do chennaib: *Dinnsenchus* or
Historical Topography of
Ireland.

In *Cormac's Glossary* the
three rites with the above
names are mentioned as
rendering a poet (*fili*)
prophetical. *Imbas Forosnai*,
'illumination, between the
hands' was so called
because it discovers
everything which the poet
wishes and which he
desires to manifest. The
Glossary describes the
manner of performing the
rite: "The poet chewed a
piece of flesh of a red pig or
of a dog or of a cat, and then
placing it on a flagstone,
pronounced an incantation
over it and offered it to idol-
gods, then he calls his idol-
gods to him, but finds them

not on the morrow; and he pronounces incantations on his two palms and calls again unto him his idol-gods, that his sleep may not be disturbed; and he lays his two palms on his two cheeks and falls asleep: and he is watched in order that no one may disturb him." During his sleep the future events were revealed to him and he wakened up with a full knowledge of them. According to the *Glossary*, the rite was called *imbas*, from *Bas*, the palm of the hand.

The *Teinm Laegda* was used for a like purpose, but a different kind of offering was made in the one from the other. St. Patrick is supposed to have abolished both rites, because they required offerings made to idols or demons, but he permitted the *Dichetal do chennaib* because it is not necessary in it to make any offerings to demons. This *Dichetal do chennaib* was the utterance of an extempore prophecy or poem without any previous rite. It seems to have been accomplished with the aid of a harmless

mnemonic contrivance in which the fingers played a principal part and by which the poet was enabled to pour forth his verses extemporaneously.

NINTH YEAR

COURSE OF STUDY: A certain specified number of each of those compositions called *Sennat*, *Luasca*, *Nena*, *Eochraid*, *Sruith* and *Duili Feda*. To master 175 Tales during the three years, ie., 105 in addition to those of the *Cli*.

TENTH, ELEVENTH
AND TWELFTH YEARS

Ollave

He has three designations: *Eces*, or man of learning, *File*, or poet: and *Ollave*, or doctor. The *Ollave* of wisdom or learning teaches the four departments of *Filidecht* or knowledge, without ignorance in them.

TENTH YEAR

COURSE OF STUDY: A further number of these compositions studied in the ninth year.

ELEVENTH YEAR

COURSE OF STUDY: 100 of the kind of composition called *Anamuin*, which was composed only by an *Ollave*.

TWELFTH YEAR

COURSE OF STUDY: 120 *Cetals* or Orations: the Four Arts of Poetry.

During the three years he had to master 175 Tales along with the 175 of the

Anruth, which is 350 Tales altogether.

At the end of the twelfth year, if the candidate acquitted himself satisfactorily, he became an *Ollave*.

That one who successfully became an Ollave had a memory which was trained to a capacity exceeding anything demanded in any department of learning today can be easily seen and equally apparent is it that Joyce, looking upon himself as one contesting for this title, would master the ability to “remember every word of it” as a matter of course. It was this inherited ability which he fostered by practice that enabled him to write *Finnegans Wake*, since it is attested to by those near him during his lifetime that he could call up at will any part of it, knowing in exact detail where such and such words were to be found, an ability born out by an examination of the finely woven texture of *Finnegans Wake*, interwoven so intricately as to imply on his part a memory constant throughout its composition of its minutest parts. He further exhibited his remarkable powers of memory by reciting his *Anna Livia Plurabelle* in a recorded recitation entirely without written aid or prompting.

But these bare bones of what the ollave was expected to learn in his twelve years of training do little to convey the sense of how intricate and difficult his learning was and how manifold his poetic accomplishments.

As in many countries in early times, in Ireland also, histories, biographies, laws, genealogies were written in verse and recited. The classification and laws of Irish versification were probably the most complicated that were ever invented, indicating on the part of the Irish people a special sensitivity to combinations of sounds. There are in Irish three principal kinds of verse. Of the first kind, which is called ‘Direct Metre’ there are five types, all equally complicated. The first of these required the observance of the following rules:

1. Each stanza to consist of four lines making a complete thought.
2. In each line there must be seven syllables.
3. Alliteration was required in the two principal words of each line.
4. The lines must rhyme, the rhymes being greatly varied and occurring often.
5. The last word of the second line must have one syllable more than the last word of the first line and a like relation between the last words of the fourth and third lines.

In Irish poetry of all kinds the rhymes were very frequent, occurring not only at the ends of lines, but also within them, once, twice or even three times. The rhymes were either between vowels, ie., assonances, or between consonants. For this last purpose the consonants were divided into six classes, soft, hard, rough, strong, light and 'the queen', ie., the letter 's' which formed the sixth class; the letters of each of the first five corresponding and rhyming with each other, but not with those of any other class. One-syllable, two-syllable and three-syllable rhymes were used.

Of each principal kind or measure of verse there were many divisions and subdivisions, comprising altogether several hundred different metrical varieties, all instantly distinguishable by the trained ear of poet and audience. There were seven grades of poet, the lowest class of which were called Bards, and even of Bards there were a number of grades. Each of the grades of all poets and bards had certain metres allotted to them and each individual was allowed to compose only in his own special measure or in those belonging to the inferior grades, but he was not permitted to compose in the measure of any grade above him. No poetry of any European language, ancient or modern, can compare with that of Irish for richness of melody.

In Joyce's early childhood and youth the work of the great German scholars and the work of eminent lay Irishmen, like O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Standish O'Grady, Douglas Hyde and Dr. Whitley Stokes brought before the Irish people translations of the works of very ancient Irish poets, and while immense work remains to be done, the atmosphere of newly discovered riches in the past of his own country must have broken over the consciousness of a gifted child and student like Joyce with the wonder and excitement running through Europe when Columbus led his captive American natives, bearing gold and pearls, to his Queen.

I want to turn aside now to examine the work of a very great scholar, Professor Kuno Meyer, as regards fifth century learning in Ireland in order further to impress on the reader the complicated, highly artificial and melodically wealthy structure of early Irish poetry.

The fifty years which preceded the birth of Joyce were years of Ireland's becoming conscious of herself, her great artistic, historical and literary past. It became known both at home and in Europe that Ireland had played a predominant role in the transmission of letters during the seventh and following centuries. Many of Europe's greatest schools were founded by Irish scholars and the early great philosopher, John Scotus Erigena, bears in his name the testimony to his birth, which translated means, John the Scot (early designation for dwellers in Ireland), born in Eriu. But neither the way in which letters first reached the country nor the causes which united to bring about the flowering of classical learning, so suddenly confronting our eyes at the close of the sixth century, have been made clear.

There were scholars both in Ireland and in Europe who emphasized the fact that this efflorescence of learning could not have been the results of the labors of her famous saint, the patrician whose name signifies his father's nobility, "Patrick" being a name of the same Latin origin and identity as the English word "patrician", and although Patrick was captured and enslaved in his earliest youth by a powerful Irish chieftain, it is important to remember that he was related to a family of the Roman governing class then residing in Albion. And with noble veracity St. Patrick has lamented in his own *Confessions* his rusticities, his lack of ability to write well in Latin, much as the famed Gregory of Tours, whose *History of the Franks* is one of our important sourcebooks, berated his own, similar, deficiency. Both wrote in a Latin full of ineptitudes and crudity, which is uneven and in places, ungrammatical. It is of the greatest unlikelihood, therefore, that we can look to either St. Patrick or to those men who came as missionaries, who worked with him in Ireland, for the origin of that immense culture which from the written record we can today prove included the study of *Plautus*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Persius*, *Sallust* and the greatest Greeks and covered a range of studies from astronomy and mathematics and geography to writing, metrics, grammar and oratory.

Kuno Meyer makes it clear that judging from the facts as they can be ascertained, it must be in the fifth century at the latest that the foundations of this learning were introduced in those monastery-school communities, perhaps the most beautiful associations of men ever to have been established in our world, which soon made Ireland the focal point of learning for all the then civilized world, bringing to her shores as students princes and more humble scholars from lands as far away as Greece and Turkey. Within a generation or two from Patrick's death, there sprang up the College of St. Columba, Clonmacnoise, Armagh. Bangor, Darrow, Cashel, Ratisbon, those famous schools founded by Irishmen, who must have received their own training in Ireland and during the lifetime of St. Patrick, or shortly thereafter. Where did they receive this training? And who taught them? It has been proven by the well known German authority, Dr. Zimmer, that neither on the continent nor in Britain were there existing at this time schools which could have trained such excellent and well-stocked minds. When we rehearse the Greek authors with whom they were familiar, we can not but wonder where the books came from which they must have had available for study.

The problem has received an answer in the researches of Zimmer who found the period of the Dark Ages intensely absorbing, to the study of which he bent his best efforts in the latter years of his life. He came to occupy himself quite closely with the question, the answer to which bears so largely on the part Ireland played in this world, everywhere else "dark", but which was in Ireland so illuminated. Dr. Zimmer, among

other subjects, studied the influence of the writings of the Gaulish grammarian, Virgilius Maro. This is a man whose works had been before Zimmer neglected almost entirely, not only himself and his work, but the place and the century wherein he was placed. While some scholars put him as late as the ninth century, none placed him earlier than the end of the sixth. Zimmer proved that he lived in the fifth century and he showed furthermore that the works of Virgilius were well-known in Ireland and that his absurd theories as to the twelve different kinds of Latin, arrived at by clipping words, turning them upside down, adding or inserting syllables, were imitated by Irish scholars. Not only imitated, but continued, for Dr. Kuno Meyer and John Sampson have tracked down as Irish in origin a jargon still spoken in the streets of Dublin, called *Shelta*, which has as its source this practice set in vogue by Virgilius.

There was uncovered by the Latinist, Lucian Muller, a twelfth century manuscript from Leyden which was a glossary of Latin words which contained the following illuminating information, thrown in apparently without comment from a fuller source which he failed to trace.

"The Huns, who were infamously begotten, ie., by demons, after they had found their way by the guidance of a hind through the Maeotic marshes, invaded the Goths, whom they terrified exceedingly by their unexpectedly awful appearance. And thanks to them, the depopulation of the entire Empire commenced, which was completed by the Huns and Vandals and Goths and Alans, owing to whose devastation all the learned men on this side of the sea fled away, and in transmarine parts, ie., in Hiberia and wherever they betook themselves, brought about a very great advance of learning to the inhabitants of those regions."

Zimmer has established this quotation in the glossary as having been first written not later than the sixth century in the west of Gaul. It is written in a Latin which proves the author to have been of a Romance-speaking nationality. One of its phrases was lifted from a known writer of circa 550 and the entire tenor of this sentence makes it probable that it was written at approximately this same time. After the Huns, who first appeared in Gaul early in the fifth century, came the Vandals and Alans, who overran Western Gaul on their way to Spain between 406 and 409; lastly came the Visigoths who founded their Kingdom of Toulouse in 418. So the exodus of Gaulish scholars must be placed in the first and second decades of that century, an exodus evidently on a large scale, to Hibernia beyond the sea. The concluding part of the sentence on the great advance in learning accruing to the Irish from the settlement of these professors among them, must have been written at a time when the fame of Ireland as a place of classical studies was well known.

This provides us with an explanation at once plausible and illuminating, for it takes the mystery out of where such learning arose; and as we examine further,

illustrates those immediate, and interesting to our study of Joyce, effects it had upon the arts of language both spoken and written, as then developed in Ireland. If we wish to understand what proceeded at that time we must ask ourselves how it came about that these professors chose to flee to Ireland rather than to some nearer and easier to reach haven. The fact that it was difficult to reach may have been a contributing factor, for it meant that the very difficulty of access made Ireland unlikely to suffer from a like invasion. However, we suspect other causes. Professors then as now are apt to regard as first among qualifications in the choice of a land of exile, access to books and the life of scholars. Ireland was not exactly "off the map". She had had commercial contacts with Gaul with some regularity, centuries before the fifth. The Irish were integral parts of the Celtic world and her legends as given by Geoffrey Keating, that she was at the earliest times descended from Minoans of the island of Crete, may very likely be established by the archaeologists tomorrow as fact, since her intimate contact with the Greek world is provable by numismatics as well as by similarity in certain weapons and war-time head-gear and in methods of tomb-building.

It was a Celtic country to which these Gaulish fugitives came, inhabited by a kindred people of similar temper and character, speaking a closely related language. Nor were these Gauls the first of their nation to come to Ireland. Apart from the traders, there were men from Gaul serving under Irish kings as mercenaries in the start of the Christian era. And we know that there were Irishmen on the continent, most famous of whom was Pelagius the heretic, mentioned by Joyce in *Finnegans Wake*, he who held that there was no original sin and that it was possible for man, with the help of God, to be good, if he so willed and desired.

It is believed that the grammarian Virgilius was to a certain extent acquainted with Irish speech. Either he himself emigrated to Ireland or he knew Irishmen on the continent, because he remarks that the Irish both in speaking and writing place the verb first in the sentence, while in Latin the noun comes first.

From what we can learn by the researches of modern scholars these professors from Gaul must have felt certain of a friendly and hospitable reception and of being able to live in civilised surroundings with the amenities of life as then prevailing, provided for them. The picture of civility and courteous hospitality which comes through works of the early centuries in Ireland, now translated, gives us a picture we feel sure must have been tempting to anyone fleeing brutality. No more generous and hospitable people has ever lived than the Irish and nature's gifts had given her a soil which made her prosperous in those times. This richness was passed on to the communities of scholars and saints without instruction as to its disposal, so that student and professor alike could dwell in these communities free of charge and without fear. Since a regular trading service between the mouths of the Loire and

Garonne rivers and the south and east coast of Ireland had been in existence for some time, what more natural than to assume these escaping scholars as having crossed over in the vessels employed in this trade?

Kuno Meyer has this to say about the following passage quoted from the *Confession* of St. Patrick, “*You rhetoricians who do not know the Lord, hear and search who it was that called me up, fool though I be, from the midst of those who think themselves wise, and skilled in the law, and mighty orators and powerful in everything.*” “This passage has always hitherto been a difficulty to commentators, who have put the most diverse constructions upon it. It is clear now, I think, that Patrick here refers to pagan rhetors from Gaul, resident in Ireland, whose arrogant presumption, founded upon their superior learning, looked with disdain and derision upon the unlettered saint. His few brief but forcible epithets well describe a type of rhetorician common in Gaul.”

The most important thing with regard to this new learning brought to Ireland is that it was still to the full extent the best tradition of scholarship in Latin grammar, oratory and poetry, together with a certain knowledge of Greek, in fact the full classical lore of the fourth century.

Eugene O’Curry has described for us the various grades of the poet’s calling in these early centuries, with the scholastic requirements of each grade and in the native schools these *brehons*, *filid* and *ollamhs* were trained. They now came under the influence of the rhetorical style of these rhetors from Gaul which affected strongly the development of style in Irish works for the next several hundred years. This style, called by scholars ‘*rhetoricus sermo*’ may be characterised as rhythmical prose divided into sections or periods which are linked up by parallelism (1) and the recurrence of a rhythmical cadence at the end of each section (2). It shows a complete transfusion of the style of prose with that of poetry (3). A largely artificial order of words (4), a fondness for antithesis (5), for archaisms (6) as well as neologisms (7) and especially for foreign words (8). Alliteration (9) and assonance (10) make their appearance and rhyme (echo) begins to crop up both within the period (11) and in the rhythmical cadences at the end (12).

As a good example of such rhythmical prose Meyer quotes from Norden’s book the *Exordium* of a Christmas sermon by Augustine:

Ispe apud patrem praecedit cuncta spatia saeculorum,
ipse de matre in hac die cursibus se ingessit annorum.

Homo factus hominum factor,
ut sugeret ubera regens sidera,
ut esuriret panis,
ut sitiret fons,

dormiret lux,
ab itinere via fatigaretur,
falsis testibus veritas accusaretur,
index vivorum et mortuorum a indice mortali indicaretur,
ab iniustis institia damnaretur,
flagellis disciplina caederetur,
spinis botrus coronaretur,
in ligno fundamentum suspenderetur,
virtus infirmaretur,
salus vulneraretur,
vita moreretur.

From the end of the sixth century onward there are hundreds of poems in the Irish language which show in their composition every one of the characteristics enumerated above; antithesis, parallelism, rhythmical cadence, beginnings of alliteration and rhyme, artificial order of words, with lavish use both of archaisms and neologisms and of foreign words.

It is my purpose here to trace out in *Finnegans Wake* examples of all of these major characteristics of the rhetorical style as practised by the Irish *filid*, in the attempt to prove that Joyce was writing in the strictest of traditions, a prose poem which bore all the stylistic appurtenances of the '*rhetoricus sermo*' in praise of the land of his birth.

On page 12 there occurs a passage of rhythmical prose divided into sections which are linked up by parallelism (1).

WE MAY SEE AND HEAR NOTHING IF WE CHOOSE
OF THE SHORTLEGGED BERGINS OFF CORKHILL
OR THE BERGAMOORS OF ARBOURHILL
OR THE BERGAGAMBOLS OF SUMMERHILL
OR THE BERGINCELLIES OF MISERYHILL
OR THE COUNTRY-BOSSED BERGONES OF
CONSTITUTIONHILL
THOUGH EVERY CROWD HAS ITS SEVERAL TONES
AND
EVERY TRADE HAS ITS CLEVER MECHANICS
AND
EACH HARMONICAL HAS A POINT OF ITS OWN
OLAF'S ON THE RISE
AND
IVAR'S ON THE LIFT

AND
SITRIC'S PLACE'S BETWEEN THEM.

On page 44 which is the beginning of the close of Section II of Part I we find (2) the recurrence of a rhythmical cadence at the end of each section:

AND AROUND THE LAWN THE RANN IT RANN
AND THIS IS THE RANN THAT HOSTY MADE.
SPOKEN.
BOYLES AND CAHILLS, SKERRETTS AND PRITCHARDS,
VIERSIFIED
AND PIERSIFIED MAY THE TREETH WE TALE OF
LIVE IN STONEY.
HERE LINE THE REFRAINS OF.
SOME VOTE HIM MIKE,
SOME DUB HIM LLYN AND PHIN
WHILE OTHERS HAIL HIM LUG BUG DAN LOP, LEX, LAX,
GUNNE OR GUINN.
SOME APT HIM ARTH,
SOME BAPT HIM BARTH,
COLL, NOLL, SOLL, WILL, WEEL, WALL
BUT I PARSE HIM PERSSE O'REILLY
ELSE HE'S NAMED NO NAME AT ALL.

It shows a complete transfusion of the style of prose with that of poetry (3) and rhyme (echo) begins to crop up within the period (11) and in the rhythmical cadences at the end (12).

Page 44.

TOGETHER.

ARRAH, LEAVE IT TO HOSTY, FROSTY HOSTY, LEAVE IT TO HOSTY
FOR HE'S THE MANN TO RHYME THE RANN, THE RANN, THE
KING OF ALL RANNS.

HAVE YOU HERE?

(SOME HA)

HAVE WE WHERE?

(SOME HANT)

HAVE YOU HERED?

(OTHERS DO)

HAVE WE WHERED?

(OTHERS DONT)

IT'S CUMMING, IT'S BRUMMING!

THE CLIP, THE CLOP!

(ALL CLA)
GLASS CRASH.
THE
(KLIKKAK
LAKKAK
LASKAK
LOPATZ
KLATSCHABATTACREPPYCROTTY
GRADDAGH
SEMMIHSAMMIH
NOUITHAPPLUDDY
APPLADDYPKONPKOT!).

followed by the Ballad where the prose has completely broken over into the verse form.

I suppose there is no reader of *Finnegans Wake* who could not illustrate the fourth characteristic (4), a largely artificial order of words; I have chosen a passage from p. 209:

AND THEY ALL ABOUT HER, JUVENILE LEADS AND INGENUINAS, FROM THE SLIME OF THEIR SLUMS AND ARTESANED WELLINGS, RICKETS AND RIOTS, LIKE THE SMYLY BOYS AT THEIR VICEREINE'S LEVEE. VIVI VIENNE, LITTLE ANNCHEN! VIELO ANNA, HIGH LIFE! SING US A SULA, O, SUSURIA! AUSONE SIDULCIS! HASN'T SHE TAMBRE! CHIPPING HER AND RAISING A BIT OF A CHIR OR A JARY EVERY DIVE SHE'D NEB IN HER CULDEE SACCO OF WABBASH SHE RAABED AND REACH OUT HER MAUNDY MEERSCHAUNDIZE, POOR SOUVENIR AS PER RICORDER AND ALL FOR SORE ARINGARUNG, STINKERS AND HEELERS, LAGGARDS AND PRIMELADS, HER FURZEBORN SONS AND DRIBBLEDERRY DAUGHTERS, A THOUSAND AND ONE OF THEM, AND WICKERPOTLUCK FOR EACH OF THEM. FOR EVIL AND EVER. AND KIKS THE BUCH.

(5) a fondness for antithesis.

This is one of Joyce's favorite devices, found throughout the entire text of *Finnegans Wake* and within them we may often look for principal ideas and themes:

- p. 21 SHE CONVORTED HIM TO THE ONESURE ALLGOOD AND HE BECAME A LUDERMAN.
p. 22 SHE PROVORTED HIM TO THE ONECERTAIN ALLSECURE AND HE BECAME A TRISTIAN

(6) for archaisms

- p. 115 AND, SPEAKING ANENT TIBERIAS AND OTHER INCESTUISH SALACITIES AMONG GERONTOPHILS

(7) for neologisms (A new word or phrase or the use of a word or phrase, old or new, in an unsanctioned sense or a new doctrine.)

Part II, *Idioglossary he invented*, contains hundreds of them.

(8) for foreign words

p. 347 AND WINN AGAIN, BLAGUADARGOOS (Russian for thank you), OR LUES THE DAY, PLAYS GOAT (Irish for please God)

p. 348 BETWEEN ME RASSOCIATIONS IN THE POSTLEADENY PAST AND ME DISCONNECTIONS WITH APLOMPERVIOUS FUTULES I'VE A BOODLE FULL OF MAIMERIES IN ME BUZZIM AND MEDEARS RUNS SLOZE, BLEIME, AS I NOW WITH PLATOONIC LEAVE RECOIL IN ... ME MISENARY POST FOR ALL THEM OLD BOYARS THAT'S NOW BOOMARINGING IN WAULHOLLER, ME ALMA MARTHYRS. Containing Latin, French, slang, Russian, German and Latin.

(9) Alliteration (the use of a succession of words with the same initial letter or sound)

p. 90 THOS THORIS, THOMAR'S THOM? THE RUDACIST ROTTER IN ROEBUCKDOM. SURTOPICAL? AND SUBHUMAN.

(10) assonance in rhyming syllables (correspondence of the accented vowels, but not of the consonants)

p. 286 FIRST MULL A MUGFULL OF MUD, SON. OGLORES, THE VIRTUOSER PRAYS, OLORUM!

(11) rhyme within the period

p. 230 NEBLONOV'S NIVONOVIO! NOBBIO AND NUBY IN ENNOVIACION!

(12) rhyme in rhythmical cadences at end

p. 259 TILL TREE FROM TREE, TREE AMONG TREES, TREE OVER TREE BECOME STONE TO STONE, STONE BETWEEN STONES, STONE UNDER STONE FOR EVER. O LOUD, HEAR THE WEE BESEECH OF THEES OF EACH OF THESE THY UNLITTEN ONES!

But it is not only in the technicalities of metrics that Joyce has followed the tradition of early Irish letters—the form of the various sections copies the form of individual poems from the earliest centuries of Irish poetry.

In the section beginning on page 126 the author asks a series of questions which parallel precisely in their form, questions asked in poems from the fifth century

onwards—it seems to have been a favorite device and lasted up until modern times, when Gaelic literature was gone, and only the husk of imitation remained.

In the answers, Joyce gives a series of literary devices much as he did in one chapter of *Ulysses*—the ollave was known for his full complement of power in all literary forms and took delight in expressing this power—as witness this section, with its twelve different devices all worked out to perfection.

For example, Question 4:

WHAT IRISH CAPITOL CITY (A DEA O DEA!) OF TWO SYLLABLES AND SIX LETTERS, WITH A DELTIC ORIGIN AND A NUINOUS END, (AH DUST OH DUST!) CAN BOOST OF HAVING A) THE MOST EXTENSIVE PUBLIC PARK IN THE WORLD, B) THE MOST EXPENSIVE BREWING INDUSTRY IN THE WORLD, C) THE MOST EXPANSIVE PEOPLING THOROUGHFARE IN THE WORLD, D) THE MOST PHILLOHIPPUC THEOBIBBOUS PAUPULATION IN THE WORLD: AND HARMONISE YOUR ABCEDEED RESPONSES?

Obviously worded like a question in a college history examination—the answer obviously being Dublin.

First let us note that he calls attention to its first letter A DEA, for he has mentioned this letter throughout his entire book, calling particular attention to it on page 286 where he says CONCOCT AN EQUO-ANGULAR TRILLITTER. ON THE NAME OF THE TIZZER AND OFF THE TONGS AND OFF THE MYTHAMETICAL TRIPODS. Here he is telling us that Δ was one of the first signs in the world, that it relates to the early worship of Zeus, to early mathematics and to the very earliest art, and he reminds us that it is this rich letter with volumes of associations in its form which starts the name of the city wherein he was born.

Second he appears to repeat himself O DEA, but this time he is saying “a goddess” to remind us that in earliest times cities were the particular property of one goddess whose job it was to watch over them and whose honor was their covetous delight.

Then he says, WITH A DELTIC ORIGIN meaning of course both the form of her initial letter and a reference to the earliest settler of Ireland whom Geoffrey Keating says was a Greek by the name of Partholanus, who came to Ireland three hundred years after the Deluge.

AND A NUINOUS END

The answer is too perfect to comment on except to point out that he mentions Delphos, center of the Greek world from whence the important oracles were given,—Cork, the city of the south, prosperous and lovely, Dublin, and Galway, the most important city on the west coast.

See the Glossary for the meaning of *orange garlanded*, *conny cordial*, *James' Gate*, *Oconee*, *Mayo*, *Tuam*, *Sligo* and *Sainted Salmon*.

CHAPTER TWO

HISTORY OF IRELAND



In a letter to Harriet Weaver, written in January 1932, Joyce wrote: *Why go on writing about a place I did not dare to go to at such a moment, (the moment when his father was dying and both were longing to see one another) where not three persons know me or understand me?*

This is the eternal question of the poet—why is he forced against his will to take up a theme apparently so hopeless—when he had no chance of being understood and none of appreciation?

The last poem of *Pomes Penyeach* gives us the clue:

A PRAYER

AGAIN!

Come, give, yield all your strength to me!

FROM FAR A LOW WORD BREATHE ON THE BREAKING
BRAIN

ITS CRUEL CALM, SUBMISSION'S MISERY,
GENTLING HER AWE AS TO A SOUL PREDESTINED.
CEASE, SILENT LOVE! MY DOOM!

BLIND ME WITH YOUR DARK NEARNESS, O HAVE MERCY,
BELOVED ENEMY OF MY WILL!

I DARE NOT WITHSTAND THE COLD TOUCH THAT I
DREAD.

DRAW FROM ME STILL
MY SLOW LIFE! BEND DEEPER ON ME, THREATENING
HEAD,

PROUD BY MY DOWNFALL, REMEMBERING, PITYING
HIM WHO IS, HIM WHO WAS!

AGAIN!

TOGETHER, FOLDED BY THE NIGHT, THEY LAY ON EARTH.
I HEAR

FROM FAR HER LOW WORD BREATHE ON MY BREAKING
BRAIN.

Come! I YIELD. BEND DEEPER UPON ME! I AM HERE.

SUBDUER, DO NOT LEAVE ME! ONLY JOY, ONLY ANGUISH,
TAKE ME, SAVE ME, SOOTHE ME, O SPARE ME!

This is the genius of Joyce, forcing him to write the poem, *Finnegans Wake*. It is a poem about all Ireland, and there is not a place nor a name in her long history which he has omitted—it is all woven in there, together, in a pattern.

Since ordinarily history is not told us in a manner so full, resembling the fullness of an *actual* moment, I have decided to give to those readers, such as myself, whose ignorance was total, a brief outline of the history of his country, in order that they might have some reference ground to which to peg the advances made in their reading and penetration of Joyce's book.

The most remarkable fact about Ireland is its antiquity. Dr. R. A. S. Macalister in his *Archaeology of Ireland* describes the Clonfinloch stone, a slab lying on a slope near the farmstead Clonfinloch in the County of Offaly, a short distance from Clonmacnoise, which lies in an open field, almost round in form, 9' 9" one way and 8' 3" the other. Incised designs almost completely cover the flat upper surface, which appears to be divided into two compartments by an imaginary line. On one side of the line there are cup-marks, cruciform figures and depressions in the shape of foot-prints; on the other side there are several repetitions of a figure resembling the Greek letter *phi*. In the year 1920 l'Abbe Breuil, during a visit to Ireland, showed Dr. Macalister photographs of his most recent discoveries of Neolithic wall paintings in Spanish caves. Together they examined the stone and agreed that there was an apparent identity of style and purpose between the Irish carvings and the Spanish paintings, enabling them to identify the *phi*-shaped characters as conventional figures of men with arms looped at the sides, "akimbo".

Whatever its precise interpretation may be, the Clonfinloch sculpture is the oldest contemporary record of any historical event in northern Europe; it is the sign-manual of an expedition which, for some now irrecoverable reason, must have made its way from Spain at a date in the course of the Stone-Bronze Overlap, entered the Shannon estuary and sailed up the river to the very heart of Ireland, where the stone is lying. The apparent weapons suggest that it was military, probably a hostile expedition; and the battle scenes figured in the wall painting of Alpera may be a Spanish prototype of this ancient scene of strife. Perhaps the men contemplating the sculptured field are victors in some encounter: before them is the battle field, printed with the footmarks of the flying foe, strewn with weapons cast away in their flight. Or perhaps the engraving was executed before an expected engagement, the purpose being less to preserve a record for posterity than to secure the victory by magic: for recourse to magic is a commonplace among the materials of Ethnology. It may even be that the local legend of the horseman may be a last lingering recollection of processions circling round the stone, as wizards sang their incantations. Undoubtedly it was not made without some serious purpose: and whatever that purpose may have

been, the stone is a monument of local history beyond all price, reaching far back into Neolithic times and showing us how ancient was Ireland, even at the time of Finn MacCool.

Ireland is proudest above all other facts that she was not invaded and overrun by the Romans. Joyce calls particular attention to this in *Ulysses*. The Gaelic language, not swept out of its normal development by the presence of Roman arms, maintained the traditions of Ireland from the time of the early pagans, down to historical times immediately preceding our own. Nor did the coming of St. Patrick change this, although the earlier legends are often used to embroider the lives of the saints and some ancient tales are made to bear obviously spurious Christian moral endings. Nevertheless, it is a fact that a scholar can trace the traditions of Ireland unbroken back to Ireland's Homeric Age, and it is this wealth of material which Joyce has drawn on to compose his poem.

Geoffrey Keating, the first Irish scholar and divine to employ native Gaelic sources in compiling Gaelic history, tells of five successive invasions: the *Parthalonians*, who were swept away by plague and are buried at Tallaght near Dublin; the *Nemedians*, invaders from the East; the *Fomorians*, sea-rovers from the North; the *Firbolg*, escaping from the bondage of the Greeks; and the *Tuatha de Danaan*, coming from the East likewise under their chief Nuada of the Silver Hand. Landing in a magic fog, their hosts defeated the *Firbolg* on the Plain of Moytura near Cong in County Galway where the battlefield can still be traced. Last came the *Gael*, a tribe which had wandered from the East to Spain, under the eight sons of Miled who tried to land in Wexford but were forced to sea by the spells of the *De Danaan* who raised a storm against them. Their fleet was wrecked and five of the brothers drowned. The three who landed became the ancestors of the Irish race, known as Heremon, Heber and the poet Amergin (see glossary p. 131). The legends give us what will probably turn out to be true accounts of the various ancient peoples of Ireland.

No one doubts that the blond element in Ireland was not in any sense indigenous, but had passed into the island at a comparatively late period and that these people on their coming found dark-complexioned tribes already in occupation. No less certain is it that the blond element did not come all at once, but that it entered at many different epochs often separated by long intervals of time and from a variety of places in northwestern Europe.

A Danish chief of the name of Tomar arrived with a great fleet at Limerick sometime before 916 and he is mentioned in the *Annals of Clonmacnoise* under A.D. 922, where the chronicler full of bitterness for all that Clonmacnoise had suffered from the Northmen writes: "Tormair mcAlchi, king of Denmarck, is reported to goe to hell

with his pains, as he deserved.” But whether this king Tomar was actually king of Denmark in our acceptation of the term is very doubtful.

In addition to the general term ‘foreigners’ (*gaill*) or ‘white foreigners’ (*finngaill*) the Northmen are commonly known in the Irish documents as ‘men of Lochloinn’. It has been universally assumed by scholars that Lochloinn is either Norway or Denmark, but for these assumptions there is practically no evidence. The name itself without doubt means Loch (Lake) Loinn. Such a term seems hardly suitable for a peninsula like Denmark or Norway. Moreover, from the way in which it is mentioned in connection with Alba in various Irish writers it seems that it may mean some early Norse settlement on one of the great lochs on the west coast of Scotland. It is not only in the Viking period that we hear of Lochloinn and its people in the ancient Irish records. Thus Una, mother of the great king Conn of the Hundred Battles was daughter of the king of Lochloinn, and we hear of a great invasion of north-east Ireland by the ‘Men of Lochloinn’ headed by their king’s son, somewhere about the beginning of the first century before Christ. And there is solid archaeological evidence for communication between Scandinavia and Ireland at such an early period.

It must be borne in mind that people constantly name a whole race from the first of its members or tribes with which they come in contact. Accordingly, if Northmen settled at Loch Linnhe or elsewhere on the west coast of Scotland were the first Scandinavians with whom the Irish became acquainted, the term Lochlannach would not unnaturally be applied to all Scandinavians, even if they had come direct from Denmark or Norway.

There is good reason for believing that by 870 and we know not how long before, there were in Scotland powerful Norse jarls, such as ‘earl Tomar’ of Dublin, who owed allegiance to no monarch. The Danish kings of Dublin, though they apparently nominally acknowledged the suzerainty of the Irish Ard-Righ and of the king of Leinster, may be taken as typical representatives of these proud masterful jarls.

No better picture of the life of these sea-kings in their new homes in the Northern Isles, Scotland and Ireland can be found than that given of Earl Sigurd of Orkney, Earl Gilli of the Southern Isles and king Sigtrygg of Dublin, in the *Saga of Burnt Njal*, in which is related the burning of Njal and his family, in 1011, by Flosi and others. The Thing decided in 1012 that Flosi and his partners in the deed must leave Iceland for a season, and Flosi and his followers fitted out a ship to go southwards as so many of their countrymen had done before them, for the Saga makes it clear that there was constant communication between Iceland and Ireland. Flosi’s ship was wrecked off Hrossey in the Orkneys in 1013. When he found where they were he said, “We might have made a better landing, for Grim and Helgi, Njal’s sons, whom I slew, were both of them of Earl Sigurd Hlodver’s son’s body-guard”. Then Flosi took the

bold course of going straight to the Earl. The Earl had already heard of the burning of Njal, and he asked Flosi, "What hast thou to tell me about Helgi, Njal's son, my henchman?" "This," said Flosi, "that I hewed off his head." "Take them all," said the Earl. It chanced that at this point Thorstein, brother-in-law to Flosi, and one of the Earl's body-guard, came in. He interceded for Flosi, and by reason of the prayer of good men and true the Earl took an atonement from them and gave peace to Flosi and all the rest. "The Earl held to that custom of mighty men that Flosi took that place in his service which Helgi, Njal's son, had held." The summer and autumn of 1013 passed, and Earl Sigurd bade to his feast at Yule his sister and her husband, Earl Gilli, out of the Hebrides, and "then came to see Earl Sigurd that king from Ireland whose name was Sigtrygg. He was a son of Olaf rattle, but his mother's name was Kormlada, who once had been the wife of Brian king of Connaught." This Sigtrygg (see glossary, p. 237) is of course the king of Dublin of that name, whilst Brian is none other than the good and famous Brian Boroimhe (see glossary, p. 31). Sigtrygg had come to ask Earl Sigurd to aid him against king Brian. His men besought Earl Sigurd not to go to the war, but it was all no good. King Sygtrygg promised him his mother Kormlada and the kingdom of all Ireland, and Sigurd agreed to be at Dublin by Palm Sunday. He kept his word and came to Dublin by that date, and there came also a Viking force from Man under Brodir. According to the Four Masters, "the foreigners of the west of Europe assembled against Brian and Maelseachlainn, and they took with them ten hundred men with coats of mail" (see glossary, p. 105). King Brian came with all his host to the Burgh, and on Good Friday, 1014, inflicted a defeat upon the Danes of Dublin and their allies, from which they never fully recovered, though their domination of that district continued down to 1171 when the descendants of Rolf and his Northmen, who had settled in France several centuries earlier and who had there assimilated what was left of the ancient Roman culture, became the masters of their less fortunate kinsfolk who had found new homes in Ireland. It may be that this coming of the Normans only repeated events that had taken place a thousand years before.

Of the history and culture of the centuries that lie immediately behind the Scandinavian invasions in the eighth and following centuries, there is ample evidence in such works as the *Annals of Ulster* and in the *Book of Rights (Leabhar na g-Geart)* (see glossary, p. 9). This document has no parallel in the early literature of any country ancient or modern, for it contains not only the various *geasa* or taboos of both the Ard-Righ or paramount king and the provincial monarchs, but also an account of the tributes paid to them by their underchiefs and clans, and the customary gifts made by the Ard-Righ to the other kings and by them to their underchiefs. The tributes paid to the kings were all in kind—cows, sheep, swine, cloaks and the presents made by the

kings to their underchiefs often comprised male and female slaves and horse, greyhounds, draught-boards, drinking-horns, mantles and swords. The *Book of Rights* thus presents a complete picture of the culture of the times anterior to the Danish period and extending back to pre-Christian days.

But besides the strictly chronological and historical records just cited, Ireland possesses a vast literature of great importance, for not merely it is by far the oldest in any country north of the Alps, but it grew up beyond the limits of the Roman empire, and was practically uninfluenced, especially in its earlier period, by either pagan or Christian Rome. It consists of ancient sagas or heroic stories, partly in prose, partly in verse, and in them we can see better than in any other early literature the conditions antecedent to the development of such finished epic poetry as the Greek.

The Irish epics fall into two great cycles. That which is by all admitted to be the oldest centres round Conchobar and the exploits of his nephew the great champion, Cuchulainn. To this older epic, the scenes of which are laid in the century before Christ, succeeds a later cycle known as the Ossianic, the tales of which recount the glories of the Fiana and their great captain, Finn Mac Cool. It is important to note that these Fiana are in no sense clans or tribes, but are bands of warriors, seemingly detached from the ordinary tribal life of the country (see glossary, p. 94). Finn is said to have flourished in the third century A.D., to have married a daughter of the great and undoubtedly historical personage, king Cormac Mac Airt (see glossary, p. 54) and to have been killed in battle in A.D. 283.

Professor Kuno Meyer published a ninth-century poem, *Reicne Fothaid Canainne*, in which is described at full length the whole equipment of a Fian warrior. It is clear from this that the Fiana were spear-throwers and carried round shields, but had no swords or battle-axes like the Danes, and also they wore penannular brooches unlike the Danish. The works of the Finn cycle are therefore taken by scholars to represent faithfully a culture in use in Ireland before the Viking period.

We first hear of the Fiana about A.D. 150. In the second and third centuries, Irish politics seem to have entered upon a new phase. Tara is the centre of power. Conn of the Hundred Battles, whose mother was Una, became Ard-Righ in A.D. 122 and reigned until he was slain. Conn's son, Art, became Ard-Righ in 166, and held that office until he was slain in the battle of Magh-Mucruimhe in 195 by Maccon and a number of foreigners, including Beinne Briot, king of Britain. There is thus traditional evidence not only for intercourse with the 'men of Lochloinn' but also for the bringing in of foreigners to help in dynastic struggles in the second century. In 226 Cormac Mac Airt, grandson of Conn, became Ard-Righ. This prince left a deep impression on the history of his country, not only by his vigour as a king and warrior,

but as a lawgiver, or at least a codifier of immemorial customs, and he is also said to have been the first to attempt the compilation of proper annals.

It was in his reign that Finn Mac Cool, the greatest of the Fiana champions, flourished. It is not without significance that although Finn was neither a king nor even belonged to any of the royal stocks of Ireland, he was married to Cormac's daughter. This, taken in conjunction with the further fact that the Fiana were not tribes or clans, but bands of warriors independent of such social organization, indicates that they were bodies of strangers whose spears were at the service of any chieftain who would pay them. Cormac died in 267 and was succeeded by his son Cairbre of the Liffey. Probably the Fian bands had become a constant thorn in the side of the kings and this may have been the cause why Cairbre proceeded to break them up.

Niall of the Nine Hostages reigned from 379 to 405. His descendants, the two branches of the Hy Neill, Princes of Ulster, the Northern and the Southern, ruled alternately in Tara over the five provinces of Ireland until the high kingship was wrested from them by Brian Boru of Munster, whose descendants in turn gave way to O'Connor of Connaught.

Under the influence of Christianity Ireland founded many monasteries and schools. The history of this period is well known, as it is important in all respects—it gave Ireland a veritable golden age, with learning and art flourishing. As missionaries the Irish travelled all over Europe, founding a high percentage of all the great seats of learning in Europe (see map, endpaper).

Then came the period of the invasions by the Danes, already described. All during this period Ireland never ceased to be the home of learning and to entertain many foreign students at the Irish schools of Clonmacnoise, Bangor, Armagh, Lismore and many others (see glossary, p. 40).

Leinster under its king, Dermot MacMurrough, rebelled against Rory O'Connor the High King, raiding Breffny and carrying off Dervorgilla, wife of O'Rorke. O'Rorke appealed to the High King. Dervorgilla and her dowry were restored. Dermot sought the aid of Henry II, lord of half France and king of England, who gave Dermot the right to recruit allies in England. Dermot persuaded Strongbow to help him. Returning to Ireland alone, he was defeated by the High King, but on making submission retained his kingdom of Ferns. In 1169, however, the Geraldines landed at Bannow, where they joined forces with Dermot and captured Wexford. The Norman knights, led by Dermot, fell on Dublin and captured it. Strongbow landed and on the day that Waterford was captured, Strongbow married Eva and was recognized as Dermot's successor. The High King realized that he was in danger if he did not succeed to drive out the Normans. He therefore bestirred himself and marched on Dublin. The city, commanded by Strongbow, was invested and near to surrender

for lack of provisions, but the carelessness of the forces under Rory O'Connor, sure of victory, and the refusal of terms offered to him by Strongbow, inflamed him and he decided to make a desperate attempt at freedom and succeeded, scattering the Irish army.

Henry II now intervened, afraid lest Strongbow should become more powerful than himself. He had obtained from Pope Adrian IV (an Englishman) a Bull (see glossary, p. 35-6) authorizing him to invade Ireland to restore it to the Church. He landed at Waterford and was accepted by most Irish leaders as their liege lord. He granted Leinster to Strongbow, Meath to Hugh de Lacy, Ulster to John de Courcy, and Dublin to the citizens of Bristol. He concluded a treaty with O'Connor by which his sovereignty over Connaught was confirmed. At the Synod of Lismore the Irish Church submitted to Rome. He returned to England, leaving Strongbow as his Viceroy.

The Normans, partly by force of arms, partly by alliances, pushed out in all directions, and won and held the Plain of Meath and the river valleys of the South. Wherever they penetrated they consolidated their ground. First they built a high mound of earth called a mote. A stockade of timber, quickly erected, kept out the Irish, used only to open fighting. Such motes exist all over Leinster. Then they built the square keeps of stone, such as Maynooth, Croom, Trim and Kilkenny, the impregnable foundation of their power.

Around Dublin (see map, endpaper) was a district called the *Pale*, subject to English law. Men of Bristol replaced the Danes in Dublin. The Norman conqueror, living in his castle and protected by his keep, and dependent on the Irish for his soldiers and the produce of his land, soon became a genuine Irish chief. Like all soldiers of fortune, they quickly adopted the language, manners, and customs of the people among whom they settled. The old Irish continued under their chiefs, subject to the Brehon laws and the old system of tenure of land. In the castle of a Fitzgerald the Irish bard had the same precedence he had in the hall of a chief of Milesian descent.

In the reign of Edward II the subjection of the Irish church to England by virtue of Pope Adrian's Bull, and the failure of the English crown to impose peace, caused the chiefs of Ulster to look abroad for a strong man to rule over them, and they chose Edward Bruce, who was victorious over the English and was crowned King of Ireland. Finally the English succeeded by treachery in overcoming the combined armies of the Scots of both countries under Bruce, who was killed, but the power of the English was much reduced and the Pale became ever smaller in extent.

The wars of Art MacMorrough Kavanagh, King of Leinster, against the English Pale induced Richard II to land with a large force at Waterford, whence he descended of Dublin. Richard temporarily was victorious but Kavanagh never actually ceased to fight. Out of the confusion which arose, two great families came to power: the

Fitzgeralds and the Butlers. Garret Fitzgerald was Deputy in the reign of Henry VII and by his cousinship with O'Neill and with Desmond maintained a precarious peace, North and South. At the crowning of Henry VIII, Fitzgerald was still in power. Garret Oge, his son, succeeded him. Wolsey, prompted by the Butlers, the hereditary enemies of the Geraldines, attempted to discredit him with the young king, but Garret Oge by his marriage with Lady Elizabeth Grey, a relative of the king, regained his power. Wolsey's intrigues caused the king to appoint Sir William Skeffington as Deputy, and through plotting and maneuvering the Fitzgeralds came to grief. Silken Thomas fled the country, taking refuge in France.

Henry VIII took the title of King of Ireland. It was vital to his policy that he should reduce the country to obedience. For a century England had been absorbed in war and her control over Ireland had been through the powers vested in the English monarch by the Pope "to promote the faith in Ireland". Henry had broken with the Pope and the influence of the Church upon which he had relied was thrown into the scale against him. Ireland became of strategic importance. Western Europe, primarily Spain, had built up great naval strength and they were expected to land in Ireland, where they would find in the Irish, ready assistants in any wars at hand which would attempt the downfall of the English.

Henry decided to try to gain the allegiance of the powerful Irish by creating them earls in the same relation to himself as the earls of England. But due to the allegiance of many of the Irish lords to Rome, the plan was not successful. That is why Elizabeth attempted to compel the Irish to conform to the State Church. She had a peculiar interest in Ireland, for her mother had been reared at Carrick-on-Suir by her cousins the Butlers and through them she was related to the O'Briens and O'Reillys. The O'Brien family became Protestant and when the ships of the Armada were wrecked on the coast of Clare, O'Brien's sheriff hanged the shipwrecked Spaniards.

Henry VIII's grant of English titles to the lords of Ireland caused enormous dissension. By English law, title and lands descended to the eldest son. Irish law gave the chieftainship to the *tanist* or successor who was chosen as most fitted by the tribesmen. He had only a life interest in the lands. England set up a king's O'Reilly, or a king's O'Neill, thus splitting the power of the clans. When the rivals had reduced one another to impotence she stepped in and annexed. This was what lay behind the wars of Shane O'Neill. By Irish law he was The O'Neill, Chief of the clan of that name, not his cousin, Mathew, upon whom the English earldom of Tyrone was entailed. Irish chiefs were inaugurated in presence of the clan on some hilltop or cairn, or under some ancient tree, by the sub-chief, whose hereditary duty it was. O'Neill was inaugurated by O'Hagan on the stone chair at Tullaghoge, and inaugurated The O'Neill, Shane defied the government and defeated Sussex, the Deputy. By treachery he was

inveigled into submission to Elizabeth and he was crushed by O'Donnell, fled to Antrim and was there murdered (see glossary, p. 233).

Next the Southern Geraldines were broken. War began between them and the Butlers of Ormonde, the queen's cousins. The Earl obtained a force from Spain and the English came out and defeated them. A terrible war broke out and Desmond was forced to flee into the woods, where he was captured and his head struck off and sent as a gift to Ormonde. The queen granted the territory thus gained to Sir Walter Raleigh who sold it to an adventurer, Richard Boyle, who later became Earl of Cork, and father of the famous physicist.

The destruction of Shane had not broken the power of the two great Ulster families of O'Donnell and O'Neill. Sir John Perrot seized young Hugh O'Donnell by a trick and imprisoned him in Dublin Castle (see glossary, p. 137). Through him the government controlled the north, but climbing out of the castle at night, he escaped over the mountains of Dublin to an O'Byrne, who delivered him to Hugh O'Neill and finally thus back to his own kingdom. When grown to manhood he became the very flower of what Irish manhood represented, he was inaugurated The O'Donnell and allied himself to O'Neill to withstand the forces of the English. O'Neill was one of Ireland's most distinguished men. He was an extremely intelligent and successful general who had been educated at the English Court and who understood diplomacy as well as the next man. Everywhere his northern league was successful. At the Yellow Ford, near Armagh, O'Neill overwhelmed the crown forces and Marshal Bagenal fell. After this fell the army of Essex and then O'Donnell destroyed the army of Clifford, Lord President of Connaught, at the Battle of the Curlew Mountains (see glossary, p. 59). Mountjoy, the Deputy, had an eye to strategic positions and planting forts on the shores of the Foyle, he commanded all access to the chieftains from the sea. The Spanish sent assistance to O'Neill under del Aguila, who landed at Kinsale and many battles at various places took place between the forces of the crown and the Irish under O'Neill and O'Donnell. Carew succeeded in reducing Munster and O'Donnell went to Spain to beg the Spanish king for immediate aid. He was poisoned by British agents and never accomplished his mission. Mountjoy made of Ulster as black a desert as Carew had made of Munster. Due to a thousand interlocking circumstances, O'Neill was forced to submit and then intrigue began of a very vicious sort by certain Dublin officials who were interested in obtaining O'Neill's lands. He was summoned to London, but suspecting treachery, he rode North from Dublin to Rathmullan and there, with Rory O'Donnell and about one hundred of the nobility of Ulster he set sail for France. This is known as "The Flight of the Earls" and is told with authenticated details by Rev. C. P. Meehan in his *Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone and Rory O'Donel, Earl of Tyrconnel; their flight from Ireland, their vicissitudes abroad, and their*

death in exile. Their estates, consisting of three-quarters of a million acres, were confiscated.

The confiscation of Ulster and the threatened confiscation of Connaught were the cause of the Rebellion of 1641. With the execution of Charles, all Royalists were ranged upon the same side. Inchiquin at their head captured the towns of Leinster, but Jones held Dublin for the Parliament. Ormonde besieged it, but was defeated by Jones at the Battle of Rathmines. Cromwell's army was now master in England.

In 1649 he landed in Dublin with the first purely English force which had ever taken the field in Ireland. Ireland was utterly laid waste, exhausted by nine years of war. There was no force and no general to oppose Cromwell. Owen O'Neill had died that year. Cromwell advanced on Drogheda, stormed it and massacred the garrison and townspeople. The survivors were sold as slaves in the West Indies. He marched on Wexford, stormed it and massacred the garrison and townspeople. In January he marched on Munster. His army was thrown back from the walls of Clonmel by the garrison under Hugh O'Neill, who, his ammunition exhausted, slipped out of town with his whole force. Cork declared for the Parliament. Limerick defended itself under O'Neill. Ireton aided by treachery, was able to enter and seize it. The forces of the king were defeated and Ireland was in Cromwell's hands.

The confiscation which was now forced upon the Irish exceeds in cruelty anything which the modern world has to show in any country. The Irish were forced out of their homes and made to take up existence in the wilds of Connaught, barren and rocky land where the rapacity of the English found nothing desirable. The fate of those expelled from their homes and sent to travel across Ireland in winter to an unknown destination, can be read in their petitions, mouldering in the Bermingham Tower at Dublin Castle.

In his quarrel with the parliament James II turned to Ireland for support. Having fled to France, he landed at Kinsale in 1689 with men and arms provided by Louis XIV. Tyrconnell had secured the whole kingdom with the exception of two Protestant strongholds, Enniskillen and Derry. James set up his government in Dublin. The leaders at Derry were prepared to yield the city, but the apprentices boldly slammed the gates. The Jacobite forces attacked, but were driven back. After a heroic defense of 105 days, the relief ship 'Mountjoy' broke the boom stretched across the Foyle by the besiegers and the famished city was relieved. William landed at Carrickfergus. Under him was Schomberg with veteran Huguenot troops. Marching South he was met at the Boyne by James. Schomberg was killed but within a month William attacked the line of the Shannon, behind which the Jacobite army had retreated. Repulsed at Athlone he marched on Limerick and laid siege to it. The defense of Limerick is thrilling reading. Sarsfield slipped out with a few followers and

intercepted William's siege-train and destroyed it. William raised the siege. Next year Ginkell forced the Shannon and found the Irish army under St. Ruth awaiting him at Aughrim. Victory was in the very hands of the Irish when St. Ruth was killed and his army scattered. The last hope of the Irish cause was Limerick and although Ginkell bridged the Shannon and invested the town from both sides, he could not storm it. A treaty was signed with Sarsfield and the Irish Catholics were given religious liberty and the return of their property. This treaty was shamefully broken, resulting in the flight to Europe and its armies of the Wild Geese of Ireland (see glossary, p. 276).

The defeat of the Catholic cause was followed by confiscation and the Penal Laws. The law pursued the Catholic and oppressed him in every relation of life and it is due to this fact of the deep identification of Irish with Catholic through bitter suffering that today the Irish find it so difficult to look on their religion as in any sense debatable. The English forced ignorance, poverty and a total lack of incentive on all Irish Catholics. No profession was open to them, no tutors allowed even in their own homes unless they be Protestant. The English and Scots settlers now held nearly all the land and their representatives composed the Irish Parliament. Executive government was exercised from England.

During the war of American Independence Ireland was denuded of troops. The leading nobility and gentry raised corps of Volunteers from among their tenantry. Backed by the strong force of these Volunteers Ireland was able to demand freedom and the English Government acknowledged the right of Ireland to be governed and to be bound only by laws made by the Irish Parliament with the sanction of the King. Dublin prospered mightily and the entire nation flowered as it had not done since the early centuries of the Christian era. There is no more thrilling story in the world that the relation of these events in Jonah Barrington's *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*. During this period many of the Catholics had engaged in trade and their increasing wealth enabled them to form committees and press successfully for their admission to the army, the law, and the franchise. Grattan and Flood and others fought for the rights of the Catholics; Grattan brought forward proposals for parliamentary reform, without which the newly won independence remained precarious, but failed to pass them.

The free movements in other countries had a large hold on the Irish imagination and led by Theobald Wolfe Tone, whose *Autobiography* ranks among the finest ever written, the *United Irishmen* was formed, whose desire was to chase the English out of Ireland once and for all. The plot of all that followed Wolfe's attempts to win this freedom for Ireland reads like a novel by Stendhal, but in the end they were defeated by English gold; the inexplicable fact of an Admiral's being separated from his fleet, which Tone could in no wise figure out, we know today was the result of bribery. Pitt

had long planned the suppression of the Irish Parliament, but when the first attempt was made to bring about a Union by law, the attempt completely failed. Pitt realized that he had only one way; he tricked the Catholics into thinking they would be given Emancipation under the Union and by means of bribery, high titles and lucrative sinecures he succeeded to get the law passed by the majority of less than a handful of votes. Barrington had in his personal possession the lists of those who remained true to their country and those who were bought out by the British and a careful examination of these names and the terms of their surrender will enlighten the reader as to the attitude Joyce took towards Irish history. The Union ruined Dublin and the Irish aristocracy. The careful work of the Emmet brothers to carry on the work of the *United Irishmen* and their final defeat, due to the most diabolic plotting on the part of Pitt and his minions in Ireland has now been laid bare in a book published recently in this country, *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet*. Any who wish to understand Ireland should read it. The upshot of all the filthy small actions which destroyed Emmet's plan was that he was executed and the Catholics were refused emancipation.

There now arose a champion of the Catholic cause in the person of Daniel O'Connell. This lawyer, an orator and ambitious to obtain the freedom of his people, aroused his countrymen and succeeded to get the Emancipation Act of 1829 passed. Unfortunately his love of the law and his aristocratic upbringing blinded him to the necessity for other than legal procedure and so a strong quarrel developed between the Young Ireland movement, fostered by John Mitchel and John Martin and many others who believed in the efficacy of physical force, and his own followers. Again the British helped events by convicting Mitchel of felony and transporting him and his principal aids to Van Diemen's Land. His *Jail Journal* contains a clear and beautiful description of what these men believed in and had they been permitted to go on, Ireland would have been much better off than she is even today, still divided.

In 1846 the stage was set for a calamity. The population had increased; acreage had been steadily reduced from tillage to pasture and half a million of the holdings in Irish farm lands were under five acres. A heavy burden of taxation was keeping the tenants in poverty and when their one source of food supply gave way, the blight of the potato which destroyed the crop in immense sections of Ireland, literally millions of Irish were starved and other millions fled. Meantime the failure of the English to enact any adequate measures showed their true sentiments and feelings as regards Ireland. The result was the growth in American soil and in Ireland of societies bent on recovering for Ireland her freedom and these wooed Russian, Turkish or French aid, as the occasion made each of these look possible. Parnell, whose mother was an American and who was educated at Oxford, looked on the Irish situation as intolerable and, bent on coming to her aid, stood for his seat in Parliament and was

elected. He sat quietly for two years, observing the tactics of the British and then with masterly coolness and detachment proceeded to turn those methods on themselves. He succeeded to do very much and had the British not been lucky enough to be offered by his love for Mrs. O'Shea a perfect weapon for use in his defeat, there is not much reasonable doubt that Parnell would have succeeded to obtain for Ireland her freedom.

A second Home Rule bill was introduced by Gladstone on his return to power after the defeat and death of Parnell. The House of Lords rejected it. In 1903 a Land Purchase Act was carried through Parliament by which the landlord was bought out and a nation of occupying owners of the feesimple of their farms created. And so tenacious is the Irish in his own soil that the name of the purchaser in many cases in 1903 was the same name as that of the dispossessed in 1654. On the return of the Liberals to power the Irish party, under John Redmond, pledged the government to Home Rule. The government curtailed the vote of the Lords. Sir Edward Carson the famous Irish lawyer of the Archer-Shee case (put on the stage by Terence Rattigan as *The Winslow Boy*) raised a force of Volunteers in Ulster and with the help of officers like Adjutant General Gough they succeeded to oppose Home Rule for themselves. The Act came into force but was suspended for the duration of World War I.

On the outbreak of the War the National Volunteers, formed to resist the Volunteer movement in Ulster under the control of Redmond joined the British army in large numbers. The Sinn Feiners however believed substantially in what the Young Irelanders had believed; a total separation. Padraic Pearse and his followers made a rising in Dublin in 1916 and while they knew from the start that they were doomed to complete failure, nevertheless they hoped that their blood sacrifice would open the eyes of the Irish to the miserable failure of Parliamentary means to freedom. Their lives were not given in vain, for out of the huge sentiment which gathered, a convention of all parties was summoned to Dublin, Ulster refused her allegiance and the Sinn Feiners refused to attend. The Government of Ireland Act set up two Parliaments, one for the 26 counties of Ireland and one for the 6 counties of Ulster. Sinn Fein ignored this. War broke out which was even carried into British territory and at length the British, due to the force of world opinion, were forced to grant the Irish freedom. Many are the difficulties which have since arisen, but the story of modern Ireland can be read elsewhere.

CHAPTER THREE

THE CLASSICISM OF JOYCE

On the jacket of one of Joyce's books it is proclaimed by the publisher that Joyce is the greatest realist among novelists of the twentieth century.

Such a sentence it is good that Joyce is not alive to read, for in the sense in which the word "realist" is used, the statement is extremely far from being accurate. Joyce is a classicist.

THE ARTIST, HE IMAGINED, STANDING IN THE POSITION OF MEDIATOR BETWEEN THE WORLD OF HIS EXPERIENCE AND THE WORLD OF HIS DREAMS— 'A MEDIATOR, CONSEQUENTLY GIFTED WITH TWIN FACULTIES, A SELECTIVE FACULTY AND A REPRODUCTIVE FACULTY.' TO EQUATE THESE FACULTIES WAS THE SECRET OF ARTISTIC SUCCESS: THE ARTIST WHO COULD DISENTANGLE THE SUBTLE SOUL OF THE IMAGE FROM ITS MESH OF DEFINING CIRCUMSTANCES MOST EXACTLY AND RE-EMBODY IT IN ARTISTIC CIRCUMSTANCES CHOSEN AS THE MOST EXACT FOR IT IN ITS NEW OFFICE, HE WAS THE SUPREME ARTIST. THIS PERFECT COINCIDENCE OF THE TWO ARTISTIC FACULTIES STEPHEN CALLED POETRY AND HE IMAGINED THE DOMAIN OF AN ART TO BE CONE-SHAPED. THE TERM, 'LITERATURE' NOW SEEMED TO HIM A TERM OF CONTEMPT AND HE USED IT TO DESIGNATE THE VAST MIDDLE REGION WHICH LIES BETWEEN APEX AND BASE, BETWEEN POETRY AND THE CHAOS OF UNREMEMBERED WRITING. ITS MERIT LAY IN ITS POTRAYAL OF EXTERNALS; THE REALM OF ITS PRINCES WAS THE REALM OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SOCIETIES— A SPACIOUS REALM. BUT SOCIETY IS ITSELF, HE CONCEIVED, THE COMPLEX BODY IN WHICH CERTAIN LAWS ARE INVOLVED AND OVERWRAPPED AND HE THEREFORE PROCLAIMED AS THE REALM OF THE POET THE REALM OF THESE UNALTERABLE LAWS. SUCH A THEORY MIGHT EASILY HAVE LED ITS DEVISER TO THE ACCEPTANCE OF SPIRITUAL ANARCHY IN LITERATURE HAD HE NOT AT THE SAME TIME INSISTED ON THE CLASSICAL STYLE. A CLASSICAL STYLE, HE SAID, IS THE SYLLOGISM OF ART, THE ONLY LEGITIMATE PROCESS FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER. CLASSICISM IS NOT THE MANNER OF ANY FIXED AGE OR OF ANY FIXED COUNTRY: IT IS A CONSTANT STATE OF THE ARTISTIC MIND. IT IS A TEMPER OF SECURITY AND SATISFACTION AND PATIENCE. THE ROMANTIC TEMPER, SO OFTEN AND SO GRIEVOUSLY MISINTERPRETED AND NOT MORE BY OTHERS THAN BY ITS OWN, IS AN INSECURE, UNSATISFIED, IMPATIENT TEMPER WHICH SEES NO FIT ABODE HERE FOR ITS IDEALS AND CHOOSES THEREFORE TO BEHOLD THEM UNDER INSENSIBLE FIGURES. AS A RESULT OF THIS CHOICE IT COMES TO DISREGARD CERTAIN LIMITATIONS. ITS FIGURES ARE BLOWN TO WILD ADVENTURES, LACKING THE GRAVITY OF SOLID BODIES, AND THE MIND THAT HAS CONCEIVED THEM ENDS BY DISOWNING THEM. THE CLASSICAL TEMPER ON THE OTHER HAND, EVER MINDFUL OF LIMITATIONS, CHOOSES RATHER TO BEND UPON THESE PRESENT THINGS AND SO TO WORK UPON THEM AND FASHION THEM THAT THE QUICK INTELLIGENCE MAY GO BEYOND THEM TO THEIR MEANING WHICH IS STILL UNUTTERED. IN THIS METHOD THE SANE AND JOYFUL SPIRIT ISSUES FORTH AND ACHIEVES IMPERISHABLE PERFECTION, NATURE ASSISTING WITH HER GOODWILL AND THANKS. ...FOR SO LONG AS THIS PLACE IN NATURE IS GIVEN US IT IS RIGHT THAT ART SHOULD DO NO VIOLENCE TO THE GIFT.

BETWEEN THESE TWO CONFLICTING SCHOOLS THE CITY OF THE ARTS HAD BECOME MARVELLOUSLY UNPEACEFUL. TO MANY SPECTATORS THE DISPUTE HAD SEEMED A DISPUTE ABOUT NAMES, A BATTLE IN WHICH THE POSITION OF THE STANDARDS COULD NEVER BE FORETOLD FOR A MINUTE. ADD TO THIS INTERNICINE WARFARE – THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL FIGHTING THE MATERIALISM THAT MUST ATTEND IT, THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL STRUGGLING TO PRESERVE COHERENCE – AND BEHOLD FROM WHAT UNGENTLE MANNERS CRITICISM IS BOUND TO RECOGNIZE THE EMERGENCE OF ALL ACHIEVEMENT. THE CRITIC IS HE WHO IS ABLE, BY MEANS OF THE SIGNS WHICH THE ARTIST AFFORDS, TO APPROACH THE TEMPER WHICH HAS MADE THE WORK AND TO SEE WHAT IS WELL DONE THEREIN AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES. FOR HIM A SONG BY SHAKESPEARE WHICH SEEMS SO FREE AND LIVING, AS REMOTE FROM ANY CONSCIOUS PURPOSE AS RAIN THAT FALLS IN A GARDEN OR AS THE LIGHTS OF EVENING, DISCOVERS ITSELF AS THE RHYTHMIC SPEECH OF AN EMOTION OTHERWISE INCOMMUNICABLE OR AT LEAST NOT SO FITLY. BUT TO APPROACH THE TEMPER WHICH HAS MADE ART IS AN ACT OF REVERENCE BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE OF WHICH MANY CONVENTIONS MUST BE FIRST PUT OFF FOR CERTAINLY THAT INMOST REGION WILL NEVER YIELD ITS SECRET TO ONE WHO IS ENMESHED WITH PROFANITIES.

CHIEF AMONG THESE PROFANITIES STEPHEN SET THE ANTIQUE PRINCIPLE THAT THE END OF ART IS TO INSTRUCT, TO ELEVATE, AND TO AMUSE. 'I AM UNABLE TO FIND EVEN A TRACE OF THIS PURITANIC CONCEPTION OF THE ESTHETIC PURPOSE IN THE DEFINITIONS WHICH AQUINAS HAS GIVEN OF BEAUTY', HE WROTE, 'OR IN ANYTHING WHICH HE HAS WRITTEN CONCERNING THE BEAUTIFUL. THE QUALIFICATIONS HE EXPECTS FOR BEAUTY ARE IN FACT OF SO ABSTRACT AND COMMON A CHARACTER THAT IT IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE FOR EVEN THE MOST VIOLENT PARTIZAN TO USE THE AQUINATIAN THEORY WITH THE OBJECT OF ATTACKING ANY WORK OF ART THAT WE POSSESS FROM THE HAND OF ANY ARTIST WHATSOEVER.' THIS RECOGNITION OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN VIRTUE OF THE MOST ABSTRACT RELATIONS AFFORDED BY AN OBJECT TO WHICH THE TERM COULD BE APPLIED SO FAR FROM GIVING ANY SUPPORT TO A COMMANDMENT OF *Noli Tangere* WAS ITSELF NO MORE THAN A JUST SEQUENCE FROM THE TAKING OFF OF ALL INTERDICTIONS FROM THE ARTIST. THE LIMITS OF DECENCY SUGGEST THEMSELVES SOMEWHAT TOO READILY TO THE MODERN SPECULATOR AND THEIR EFFECT IS TO ENCOURAGE THE PROFANE MIND TO VERY FUTILE JURISDICTION. FOR IT CANNOT BE URGED TOO STRONGLY ON THE PUBLIC MIND THAT THE TRADITION OF ART IS WITH THE ARTISTS AND THAT EVEN IF THEY DO NOT MAKE IT THEIR INVARIABLE PRACTICE TO OUTRAGE THESE LIMITS OF DECENCY THE PUBLIC MIND HAS NO RIGHT TO CONCLUDE THEREFROM THAT THEY DO NOT ARROGATE FOR THEMSELVES AN ENTIRE LIBERTY TO DO SO IF THEY CHOOSE. IT IS AS ABSURD, WROTE THE FIERY HEARTED REVOLUTIONARY, FOR A CRITICISM ITSELF ESTABLISHED UPON HOMILIES TO PROHIBIT THE ELECTIVE COURSES OF THE ARTIST IN HIS REVELATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL AS IT WOULD BE FOR A POLICE MAGISTRATE TO PROHIBIT THE SUM OF ANY TWO SIDES OF A TRIANGLE FROM BEING TOGETHER GREATER THAN THE THIRD SIDE.

IN FINE, THE TRUTH IS NOT THAT THE ARTIST REQUIRES A DOCUMENT OF LICENSE FROM HOUSEHOLDERS ENTITLING HIM TO PROCEED IN THIS OR THAT FASHION BUT THAT EVERY AGE MUST LOOK FOR ITS SANCTION TO ITS POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS. THE POET IS THE INTENSE CENTRE OF THE LIFE OF HIS AGE TO WHICH HE STANDS IN A RELATION THAN

WHICH NONE CAN BE MORE VITAL. HE ALONE IS CAPABLE OF ABSORBING IN HIMSELF THE LIFE THAT SURROUNDS HIM AND OF FLINGING IT ABROAD AGAIN AMID PLANETARY MUSIC. WHEN THE POETIC PHENOMENON IS SIGNALLED IN THE HEAVENS, IT IS TIME FOR THE CRITICS TO VERIFY THEIR CALCULATIONS IN ACCORDANCE WITH IT. IT IS TIME FOR THEM TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT HERE THE IMAGINATION HAS CONTEMPLATED INTENSELY THE TRUTH OF THE BEING OF THE VISIBLE WORLD AND THAT BEAUTY, THE SPLENDOUR OF TRUTH, HAS BEEN BORN. THE AGE, THOUGH IT BURY ITSELF FATHOMS DEEP IN FORMULAS AND MACHINERY, HAS NEED OF THESE REALITIES WHICH ALONE GIVE AND SUSTAIN LIFE AND IT MUST AWAIT FROM THOSE CHOSEN CENTRES OF VIVIFICATION THE FORCE TO LIVE, THE SECURITY FOR LIFE WHICH CAN COME TO IT ONLY FROM THEM. THUS THE SPIRIT OF MAN MAKES A CONTINUAL AFFIRMATION.

Stephen Hero, pp. 77-80 (New Directions, 1955) .

In a letter written by William Butler Yeats to Olivia Shakespeare on March 9, 1933 he says, *Joyce and D H Lawrence have however almost restored to us the Eastern simplicity. Neither perfectly, for D H Lawrence romanticises his material and Joyce never escapes from his Catholic sense of sin.*

This facile and easily-remembered remark of Yeats re Joyce has been responsible for a lot of nonsense; Joyce obviously had been a Catholic and look at all that sin he describes! It was fun for the convert, T. S. Eliot, to find in Joyce this preoccupation—it works up into such fine readable prose. Nevertheless Yeats' statement is not true.

Of all artists I know, none is less finical, none more concerned with a whole vision, than Joyce. Having freed himself in early life from an allegiance to dead beliefs, he was not preoccupied with any single aspect of man's life on earth. In his early essay on Mangan, the one quality he deplored in Mangan was his preoccupation with Irish history. Joyce's attitude towards history was that of William Blake—the events it recorded had little of reality in them and so by and large were unworthy the notice of a poet.

The poet has a larger, far more difficult task.

Nations, races, and individual men are unified by an image, or bundle of related images, symbolical or evocative of the state of mind, which is of all states of mind not impossible, the most difficult to that man, race or nation; because only the greatest obstacle that can be contemplated without despair, rouses the will to full intensity. Thus defines William Butler Yeats the work of genius.

Joyce knew from his early childhood that he was predestined to bring into being for his country a symbol of her unattainable desires, the living, ungraspable identity of his native land. Where others sought political action, or cultural unity, he sought to express, to hold up to view the breathing, suffering, laughing image of his

native land—to fix it out there in poet's space, where gun of man may not bring it down nor future man fail to see it—a kind of Luther's proclamation, pinned to the door of heaven, attesting to the supreme beauty of his native land.

He has achieved a work unique in its classicism. With the tragic history of Ireland he is patient to the point of understanding and admiring Belfast, a seat of the Protestant, Anglo-Irish resistance to the separate existence of Ireland, which to this day sends representatives to Westminster; his satisfaction is complete in the perfection of his showing forth of all her attributes and his faith in her absolute. He stands at every moment, mind straddled across the entire universe of her thousands of years of existence and sees, smells, tastes and embraces all of her. Joyce is a lover like Ezekiel—he could eat dung—not because he was a pervert, but because he could encompass reality entire.

What I am unable to discover is his secret—he puts it all in there, and much of it is despicable, and yet the reader who strives by study to understand his entire statement, is led to a deep abiding affection for Ireland which can never be erased. I know that Homer has been worshipped by intelligent men from all countries for hundreds of years and yet I dare to believe that the day will come when Joyce will displace him; he is so full of new beauty, so persuasive, so fully understanding of all the depth of woe of modern man, so saintlike in his command over his appetites, so unbelievably delicate in his humor when his heart is most broken, that I believe a band of followers will turn to him for nurture throughout the next two thousand years, to find in him the only sustenance which can fertilize our aridity, so false and dead are our present allegiances. He is the man above all others deserving the name of poet, who alone, standing high above all the suffering of modern man, can convey comfort, because he never tried.

Every single achievement, artistic, historical, religious or personal of his native land is more alive in his hands than it was before he took it up—because he named them, the remotest villages stand up in the light and *exist*; those men who loved Ireland, who gave her all the immense attractiveness she has, stand there in the light of Joyce's mind pleading to us of their valor and forcing us to an image of man which raises our sights above the present, whether we will or no.

"*Articifer*" in deed, the creator of the greatest structure yet to be erected by the mind of man.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE STRUCTURE



In looking at the symbol, taken from William Butler Yeats' *Stories of Michael Robartes*, you are gazing at a diagram of the structure of *Finnegans Wake*. It is the Great Wheel of the Ancients, marked off in the 28 phases of life which complete one turn of the Wheel, containing within itself the four quarters of the physical world and the four realities of life, which in the diagram are designated as the Will, Beauty, Temptation and Wisdom. William Butler Yeats has elaborated this plan and calls these Four Faculties: Will, Mask, Creative Mind and Body of Fate.

He sees the world as the vast gyrations of two opposing realities, the Primary and the Antithetical, which resemble two huge gyres tunneling into one another, the one constantly decreasing as the other constantly gains, until completion is reached and the reverse movement starts.

This is the seat of Joyce's classicism: he knows that however omnipresent and powerful are the Primary forces, standing for the democratic, an age of necessity, truth, goodness, mechanism, science, democracy, abstraction, peace, there approach the Antithetical forces, standing for the aristocratic, bringing an age of freedom, fiction, evil, kindred, art, aristocracy, particularity, war.

In a letter to T. S. Eliot, dated February 22, 1932, Joyce wrote: THE CASE IS QUITE DIFFERENT WITH *Work in Progress*, WHICH HAS NEITHER BEGINNING NOR END. *Finnegans Wake* has no beginning nor end, is not a story, nor a novel, but an elaborated symbol, based on *A Vision* of William Butler Yeats. It is divided into four parts according to the four conditions of the Mask, which word, as employed by Yeats, means the object of the will, that which should be. All unity is from the Mask and the antithetical Mask is described as a form created by passion to unite us to ourselves, the self so sought is that Unity of Being compared by Dante in the *Convito* to that of a perfectly proportioned human body. According to Yeats the Four Conditions of the Mask are:

First quarter	<i>Intensity</i>
Second quarter	<i>Tolerance</i>
Third quarter	<i>Convention or systematization</i>
Fourth quarter	<i>Self-analysis</i>

Because of the rotating of the gyres, it is the third quarter which affects the first quarter, the fourth which affects the second, the first which affects the third and the second which influences the fourth.

James Joyce has adopted these influences as the leading schemata of Parts I, II, III, IV, into which *Finnegans Wake* is divided, so that we find Part I, covering pages 3-216, yielding us a systematization, Part II, covering pages 219-399, yielding us his self-analysis, Part III, covering pages 403-590, mirroring what Yeats calls intensity (characteristics also of Nietzsche and William Blake) and Part IV, covering pages 593-628 what might be termed the creator's tolerance.

Parts I, II, III, IV also stand for the time of day as it relates to Ireland's history:

Part I is night (the last word of this Part)

Part II is the hour before dawn

(AND STILL A LIGHT MOVES LONG THE RIVER)

Part III is Dawn (TAG. RUMBLING.)

Part IV is Day (NOW DAY, SLOW DAY,
FROM DELICATE TO DIVINE, DIVASES)

In these four parts there are a total of seventeen separate sections:

Part I	has	8 sections
Part II	has	4 sections
Part III	has	4 sections
Part IV	has	1 section

17

If we turn back to our figure, we will see that the 28 phases of a complete wheel are marked off in the four quarters. This wheel is every completed movement of thought or life. Man seeks his opposite, or the opposite of his condition, attains it so far as it is attainable at Phase 15, and returns to Phase 1 again.

On the map of twenty-eight incarnations there is the sign of *Aries* between Phases 18 and 19. It is the position that will be occupied by the vernal equinox at the central moment of the next religious era, or at the beginning of the succeeding antithetical civilisation, for the position of the equinox marks the phase of Will in the wheel of 26,000 years. It is the *Aries* or solar east of the double cone of its particular era set within the circuit of the Great Year. At present it approaches the central point of Phase 17 where the next influx must take place. There are seventeen phases in *Finnegans Wake* because that is where we are now, in the seventeenth, which brings the book up to the present, where it closes.

Throughout the entire book there are certain figures moving – principal of these is Finn MacCool, whom some believe to be an historical character in Irish history, others,

a mythic one. I am not in possession of knowledge sufficient to debate either side; I only know that Joyce found in him a symbol of his entire idea. On September 8, 1938, Joyce wrote to Louis Gillet, *Here I find my theory on the scandinavianism of my hero, Finn MacCool, confirmed (the Fingla of Macpherson, father of Ossian and grandfather of Oscar) by the research of a German scholar, Zimmer. It is curious to see in the resume that Professor Zimmer is engaged in on the work of his father, the boldness which I have dared in putting the gross Norwegian HCE in the skin of a mythical hero purely Celtic, justified by Teutonic doctrine with chapter and verse.*

In other words, Joyce played a hunch that the most national figure in Irish literature represented something larger than himself, come over to Ireland out of Scandinavia and therefore one who could be made to represent the movement of man from earliest times onward. As one meets Finn in the literature of Ireland he stands for everything which is aristocratic in Yeats' understanding of the word, he expresses power, freedom, an hierarchial form of society, the presence in many leaders of both ability and strength, contesting with joy one another's prowess, the masculine society, harsh and surgical. He is an antithetical phase figure par excellence.

Then comes St. Patrick, the figure of the primary phase, who destroys the free roving power of men like Finn and brings society to a vision of obedience, equality and peace. With St. Patrick came the fall of Tara, the seat of the overkings of Ireland and the belittling forces of the Christian religion. All of the passionate events of Irish history after that, various and manifold in their results as they might be, represent the triumph of the primary phase of life up until 1916 – the year of the Insurrection in Dublin, led by Padraic Pearse and O'Rahilly.

That moment marks the beginning of the counter movement and heralds the rise of a free Ireland.

The sound of this future event is also heard throughout the book – the Glossary indicates the entire list of the pages on which Pearse-O'Rahilly are mentioned – the *Ballad of Persse O'Reilly* being Joyce's announcement of this theme. Like other great men, Joyce has cloaked his most serious message in an irreverent street ballad.

On the opening page of *Finnegans Wake* it states, THE GREAT FALL OF THE OFFWALL ENTAILED AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE THE PFTJSCHUTE OF FINNEGAN, ERSE SOLID MAN, THAT THE HUMPTYHILLHEAD OF HUMSELF PROMPTLY SENDS AN UNQUIRING ONE WELL TO THE WEST IN QUEST OF HIS TUMPTYTUMTOES:

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.*

Humpty Dumpty is the English power in Dublin.

Dublin fell into the power of foreigners after Finn and his great protective band of warriors, called the Fiana, were no longer in power and able to protect Ireland's shores from invasion. In the *Duanaire Finn* is a speech between St. Patrick and Oisín which is one of the most powerful things in literature. It is Oisín's justification of his great father, Finn, and his despicability of the softness of Christianity and the ungenerosity that would condemn the greatest of warriors to Hell because he didn't believe in the God who dealt out punishment as promulgated by St. Patrick. It is interesting to note that although St. Patrick disapproved of Oisín and was positive he was going to perdition, nevertheless he loved him – wished to have him near and begged Oisín to relate tales of himself and his father and his son. These tales stirred the blood and to an Irishman were irresistible, despite his belief that they were wicked.

Around Dublin a wall was put up. It stayed there for a very long time. But when an extremely small band of dedicated men decided to fight the English and put them out of Ireland, although their cause failed and no visible results were obtained at the moment, nevertheless the seeds of Irish victory had been sown, the wall was broken down and couldn't be put together again. The most quiet and moving account of this is given by the poet James Stephens, in *Insurrection*.

The fall of this wall is heard on page 44 of *Finnegans Wake* The (klikkak lakkak laskak lopatz klatsch a batta creppy crotty graddagh semmih sammih nouit happluddy appluddy pkonpkat!)

The body of Humpty Dump is carried off the stage to the tune of a band, with the Irish in joyous attendance.

THEN WE'LL HAVE A FREE TRADE GAELS' BAND AND MASS MEETING FOR TO SOD THE
BRAVE SON OF SCANDIKNAVERY.

AND WE'LL BURY HIM DOWN IN OXMANSTOWN

(see glossary, p. 195)

ALONG WITH THE DEVIL AND DANES (see glossary, p. 62)

(CHORUS) WITH THE DEAF AND DUMB DANES,

AND ALL THEIR REMAINS.

The two most talked of figures in *Finnegans Wake* are HCE, or Earwicker, and ALP, or Anna Livia Plurabelle. According to Yeats' mythology this man and woman are the man and woman of Blake's *Mental Traveller*, the woman representing Mask and Body of Fate, man representing the Will and Creative Mind. Yeats identifies the

Will as the word is commonly understood by Western man, Mask as its object, or the Is and the Ought; Creative Mind and Body of Fate are thought and its object, or the knower and the known.

For an examination of this important poem of Blake's I am copying it here for the reader's convenience:

THE MENTAL TRAVELLER

*I Travel'd thro' a Land of Men,
A land of Men & Women too,
And heard and saw such dreadful things
As cold Earth wanderers never knew.*

*For there the Babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe:
Just as we Reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow.*

*And if the Babe is born a Boy
He's given to a Woman old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.*

*She binds iron thorns around his head,
She pierces both his hands & feet,
She cuts his heart out at his side
To make it feel both cold & heat.*

*Her fingers number every nerve,
Just as a Miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks & cries,
And she grows young as he grows old.*

*Till he becomes a bleeding youth,
And she becomes a Virgin bright;
Then he rends up his Manacles
And binds her down for his delight.*

He plants himself in all her Nerves,

*Just as a Husbandman his mould;
And she becomes his dwelling place
And Garden fruitful seventy fold.*

*An aged Shadow, soon he fades,
Wand'ring round an Earthly Cot,
Full filled all with gems & gold
Which he by industry had got.*

*And these are the gems of the Human Soul,
The rubies & pearls of a lovesick eye,
The countless gold of the akeing heart,
The martyr's groan & the lover's sigh.*

*They are his meat, they are his drink;
He feeds the Beggar & the Poor
And thw wayfaring Traveller:
For ever open is his door.*

*His grief is their eternal joy;
They make the roofs & walls to ring;
Till from the fire on the hearth
A little Female Babe does spring.*

*And she is all of solid fire
And gems & gold, that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her Baby form,
Or wrap her in his swaddling-band.*

*But She comes to the Man she loves,
If young or old, or rich or poor;
They soon drive out the aged host,
A Beggar at another's door.*

*He wanders weeping far away,
Untill some other take him in;
Oft blind & age-bent, sore distrest,
Untill he can a Maiden win.*

*And to allay his freezing Age
The Poor Man takes her in his arms;
The Cottage fades before his sight,
The Garden & its lovely Charms.*

*The Guests are scatter'd thro' the land,
For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat Earth becomes a Ball;*

*The stars, sun, Moon, all shrink away,
A desart vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desart all round.*

*The honey of her Infant lips,
The bread and wine of her sweet smile,
The wild game of her roving eye,
Does him to Infancy beguile:*

*For as he eats & drinks he grows
Younger & younger every day;
And on the desart wild they both
Wander in terror & dismay.*

*Like the wild Stag she flees away,
Her fear plants many a thicket wild;
While he pursues her night & day,
By various arts of Love beguil'd,*

*By various arts of Love & Hate,
Till the wide desart planted o'er
With labyrinths of wayward Love,
Where roam the Lion, Wolf & Boar,*

*Till he becomes a wayward Babe,
And she a weeping Woman Old.
Then many a Lover wanders here;
The Sun & Stars are nearer roll'd.*

*The trees bring forth sweet Extacy
To all who in the desert roam;
Till many a city there is Built;
And many a pleasant Shepherd's home.*

*But when they find the frowning Babe,
Terror strikes thro' the region wide:
They cry "The Babe! the Babe is born!"
And flee away on Every side.*

*For who dare touch the frowning form,
His arm is wither'd to its root;
Lions, Boars, Wolves, all howling flee,
And every Tree does shed its fruit.*

*And none can touch that frowning form,
Except it be a Woman Old;
She nails him down upon the Rock,
And all is done as I have told.*

When Joyce lived in Trieste, he gave lectures on William Blake which I would give much money to have a transcript of. I hope to do a separate volume on the relation of the two men, for it is Joyce's closest alliance to another human being, Blake being a man whom he trusted and whom he was willing to accept as a teacher, from whose beliefs I can not find that he deviated in any major particular.

HE VOWS HIM...TO BE OF THE SIR BLEAK TRIBES BLEAK WHILE THROUGH LIFE'S UNBLEST
HE RODES BACKS OF BANNARS. p. 563

NO LATER THAN A VERY FEW FORTNIGHTS SINCE I WAS MEETING ON THE THINKER'S DAM
WITH A PAIR OF MEN OUT OF GLASSHOUSE WHOM I SHUFFLED HANDS WITH NAMED
MACBLACKS—I THINK THEIR NAMES IS MACBLAKES—FROM THE HEADFIRE CLUMP—AND
THEY WERE IMPROVING ME AND MAKING ME BELIEK NO FIVE HOUR FACTORY LIFE WITH
INSUFFICIENT EMOLLIENT AND INDUSTRIAL DISABLED FOR THEM THAT DAY O'GRATISES.
p. 409

The above poem of Blake conveys vividly the cyclic aspect of human societies and the cultures which they create, making it clear that there is enmity between nature and man, and that struggle and confusion which operate to separate man from his

goal are here necessary. The fierce ruthless atmosphere in which the poem rolls onward represents precisely the nature of what is going on when individual creative genius fights its way clear to vision and brings forth the new form. The same holds for societies. Nature is beneficent only when

*He rends up his Manacles
And binds her down for his delight.*

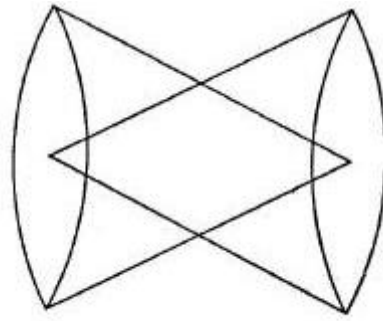
The rending of Manacles takes all the strength a man or society has—and it is necessary to emphasize this because while the classic temperament which Joyce possessed is *sure* that the struggle will go on, an assurance of its inevitability can cloud the necessity for the maximal opposition which a genius is forced to. Blake has given it full flavor; therefore Joyce trusts him.

The Irish poet William Butler Yeats, who preceded Joyce and was largely instrumental in shaping the form of Joyce's rebellion, also was a student of William Blake and spent a considerable number of years in trying to understand and elucidate Blake's writing. This he succeeded to do and I feel that we owe to Yeats and to his father (who influenced *him*) our immensely increased appreciation and use of Blake.

Yeats himself evolved an entire scheme or outline of the nature of life on this earth which he says appears to him to be the same as the one known to Blake when he wrote *The Mental Traveller*. He does not know from what source Blake derived his knowledge, but he feels certain that his knowledge and Blake's have a common and identical source. This scheme which Yeats worked on for many years has been taken by Joyce as the actual skeletal structure for *Finnegans Wake* and I want therefore to describe it as clearly as I can in some detail.

Empedocles said, "When Discord has fallen into the lowest depths of the vortex, Concord has reached the center. Never will boundless time be emptied of that pair and they prevail in turn as that circle comes round, and pass away before one another and increase in their appointed turn."

If we think of the vortex attributed to Discord, Yeats explains, as formed by circles diminishing until they are nothing, and of the opposing sphere attributed to Concord as forming from itself an opposing vortex, the apex of each vortex in the middle of the other's base, we have before us the fundamental symbol. In Joyce's words : ONE WORLD BURROWING ON ANOTHER



The vortex is composed two ways, of straight lines representing Time, because a line is a movement without extension and a continual, non-stop curved plane, representing Space, cutting the line at right angles. Line and plane are combined in a gyre which must expand or contract according to whether mind grows in objectivity or subjectivity. Subjectivity is identified with Time; objectivity with space.

The subjective, Time cone in Yeats' scheme is given the name "antithetical tincture" because it is achieved and kept in existence by continual conflict with its opposite; the objective, Space cone is termed "primary tincture" because whereas subjectivity tends to separate man from man, objectivity brings us back to the mass where everything begins. The cones of the tinctures mirror reality, but are in themselves pursuit and illusion. By the antithetical cone we express more and more, as it broadens, our inner world of desire and imagination and by the primary we express objectivity of mind, the scientific approach. The antithetical carries an emphasis of the emotional and aesthetic, whereas the primary yields the reasonable and moral. Within both of these interacting cones move four faculties, namely:

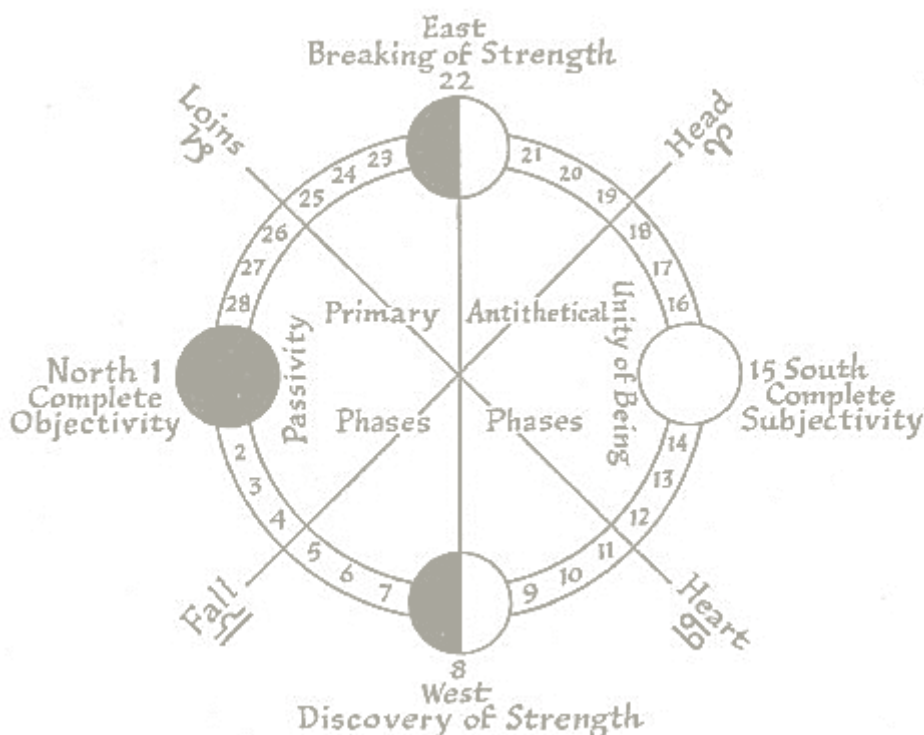
Will

Mask (which is the object *Will* seeks,
whatever it may be)

Creative Mind (or thought)

Body of Fate (which is the object Thought seeks)

These pairs of opposites whirl in contrary directions, *Will* and *Mask* from right to left, *Creative Mind* and *Body of Fate* like the hands of a clock, from left to right. Any particular man is classified in Yeats' system according to the place in the diagram which is occupied by *Will*, or choice, as it pertains to him.



This wheel is every completed movement of either Thought (a given Culture) or life (a particular human being). Both man and the total structure in which he is environed are constantly seeking their opposite or the opposite of the particular condition in which they are, from whence the movement comes.

We note that this great wheel is composed of 28 phases and Yeats has worked out a Table of the Four Faculties listed above, describing each of them in each of the 28 phases. I refer readers to pp. 96-99 of *A Vision* in which the table is given in detail.

Opposed to these Four Faculties are Four Principles. The whole system is founded upon the belief that the ultimate reality, symbolised as the Sphere (the wholeness all man's endeavor is directed towards) can be known to man only in a series of antinomies such as *The Mental Traveller* describes. These Four Principles operate not only in the life of any one man, but operate also in the period after death, between lives. The Principles, through their conflict, reveal reality, but create nothing. They are as follows:

Husk (symbolically the human body) is the Past
Passionate Body (the objects of sense) is the Present
Spirit (mind) represents the Future
Celestial Body (object of mind) stands for the timeless

In the wheel of the Faculties, *Will* predominates during the first quarter, *Mask* during the second, *Creative Mind* during the third, and *Body of Fate* during the Fourth. In the wheel of the Principles, *Husk* (the new still unopened husk) predominates during the first quarter, *Passionate Body* during the second, *Spirit* during the third and *Celestial Body* during the Fourth.

When the two wheels are superimposed we find that the present and the timeless, past and future, are opposite. True reality, because neither concord nor discord, one nor many, is unknowable – this eternal instant can not be comprehended by the human mind which can only know through a series of antinomies. Yeats stated that those who instructed him followed tradition by substituting for his phaseless perfect sphere a *Record* “where the images of all past events, remain for ever thinking the thought and doing the deed.”

This *Record* is what we have in *Finnegans Wake*. It has not been realized up until now to what an extent Joyce’s book is a record of actual event concerning the entire life of his nation. I have so far, in fourteen years of intensive study, not been able to find one gap in Joyce’s record; he has included all of the events, persons, writings, manufacturers, rivers, counties, mountains, legends, archaeological finds and mythological figures which are to be learned of in Celtic studies. It contains far more of Ireland than Homer does of Greece, or than Cervantes of Spain, or Dante of Italy. And these facts are usually included not descriptively, but by an actual tiny fragment of their reality, so that in order to discover their meaning there is not a single reference book one can turn to: one *must* read the great works of Irishmen, one *must* study in detail the lives of her heroes, one *must* study ancient Gaelic literature, one *must* acquaint oneself with her history in detail. It is obvious that the passionate man had a purpose; any *description* he could have written we could mentally absorb and forget. But an experience, a physically present, real experience *hurts* – and remains; Ireland remains. Joyce does not tell *about* his country; he takes Ireland and ripping off the protective skin of our ignorance, lays her against our raw, uncovered burning flesh, there to grow, to become one piece with our flesh, inseparable. The achievement of a poet.

But the reason *Finnegans Wake* is hard to read is not the presence of these innocent-looking words whose meaning must be hunted out, nor does the difficulty lie in the sentence structure. After sufficient study, both the words and the form of the individual sentences yield an intense satisfaction and clarity, as the large number of readers engaged in hacking away at the impenetrable mass, will testify.

Finnegans Wake is hard going for us because it was hard going for Joyce. It consists of three separate time elements, going onward simultaneously, quite often within the same sentence. There is the world of the symbolic structure of the universe,

where Blake and Yeats yield us understanding and this includes not only a symbolic skeletal structure, but symbolic figures as part of this structure. There is the world of the actual history of Ireland, which far exceeds in importance and actual volume of words devoted to the purpose, the other two elements, being the overwhelming purpose of its existence. And there is the hum-drum story of the life of an individual typical man and his family, symbolising the symbol. Joyce makes him faceless, and indistinguishable from hundreds of others, so as to bring out the timelessness of his existence and the rhythms of that existence.

Joyce testified several times in his letters to what extreme anguish of work he was subjected, trying to force these three side-by-side elements into a completed movement. And in my opinion the reason the book offers such intense barriers to the human perceptive intelligence is that the hum-drum story is not handled as well and is far more difficult to trace out and far less rewarding after it has been traced out than the other two elements, both of which have been carried off with superb mastery. But as Chekhov once complained, a man can not write the kind of work he wants to write; he can only bring forth the one he has been assigned by his talents. Chekhov hated with a deep personal bitterness the short story; those he wrote are among the most perfect to be found. Joyce had a mind which for comprehension has never been surpassed—his intellect tore right straight through any abstrusity and came up holding the plum. He was bored by the commonplace. So the commonplace, the “Here Comes Everybody”, in its minute, endlessly repeated, unexciting pattern probably irritated him—and thus the composition which carries forward the life of HCE and ALP in their domestic round, is worked at, anguished over—and the reader suffers from this struggle.

However, I can not see how Joyce could have eliminated it and since it is built into the fundamental structure of his book, there is nothing to do but ferret out these three elements. I have therefore decided on a plan to describe for the first half of the book (ten sections) each section as it relates to these three worlds of symbolism, history and daily life (which Joyce occasionally has omitted and for which, therefore, no summary will appear), hoping thereby that the work as a whole will clarify for the reader, enabling anyone so minded, by aid of the glossary, source books mentioned, and sample translations which have been included, to study until he has mastered in its entirety any given page or passage, and to locate to himself where he is in the general map of *Finnegans Wake* by reference to this running diagram which I attempt.

PART I in general

SYMBOLISM

The Fourth Principle of Yeats,
equivalent to the timeless, or
what might be called the
pattern or seed known to Yeats
as *The Celestial Body*

HISTORY OF IRELAND

Surveys the *Record*
BUT EVERY DAY IN EVERY
WAY I AM WALKING ALONG
THE STREETS OF DUBLIN AND
ALONG THE STRAND. AND
'HEARING VOICES'.
Letter to C P Curran, dated
August 6, 1937

DAILY LIFE

The Book of the parents

Book I • Section 1 (pp. 3-29)

The Poet Joyce

He addresses Finn, the hero of ancient Ireland and says, IF YOU ONLY WERE THERE TO EXPLAIN THE MEANING (that is to Ireland of all her sufferings) BEST OF MEN, AND TALK TO HER NICE OF GULDENSELVER. (Her golden self which she was and will become again.) (p. 28)

HERO! SEVEN TIMES THERETO WE SALUTE YOU! THE WHOLE BAG OF KITS, FALCONPLUMES AND JACKBOOTS INCLOTHED, IS WHERE YOU FLUNG THEM THAT TIME. YOUR HEART IS IN THE SYSTEM OF THE SHEWOLF AND YOUR CRESTED HEAD IS IN THE TROPIC OF COPRICAPRON. YOUR FEET ARE IN THE CLOISTER OF VIRGO....THE LOAMSOME ROAM TO LAFFAYETTE IS ENDED. (Laughy-yet!) DROP IN YOUR TRACKS, BABE! BE NOT UNRESTED! (p. 26)

If we look in Yeats we learn that this Babe is from Blake's *Mental Traveller*. When the man of Phase Two lives according to his Daimon, he frees himself from emotion, and the *Body of Fate* pushes back the mind into its own supersensual impulse until it grows obedient to all that recurs. He gives himself up to Nature as the Fool gave himself up to God. He is neither immoral nor violent but innocent; is as it were the breath stirring on the face of the deep. NOW BE AISY, GOOD MR. FINNIMORE, SIR. AND TAKE YOUR LAYSURE LIKE A GOD ON PENSION. p. 24

See translations.

Book I • Section 1 (pp. 3-29)

History of Ireland

The first Section, pages 3-29, includes all the motifs of the book—it is a musical announcement of what is to follow. In a way that seems almost impossible of achievement, each and every motif has been woven into this section.

Its general meaning is as follows: Ireland was a living beautiful queen with lots of beautiful life in her, then her leaders sold her out for reasons of titles, security in



their power, etc., etc., and all the while she was biding her time and preserving herself, hoping against hope that the time would come when she could be free.

On page 6 he says, MACCOOL, MACCOOL, WHY DID YOU DIE? He is referring of course to Finn Mac Cool, the great leader and poet of Ireland who lived in pagan times and about whom there are hundreds of tales, embroidered and fanciful, but whose existence is a fact. He stands to Joyce for Irish life at its best, powerful, joyous, untrammelled, full of physical beauty and beauty of action, with the highest standards of courtesy and accomplishment. The world of Finn Mac Cool makes the ages which have come since look pallid and weak and Joyce's theme is always that we should *live*, big, brave and joyous as Finn. No better contrast between the Christian era and the pagan world of Finn could be given than in the poems Oisín, the son of Finn and himself a poet, recited to St. Patrick.

*Oh, Patrick, sad is the tale
To be after the heroes, thus feeble,
Listening to clerics and to bells
Whilst I am a poor, blind and old man.*

*If Finn and the Fenians lived
I would abandon the clerics and the bells
I would follow the deer from the glen
And would fain lay hold of his foot.*

For the remainder of this poem, read *Colloquy of the Ancients*.

On page 7 he says ONLY A FADE-O-GRAPH OF A YESTERN SCENE. What took place in geological time spans we can see dimly. But whether Ireland be in rags or riches, we love her strongly. The ancient forefathers sleep up in the heather of Benn Edair, now called the Hill of Howth, in the town called Chapelizod (Chapel d'Iseult, written here Seepie Isout) also. Out of the mist (of the past) we can see his head. Whooth? meaning Howth near Dublin as well as "Who was he? What were his characteristics?" His clay feet (his human nature, making him subject to the temptations of title, large possessions, etc. by which English power was consolidated) stick up where he fell on them by the wall which the English put up around the English Pale (see endpaper map), while Ireland as a people saw what was happening but could not prevent it. And while this alliance between the invader and Irish chieftains was in progress, the institution of the ollave, with the whole life it implied, went by the boards and Tara, the seat of the ancient kings, came to an end, beyond which time, events were lying in wait concerning the possession of Dublin by the English flag. And so, James, (to

himself), there is the view of Ireland, of cities walled in stone to shut out the native Catholic and make him a foreigner in his own land which we may look on as a museum of historical happenings. Anyone who will study Irish history sufficiently to know all the events to which he refers will find a free access into his book. For a pass key to the museum of her historical past, we must go to Kate, otherwise known as Kathleen, or Ireland.

This is the way to the museum, which will give you cause for musing, as you consider the events to be narrated. Now you are in the world of Wellington. This is a Prussian gun. This is a French. This is the French (bullet) that fought with the English who fought with the Germans. This is Wellington on his big white horse, Copenhagen. He was called the Iron Duke, he had a marshal's baton from six countries, Spain, Portugal, The Netherlands, Russia, Austria and Prussia, he was a Knight of the Garter, had the Grand Cross of the Bath, the Red Eagle of Brandenburg, was Marquess of Wellington, Earl of Wellington in Somerset, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Baron Douro of Wellesley, etc. These are the native Irish, soldiers for the English, who fought their wars over all Europe.

Then occurs a grand mixture of the events of Europe, with references to Wellington's and Napoleon's careers as soldiers, there being one event which needs elucidating, being presented by Joyce in a way confused as to its timing, but representing accurately the attitude of the Irish towards the Anglo-Irish (Wellington) and the English. These are the sentences about the hinndo Shimar Shin, THIS IS THE SEEBOY, MADRASHATTARAS, UPJUMP AND PUMPIM, CRY TO THE WILLINGDONE: AP PAKKARU! PUKKA YURAP! THIS IS THE WILLINGDONE, BORNSTABLE GHENTLEMAN, TINDERS HIS MAXBOTCH TO THE CURSIGAN SHIMAR SHIN....THIS IS THE DOOFORHIM SEEBOY BLOW THE WHOLE OF THE HALF OF THE HAT OF LIPOLEUMS OFF OF THE TOP OF THE TAIL ON THE BACK OF HIS BIG WIDE HARSE. TIP (BULLSEYE! GAME!) HOW COPENHAGEN ENDED. Page 10.

In time the events occurred this way: In Napoleons's *Memoirs* is outlined his doctrine of Neutral Powers, which treats of the law of nations observed by belligerent states in war by land and of that which is observed by them in maritime war and of the principles behind the maritime rights of neutral powers. In 1780 there was set up by him an armed neutrality which included France, Spain, Holland, Russia, Prussia, Denmark and Sweden which was in opposition to the claims of the English. More disturbing to those neutral powers were the new claims brought forward by the English during the American Revolutionary period from 1793 to 1800. These claims were upheld by our country but denied by Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Prussia, following which a convention was set up in Copenhagen, during which Denmark denied the pretensions of England, despite the presence of an English fleet in the harbor of Copenhagen. To aid in this conflict there was established by the Treaty of

Paris an agreement between the U.S. and France, who both declared the principles of the maritime rights of neutrals. This Treaty was formally acknowledged by Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Prussia. The Convention, called the Armed Neutrality, was signed on the 16th of December, 1800.

The battle of Copenhagen took place on April 2, 1801, in which the English under Nelson fired on but could not capture the entire Danish fleet, so an armistice of three months and a half was signed, applicable only to the city of Copenhagen and the Sound. Not satisfied with this, the English through paid hirelings had Emperor Paul I of Russia assassinated and gave out the story that he was insane and had committed suicide. Napoleon attested to the fact that he had corresponded with him for years and found him thoroughly intelligent; he was murdered because France with his aid would have destroyed the power of the English navy.

Wellington had been sent to India where he put down Tippoo and then in 1802 was sent to defeat the Mahratta Confederacy (nine-tenths Hindoo and one tenth Mohammedan) who had at their command a force of 200,000 cavalry and 100,000 infantry. Wellington prepared carefully for the campaign and succeeded in putting the Mahrattas to flight; a peace was signed and Major General Arthur Wellesley received a letter from his brother, the Governor-General of India, congratulating him on his fine achievement.

After the battle of Friedland, Czar Alexander decided to join forces with Napoleon and they met at Tilsit, where a treaty was signed which England was much in fear of. Due to her fear of the combined forces of Russia and France, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Portugal and Italy overcoming her navy, the British cabinet ordered the seizure of the Danish fleet, although Denmark was a neutral country, which succeeded chiefly because it was so unwarranted an event, taking Denmark completely by surprise. Wellington was sent out in command; the troops landed on August 16, 1807 and Copenhagen was invested on the 18th. A small Danish army attempted to raise the siege, but Wellington's forces beat them. A steady bombardment of Copenhagen was maintained until half the town was on fire and compelled to surrender, Arthur Wellesley signing on behalf of the British army. Thus the neutrality of Denmark was violated.

And the Irish, who were negotiating with France during the late 1700's and the early 1800's for their help in ridding themselves of English domination, were passionately disturbed at this series of shocking events.

These events are jumbled together with a famous hated phrase attributed to the Duke of Wellington, a reputedly cold man, "Up boys, and at them.", paraphrased by Joyce as "upjump and pumpim", and with the later Sepoy Rebellion in India (Wellington was referred to by Napoleon as the Sepoy because that was the name of

native soldiers in the military service of the British in India, where Wellington had conducted his first successful campaign) which was a mutiny of native troops in Bengal in the year 1857. Apparently the Sepoys, who were Hindoos, objected to biting the paper caps off the shells which were to be fired, feeling that it represented an act insulting to their religion and the British, in order to teach them how strong were their feelings on the subject of obedience, tied the bodies of several live Sepoys to the mouths of their cannon and shot them. What followed was the Sepoy Mutiny which the English attribute to the machinations of the Russians, but which probably has a simpler explanation.

And Joyce adds, page 11, SHE (Ireland) NEVER COMES OUT WHEN THON'S (John's, i.e., Johnny Bull) ON SHOWER – NEVER ON YOUR LIFE! SHE WOULD BE TOO MUCH AFRAID OF ALL THE DEEDS OF WOE WHICH SHE HAS LEARNED WILL FOLLOW – SHE JUST HOPES THAT IN TIME THESE THINGS WILL PASS.

Thus much for the events involved in this paragraph. In a speech made by Padraic Pearse, called, "The Murder Machine", Pearse spoke as follows: *A French writer has paid the English a well-deserved compliment. He says that they never commit a useless crime. When they hire a man to assassinate an Irish patriot, when they blow a Sepoy from the mouth of a cannon, when they produce a famine in one of their dependencies, they have always an ulterior motive.*

Book I • Section 1 (pp. 3-29)

Daily Life

The mason, Finnegun, lived in the broadest way imaginable, built up the cities of Ireland and had a little wife whom he loved. This hod carrier falls and is killed.

As the mind is contemplating the landscape, a figure emerges who informs us in his slow way that he is a Norwegian. (Joyce learned that Finn actually was a figure imported from Norwegian mythology who came into Ireland with its earliest invaders, the "men of Lochloinn".)

As the figure fades away we go back to the figure of the dead Finnegun who is beginning to come awake, having not been killed, but merely stunned. We learn that he is now HCE, a family man who has two sons, Shem and Shaun, that he has arrived to take up his life in Dublin and that he will be responsible for the events that follow.

Book I • Section 2 (pp. 30-47)

The Poet Joyce

With the three prohibiting forces of the Church's doctrine, the influence of worldly, powerful Anglo-Irish rulers, and the ownership of Irish land by outsiders, the purchy (purchase) patch (Ireland) of hamlock (enslavement of the ham – or lowly fellow), where parish priests purvey the wisdom of rulers, the lowly Irish alternate between fighting for their freedom with home-made pikes and then, having been defeated, of becoming just lowly Earwicker. But it is approaching the time when the great act of the century is to take place – the divorce between the kingdoms of Ireland and England. The southern Irishman has never been guilty of improper actions. He heard all the commotion but states that he has been fighting a battle by himself, while the English have had five to his one. He fought straight and as a consequence now finds himself again not a separate nation, but a sort of hotel and creamery establishment for outsiders to enjoy and so he went along in the history of his country before the hour when the poet sang, between the time of the ancient Druid and the time of the deep sleep of Ireland's existence as a nation, and crept into a hedge for studying (see glossary, p. 131). Then along came the poet Joyce WHO HAD PASSED SEVERAL NIGHTS, FUNNISH ENOUGH, IN A DOORWAY UNDER THE BLANKETS OF HOMELESSNESS ON THE BUNK OF ICELAND, PILLOWED UPON THE STONE OF DESTINY (see glossary, p. 143) COLDER THAN MAN'S KNEE OR WOMAN'S BREAST (p. 40) and his friend Hosty (see glossary, p. 136-7) who, to the thrumming of a crude fiddle, caressed the ears of the subjects of old Finn MacCool, king and poet and warrior, who, with their mouths open in appreciation, listened to this long-awaited Messiah of roar-a-torios, (the Tories having tried to help Ireland, while the Whigs fought every measure) this fellow – me (Joyce) – who first poured forth his song where the River Liffey riots, to an overflow meeting of all citizens (see glossary, p. 185) of all classes of Ireland ranging from slips of young Dubliners to a brace of palesmen (English government representatives). The ballad soon passed through all the provinces of Ireland (united states of Scotia Picta) and was sung by the old tollgate on St. Anne's Street, where the church of St. Anne stands. (Read *The pursuit of Robert Emmet*.)

Book I • Section 2 (pp. 30-47)

History of Ireland

In Ireland before the time when surnames were used (see glossary, p. 196) it seems likely that the inhabitants of Dublin were offspring of Vikings. The Irish have not been guilty of the crimes the English have accused them of – they were not guilty under Parnell of ANNOYING WELSH FUSILIERS IN THE PEOPLE'S PARK (p. 33). The nearest help relay being (pingping sound of guns going off) the St. Patrick's Day rising in Dublin (p. 35). Before this time, although the British government had accused Ireland and Parnell of complicity in these murders, there had been no evil deeds to be accused of. I am willing to take my stand, sir, and to make my oath to my (fellow) Sinn Feiners there is not one drop of truth in the accusations. What happened at Baldoyle (see glossary, p. 15) is easily capable of remembrance by all pickers-up of events national and Dublin details (p. 39).

A trio of Irish citizens just to celebrate what happened recently, came out of their bar and "Sinn Fein, Sinn Fein's araun!" (p. 42) they shouted, and sang the following ballad.

See Translations.

Book I • Section 2 (pp. 30-47)

Daily Life

There follows an account of his meeting a Cad who asked him what time it was, whereupon HCE unexpectedly replies by defending himself. This Cad goes home and his wife hears him repeating the story to himself. It becomes part of the property of all Irish citizens. The Cad's wife talks it over with a priest who was overheard by two persons. One of them relates it in a flop-house and three occupants of the flop-house, after getting themselves merry in a bar, issue forth and sing the Ballad of Persse O'Reilly.

Book I • Section 3 (pp. 48-74)

The Poet Joyce

The following passage is so important that I want to analyze its meaning, rather than devoting this section to the section as a whole – here we catch Joyce the poet in a full statement. NOT OLDERWISE INN THE DAYS OF THE BYGNING WOULD OUR TRAVELLER REMOTE, UNFRIENDED, FROM VAN DEMON'S LAND, SOME LAZY SKALD OR MAUNDERING POTE, LIFT WEARYWILLY HIS SLOWCUT SNOBSIC EYES TO THE SEMISIGNS OF HIS ZOOTEAC AND LENGTHILY LINGERING ALONG FLASKNECK, CRACKET CUP, DOWNTRODDEN BROGUE, TURFSOD, WILDBROOM, CABBAGEBLAD, STOCKFISCH, LONGINGLY LEARN THAT THERE AT THE ANGEL WERE HERBERGED FOR HIM POTEEN AND TEA AND PRATIES AND BACCY AND WINE WIDTH WOMAN WORDTH WARBLING: AND INFORMALLY QUASI-BEGIN TO PRESQUESM'ILE TO QUEASITHIN' (NONSENSE! THERE WAS NOT VERY MUCH WINDY NOUS BLOWING AT THE GIVEN MOMENT THROUGH THE HAT OF MR. MELANCHOLY SLOW!) p. 56

In the days of Finn, when poets wandered around Ireland, seeking the hands of queens or any other employment fit for their talents, there was a lazy poet from out the land of the possessed who examined in his mind's eye the esoteric signs by which the world is arranged in two equal halves and each of its parts indicated by a sign of the zodiac, and thought on the Queen Tea of very early Irish fame, and was thinking, though at present he drank from his flask rudely, with no possessions nor bright surroundings as Queen Tea had had, that he was coming to the Inn of Angels, familiar to us from the writings of Swedenborg, and would find there all comforts and that there he would be with the Woman worth warbling – his Ireland, and the weary start he had made would change to a slow-gathering smile as he contemplated Her of his dreams. (But this is nonsense, says Joyce to himself – since very little inspiration blows through my mind today, as I wearily write out this 18-year-long poem.)

In a study made by Cornford on *Pindar*, Cornford states that *nous* is equivalent to Hermes and the *logos* to Pan. We find these two gods constantly present in *Finnegans Wake* – because Yeats in his *Adoration of the Magi* had taught Joyce to consider Hermes the messenger who would announce the change-over of the world from its slowly dying *Primary* tincture to its approaching *Antithetical* tincture.

Here is the passage from Yeats:

Suddenly the second oldest of them crowed like a cock, and until the room seemed to shake with the crowing. The woman in the bed still slept on in her death-like sleep, but the woman who sat by her head crossed herself and grew pale, and the youngest of the old men cried out: 'A devil has gone into him, and we must begone or it will go into us also.' Before

they could rise from their knees a resonant chanting voice came from the lips that had crowed and said: "I am not a devil, but I am Hermes the Shepherd of the Dead, and I run upon the errands of the gods, and you have heard my sign, that has been my sign, that has been my sign, that has been my sign from the old days. Bow down before her from whose lips the secret names of the immortals, and of the things near their hearts, are about to come, that the immortals may come again into the world. Bow down, and understand that when they are about to overthrow the things that are today and bring the things that were yesterday, they have no one to help them, but one whom the things that are today have cast out. Bow down and very low, for they have chosen for their priestess this woman in whose heart all follies have gathered, and in whose body all desires have awaked; this woman who has been driven out of Time, and has lain upon the bosom of Eternity. After you have bowed down the old things shall be again, and another Argo shall carry heroes over sea, and another Achilles beleaguer another Troy.

Book I • Section 3 (pp. 48-74)

History of Ireland

In Ireland (kingsrick of Humidia!) look through the mist and you will see arise the ghosts of '98 singing the Shan Van Vocht (see glossary, p. 233). And it could be that in the near future we will hear the mime mumming the song "Mick, Nick and the Maggies", all singing in the chorus of Finn MacCool and the "Serve in Fear" of the modern Irish. This saga of Ireland (Earwicker's) though readable from end to end, has no known end. The story starts before the curtain goes up and continues after the poet's death. The poor native Irish accepted the Protestant rule (Zassnoch—see glossary, p. 282) and Ireland's great men having flown to other lands (Wild Geese, see glossary, p. 276) for the exercise of their talents, enlisted in various foreign military services and there these men perished, away from home, and bequeathed through the church the memories of their deeds. Under the name of the Orangemen they sustained an existence in Ireland as Irishmen. Nicholas de Cusack, first mayor of Dublin, says let all those many characters of ancient story of Ireland reamerge in this telling. It appears that the Irish have withdrawn off the face of the earth into the ultimate, most interior recesses of the soul. In the recital of Ireland's history, the poet must paint us scenes as well as relate deeds. We demand to see. The fires which shone on the hills as signals to the *United Irishmen* in '98 and '03 are going to glow again. The Orangemen, d'Esterre (see glossary, p. 67) was defeated by O'Connell and O'Connell quickly grasped the power of that event to lecture the English on the need for Catholic

Emancipation. And the humphriad (comparable to the *Iliad*, since humpty dumpty is Dublin as the *Iliad* was of Ilium) of the rise and fall of the Irish nation (see glossary, p. 135-6) makes fun of the English, outward rulers (mocks the couple on the car).

Let us sing the song written by Thomas Russell:

*Why vainly do we waste our time
Repeating our oppressions?
Come, rouse to arms, 'tis now the time
To punish past transgressions.*

*Tis said that Kings can do no wrong.
Their murderous deeds deny it,
And since from us their power is sprung
We have the right to try it.*

*Let each Hibernian prayer then be
O give us death or Liberty.
Then let us sing with 3 times 3
The reign of peace and liberty.*

Up boys, and at them! (see glossary, p. 262). Where are those deeds of yesterday? Far-seeing-the-rich (Emmet) and the poor old woman (Ireland) and the song of the Shan Van Vocht (see glossary, p. 234). The song again of *Mick, Nick and the Maggies*.

The house of Atreus is fallen in the dust, verging on blight exactly as the pagan days of early Ireland and the Fiana, but deeds are bound to rise again (see The Poet Joyce). Though the facts are too uncertain to prove anything (p. 57) yet certain one is that London's bridge is fallen down, but Grainne's (heroine of ancient Irish legend – see glossary, p. 68-70) speed is abroad. Tap and pat and tapatagain (the sound of the reversal of orders, both of pagan gods versus Christian ethic – Pat equalling St. Patrick) and of the rulership of Ireland by herself, then by the English, then herself again.

Lorry told Ireland: you can not accomplish victory through English parliamentary action – your egg you must break yourself. Thomas Meagher, son of a Waterford merchant, who represented the city in the British Parliament as an O'Connellite. His speech in Conciliation Hall declining to "stigmatize the sword" was used by John O'Connell to force the Young Irelanders out of the official movement. After quitting Conciliation Hall, O'Brien, Mitchel, Meagher, Duffy and others

established the Irish Confederation—a body whose object was Repeal of the Union, and which worked on constitutional lines, but upheld the right of Ireland in the last resort to use physical force. He took part in the attempted insurrection and was captured and sentenced to death, which sentence was later changed to transportation to Van Diemen's Land (see glossary, p. 264). He escaped to America and became a Brigadier-General of the Irish Brigade in our Civil War, on the Northern side. In 1867 he died from drowning (but a man came forward in 1913 who admitted having murdered him).

Ireland turned against her poet Joyce (p. 62) but to proceed with her story she sold her independence for a bit of soft coal, but the god Dionysus will bring a reversal of this pitiful story and playing on his pipes the first heroic couplet, from the fugue *Ope Yourself* (Opus Elf), My schemes into obeysance for This time has had to fall, the rulers bade goodbye and took their departure and thus came to a close that last stage in the sieging round our archicitadel (Dublin).

Book I • Section 3 (pp. 48-74)

Daily Life

Humphrey dressed up, met and knocked out D'Esterre, then he described what he had done and after that, walking along at midnight, he hands a fine brown cigar to his enemy.

It was after the show on Wednesday night that a tall man had a revolver placed to his face with the words, "You're shot by an unknowable assailant."

Was it because the assailant was interested in the girls or for the purpose of exploding his 12-chamber gun that he was in the dark in the gateway? He had had too much to drink and was only falling up against the stone gate pier. Yet how lamely his explanation comes off! A man who was wakened from his sleep by the noise said it was too loud to resemble a drunk's babble, but sounded much more to him like the martial law marches of foreign musician's instruments. (See the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act* as regards Ireland by the English, after the Insurrection of 1803.)

To proceed. Long Lally swore like a Norwegian tailor that he was up against a queer sort of man. He was about to confess; he thought he would, but by the beard of his prophet he can not answer.

Humphrey's unsolicited visitor deposited his travelling man's luggage and blew in through the keyhole to attract attention, shouting, that he would break his

bull's (England's) head for him, and secondly he would break it the way you crack a nut and he would give him blood to drink and his bloody step-brother's into the bargain. He demanded more alcohol and went on at a wicked rate for the low beggar to come out to be executed. But Earwicker just sat there and mentally made note of all the bad names he had been called and these names refer to the insults Joyce himself had received and to the totally non-comprehending remarks made in Ireland by the readers of *Ulysses* (see Joyce's Letters) and Joyce (Earwicker) did not answer a single word. And the poet goes on with his job—replying that Finn, the great pagan Irishman, shall wake from his sleep and shall blow on his mighty horn to arouse all Ireland to wake up.

Book I • Section 4 (pp. 75-103)

The Poet Joyce

It may be that he prayed that his wordwounder might unfold his most besetting of ideas, that being the formation of a truly criminal strata, thereby eliminating much desultory delinquency from all classes.

In *Adoration of the Magi*, Yeats had made the youngest of the three brothers say, *He meant, I think, that when people are good the world likes them and takes possession of them, and so eternity comes through people who are not good or who have been forgotten. Perhaps Christianity was good and the world liked it, so now it is going away and the immortals are beginning to awake.*

And Joyce, having reiterated his concurrence in Yeats' belief, says, LET US LEAVE THEORIES THERE AND RETURN TO HERE'S HERE.

This section contains the first open and full usage of the Yeats' *Vision*, with its alternating gyres; as these first four sections have treated of HCE or Joyce, or Earwicker, or the male protagonist of Irish history, so the next four will treat of ALP, or Ireland, or Anna Livia Plurabelle, or her daughter, "the nut-brown maid", who is Ireland's future.

On page 77 he says, AND AFTERWARDS WHENEVER HIS BLATHER BEGAN TO FAIL AND HIS ROUGH BARK (his FW) WAS WHOLLY HUSKY. This refers to Yeats' *Husk*, which stands for the senses, symbolically the human body and its hearing, seeing, etc.

On page 82 he says, AFTER THE SOLSTITIAL PAUSE FOR REFRESHMEANT, referring to the alternance of seasons, or life and death, or growth and decay.

On page 92 he says, The high hilarious laughter of ALP with the sad tone of HCE, evolved by the one same power of nature or of spirit as the sole condition of manifesting the double quality of all living, polarised for reunion by the symphysis of their antipathies. The destinies of man and woman, or of the great life-swings of the gyres they represent, are distinctly different. BUT IT WAS NOT UNOBSERVED OF THOSE PRESENTS, ... HOW ... A LOVELOOKING LEAPGIRL, HE WAN AND PALE IN HIS UNMIXED ADMIRATION, SEEMED BLINDLY INNAMORATE WITH HER UPON HIM IN SHINING AMINGLEMENT, THE SHAME OF HIS HIS SHIFTING INTO THE SHIMMERING OF HER HERS TILL THE WILD WISHWISH OF HER SHEESHEA MELTED MOST MUSICALLY MID THE DARK DEEPDEEP OF HIS SHAYSHAUN.

Ask the poet for the key (to the riddle of the universe and of this recital of his country's life-story.).

There are the Four Old Masters around their old traditional *Tables of the Law* (by Yeats) like so many Silences to talk it over all the same again

He has spent his strength, but there's a little lady waiting and her name is ALP.
Fighting today, kissing tomorrow and agelong pining over events tomorrow.

Book I • Section 4 (pp. 75-103)

History of Ireland

This is how Ireland became a body in a coffin. Any number of conservative bodies, through the Select and other committees, having power to add to their number before voting town, port, and garrison out of existence (*see Political Writings of Edmund Burke* and Horgan: *Parnell to Pearse*) made Humphrey, while the body of Irish nationhood persisted, the present of a grave in Moyelta. It was a pretty kettle of fish after the foreman of the Fianna (Finn MacCool, see glossary, p. 99) had taken part of this land for this rule, enriched with ancient woods and fine trout streams. This was-to-have-been heaven was openly damned and blasted by our mister bilder, the official English government representative, who lived in the Castle and who, having blown the place to hell to gain mastery, retired to his heptarchy of ruling towers and placed a stone slab over the grave of Ireland, which bore the following inscription: "We have done ours; go to hell with you!"

But abide God's summons – rise after fall. The divine one will revisit the Irish earth.

The Spring Offensive in the American Revolutionary War may have come about by accident, but why did the English all of a sudden get frightened in Ireland? Because the driven were at their doors with muskets. (See Jonah Barrington: *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*.)

The ladies did not disdain the early days in Dublin. Kate Strong (Ireland) paints a long picture of Dublin as she knew it and since there were no macadamized roads in the old days, she left her filth dump near the Serpentine in Phoenix Park, in which may be found all sorts of traces of her history in the old days.

Every mortal man of us, poem by poem, falls back into the earth: as it was, let it be, says he! (The poet Joyce, his great calm spirit speaking out his classicism, accepting all things, believing always.) Leave the bloody stone where it is; go the way your ancestors have gone, Hatchets Buried Road. A hundred thousand

unemancipated, slaved the way. The mausoleum (of Irish history) lies behind us. But the past has made us this present of a road which we may read about.

Hyacinth O'Donnell on the green at midnight murdered two English officials, between whom and himself bad blood existed on the grounds of the Boer's trespass on England, or else on account of the way he parted his hair, or because they could not pronounce English with an English accent. The litigants were urged on by redhaired Irish women screaming from the tower of Iseult.

There had been real murder of the royal rosacrucian variety – the MacMahon (see glossary, p. 150) chap had done England in. In fact, several young Irishmen (remembering how their early ancestors had thrown off the yoke of the Danes at the Battle of Clontarf) asked to see *The Saturday Evening Post* (the name of a paper in Dublin during the time of Robert Emmet) just to make sure their enemy was dead. It carried the headline: Ireland bangs hell out of her buddy, a bull-a-vogue.

Now listen to one another and smooth out your leaves of rose. The war is over. She sold him her lease of ninenineninetee. (Read Macmanus: *The Story of the Irish Race*.)

Book I • Section 4 (pp. 75-103)

Daily Life

It was near Luttrellstown (see glossary, p. 166) that the attacker engaged the Adversary, catching hold of an oblong bar he had and raising the stick at him. The pair struggled for some time. Later on the same man asked, "Did you lose 6/15, strong fellow, by a couple of pick pockets 10 or 12 months back?" After some talk they become friendly and he asks his chance companion if he happens to have change for a £10 note, saying that he will pay him back the six shillings he owed him. The man addressed said he didn't have the money, but could see his way to advancing him the sum of 4/7 pence to buy himself a drink with. At this the starving gunman became strangely calm and swore he would go good to him sometime, thinking of all the saloons he would drop into – so he spit into his fist and took leave of his friend and the poor fellow who had been hit, who had plum-sized contusions on his head, reported the occurrence in the best way he could, hoping to have his wounds dressed at the nearest watchhouse in Vicar Lane. Little headway was made in solving the was-not-to-be crime when Festy King was hauled up at Old Bailey (see glossary, p. 33) on

two charges. When the prisoner, deposing for this excuse with all the flowers of speech in the royal Irish vocabulary, how all the surfeit of coppers had fallen off him while he was trying to light his pipe – it was attempted by the Crown to prove that King, alias Crowbar, had rubbed pieces of ALP peat over his face with Clane turf (see glossary, p. 45) as the best means of disguising himself. A gathering convened to help the fellow get the muck off his face and it appeared that he had eaten one whole side of a pig-sty on a street of struggle (oh! Joyce) in order to pay back the 6/15 he owed, his rent arrears. (See Parnell on Land League question.) Murder and anguish, but a new complexion was put on the matter when the defendant, as soon as the muck had been removed from his face, declared on oath that if live pigs followed him about, you couldn't call it stealing and despite what had been sworn to, he had not fired a stone. He had never thrown a stick or stone at man (p. 91, Joyce is speaking of himself in the sentence beginning AND, INCIDENTALISING). The owner in the hall laughed and the fighter giving testimony of himself, joined in. The four justices laid their wigs together, Un-tie-us, Munch-us, Punch-us, and pile-axe, but could do no worse than promulgate their verdict, and King (the defendant, nickname of Parnell) turned his pockets inside out to show they were empty and prove himself a real gentleman.

And so she and her husband were talking over all the past events and well, even if the framing of such figments does not bring the truth to life, by such playing possum our ancestor managed to stay alive. But gun dogs were out after him, keen for the worry. They chased him and by the spell of hesitancy (see glossary, p. 133) they took him. The assembly men began to murmur. Parnell's life was feared for, no one knew the cause of his illness, but an infamous private ailment had claimed endright, closed his vicious circle (see *The life of Parnell* by Mrs. O'Shea). They wrapped up their accusations in letters written by Pigott and claimed that the Chief had been guilty of real murder. (See articles in *The London Times* on "Parnellism and Crime.") The outstanding man and his lady (Parnell and Kitty O'Shea) being litten for the long lifes night (o land, how long!), let us be still, O quick! Speak him dumb! Hush ye fronds of Ulma! By what FULLPRIED PAULPOISON IN THE SPY (pay of the English spy system) OF THREE CASTLES OR BY WHICH HATE-FILLED SMILEY-SELLER was he doomed to death?

Ireland, who shuttered him after his fall and raised the keen over his grave, will not rest from her running to seek him until such time as his enormousness shall have been hidden in the search for the Pearl-far sea and dragging the countryside after her, she will ride forth to crush the slander's head.

Book I • Section 5 (pp. 104-125)

The Poet Joyce

The many names of Anna Livia Plurabelle repeat the themes enumerated in the opening paragraphs—every phrase bears a direct reference to Ireland or to himself; many are the names of songs.

E'EN THO' I GRANNY A-BE HE WOULD FAIN ME CUDDLE is the story of Grainne and Dairmuid, which is early Irish. It refers to the beautiful young princess whose hand Finn asked in marriage and who, by a ruse, escaped with one of his officers and it tells how she was pursued all over Ireland, but Finn never succeeded to capture the fleeing couple. Padraic Pearse reads very deep motifs into this story, which he believes resembles and foreshadows the story of the Cross.

FROM THE RISE OF THE DUDGE PUPUBLIC TO THE FALL OF THE POTSTILLE—if one wants to understand how the rise of the Dutch Republic affected the plan of the Irish to gain freedom from England, one should read Volume 2 of Wolfe Tone's *Autobiography*.

TO KEEP THE HUSKIES OFF THE HUSTINGS is at once a reference to Yeats and his Principle of Husk and a reference to the manipulation of elections. *The Political Writings of Edmund Burke* carry several examples and tell how a man seized the hustings to affect public opinion in his favour and won elections for boroughs which had not had representation previously—part of the struggle between the Tories and Whigs for control of the government.

Joyce says his poem sounds like Kidoooleyoon (see glossary, p. 151). Who wrote the durn things? Describes himself and his life in one of the frequent and always funny and always sad ways he has, and counsels to have patience, which quality he told us in *Stephen Hero* he considered one of the prime ingredients of classicism in art.

We who live under heaven, we of the shamrock, have often watched the sky overreaching the land (read Fiona MacLeod: *Iona*). Our island is holy. That stern chuckler, destiny, once said that Ireland was the one place in the world where the possible was the improbable and the improbable the inevitable. (Joyce is here quoting exactly from a famous Irishman.)

Yes, before all this has time to end, the golden age must return. Woman with her ridiculous white burden will reach by one step sublime incubation, the manewanting human lioness with her dishorned discipular manram will lie down together publicly flank upon fleece.

We note the paper with her jotty young watermark: Notre Dame du Bon Marché. She is not out to dazzledazzle – she wants to tell the god's (see Hermes above p. 95) truth about him. Let us now talk straight turkey. I am a worker, a tombstone mason, anxious to place every buries and glad when Christmas comes. You are a poor Joyce, anxious to police (please) nobody. We can not see eye to eye. We know that Father Michael equals the old regime and Margaret is the social revolution. If the church were to preach the language of lovers, where would all their practice be, and where would the human race be if it listened to the church's language about sin? (Blake: *What is religion and what is a theatre, are they two or one? What is a wife and what is a harlot? Are they two or one?*)

So hath been, so will be.

When someone who peered at Joyce's composition noticed that it bore all over it the four-leaved shamrock, wherever the script was clear, and that both shamrock and quadrifoil represented the same subject, they realized the whole letter (*FW*) represented the exploits of Finn MacCool when he was in the Queens Country with men who worshipped Sol, and Druids had the speech of kings.

Book I • Section 5 (pp. 104-125)

History of Ireland

This is the Rebus de Hibernicis (the conundrum of Ireland). It will concern itself with Anna Stessa's Rise to Notice, with *The Drapier Letters* of Swift, *The Tale of a Tub*, the Log of Anny to the Base All (see the diagram in *FW* on p. 293), the insurrection of Pearse, the actions of Big Arthur Devlin, the College on Stephens Green, and the first and last true account of Ireland (paraphrasing the wording of Kitty O'Shea's book about Parnell).

The study requires patience. If we are to read the letter about Ireland, we must look beneath the surface.

Midwinter was in the offing and Primavera promising April, when an iceclad shiverer noticed a hen scratching in cop-shoot (or Dublin for short). Who but little Kevin would ever have found a reason for becoming a saint through the finding of the Ardagh Chalice (see glossary, p. 10) by a child who was digging for potatoes? Heated residence in the heart of Dublin (the orange-flavoured mudmound – see glossary, p. 192) had obliterated the facts of Ireland's past, but the gloompourers who announce the decline of letters have not been quite their old selves since the day Biddy Doran

looked at literature. As we go over the records of the past we notice that it is written in ogham (see glossary, p. 187), where more than half the lines run north-south and the others go east-west. This type of writing predates Christianity in Ireland, but the use of the Irish cudgel, the shillelagh, shows an advance from the stage of savagery to barbarism!

The record has also acquired accretions of terrificous matter while loitering in the past. Whether the letters contain thumbprints or made-marks or just bear some artless trait, it is best to remember that both before and after the Battle of the Boyne, between the Irish defending James as their king and the army of King William, it was not always a habit to sign letters. So we have to examine more personal marks. The history of Ireland is a human story and despite all that has happened, we are not cornered yet. We can recall with the Volunteers (see glossary, p. 267) and it is sweeter now in Dublin than it was a year ago.

The story in the letter is told in many languages. Shelta (Read MacAlister: *Secret Languages of Ireland*), neutral idiom, street-arab, before the time of Pearse (see glossary, p. 202). We in our wee Free State, holding to that prestatute in our charter, may have irremovable doubts as to the sense of Irish history, however unfettered our *Irish Daily* (newspaper) independence, but we must never vaunt any doubt as to its genuineness. And England (bafflelost bull) (this is to tell you) the affair of the Free State is a thing once for all done.

But this statement of downright "There you are" is only all in his eye, because every person, place, and thing in the cosmos was moving and changing every part of the time, so we ought to be thankful we have a scrap of paper to show for ourselves, after all that Ireland has lost and been plundered of, to the very furthest corners of her earth, and all she has endured and we should cling to this charter of a Free State as with drowning hands, hoping against hope all the while that things will begin to clear up a bit one way or another.

Duff Muggli first called this paddy-go-easy partnership the Ulyssean perplex and stated that in the case of the little understood Homeric original associated with the name of *Ulysses*, (made up, as has been shown by Victor Bérard, the French Homeric scholar, from *periploi* which were professional nautical guides of those ancient times), this work has been cleverly capsized and saucily republished as a Baedeker's Guide to Ireland (a statement of exactly what Joyce did). By which Joyce means that he is weaving a living tale from the bare facts of history, geography, etc. about his motherland, as Homer wove a living story from the dry bones of the *periploi* employed by the Greek sailors in Homer's day, which were made up from the then-known data pertaining to the Mediterranean. (Read Bérard: *Homer et les phéneciens*.)

Book I • Section 5 (pp. 104-125)

Daily Life

This section is devoted to the manifest of Anna Livia Plurabelle. It is in the form of a letter found in a refuse heap by a hen, Biddy Doran. It originated in Boston and imitates the style of a homesick Irish immigrant. The envelope should be examined with the greatest care since it is the enveloping facts in any given situation which have brought about the facts as contained in the letter. Joyce warns us that we avoid studying the actual media res from which the history of his country developed and that this letter he is writing (*FW*) will therefore try to describe in full measure the enveloping facts out of which her life has developed as it is.

Pages 119-123 copy the rhythm and style of *The Book of Kells* by Edward Sullivan. This section also imitates the analysis of the Phaestos Disk by Sir Arthur Evans in *The Palace of Minos at Knossos* and shows a close familiarity with the manner of scholarship in the fields of anthropology, archaeology, ancient religions and ancient manuscripts. The *Tiberiast* is quoted night and morning by his friend, Jane Ellen Harrison, author of *Themis*.

Book I • Section 6 (pp. 126-168)

The Poet Joyce

This section is to me intensely pleasant because of the thrill I experienced when I found in early Gaelic literature, not one, but many examples of a form precisely like this question and answer method, thus substantiating to myself a hunch that Joyce looked on himself as an ollave, that he hoped to prove to those who could understand that he was the finest, most gifted, greatest in all ways ollave that Ireland had yet produced. His closeness to his motherland is especially apparent in this section. The love he bore Ireland squeezed from him every drop of blood he had. He says at the end of *Pomes Penyeach* and again in *Ulysses*, "Me then. And me now." He loved passionate women, drinking, singing and the arts of life, but when his Mistress called him, he obeyed and she drained from him every ounce of his strength, so that he was operating almost like a recording instrument; the awareness he had developed was so severe that he literally could not stop hearing inside himself the voices of the past and the rhythms of the language in which he hoped to incite his countrymen's ardour; for this holy possession by his task I worship Joyce and consider that no finer poet has lived. I place him beside Pindar—the two voices that will live forever.

Book I • Section 6 (pp.126-168)

History of Ireland

Who do you know tonight, ladies and gentlemen? . . . The poet strides into their midst and in the charming, fun-loving atmosphere of the youthful gatherings in Joyce's previous books, prepares to sit down among his companions and draw out by his questions the elucidation of Finn MacCool, the hero of Irish myth par excellence, the poet and master spirit of Erin, who is also Joyce himself.

The echo is where in the back of the woods; call him forth! This reminds us exactly of the opening scene in Darrel Figgis' *Return of the Hero*, where the sleeping giant Finn is seen lying across the landscape and where persons of the Christian era look on in wonderment as he awakes. This book should be read.

All of the questions in Question 1. refer to Finn, then to Joyce, then to Finn, then to Joyce:

- a. What second-to-none myther? obviously Finn and equally obviously Joyce.
- b. KILLED HIS OWN HUNGERY SELF IN ANGER AS A YOUNG MAN? Beautiful, passionate statement of Joyce's obedience.
- c. IS ESCAPE-MASTER-IN-CHIEF FROM ALL SORTS OF HOLDINGPLACES? obviously Finn, equally obviously Joyce.
- d. cashes his check at Bank of England and endorses his doom at chapel exit? Joyce referring to his allowance from Miss Harriet Weaver, which enabled him to write without starving, and to his refusal to become a Jesuit.
- e. hands his secession to the new particius but plumps PLEBOMATICALLY FOR THE BLOODY OLD CENTURIES? Read the *Colloquy of the Ancients*.
- f. BELIEVES IN EVERYMAN HIS OWN GOALDKEEPER AND IN AFRICA FOR THE FULLBLACKS
- g. though his heart soul and spirit turn to far-off times, his love, faith and hope stick to futurism.

This statement of belief on Joyce's part is very like a similar statement made by John Mitchel in his *Jail Journal*: "That may do well enough for you and me, Mr. Knox (John Martin, Mitchel's brother-in-law, who was also exiled to Van Diemen's Land; John Knox was his nickname) but for Reilly (Thomas Devin Reilly, whose brief passionate life was spent in devotion to Ireland), action in his life. In this same vehement action and passion; in this grapple and struggle with fate and the busy world, in exercising, and even wantonly wasting every faculty and energy of mind and body, fitfully flashing out the rays of his intellect, be it to illuminate or to set on fire—that restless spirit finds its only joy, its only possibility of being. Bring him here, and he would hang himself on a gum tree. Rather let him expend himself there in fighting Fogies, in crushing joyfully under his heel the head of humbug and cant. He has, at all events, a noble aim, and he will prosecute it nobly. Like Ram-Das, that Hindoo saint or god, he feels that there is fire enough in his body to burn up all the baseness and poltroonery in the world. Let him fire away."

" 'But he will perish.' Let him perish. It will be in a great cause—and to *have* an aim and a cause, is not this happiness? How many are there of all the human race who have faith in anything, or aspiration after anything higher than their daily bread and beer, their influence, social position, respectability in the eyes of the unrespectable world? Even in this very devout, almost despairing loyalty to his discrowned Queen and Mother, Ireland, is there not a joy, that colder, tamer spirits never know?"

The answer to all these questions, each one of which refers to an actuality either of the life of Ireland or of his own life—as for instance on page 130 FORTH OF HIS PIERCED PART CAME THE WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS referring to the death of all her heroes, to Padraic Pearse, to the Ireland of the future (woman of his dreams) and to the universal Adam and Eve, is Finn MacCool, the hero who was, who is, and who will awake and return again.

2. Does your mother know your radio message?

Does Ireland hear the poem Joyce is sending?

Joyce answers: If cold Ecclesiastes could espy her pranklings, they'd bursts bounds again and renounce their ruings, and denounce their doings, for river and ever, and a night. Amin!

3. Which title is the proper description of Ireland's actions?

Joyce hits out at the citizens of Ireland who accepted their fate without supporting their leaders and answers fiercely:

THINE OBESITY, O CIVILIAN, HITS THE FELICITUDE OF OUR ORB!

4. What Irish capitol city has the largest park (Phoenix) in the world, the most expensive brewing industry (Guinness), the most expansive thoroughfare (James Street with James's Gate. See the map of Dublin in the *Blue Guide* for Ireland) and the greatest drinkers?

a-b-c-d equal Dublin, spelled to suggest the four great ports of Ireland: Belfast, Cork, Dublin and Galway.

5. What poor dog has been at the bottom of all this mess?

Answer—poor old Joe.

6. What means the saloon slogan?

Answer—talk (instead of action. Read *The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation* and John Mitchel's *Jail Journal* and it will be readily perceivable how Ireland has always tried to be too gentlemanly and should long ago have grasped guns to defend herself with.)

7. This question means the same thing—who put off solutions in talk, when action was called for, and failed to support their leaders—the Murphys.

8. And how did the wars of Ireland proceed?

The answer is given in a strict form of early Gaelic literature, samples of which can be found in the *Festology of Aengus Céilé Dé*, called, *Conachlann*, or what modern Gaelic scholars call in English, "chain-verse", an arrangement of metre by which the first words of every succeeding quatrain are identical with the last words of the preceding one.

9. Now, to be on anew and basking again in the panorama of all flowers of speech, if a human being duly fatigued by his day in the city, having plenty

of time on his gouty hands and vacants of space at his sleepish feet and as hapless behind the dreams of accuracy as any Camelot Prince of Denmark, were at this actual futile preteriting instant accorded through the eye of a needle, behold at once what is main and why tis twain (Ireland), what would the fargazer seem to see?

Answer: A collide-or-scape (a land where a collision between the ruling English and the native Irish was inevitable).

10. What bitters love but yearning, what sours love much but a brief burning, till She that draws smoke doth return?

Answer: in the language of Swift to his Stella and of Wolfe Tone to his wife, both of whom used "Pepette" constantly—Tone, no doubt, in deep admiration and imitation of Swift, for whom he felt reverence. (It was from Tone that Ireland learned to value Swift in his true light. It is obligatory to read both men in order to understand Joyce. I find most illuminating of all Swift's works as regards Ireland, *The Drapier's Letters*.)

11. If you met on a binge a poor exiled from Ireland, when the tune of his tremble shook Jimmy, if he moaned and muttered in misery, making plaint of his plight, or played fox and lice, picking his teeth and losing them, or wringing his hands for peace, the blind blighter, praying Deaf and Dumb nostrums for though-me-thinks-to-death; if he wept while he leapt and guffawed with a whimper, made cold blood a blue Monday and no bones without flesh, taking kiss, cake or kick with a suck, sigh, or simper, a devil for learning and a devil for lechering; if the member of the Sinn Feiners begged you in Ireland's name to save his immortal country by martial methods, wee skill-mastered soul with his how-do-you-do, to his woe-maid's sins he was partial, we don't think, Jones, we'd care to (meet this poor devil) this evening, would you?

Answer: No!

And there follows one of the most adorable passages in all literature: the fable of the Mookse and the Gripes, and then Joyce's grande finale which announces the closing of the present primary cycle and the opening of the new-old aristocratic cycle, when gods shall walk again on the earth. See Yeats, Jane Ellen Harrison, Darrel Figgis, et al.

THE THUNDERING LEGION HAS STORMED OLYMP THAT IT END. (See the distinction drawn so clearly by Miss Harrison between the early religion of Greece and the gods of Olympus, prevailing at Greece's decline.) TWELVE TABULAR TIMES TILL NOW HAVE I EDICTED IT. Death (of an era) I salute thee! My famous themis (see Jane Ellen Harrison's

book by that name; she was one of the signers to the famous plea for *Ulysses*)
race is run, so let Democracy and the rule of the devil take the hindmost!
Those old diligences (form of light carriage) are quite out of date. My
unchanging Word is sacred. The word is my Wife, to exhibit and to expound,
to vend and venerate and may the curlews crown our nuptial! Till Breath us
depart!

12. Sacer esto? Art thou holy?

Answer: Semus sumus! James (Seumas, pronounced "Shay mus"), that's us!

Book I • Section 7 (pp. 169-195)

The Poet Joyce

In this section Joyce speaks directly; in Wolfe Tone, in Thomas Devin Reilly, in Bishop Berkeley, in John Toland, we can hear the same bitter Irish wit. He describes himself as the people of Ireland have described him and lays it on thick for good measure. One can find in his *Letters*, where he makes quotation of some of the helpful remarks made by relatives and friends on his second trip back to Ireland, when he realized that he and his country were severed forever, some of the identical phrases used in context here. One can read in the *Letters of Ibsen* an almost identical experience, so that they both sought refuge from the dead provincial narrowness of their contemporaries in Italy, a land which has soothed Rimbaud, Yeats, Pound, Goethe, Stendhal, Ibsen, Keats, Shelley and Joyce. Quite a number of great men to have nourished, O Italia!

In Joyce the fight was aggravated because he was not only a Catholic who had eschewed Catholicism and had preached against the harm it was doing to his people, but he was a non-Gaelic enthusiast, refusing to believe that any artificial prolongation of the Gaelic language and customs could be of any use to his people, so that he was a double-dyed villain, with not a single group, however small, to join hands with. Over and above this, he subscribed to none of the small carefulnesses of the Philistine's day, daring, in a land notorious for its worship of chastity, to attack the whole institution of marriage and openly defying it by living most of his life with a woman he had chosen, but had not wed.

His contempt for the many who hovered near him in Europe was also very great; none of them understood him, nor his work, nor took the necessary pains to discover what he was about, but simply delivered themselves of important-sounding pronunciamientos which sounded learned, but were actually balderdash. GIVING UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY ON BEHALF OF THE ABSENT, UNCONSCIOUSLY EXPLAINING WITH A METICULOSITY BORDERING ON THE INSANE THE VARIOUS MEANINGS OF ALL THE DIFFERENT FOREIGN PARTS OF SPEECH HE MISUSED... LEAVING OUT, OF COURSE, THE SIMPLE WARP AND WOOF OF THE WRITING THEY HAD CORNERED HIM ABOUT UNTIL THERE WAS NOT A SNOOZER AMONG THEM BUT WAS UTTERLY UNDECEIVED... BY THE RECITAL OF THE RIGMAROLE.

The ballad re-states his doctrine, THE WORD IS MY WIFE, TO VEND AND TO VENERATE, quoted above, and reaffirms his having taken the Word as his Spouse. He reviews Irish history and assures that until England is done for, Ireland will endure

and go on her own way, and cheers for the fact that the whole point of his BALLAD OF PERSSE O'REILLY has been missed.

He affirms again his method of epiphanies, explained in *Stephen Hero*, WHAT DO YOU THINK VULGARIANO DID BUT STUDY WITH STOLEN FRUIT HOW CUTELY TO COPY ALL THEIR VARIOUS STYLES OF SIGNATURE (it can be shown, as I hope to do in a later volume, that he has imitated exactly, as to rhythm, hundreds of famous writings, so that anyone familiar with the originals can at once detect the likeness, thus to catch and hold the likeness of the image of each famous author Ireland has birthed) TO UTTER AN EPICAL FORGED CHEQUE (FW) ON THE PUBLIC FOR HIS PRIVATE PROFIT.

DO YOU HOLD YOURSELF THEN FOR SOME GOD IN THE MANGER, SHEHOHEM, THAT YOU WILL NEITHER SERVE NOT LET SERVE, PRAY NOR LET PRAY? One must study Yeats' *Adoration of the Magi* and *Tables of the Law* in order to understand this question. Also there is much of Blake in this question.

NOW ERE THE COMPLINE HOUR OF BEING ALONE AT-HANDS ITSELF AND A PUFF OR SO BEFORE WE YIELD OUR SPIRITUS TO THE WIND, FOR... ALL THAT HAS BEEN DONE HAS YET TO BE DONE AGAIN, WHEN DAY'S WOE, AND LO, YOU'RE DOOMED, JOYDAY DAWNS AND LA, YOU DOMINATE.

Part I • Section 8 (pp. 196-216)

The Poet Joyce

This section is about Anna Livia Plurabelle. Her name is derived as follows:

Ana: the name of one of the oldest goddesses of life.

Livia: from the river Life, or Liffey, which flows past Dublin, and the word to live.

Plurabelle: the variety and wonder of life's plurality.

The rhythmical structure of this tribute to life is its meaning. Joyce felt the rhythms strongly, and his recital from memory, in a recording of this passage, was the performance of a true ollave; in ancient days, part of the requirement of a chief poet was that he be able to put a large roomful of people literally to sleep—lulled in the wash of his soothing rhythms. In this section Joyce proves his prowess in the soothing arts of the ollave; he commands the sense of the on-flowing of life in rhythms which compel the easing of tension and the gradual surrender of the powers of the waking consciousness. BUT TIMES WILL TELL. I KNOW TIME WILL. TIME UNTAMED WILL STAY FOR NO MAN. AS YOU SPRING, SO SHALL YOU NEAP. YOUR TIDE WILL RISE AS HIGH AS YOU SEND IT. ANNA—BORN ARISTOCRAT NIVIA, DAUGHTER OF SENSE AND ART THEY DID WELL TO RECHRISTIE HER PLUHURABELLE.

Part I • Section 8 (pp. 196-216)

History of Ireland

Like Santa Claus at the cry of the pale and puny, listening to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling Isolabella, then running with reconciled Romulus and Remus, on like a leek to be off like a dart, then bathing dirty hands' spatters with spittle, with a Christmas box a piece for each and every one of her childer, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gave her, and the list is as follows:

A tinker's bann and a wheelbarrow in which to place a turf fire on which to cook his supper for Gipsy Lee (see MacAlister: *Secret Languages of Ireland* for the tinker's life in Ireland, in the aspects of it concerning language); a prodigal

heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the pride of Clonliffe (see glossary, p. 48); a loaf of bread and a father's early aim for Val (Vousden) (see glossary, p. 268) from Skibereen; a jaunting car for Larry Doolin, the Ballyclee jackeen (see *Ulysses*); a hairclip (reference to the Church's tonsure, different in Ireland) and clackdish for Penceless Peter (see glossary, p. 201); that Twelve Pounds Look for G. V. Brooke (the play of J. M. Barrie's which the English actors produced while Joyce was their business manager); Wildair's breechettes for Magpeg Woppington (see *Peg Woppington* by Charles Reade; she wore breeches on the stage when she took the part of *Wildair* apparently with immense success!); snakes in clover, Pict and Scot and a Vaticanned viper catcher's visa for Presbyterians; an Easter egg with a twice-dated shell for Paul the Curate; a star and garter (read *Chronicles of Froissart*) for origin of the this order of knights) for Draper and Dean (see glossary, p. 75); for Oliver Bound a way in his frey (read Wm. Butler Yeats: *A Vision*); for Seumas, thought little, a crown he feels big (himself); a tibertine's pile with a Congoswood cross on the back for sunny Jim (his nickname at home and his school); for Ludmilla, a book (Ludmilla Slavitzsky, who translated *Exiles* into French and in whose apartment Joyce lived for a while, while in Paris); a pair of Blarney Braggs for Wally Meagher (see glossary, p. 171); a stiff steaded rake and good various muck for Kate the Cleaner (the same Kate (Ireland) who keeps the museum on page 10 *FW*); a hole in the ballad of Persse O'Reilly for Hosty (see glossary, p. 136); a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the ashpit (his *FW*); spas and speranza and symposiums syrup for decayed and blind and gouty Gough (Brigadier-General Sir Hubert Gough, who turned in his commission in the British Army rather than carry out the command to enforce Home Rule on Ireland, which would have meant his firing on Ulstermen, to make them join Ireland, thus Gough is the one responsible for the division of Ireland which remains today. Read *Mutiny at the Curragh* by A. P. Ryan); a change of naves for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence (the nave in St. Patrick's Cathedral which is called after St. Lawrence, the first of whom to bear which name was the Sir Amory Tristram who became Earl of Howth and is the one mentioned on the opening page of *FW*, does not bear the remains of St. Lawrence, although the nave is dedicated to him!); all lock and no stable for Honorbright Merreytrickx (which is tops in Irish humour—read Sean O'Casey's letter to Joyce about the attribution of *FW* to Sean O'Casey in an Irish newspaper, as typical of the "merry tricks" the Irish are capable of) and to each of 25 daughters she gave a moonflower and a bloodvein; but the grapes that ripe before reason to them that divide the

vinedress. (This is part of Joyce's prediction of our return to the ancient divine names, one of whom, Dionysus, god of the vine and ecstasy, he marked out as sitting it out in a dull corner, his wine-flask at his side, hearing, but not heeding all the bad names he has been called during the last two thousand years. This ties in with the entire rhythm of the book as presaging a return to an era characterised by joy, love of life, the aristocratic code and the worship of beauty. Read Yeats and Ibsen.)

What age is at? It soon is late. (Yeats had predicted in *A vision* the quick close of our own era, which would bring all the idolatrous, democratic masses down from their usurpation, the priest and the magistrate broken in their power and arising in the distance, the sound of the Pipes of Pan.) The wind is rising. Where now are all her childer? In Kingdom gone, or power to come, or Gloria be to them farther? All alive, answers Joyce. In his Mangan essay he had stated, IN THOSE VAST COURSES WHICH ENFOLD US AND IN THAT GREAT MEMORY WHICH IS GREATER AND MORE GENEROUS THAN OUR MEMORY, NO LIFE, NO MOMENT OF EXALTATION IS EVER LOST; AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE WRITTEN NOBLY HAVE NOT WRITTEN IN VAIN, THOUGH THE DESPERATE AND WEARY HAVE NEVER HEARD THE SILVER LAUGHTER OF WISDOM.

PART II in general

SYMBOLISM

The First Principle of
Yeats, equivalent to the
Past, symbolically the
human body, known to
Yeats as *Husk*

HISTORY OF

IRELAND

BUT TIME IS FOR
TALERMAN (Joyce)
TASTING HIS TAP.
(Announcing the reversal
of orders, *tap* as the
opposite of *pat*.)
FW p. 319

DAILY LIFE

His own.
AND OIL PAINT USE A
PUMME IF YELL TRACE ME
THERE TITLE TO WHERE
WAS A HOVEL
FW p. 230

Part II • Section I (pp. 219-259)

The Poet Joyce

Part II of *FW* is built closely around the movement of the world described in Yeats' *Vision*. It represents clearly the barrier between the two opposed forces—there are artists who are concerned with problems of time, approached through subjectivity, and critics concerned with problems of space, approached through objectivity.

GLUGG is Joyce

CHUFF is Wyndham Lewis and Joyce's other critics. He clearly places himself amongst the creators, rather than with the scientists. He says that Humpty Dumpty Dublin, having fallen many times, always revives. Her play is given before the powers of English government, strengthened by the Irish soldiers enlisted in the English army.

GLUGG—Bold Bad Bleak Boy = Joyce

CHUFF—Fine frank fairhaired fellow = all who are successfully living off the fat of the land, approved of and approving of the powers that be = St. John Gogarty and his fellow members of the Kildare Club.

ANN = life

HUMP = the actualizing in human life during the present

KATE = Ireland

TIME = the present

He describes the scenery in identically the same way as Yeats does in many of his plays; notably *The Herne's Egg*, where the backdrop and props are not meant to look real, but are suggested symbolism.

Chuffy was an angel, but the devil unself was in Glugg. They are met face to face. Stop, who goes there? accosts the angel, holding up his sword.

A space: "Who are you?"

Answer: "The cat's mother." This answer refers to Yeats' poetry, where he identifies the moon as mother of the cat Mamelushe. The entire attitude explained by Yeats in *A Vision* is included in this answer—the gyre of the rational—sun-directed, scientific, democratic world is running down and the gyre of the intuitional, moon-directed, artistic, aristocratic world, gathering strength.

A time: "What do you lack?"

Answer: "The look of a queen." Joyce replies that in our age there is nothing noble, nor authoritative. But what is that which he is going to prevision for us? He seeks, buzzing his brains, the finder.

ON THE OTHER HAND HE WAS PERSUADED THAT NO ONE SERVED THE GENERATION INTO WHICH HE HAD BEEN BORN SO WELL AS HE WHO OFFERED IT, WHETHER IN HIS ART OR IN HIS LIFE, THE GIFT OF CERTITUDE.

The how to say to it is, what is what is he must who must worden shall. A dark tongues conning. O Theo peril! (He asks in all the old places of great writing, philosophy and religion, but can not find the answer.) At last he realized how life pranked along so jauntily and no word came to him from the wordless either—he was hard set then and fled. Glugg, in his subconscious depths, did not know how it went with his mother (Ireland), but he struggled on as best he could alone. He would, with the greatest of ease, fire off his first epistle to the Highbrows! He is General Jinglesome (Wyndham Lewis had attacked him as "JingleJoys"). He would bare to the untired world of Leinster, Munster, Connaught and Ulster how her Ladyship (his motherland, Ireland) had never ceased to awaken those who could cook up a fine concoction since the time the land of Ireland had been split by English rule. He would just set it all down in black and red (see glossary, pp. 135-6), a most miraculous jeremiad sin-book for all the peoples, after torments of a thousand years, bread cast out on waters, making good at maturity, My Madamoiseau of the New House. He would sit through several centuries so as to meet somewhere payment in go-to-sleep music and when he failed to finger the flute, she could have all the worldly goods she cared for, including science of sonorous silence, while he, being reared on soul butter, has recourse to poetry.

And I'll paint youse a poem if you'll trace my title to where was a hovel (that is, to the *Adoration of the Magi* by Yeats, where wisdom is a woman lying on a bed in a hovel.) This is the first riddle of the universe. (If you understand all that Yeats and Joyce have meant, the title *Finnegans Wake* will become clear in its meaning.)

His mouthful of ecstasy shot up through the error—root (tooth) of his wisdom. This is a double reference to Finn's ability to solve problems through placing his thumb on his tooth and to the doctrine of Blake which Joyce accepted, that for genius there is no error—he employs all mistakes.

Old cocker, young crowy (see cry of the cock in *Adoration of the Magi*) like father, like son. A new Bran (Finn's finest dog), speedhound, outstripperous on the wind (see James Stephens: *Boyhood of Fionn*). He (the poet) is guessing at hers (his Ireland) for all he is worth. Hark to the wild geese (see glossary, p. 276) goosling by and play fair,

lady (Ireland). And note that they who will for exile say “Can” for God, while them that won’t leave either end, say “Now” for know. (We have again the wills gen the won’ts—those who obey their Holy Ghost and those who refuse to listen to commands thus transmitted.)

What era’s o’ering? Selene, sail O! Quiet takes back her folded fields. The time of lying together will come and the wildering of the nicht till cockee-doodle aubens Aurore.

Yeats—*Suddenly the second oldest of them crowed like a cock, and until the room seemed to shake with the crowing. The woman in the bed still slept on in her death-like sleep, but the woman who sat by her head crossed herself and grew pale, and the youngest of the old men cried out: “A devil has gone into him, and we must be gone or it will go into us also.” Before they could rise from their knees a resonant chanting voice came from the lips that had crowed and said: “I am not a devil, but I am Hermes the Shepherd of the Dead, and I run upon errands of the gods, and you have heard my sign, that has been my sign, that has my sign from the old days. Bow down before her from whose lips the secret names of the immortals may come again into the world. Bow down, and understand that when they are about to overthrow the things that are today and bring the things that are yesterday, they have no one to help them, but one whom the things that are today have cast out. Bow down and very low, for they have chosen for their priestess this woman in whose heart all follies have gathered, and in whose body all desires have awaked; this Woman who has been driven out of Time, and has lain upon the bosom of Eternity.*

Part II • Section I (pp. 219-259)

History of Ireland

It’s his last lap, Gigantic, fare him well! Revelation. A fact. True bill. By a jury of matrons. His Kuran never teachit her (Ireland) the be the owner of thysel. Who not knows she (Erin), spawife to lord of manor, when she first come into the pictures more as hundreds of yards of years away, wronged by Where-wed-no-get (read Swift’s *Letter of a Distressed Lady*) and whenceforward Ani Mama terrified of mere and mountains, fur-i-bound to be back in her mountainbed (of a stream). She, she gets a pain in her tummy from the pia-labellers in their pure war. Gesticulating all around her about *Parnellism and Crime*; her sovereign lord and governor-general led her in Antient Concert Room (see: *Dubliners*) and bound her so she could not steal from him,

so if she's ever bereaved, its Ireland foots the funeral expenses. While if her lord and master would but bite and plug his tobacco pipe and renounce the devlins (see translation, p. 155) and keep the steelworkers out of the political arena and keep Ala Babba selling foul thieves, she (Ireland) would cook his dinner (read Swift: *Letter of a Distressed Lady*) and delicate her nutbrown glory cloak (read famous Irish poem—*Mo Craiveen Ban*—my nut-brown cluster) and hang herself in Ostmanstown (see glossary, p. 195) and make no more mulierage, but would undulate her Sugarloaf (mountain in Ireland) hat from Alp O'Leary (the famous Fenian; read the *Letters of John Butler Yeats*, the poet's father).

If the lubber never before laid his ear to the river, save the gire-gargoh (see Yeats' *Vision*) going on in his mount of knowledge, he would hear nothing. Hold hard! Meetings conjoin not as foreseen. Don't miss Kate. A's the sign and one's the number. (FROM *Ulysses* p. 477: THE COURT OF CONSCIENCE IS NOW OPEN, HIS MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY WILL NOW ADMINISTER OPEN AIR JUSTICE. ALL CORDIALLY INVITED, GIVEN AT THIS OUR LOYAL CITY OF DUBLIN IN THE YEAR I OF THE PARADISIACAL ERA.)

As an example of what may be found in following one of Joyce's word-motifs I have selected, TEA, an innocent enough word, which could so easily mislead into the banal.

In *Finnegans Wake* there are 53 references to TEA. Why?

"Tea" is a name which goes back into the most ancient history of Ireland. She was a princess, the daughter of Lughaidh, the son of Ith, and the wife of Heremon, the son of Milesius, earliest settler of Ireland, the story of whose coming in Keating's *General History of Ireland*, is absorbing reading. She gave orders for the building of a royal palace for herself in a place known as Teamair (now anglicized Tara), a name which it received from being her burial place.

The games at Teamair were instituted before the Christian era and lasted down to the ninth century, being solemnized about the first day in August, and obviously bearing a relation to the Olympic games, in their origin. Legend has it that they were begun by Lug, the king of the Tuatha de Danaan, in honor of Tea, at whose court Lug had been fostered and on whose death, after having her buried at this place, where he raised an immense mound over her grave, he instituted the annual games in her honor.

Eugene O'Curry says that Ollamh Fodhla erected a new court at Teamair which was called Mur Ollamhan, or Ollamh's Court; he quotes an old poem:

*Ollamh Fodhla of furious valour
Who founded the Court of Ollamh
Was the first heroic king*

That instituted the Feast of Teamair.

*He was an ollave by natural right
The powerful son of Fiacha Finscothach
Nobler than any king—royal his face
Of the race of Ir, son of Miledh.*

Joyce has woven the word TEA in and out through his poem to remind us of the fallen glory of ancient pagan Ireland, to remind us how old is the civilization of his land and to what high accomplishments she had attained while Europe was undeveloped and genuinely barbaric.

And there is this second meaning:

At the time of the American Revolution and the Boston Tea Party, Ireland was simmering as Joyce puts it. There was formed in the country a group of Volunteers who had as their purpose the establishing of the rights of their country and though it is generally unknown to Americans, the inspiration of their attained liberty aroused great emotion in Irishmen and Ireland finally won for herself an independent government, so that she enjoyed an existence as a separate nation from 1782 to 1800. At this time she was free, independent, populous; all the materials for industry were within her own realm and the freedom of trade she had acquired promised a stimulus to her commerce greater than any she had previously experienced.

She lost this freedom in a way which breaks the heart—through too generous an attitude towards England and too uncritical an attitude towards her own leaders, Mr. Flood and Mr. Grattan, whose proceedings prevented the adoption of measures which could have secured Ireland forever from any attempt to annex or unite the two nations. In the writings of Jonah Barrington there is to be found an almost day by day account of the proceedings; the Irish nature can be understood best by a perusal of the events which eventually brought her back into Union with England. It is very difficult for an American, a country which has not had a group of rich land-owning gentry whose profits and privileges depended upon England, to form a conception of how tragic the history of this valiant people is. As Pearse said, one can only now believe that Ireland's mission in the world is something other—her place, the calling to the world of ideals through her great writers.

Let us now find an instance of this second meaning in Joyce: on page 247 he says, MEN, TEACAN A TEA SIMMERING, HAMO MAVRONE KERRY O?

TEAPOTTY. TEAPOTTY. and on page 250 he adds,
LINK YOUR LEFT TO YOUR LASS OF LIBERTY, PERDITION STINKS BEFORE US.

Gaelic leagues to right of us! The foreigners locks to the left. What is a maid today to do?

Upploud! (*Up* is the slogan of the *United Irishmen*, applauding their country's freedom.)

The play is over. The curtain drops.

Uploudermain!

Gonne the gods (Maude Gonne who used her life to fight for Ireland's freedom and in support of Ireland's ancient arts).

Lots of lives have been lost in the Easter Rebellion in which Maude Gonne took part. England is snoring.

Lord, hear us.

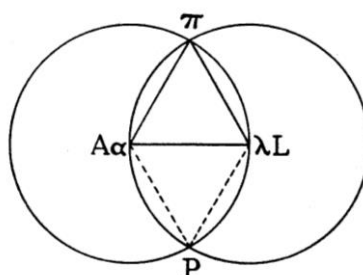
that they children of Ireland may read in the book of the opening of the mind to light, when all us romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated. And the world is maid free. Me thanks.

Lord, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughters low.

Part II • Section 2 (pp. 260-308)

The poet Joyce

This section is the most satisfying of the entire book. It contains all that has fascinated Joyce in the learning and thought of previous ages. It especially emphasizes the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley, that particulars alone govern the reality of ideas—that an abstract idea or perception can not exist, as man is able only to imagine the particular. IMAGINABLE ITINERARY THROUGH THE PARTICULAR UNIVERSAL.



The diagram represents all that Joyce has learned. It is very closely related to the diagram from the Second Book of *Milton* by William Blake and also summarises the symbolism which Yeats has employed in *A Vision*.

On page 292 Joyce has replied to his critics (among whom Wyndham Lewis' *Time and Western Man* was the ablest and most penetrating criticism, here satirised as *Spice and Westend Woman*) that if they could look inside his head they would see a new world being born out of stale words and that since reality is undivided, man is forced in representating it, to draw a line somewhere. This line, then, is his diagram.

It represents the worlds of two contraries, past and present, aristocratic and democratic, pagan and christian, etc., all the antitheses, and it is characterized by the

Egg form'd Worlds of Los

In midst, stretching from Zenith to Nadir in midst of Chaos (Milton, Bk II)

Joyce describes how to read the diagram:

Given now ann lynch you take enn all. (Given Anna Livia (AL=life) an inch, you have actually taken in everything in the universe, for the infinity included in an inch is incommensurable to the same extent as all other infinite incommensurable systems are incommensurable with one another. Which is also true of life.) A is for Anna like L is for Live (and like P is Plurabelle.) The lines which are drawn solidly represent that which has already occurred, the dotted lines represent the future. Ante Ann is like

Anna living now and Anti Ann is last to the lost (in other words, unthinkable—man can picture anything other than life).

In the diagram the line made of the letters A-L stops at Lambay, the island outside of Dublin (see glossary, p. 156) where Irish history and life naturally ends, since if you go further you are in the English Channel.

By taking O as centrum and the Greek lambda as a radius, to describe a circle, you come up with another circle. Joyce here refers to the Danish Occupants of early Dublin:

Olaf=King Olaf IV (962-81), Olaf V (1029-34), Olaf VI (1041-50), a series of whose silver coins struck during the continuous reign of these Danish kings of Dublin, brings us down to Norman times. (Another circle.)

After Makefearsome's Ocean refers to MacPherson's *Ossian*, which purported to be genuinely ancient mss of the Oisín cycle and were proven to be a hoax. Nevertheless, the Finn cycle in Irish literature, of which Oisín, the son of Finn, was a principal poet, is not a hoax. Sir William Ridgeway has given this literature considerable attention in his *Early Age of Greece*, Volume II, where he identifies these men belonging to the Fiana, and places them at the very long time when the pagan kings of Ireland were yet strong and Christianity had not yet appeared in Ireland. This big old fellow, our papacocopotl, Abraham Bradley King, fell off his magazine wall. (In other words, Dublin again changed rulers.) But thunder and turf, it's not all over yet. One recalls Byzantium. The mystery repeats itself and Anna Livia goes on singing in her humming bass yesterday and tomorrow forever. When I'm dreaming back like that I begin to see we're only all telescopes. Or the "Come all you" sounds (a song sung by his father and himself).

Returning to his diagram he says, "I bring down O and carry nothing. Now springing quicken- (one of the native trees of Ireland used by the Druids for making wands)—ly from the marshlands near Lucan with (The Hill of) Allen (where Finn dwelt) as her Elder (another Irish tree) tetraturn a somersault. Watch and you'll have the whole angle of the diagram made clear in its meaning. Gyre O, gyre O, gyrotundo!

In *A vision*, Yeats explains his use of the word "gyre" as follows.

The first gyres clearly described by philosophy are those described in the Timaeus, which are made by the circuits of "the Other" (creators of all particular things) of the planets as they ascend or descend above or below the equator. They are opposite in nature to that circle of the fixed stars which constitutes "the same" and confers upon us the knowledge of universals. Alcemon, a pupil of Pythagoras, thought that men die because they can not join their beginning and their end. Their serpent has not its tail in its mouth. But my friend, the poet and scholar

Dr. Sturm, sends me an account of gyres in St. Thomas Aquinas: the circular movement of the angels which, though it imitates the circle of "the Same", seems as little connected with the visible heavens as figures drawn by my instructors, his straight line of the human intellect and his gyre, the combination of both movements, made by the ascent and descent of angels between man and God.

Now, as will presently be felt, there's two tricklesome point where our twain of doubling bicirculars, meeting approximately in their "sweet by and bye" dunloop into each other. Look it here!

Yeats says: My instructors used this single cone, but soon changed it for a double cone, preferring to consider subjectivity and objectivity as intersecting states struggling one against the other. In what I call the cone of the Four Faculties, which are what man has made in a past or present life, I shall speak later of what makes man—the subjective cone is called that of the antithetical tincture because it is achieved and defended by continual conflict with its opposite; the objective cone is called that of the primary tincture because whereas subjectivity—in Empedocles "Discord" as I think—tends to separate man from man, objectivity brings us back to the mass where we begin.

I see where you are me. The doubleviewed seeds. Returning to the diagram, I would like to make a capital "P" for Pride down there on the bottom, where Adam and Eve our Masterbuilder, balked his bawd of paradise. And you go, Heremon-descendant (see glossary, p. 128) and make your modest "P" up at your end. (See the diagram in the text of FW.) Where your apex of Jesus will be a point of order.

Yeats: At the birth of Christ took place, and at the comping antitethical influx will take place, a change equivalent to the interchange of the tinctures. The cone shaped like an ace of diamonds—in the historical diagram the cone is folded upon itself—is Solar, religious, vital; those shaped like an hour-glass Lunar, political and secular.

The wheel of the Four Principles completes its movement in four thousand years. The life of Christ corresponds to the mid-period between birth and death; AD 1050 corresponds to death; the approaching influx to the mid-point between death and birth.

Are you right there, Michael, are you right? (Michael is Michael Robartes of Yeats' *Second Coming*, quoted herewith.)

Robartes copied out and gave to Aherne several mathematical diagrams from the Speculum squares and spheres, cones made up revolving gyres intersecting each other at various angles, figures sometimes of great complexity. His explanation of these obtained invariably from the followers of Kusta-ben-Luki, is founded upon a single fundamental thought. The mind, whether expressed in history or in the individual life has a precise movement, which can be quickened or slackened, but not fundamentally altered and this movement can be expressed by a mathematical form.

To the Judwalis as interpreted by Michael Robartes, all living mind has likewise a fundamental mathematical movement, however adapted in plant or animal or man to particular circumstance, and when you have found this movement you can foretell the entire future of that mind. A supreme religious act of their faith is to fix the attention on the mathematical form of this movement until the whole past and future of humanity, or of an individual man shall be present to the intellect as if it were accomplished in a single moment. The intensity of the Beatific Vision when it comes, depends upon the intensity of this realisation. It is possible in this way seeing that death is itself marked upon the mathematical figure, which passes beyond it to follow the soul into the highest heaven and deepest hell. This doctrine is not fatalistic because the mathematical figure is an expression of the mind's desire and the more rapid the development of the figure, the greater the freedom of the soul. The figure, while the soul is in the body, or suffering from the consequences of that life, is frequently drawn as a double cone, the narrow end of each cone being in the centre of the broad end of the other.

It had its origin from a straight line which represents now time, now emotion, now subjective life, and a plane at right angles to this line which represents now space, now intellect, now objective life; while it is marked out by two gyres which represent the conflict, as it were, of plane and line, by two movements, which circle about a centre, because a movement outward on the plane is checked by and in turn checks a movement onward upon the line, and the circling is always narrowing or spreading, because one movement or other is always the stronger. In other words, the human soul is always moving outward into the objective world or inward into itself; and this movement is double because the human soul would not be conscious were it not suspended between contraries, the greater the contrast, the more intense the consciousness. The man in whom the movement inward is stronger than the movement outward, the man who sees all reflected within himself, the subjective man, reaches the narrow end of a gyre at death, for death is always, even when it seems the result of accident, preceded by an intensification of the subjective life and has a moment of revelation immediately after death, a revelation which they describe as his being carried into the presence of all his dead kindred, a moment whose objectivity is exactly equal to the subjectivity of death. The objective man on the other hand, whose gyre moves outward, receives at this moment the revelation, not of himself seen from within, for that is impossible to objective man, but of himself as if he were somebody else. This figure is true also of history, for the end of an age which always receives the revelation of the character of the next age, is represented by the coming of one gyre to its place of greatest expansion and of the other, to that of its greatest contraction. At the present moment, the life gyre is sweeping outward, unlike that before the birth of Christ, which was narrowing and has almost reached its greatest expansion. The revelation which approaches will however, take its character from the contrary movement of the interior gyre. All our scientific, democratic, fact-accumulating, heterogeneous civilization belongs to the outward gyre and prepares not the continuance of itself, but the revelation is in a lightning flash, though in a flash that will not strike only in one place and will for a time be constantly repeated, of the

civilization that must slowly take its place. This is too simple a statement for much detail is possible. There are certain points of stress on outer and inner gyre, a division of each, now into ten, now into twenty-eight, stages or phases. However, in the exposition of this detail, Robartes had little help. "For a time the power will be with us, who are as like one another as the grains of sand, but when the revelation comes, it will not come to the poor, but to the great and learned and establish again for 2000 years prince and vizier. Why should we resist? Have not our wise men marked it upon the sand, and it is because of these marks made generation after generation by the old for the young, that we are named Judwalis."

Their name means makers of measures, or as we would say, of diagrams.

Now, to complete angles, join alpha to P and pull loose by the dots (as though the diagram were a cut-out). And allow me a line while I enclose space.

Yeats: *A line is a movement without extension, and so symbolical of time – subjectivity – Berkeley's stream of ideas – and a plane cutting it at right angles is symbolical of space or objectivity.*

I'll make you see figuratively the home of your eternal geo-mater. If you flung her headdress on her from under her highlows, you'd understand why Solomon (the Salmon's Son = Finn MacCool who swallowed the Salmon of Wisdom; see *Irish Fairy Tales* by James Stephens) set his seal on a hexagon (the six pointed symbol of time and eternity).

Lift by her seam hem the maidsapron of our ALP (only in those far-off times she had none!) till its lowermost point is where its navel apex will have to be (where future generations must come from). You must approach nearer as the past is dark. Light your match. And this is what you'll see. For hadn't we to gaze at and see the midden wedge, your old triagonal delta ∇ , first of all equilateral triangles, the constant of fluxion – and when the tidal wave rushes up from the Atlantic, the Delta (ALP quarters) represents his bed and bier.

In mathematical language Joyce agrees with Nietzsche in *Antichrist*: without the fruitful body not much is accomplished, since on the fulfilled flesh is the accomplishment of all spirit. Footnote 2 on page 298 states clearly, NEITHER A SOUL TO BE SAVED NOR A BODY TO BE KICKED.

And that celebrated sick age of our years has tea-spilled my hesitency. Forge away, Sunny Jim (his nickname at home). I'm only trying to bridge over the guilt of the gap in your hesitency. (your error of lack of support to your leaders, see: *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.) You are a hundred times welcome, old word-sampler, albeit you are just about as culpable as my merger would be. ...

Where is that Queen but she knows it not (see *Cathleen ni Houlihan*). Thou in scanty shanty – Bide in your hush! The law does not allow you to shout. Hail and farewell. To book alone belongs the Lo! Be. (This passage is so exquisitely beautiful I

do not wish to mar it; read carefully Yeats' *Adoration of the Magi* and then Joyce's Essay on *James Clarence Mangan*, then fill the soul with all the inner-most thoughts of Rimbaud and Nietzsche and Blake on the functions of the poet and the necessity for silence and secrecy and symbol – the poet to speak clearly to him who is ready.)

Delays are Dangerous. Quick, oh! quick. Life, drink up, quickly – tea, representing the ancient pagan nobility of Ireland and the forecast of a new aristocratic proud entrance into life, is ready.

One

Two

Three

Four

Five

Six

Seven

Eight

Nine

Ten

There sounds the hour of the beginning of the great change-over. On page 262 he prognosticates: SO BEGIN TO EAT. On page 308 he concludes: THEIR FEED BEGINS.

MAWMAW, LUK, YOUR BEEFTAY'S FIZZIN OVER.

Ibsen made clear in his *Love's Comedy* that beef-tea is the symbol for the brow-beaten state of matrimony. With Joyce's sentence at the close of this Section, signifying the breaking forth into a new era, he declares himself, like Ibsen, an enemy to dead established forms and prophesies the freedom which will carry into the desert the noble heart preparing itself to usher in the future. This is true of Ireland = mawmaw = the queen = Anna, as she will divorce herself from the unwilling partnership in her state of union with England (described by Swift in his *Letter of a Distressed Lady*) and undergo all privation, but achieve the one essential, freedom.

CHAPTER FIVE

3 TENTATIVE TRANSLATIONS

Joyce took in his youth three masters; one of them was Ibsen, from whom he learned how to escape from a narrow provincial confinement into the freedom of the wide world and how to work through all kinds of days and all conditions of health as regularly as a factory hand; one of them was Rimbaud, from whom he learned the passionate life of defiance with its weapon of silence; and one of them was William Blake, a compatriot, from whom he learned what to write.

Blake taught Joyce that the beginning lies in the end; Blake had already used the device of starting one poem with the last line of an earlier poem and Joyce, having taken the water of life as his great theme, struck off boldly in his first word to proclaim that great patient on-going with which he had closed *Ulysses*.

Vico has been proclaimed as a pattern-giver to Joyce and in the sense that the thought he expressed is basic to many of the great European thinkers and writers, this is true. However, there is a divergence between the thought of Vico and the thought of Joyce which is primary. As I understand Vico's theory, it suggests a pattern of birth, springtime, flowering and decay which brings mankind back to the identical point from which he started, to repeat again the same performance. As I understand Joyce, he agreed with a doctrine stated by Hermes Trismegistus as follows: "It is impossible that any single form should come into being which is exactly like a second, if they originate at different points and at times differently situated; the forms change at every moment in each hour of the revolution of that celestial circuit ...thus the type persists unchanged but generates at successive moments copies of itself as numerous and different as the revolutions of the sphere of heaven: for the sphere of heaven changes as it revolves, but the type neither changes nor revolves."

Howth Castle and environs was a place of springtime and love for Joyce; there is a passage in *Ulysses* which gives the beauty of its landscape as it was in Joyce's day: HIDDEN UNDER WILD FERNS ON HOWTH, BELOW US BAY SLEEPING SKY. NO SOUND. THE SKY. THE BAY PURPLE BY THE LION'S HEAD. GREEN BY DRUMLECK. YELLOWGREEN TOWARDS SUTTON. FIELDS OF UNDERSEA, THE LINES FAINT BROWN IN GRASS, BURIED CITIES. PILLOWED ON MY COAT SHE HAD HER HAIR, EARWIGS IN THE HEATHER SCRUB MY HAND UNDER HER NAPE, YOU'LL TOSS ME ALL. O WONDER! COOLSOFT WITH OINTMENTS HER HAND TOUCHED ME, CARESSED: HER EYES UPON ME DID NOT TURN AWAY. HIGH ON BEN HOWTH RHODODENDRONS A NANNY GOAT WALKING SUNFOOTED, DROPPING CURRANTS.

The story of the conquering of Howth is this: the English power in Ireland was gravely perilled when Henry II was forced to recall his son John; Henry needed a strong man to act as Viceroy and appointed De Courcy, to whom he gave license to

conquer the northern province of Ireland. This De Courcy promptly proceeded to do—he took with him his brother-in-law, Sir Armoric Tristram, born in Brittany (North Armorica) first Earl of Howth, whose name was changed to St. Laurence when he became possessor of Howth, and set out northward on a conquest of Ulster with an array of 700 men. They took the peninsula, whose name “Howth” is from the Danish “hoved” for head, and Sir Tristram’s family remained possessors of this land until Ireland became a free nation. Thus the Norman-Anglican power established itself also in the north.

The English power in Ireland grew to such an extent that they succeeded in the time of the great famine in pushing out millions of families who emigrated to North America and some few of whom actually did establish a town on the river Oconee in Georgia, with a typical Irish gesture of giving their town a motto, “Doubling all the time”. This we learn from a letter of Joyce’s, in which he explains almost all of the words of these opening paragraphs.

The scene which took place at Tara when St. Patrick confronted the power of King Laoghaire and declared his triumphant Christianity, has been described in many Irish histories: Joyce compressed time in the phrase, A VOICE FROM AFIRE BELLOWSED MISHE MISHE inasmuch as Amergin, who recited the great poem, *I am, I am* (*Mishe* is Gaelic, meaning *I am*) actually was one of the three sons of Milesius, founder of Ireland in the year of the world 2752 (years before Christ), as related by Geoffrey Keating, and the scene between St. Patrick and the druids of the high king of Ireland did not take place until 432, of the Christian era.

Any good book on the politics of Parnell describes in detail the methods by which the power of Isaac Butt was superseded; the glossary gives a brief explanation. The relationship between Jonathan Swift and the two young women who loved him can be read also in any of the good works on the life of Swift.

Joyce has given us a rough ride through certain highlights in Irish history and in his last phrase, RORY END TO THE REGGINBROW WAS TO BE SEEN RINGSOME ON THE AQUAFACE, he tells us that we are at the time of the formation of the earth. In the letter to Miss Weaver dated November 15, 1926, he explains the phrase as follows:

rory = Irish = red
rory = Latin, roridus = dewy
At the rainbow’s end are dew and the colour red;
bloody end to the lie
in Anglo-Irish = no lie
regginbrow = German regenbogen plus rainbow
ringsome = German ringsum, around

When all vegetation is covered by the flood
there are no eyebrows on the face of the Waterworld.

If we turn to William Butler Yeats and the symbolic order of life which was revealed to him, we learn that he thought of all possible life as taking place in 28 phases. Phase I is not a human phase, it is a phase when all is in a state of complete plasticity. Mind has become indifferent to good and evil, body has become undifferentiated, dough-like; the more perfect be the soul, the more indifferent the mind, the more dough-like the body; and mind and body take whatever shape, accept whatever image is imposed upon them, are indeed the instruments of supernatural manifestation, the final link between the living and more powerful beings. There may be great joy; but it is the joy of a conscious plasticity, and it is this plasticity, this liquefaction, or pounding up, whereby all that has been knowledge becomes instinct and faculty. Man is submissive and plastic and unless supersensual power intervenes, the steel-like plasticity of water where the last ripple has been smoothed away hovers over all.

Joyce dashed off a lovely little piece of doggerel to launch his *Anna Livia Plurabelle*:

Buy a book in brown paper
From Faber & Faber
To hear Annie Liffie trip, tumble and caper
Sevensinns in her singthings,
Plurabells on her prose
Sheashell ebb music wayriver she flows.

Humptydump Dublin squeaks through his nose;
Humptydump Dublin hath a horriple vorse.

That Humpty Dumpty has fallen all down through Christian minstrelsy is unfortunately not nursery tale, but fact. From the time that Ireland was linked with Rome she has been in the hands of the foreigner. Her stirrings to life came about through the organization of the *United Irishmen*, founded in 1790 by Wolfe Tone, the organization that spread the doctrine of independence throughout Ireland. Robert Emmet became a member while a student at Trinity College and went to Paris as envoy in 1800. His subsequent actions and the martyrdom they entailed, made him a symbol of Irish nationalism.

The term Orangeman first came into use about 1795. Orange had been the Protestant's color since the Dutch William of Orange had replaced Catholic James II on the throne of England. In Ireland, Armagh was a center of Protestants who for years had been preying on the Catholic population. In September, 1795, the Protestants and Catholics came to open warfare at a place called the Diamond in Armagh. Some of the men known as Defenders, were killed and out of the antagonisms engendered that day grew the Orange Society. Its avowed purpose was to defend the English King and his rule. The real policy of the Orangemen was to drive Catholics out of that part of the country entirely, as notices tacked to the doors of many many Catholics, warning them to move west, will amply prove. The far west of Ireland is barren and rocky and dangerous, full of treacherous glens, and untillable soil.

When Robert Emmet moved into a house alone, in order not to entangle anyone in his political activities, and to be near his sweetheart, the man who procured it for him suggested Anne Devlin, whose family were active in the *United Irishmen* movement, as his housekeeper. After he was arrested and put in Kilmainham jail, her stubbornness in refusing the English any information caused her severe suffering; she was put on a starvation diet, but they did not succeed to break her spirit, so she well deserves a place on Joyce's opening page SINCE DEVLINSFIRST LOVED LIVVY.

TRANSLATION Part I • Sections 1 & 2 (pp. 3-55)

river run, past the church of Adam and Eve's on the river Liffey, from swerve of shore to bend of Dublin Bay, brings us by a commodious path of recirculation back to Howth Castle and environs.

Sir Armoric Tristram (*violer d'amores* Joyce says is to be understood as the viola instrument in all moods and tenses) from across the Channel had not yet re-arrived from North Brittany to Ireland and the peninsula of Howth: nor had there taken place in America the founding of a small town, Dublin, by Peter Sawyer, an Irishman, who had fled to Laurens County, Georgia, and given the town the motto of "Doubling all the time": nor had a voice of the Druid poet Amergin chanted his poem:

*I am the wind which blows over the sea
I am the wave of the ocean
I am the murmur of the billows
I am the ox of the seven combats
I am the vulture upon the rock
I am a tear of the sun
I am the fairest of plants
I am a wild boar in valour
I am a salmon in the water
I am a lake in the plain.
I am a word of science
I am the spear point that gives battle
I am the god who creates in the head of man
the fire of thought.*

in contrast to St. Patrick's "I baptize thee Patrick"; (In his letter to HSW dated November 15, 1926, Joyce explained: the flame of Christianity kindled by St. Patrick on Holy Saturday in defiance of royal orders. *mishe* = I am (Irish) i.e., Christian. *Tauf* = baptise (German) *Thou art Peter and upon this rock*, etc. (a pun in the original Aramaic) Latin: *Tu est Petrus et super hauc petram bellowed* = the response of the peatfire of faith to the windy words of the apostle) not yet, but soon after had a young upcomer in politics, named Parnell, overthrown the power of the leader, Isaac Butt; not yet,

though all is fair in love and war, were the two young women, Esther Vanhomrigh and Esther Johnson, angry and baffled by the conduct of Jonathan Swift. Neither Seumas nor Shaun had brewed by arclight – the red end of the rainbow was to be seen lying on the waters. (Joyce explained in this same letter: The venison purveyor Jacob got the blessing meant for Esau

Willy brewed a peck of maut
Noah planted the vine and was drunk
John Jameson is the greatest Dublin distiller
Arthur Guinness is the greatest Dublin brewer)

The nursery rhyme of Humpty Dumpty's fall from the wall has been told all down through Christian times; Humpty Dumpty is Dublin – her wall which was erected by the Danes, destroyed by Brian Boru, built again by the English living within the city of Dublin and brought down again in our century, necessarily involved the fall of Finn, the folk hero, who lies behind the history of Ireland as a great mythic giant whose head is Howth and whose toes are in the west of Ireland – whose toes come to life again in the action of the *United Irishmen* and their pikes, who knocked out the power of the Orange Society through the men in green uniforms who marched at the time Robert Emmet led the insurrection against the English, who were aided and protected by Emmet's housekeeper, Anne Devlin.

What clashes here of "wills" against "won'ts", those who are willing to suffer for their country and those who won't, gods of the Anglican against the Catholic gods. Croak, croak (an era is coming to an end).

In Southern Ireland various causes had concurred in reducing the forlorn peasantry to abject wretchedness. An epidemic disorder of horned cattle had spread from Holland to England, raising the price of beef, cheese and butter to exorbitancy; hence pasturage became more profitable than tillage and the wealthy land-owners turned over huge tracts of land to grazing, leaving the peasants with no occupation, no houses and nothing to eat. Naturally insurrection broke out and the insurgents were called *White Boys* because they wore shirts or frocks over their clothing, in order to distinguish one another in the night.

Although the White Boys were generally suppressed, yet the spirit of insurrection was not eradicated; the roots of the evil spread wider than the province of Munster for elsewhere in Ireland the lower orders (the native Irish Catholics) were wretched and impoverished. Everyone was fighting, the Protestants to keep their power and the power of the merchants intact, the Catholics trying to gain the chance to live and breathe.

Where the partisans of Protestant rule are trying to outwit the Catholic natives, one side attacking the other as the White Boys were in armed insurrection. The brood of the sod (peasants) arousing fear in the landlords. Arms mixed up with tears as everyone was killing everyone else. The true child of Ireland is being cheated of his inheritance as Esau was by the false Jacob. The ruling class always advertised how they were attempting to civilize the Irish, but oh! hear how the father of lies spreads himself over the landscape. But what is this? Iseult? (Throughout the book, Joyce often acts as though he were gazing at Ireland's past through a telescope. The heroine Iseult appears on the scene as she is presented in Bédier's version of *Tristan and Iseult*, where she is a most Irish princess, having the customs and beliefs of the early Irish pagan society, as portrayed by the poet Oisín and in other early writers and as verified by the work of Eugene O'Curry, in his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*.) Before there was such a thing as plumbing? (Joyce seemed to have an especial aversion to sewers as an indication of the practical mind. In *Ulysses* Professor MacHugh had said:

WE MUSTN'T BE LED AWAY BY WORDS, BY SOUNDS OF WORDS. WE THINK OF ROME, IMPERIAL, IMPERIOUS, IMPERATIVE. –WHAT WAS THEIR CIVILISATION? VAST, I ALLOW: BUT VILE. CLOACAE: SEWERS. THE JEWS IN THE WILDERNESS AND ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP SAID: IT IS MEET TO BE HERE. LET US BUILD AN ALTAR TO JEHOVAH. THE ROMAN, LIKE THE ENGLISHMAN WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS FOOTSTEPS, BROUGHT TO EVERY NEW SHORE ON WHICH HE SET HIS FOOT (ON OUR SHORE HE NEVER SET IT) ONLY HIS CLOACAL OBSESSION. HE GAZED ABOUT HIM IN HIS TOGA AND HE SAID: IT IS MEET TO BE HERE. LET US CONSTRUCT A WATERCLOSET.

The oak trees of very early geologic times are today lying peat but elm trees flourish where ash trees lay. Then Joyce declares one of his great themes, the doctrine he learned from Blake: FALL IF YOU BUT WILL, RISE YOU MUST. This is the quintessence of Joyce's belief: I DO NOT FEAR TO BE ALONE OR TO BE SPURNED FOR ANOTHER OR TO LEAVE WHATEVER I HAVE TO LEAVE. AND I AM NOT AFRAID TO MAKE A MISTAKE, EVEN A GREAT MISTAKE, A LIFELONG MISTAKE AND PERHAPS AS LONG AS ETERNITY TOO. As Blake in his Proverbs of Hell: *The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom*.

Big master Finn lived in the most full and gracious manner imaginable in the pagan days when rooms were lighted by burning rushes and before Joshua and Judges had given us Numbers and Deutoronomy (on a day of ferment he was presented by Jonathan Swift with a powerful satire called *Tale of a Tub* and before the hubbub aroused by its appearance quieted down all the genius in Ireland took its exit and that ought to show you what a punch and judy chap an old Irishman was!) and during a long period he just went along doing his daily chores, building dreams to the sky. He had a little wife named Anna and he hugged the little creature.

With her hair in his hands he took up his life in her. As he observed Ireland he could see the days of her past rise up before him and he created the loftiest heights of dreams about her topped with a burning bush as had been the vision of Moses and this vision included Laurence O'Toole and Thomas à Becket. (Page 541 – the chort of Nicholas Within was my guide and I raised a dome on the wherewithouts of Michan: by awful tors (chores of thoughts which tore him) my well-worth building sprang sky spearing spires, cloud cupoled companiles).

This early hero was the first man in Ireland to bear arms and a name: Vassily Booselaugh (a fine Russian name!). His crest of heraldry, green tintured, showing a he-goat, horned and powerful, the goat of Bacchus. His shield bearing a band across its center with the sun in second field. Cheap drink is for the agricultural laborer. Hohohoho, Mr. Finn, you're going to be Mister Finn again! (Nietzsche in Section 5 of *Beyond Good and Evil*, "At any rate Gaelic has afforded me the exact analogue *Fin*, the distinctive word of the nobility, finally, good, noble, clean, but originally the blond-haired man in contrast to the dark black-haired aboriginals.") In the morning of our civilisation you were the fine one, but as time went on in the evening of our history you became the sour! Hahahaha, Mister he-who-had-fun-in-days-gone-by, you're going to be taxed and fined, but you will again become Finn, the noble one.

What agent brought about the idea of man as cringing before a thunderous power in acknowledgment of his sinful nature? Our world is still rocking from the noise and commotion of all this accusation of sin but we hear through successive ages the shabby chorus of unqualified muezzins who would try to blackguard the stature of man by denying the whitestone which is ever hurtled out of heaven to men. Dear god, sustain us in our search for righteousness, when we rise and take our breakfast until we retire. A nod to a neighbor is worth more than kidding the tribes in Africa. Always the poor Gael was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. Beloved Ireland answers to those who try to help her, the dreamy deary. Heed her call! There are as many explanations for her failure as stories in the *Thousand and One Nights*. What with all the horrors of landlord's rolls of rents due, policemen, actions in the poor old Four Courts, the blight on her labor, the nobodies travelling on Safety-first-for-themselves-and-their-property street, and the betrayers who for money turned her heroes over to the English and the thump of his city's native Catholic priests, and the Sweepstakes and the uproar from all the refuse, the poor citizen felt miserable as a hang-over. His head felt heavy, his head it did shake. The English were all this time strengthening their power behind the wall surrounding their section. Dim-Dam-Dum – Master Bad Tom, when a man marries his hate is all long. For all the world to see.

Size, I should say! Finn MacCool, why did you die? of a trying Thursday morning? They cried at Finn's wake, all the hooligans of the nation, prostrated in their consternation. There were political plums given out and sherifs and raiders and others to help maintain the Irish in their downfall. All of these leeches on the health of Ireland joined in the chorus sung at Finn's funeral with the utmost pleasure. Gog and Magog, nicknames of the two men who helped Wolfe Tone in his attempt to free Ireland of all these government agents who were destroying the Irish people, were lost in a round of indifference. The Irish kin were grieving. Agitation went on but the end result was the burial of all ancient Irish independence. Finn was buried.

Like the giant Albion of Blake he represents the earth of Ireland.

So this is Dublin?
Hush! Caution! Echoland!
How charmingly exquisite!
List to whitestone's magic lyre.

They will be listening for the recital of an ollave, the annals of themselves, timing the cycles of events grand and national. *Finnegans Wake* shall include four things in this bluest book of Dublin's annals:

1. An account of the English (Johnnie Bull) riding on the back of Irish natives as their boss,
2. The shoe of a poor old woman who is Ireland as described in Yeats' *Countess Cathleen*.
3. An auburn maid who is Ireland in her youth as she has been named by many of her poets, who was deserted.
4. The pen of the poet.

In the year 566 A.D. there occurred the fall of Tara—seat of the ancient high kings of Ireland; this happened because the pagan kings and their religion had been given the go-by by the Irish people, who turned to the life of asceticism and piety as enunciated by St. Patrick and his followers.

In the year 1132 A.D. Malachi was made Primate in Armagh, thus putting on the first pall to be worn by an Irish archbishop, for prior to this time there had been no allegiance to Rome. This divided Ireland into two camps—those who followed the Catholic church and those who remained pagan and Celtic at heart.

Shortly thereafter the Norman-Anglican forces characterized by Sir Amory St. Laurence (Sir Tristram of page 3) marched northward and seized the last remaining free land of Ireland; they had come in the armour the Normans had learned to wear in Brittany and overcame the native Irish who were untrained in mounted warfare and who were dressed only in satin shirts with their spears as weapons.

The Four Great Waves as representing waves of conquering fighting men spread over the country. Many events occur, but no matter what happens, things remain the same or worse; Ireland is owned and ruled by the English.

But one day the war arrow went round and the ballad which had been privately printed soon fluttered its way from archway to lattice, from working man to young woman, village crying to village all over the four provinces of Ireland.

It was the Ballad of Pearse-O'Rahilly, who had together given their lives in the Insurrection of 1916, that Ireland might be one day free –

Have you heard how Humpty Dumpty (British rule)
Fell with a roll and a rumble
And curled up like Oliver Cromwell
By the (destruction) of the magazine wall.
He had lived as Viceroy in a Castle
But now that he has been overcome
We'll kick him into Green Street
And put him in the jail of Mountjoy.
The English fathered every measure
 which impoverished the Irish
Trying to force them to be Protestants
 And hideously murdering them
 to try to accomplish it.
How come with all their money power and soldiers
 They couldn't bring it off?
Hurrah there Hosty, keep up the good work.
The English sold the Irish hundreds of worthless objects
Small wonder that the Irish nickname him
 “He'll Cheat Everyone”.
He was very comfortable with all the pomp
 furnished for his residence here
But soon we'll burn up all his stuff and put him out.
It was bad luck which brought the vessels

of these foreigners to our shores
Which saw our bay filled with vessels carrying
the Black and Tans
Who acted as police for the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy
smashing property and wrecking houses of
"United" men.
Where from? roars out from the shore at Poolbeg
our man
It's the foreign son of Oscar, One-Sign,
Barge-arse Boniface
That's what name this devil goes by
Young as I am at trading tricks with Norwegians
Lift it, Hosty, lift your glass – up with the rann of Irish verse!
It was while engaged in peaceful occupation
That our native hero
Tried to win back Ireland for himself
What will Ireland do
Since she has been sold to an overlord.
England should blush
For forcing himself upon Ireland's attentions
He's the biggest monkey in the zoo.
Our hero was riding along in Dublin
Happy go lucky
When some beggar sent him to the English army
and to the Crimea where at the Battle of
Balaclava the Light Brigade composed of
Irish all, were mowed down like wheat
with those at home trying vainly to save their land
from being torn away from them on the excuse
of arrears due.
It is a pity for Ireland's children
But when Ireland herself triumphant
Gets a good grip on that old devil
Irishmen will all be "on the green"
(with the cause of Ireland).
Sophocles Shakespeare Dante Moses!
Then the Gaels will establish free trade
And they'll get the band out at the funeral

of the enemy England – the scandalous knave
And they'll bury him down where the Danish used
to live
With the dead Danes who can see nor hear
any longer.
And then not all King George's horses
will be able to force England's power again onto
Ireland
For there is nothing in this world or the next
that will make us endure him again.

Just see! Coincidence! There goes old Bigamy Bob and his song sung for our liberty – the Shan Van Vocht (see glossary). With that there was released a healthy fuss indeed, when they discovered our plans for freeing ourselves. It could be, in the future we'll hear "Nick, Mick and the Maggies". Of this saga about Eire, no one end is known! (because it doesn't have any ending).

Ireland's *Wild Geese* were in all the famous wars; they quit their haven forever, going to die in foreign fields of battle because conditions at home were so impossible. Now permit all my hundreds of selves, the ancient heroes whose lives I intimately feel, to emerge in the identity of my recital.

As much as he dislikes drama, this hobo Joyce, has led us by subtle transfer to the furthest interior of his country's history.
The ancient Irish HCE has changed a lot.

This poet, having reprimed his repeater and recited his piece involving all time got up to his feet and called up before his audience the Now, bringing it before us Here in the mythical habiliments of the very far-off days.

We see through our vision which we are telling, the fires which acted as signals for the start of the insurrection of the *United Irishmen*, a society started by Wolfe Tone. When they set fire, then Ireland's got to glow, so we stand a chance of warming up to what every poor son of a bitch would like to know – One of the first deeds which delighted us was the duel fought between O'Connell and D'Esterre (see glossary, p. 67). Let us follow up what happened to his vindictively intended whip and see how completely he was defeated.

Cheers are heard for "Up-King Billy" and the war cry of "Down with Cromwell". "Up, boys, and at them", as Wellington cried to his Guards. Albeit they are lost we will find ways to remember. The relations of Far-seeing-the-rich and the poor old woman (Ireland) and the song of Shan Van Vocht. The Deed? It is ended? or just sleeping, waiting for the right time?

The house of Atreus is fallen in the dust. Ilya Murometz the great legendary hero of Russia, they are verging on blight like the Fiana of Finn MacCool (see glossary, p. 94), but deeds are bound to rise again. Like is awake, live it or spoil it and on the bunk of our having to earn our living lies the corpse of our seedfather, a phrase which it might be well to write across the chest of all men or women born.

On their Irish chaunting car, they behold those who are well provided for, pursue the poor to extract from their labor the wealth of the land, the poor turn to the green-clad fighters in the *United Irishmen* for help. ...

TRANSLATION Part IV (pp. 593-606)

Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!

Calling all dawns. Calling all dawns to day. A resurrection! The Irishman awake to the whole bloody world. O'Rahilly, O'Rahilly, O'Rahilly! Plenty, O'Rahilly! To what life can be (like thine of the Phoenix bird). Seek you (my country) so many matters. Hazey sea east to the land of Oisín. Hear! Hear! All men past and present of Ireland – the fog is lifting. And already the ancient one of Ireland's past has gotten up to celebrate the good loves (that lie before him). Sinn Féin, Sinn Féin, forward! Good morning, have you looked through the dawn of Pearse's horizon? Those years that have gone we have used up in our fusing of a new order. Calling all days. Calling all days to dawn. The old breeding formed in a culmination of the wealth of (strong) natures (brought us) to Finn MacCool, the leader, the leader! Securest jubilation shall be tomorrow. Wake up dead hero, work doom for the past! And let Billy Feghin be balladed out of his humiliation. Confidential notice to churchmen. We have the highest gratification in announcing to Catholic (St. Patrick prattle users) drinkers, Guinness is good for you.

A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded.

The eversower of the seeds of light to the cold old souls that are in the dormitory of Deaf-Mute, after the night of the carrying of the word of New awes and the night of making myself sleep anywhere, Pun You Say It, lord of risings in the Yonder world often tamplin, top triumphant, speaketh. Forward! Sovereign Sir! Scatter light to the renew-eller of the sky, thou who ignitest! Burn! Arcturis is coming! (Thou are commanded to) Be! The verb which is first principle through all space. Kilt by Celt shall kiss again. We vote for thee, Tirtangel. Hail! We Dubliners adjure thee. A way, the morning, from our tiny star, through the dim past until light kindling light has led us, we hope, but hunt the journey onward amid the cemetery of those who are sound asleep, even unto the city of Iseult, castellated, enchanting. Now if someone would bring a towel and someone else warm water, we could, while you are saying Margaret Mary, make sunlight soap bubbles on this fighting dune's bottom. Clarity begins at hard work. Our shades of meaning mingle the works of those who have gone before – a flash of lightning, a powerful event, and it shall come to pass, as household by

household leaps alive. For the finest people lived atop of Allen's Hill, and before Finn lived Lug. The spear's point of light touches on the table stone at the great circle of the standing stones of Hells Bells in the bushman's brush on the plains of Ireland, whence the horned cairn emerges representing idols of the past. (We see) dim grey figures emerge as the light comes a little stronger. The Past (of our great country) now pulls us. Let the cock crow! Once for the singer, twice for the poet and three times for (him) who awaits Ireland (free and independent). And so it will come about that those who represent England in Ireland will be turned out of power. Foreigners amongst us, boys, are we for that? Death has been and the living awakes! Life moves and the dumb speak! Hill by hill gives beauty to the landscape as the giant which is ancient Ireland is wed to the daughter. We may presently hear Geography's 29 ways to say Good Bed and washing – see you soon – (Anna) Liv. So she has forty winks – It's a long long way to the birth of the New Ireland. It is fortunate for us that old Britain has withdrawn from his former theory. You are absolutely right! Absolutely! But this involves carrying rogues to Europe? No man knows. Sure its not revenging your? Amsolutely. Good. We seem to understand how modern research in the origins of man has proven how the present arose out of the deep deep layers of the past. Buried hearts (of Ireland's heroes and those who have suffered and died for her sake), rest here (in the soul of the poet who feels *each* voice of the past streaming through him), rest here.

Cock a doodle doo! hail!

So let the cock crow until man wakes up.

The child who is the new living country returns – born again as it is foretold around the heathside – as morning comes, he comes, foam in his mouth as he rides in wave resurging into crest, created from legal battle and wars until Banba is gained in the 39 Articles of the new Free State constitution, although we thought him lost – from the mountain of Brian Borumba, the green, white and blue broken by maypole guards, he, about to speak this lay, with the giant gyres of time with its free and characterised by flaw, forms – a giver of law to himself – no repeater of the old forms but a young palatine, white-haired, stutters – and for to finish our fun – of a Pan calling the kettle mick white; (he is) sure, straight, slim, sturdy, serene, synthetical, swift.

By attar of Roses, as predicted in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, he has worthily achieved his inherited wish by means of ruse. The drops upon that mantle of a poet never reigned in the foreign section. You mean to say we have been having a sound night's sleep? You may. It is just about time to come awake. Of all the strange

things ever to have happened! The untiring of life – living in different lives the one substance of a stream of becoming. Totalled in the tales that are told – why? Because, grace be to God, in whose Word was the beginning, there are two signs to turn to, the West and the East, the right side and the wrong side, falling asleep and waking up and so forth and so on. Why? On the south side we have the Mosque Djinn palace with its twin adjacencies, the bathhouse and the bazaar, allah, allah, allah, and on the opposite side it is the alcove and rosegarden, *buene noce*, all pure poetry. Why? One's a story about brides and breakfasts and the others about outworn buyings, dole and arguments in heat, contest and enmity. Why? Every dog has his day – all dreams at last come to an end. Why? It is a sort of swig swag, a kind of inner-outer movement which everyone knows is the way of life. Why? search me.

Look! if you want a thought to make you shiver – where did thoughts come from? There are fevers that beset me – a sleeper awakening (as are we all) in the small of one's back a presentiment – a flash from a future through the window of a wonder in a wilderness which is a welter as a wirble of a warble is a world.

Toucher Tom (James himself, tells you).

There is a scent of anemone, the temperature is returning to morningtime. You held him by the tip of the tongue. Not a salutary syllable sound (of his writing) makes sense. Victoria no answers. Albert no answers. It was a long, very long, a dark, very dark, an all but unending, scarce endurable, and we could add mostly quite various and somewhat stumble-tumbling night. The end he sends. God! The has gone is over, the Is – coming. Greetings to the day – hie to morning. World of sleep – destiny's call. What has been doomed is done – well done, other lives and deeds before me! Now day, slow day, from delicate to divine, divases. Padma, brighter and sweetster, this flower that bells, it is our hour or risings. In that European end meets India.

There is something supernatural about whatever you called him (or) it. (The great god) Pan and the vine not only interchange places in your Time-world, without tears, but simply, solely, they are they. This other fellow is that other fellow. Old yesterday's lives may be as stale as a *Tale of a Tub* and the picture return to former times when the wall surrounded Dublin (and other towns of Ireland). Matthew, Mark, Luke and John now want the bed that they lied on. And your last words (up) to (this) date in (describing the two) camps (of Ireland) are going to tell the stretch of fancy, through strength, towards joy, adjutants, where he (the god Pan) gets up. A lay for a lay, a treat for some one to recite.

Tim!

To those beholders of the Double Vision. (We are) hearing the turning of the great gyres. There is now with the now's past affiliations in a tense continuing. (We have) heard. Who has heard, he shall have had a (full picture of the past as I have

persented it and a sense of its relationship to the present). Upon the third stroke struck, chime, it will be exactly so much the fewer hours by so many minutes of the opening of the diurnal of the sun-night of the man-woman year of the age of man-woman adventure of Gross guy and little lady, our huge hero-bum and our wee wee mother, Act-a-man and have a true house with (your acts) and their children and their neighbors and their neighbor's children's neighbors and their chattel and their servants and their knowledge and their own sort and their other sort and their everything which is to be (through what they) will (ed) was theirs.

Much obliged. Timothy (Time-of-Day)! But whereto, O clerk?

Whither a clock? Forward! See you not so the path they (have) funded, our fathers that art in Heaven, harrowed both our names, the bow, the star, the tiara, the lion-fawning, (at a time) when (in Ireland) even thirst came after victuals, and amongst the shamrocks slipped the Irish who were deprived of their national status by being knighted into the nobility of England, inducted in ceremonies wherein they were dressed in robes with sable rampant, hoof, hoof, hoof, hoof (the sound of English war horses trampling on Ireland) and stepping on fat foot (over Ireland's dying body). Ere we are (existent as a nation)! Signifying, if tongues may talk, that primeval condition having gradually receded, but nevertheless the emplacement of solid and fluid having to a great extent persisted through intermittences of solemn thunderings, solemn joinings, solemn burials and providential divining, making possible and even inevitable the arrival in Ireland of a condition where all the political quarrelling over the Land League question gave rise to the trial of Parnell, at a place and period under consideration (Ireland of that time), a social, organic entity of a thousand year old military-inter-marriage, monetary, social structural formation, in a more or less settled state of economic equilibrium. Come on, George (King of England)! No more deadly state of an orphan for me. Let's not be like an angered man! You just got a touch of army on the stomach (through the action of Pearse-O'Rahilly in the Insurrection). To the Anger (in Ireland) at anchor (in the people's hearts) Aquatints. (Let us) see worthily. Thank you a lot, polite persons! There's a tavern in the town.

Tip. Take Timothy's (Tam of the Time – Joyce) topical (writing about Ireland).

Tip. Brown yet no land (as her future was far from secured as a separate nation).

Tip. Advertise.

Where. Cloud of all weathers with the glow of Finn MacCool in the heavens, the dart of desire has gored the heart of secret waters and a rest for the populace is being grown at present in the entire district, eminently adapted for the requirements of panic-stricken humanity, between all the goings up and the whole of the comings down and the fog of the cloud (of misunderstandings) in which we toil and the cloud of the fog under which we labor, bombing the things to be done (the fight for their freedom), so

beyond indicating the locality (Ireland), one can not add much to what I have written in the preceding, except to say that neither earth nor heaven can predict the future, the whole thing being a reminder that in this stage world Father Time and Mother Space govern appearances. Which everyone knows. Hence.

Pool of fruiting again and again, the pool of inner life, soft as the goddess of speech, music arts and letters, of dewy boundary formed between the extreme eastern sign of Pisces (and extending) through Sagittarius (late November), wherein once we leave, it is hail and farewell Minnehaha-ing here from hereafter (Hiawatha) (forming) a bridge of puddles in a bed of passing, the river of lives, the recurring generations of the incarnations of the emanations of our parents Finn MacCool and Ninine in *Baile Atha Cliath*, the King domain of the alien (English) an accursed race, infester of the Dublin ocean, Moylamore, let it be. Sluice! Caught erect! Godspeed the blow! (Incidentally, it is believed that this happened before George III's John Fane (Lord Westmoreland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who first apprised the English government of Wolfe Tone's *United Irishmen*) for it has to be over this beauty spot, though some hours to the west (on the astrolabe) that ex-Colonel House's heiress (Ireland) is to return to the outstretched hands and weapons of Michael Dwyer, out of whose sufferings and leadership sprung the pikes and firearms, which his actions have hewn into the very language of Ireland. There there begins to grow an independent Ireland, sown with sorrow, on the foundations of which love may rest, as we know that that should be, by the existence of God's law. It is sainted like the life of Alba. Saxonlike, our ancestors thought so dearly on, now they're going over to Angle's sons, free of duty, dirt cheap. There too a stone slab marks the cemetery of some prehistoric man—the only one which remains in the bog.

But so bare and stony is it, it ought at least to have some Bishop's apron on! Man about the time of the lakes! The castle at Lambay Island. Old Woman-y ways. But while gleam with gloom (as told in *The Children of Lir*, who were turned into swans), alternated here and there, this shamrock and that whispering planter tell Young Ireland in good broom Irish, this place is proper and the Assembly a holiday for the community of Ireland (as invited by the High King), so be he would (there) celebrate the holy mystery and that pilgrim from the mainland beaten. . . . A naked yoga priest, clothes of sundust, his oak tree decked with mistletoe, offering to the "he-won" of Ireland's Owen Aherne.

(Act so as to) bring about the destiny which should be brought about, and it will be, Kusta ben Luka, (our late lamented Yeats' creation), that great lack which he (Yeats) dramatised—the city of Is is issuing at last, country and city, through sleep it comes up from under the waters of Eire.

Look!

Who! Why, dear maidens? Ashes to rest, enough! Earthsigh too is heavened.

Girls from the hills, daughters of the cliffs, reply. Along the samphire coast. (Jumping) from thee to thee other, thou art it also, thou (daughter of Erin) who art (now) becoming a person there (in another spot). The (one) like (to yourself) (is) the near, the (more) liked, the nearer (to thy heart). O say so! (Ireland) is a family, a band, a school, a clan of girls. Fifteen year olds and but fourteen year olds (by virtue of the power of ever) new Anna (Livia Plurabelle) and/or sevens by eights yes and decades end tens by a period of the moon with at last a one. (A world in which) every (girl) has her one who is different in the same way that her country does. *Sicut campanulae petalliferentes* they sing around Botany Bay, (the prison harbor of the English in Australia). A dream of those innocent girly girls. Kevin! Kevin! And they all began to sing of Kevin! He. Only he. Ah! The whole clan of Gael sang. Oh!

Twenty-six saints welcome St. Kevin, the names of some of them being curious—S. Misha-La-Valse (I am the waltz), S. Churstry's (Church tries), S. Clononaskreijon's (Key on asking him), S.Lo! elle is to elles!

Prayfulness! Prayfulness!

Euh! That is so, what shall one name it!

The maiden tongues have tinged and tongued together. Come out of your bed, cavern and shrine in a trunk (of a tree). Cathleens is catching. Sorrows cast away, my one brother! You must from earth and water irrigate all the archipelagos. The astrologer who has watered our land from afar, from New Ireland (the first stop of John Mitchel in his incarceration by the British as a felon) has signed (with his life deed) the you and now (not to be postponed or transferred) mandate: Milenesia (ancient Erin) waits. Be smart (about it).

(There is) one seeking. Neither the lean nor the fat, but the equilibrium of life at its most fair.

Was it already in the air as a vision, or is there someone in particular who will summarize (the task) for the whole of his nation?

What does Kevin? Tell his tidings clearly. A would-to-gooder. Is his moral tack still his best of weapons? How about a little more gold to affect our goals? A rolling stone gathers no moss. It is the voice of Doom. His face is the face of a son. The virgin one (Ireland) shall mourn thee. Destiny's stream is silence and loneliness. A nursery rhyme is an instance:

*Up the rocky Mountain
Down the boggy Glyn
We'll keep them in commotion
Till the French come in.*

The ass of Michael Dwyer who retreated to the glens with his followers is about to bray afield in his terror of the English occupying Ireland with guns, the odor of the defeat of the hot (heart) headed men (who had attempted to free Ireland from English rule). The Duke of Portland, who defected from the Whig party and went over to Pitt's side in reward for which he was made Lord Treasurer of Ireland, gave out the following message to the Dublin paper. From a correspondent. Anywhere. Doomsday. Boss of Upper and Lower Baggot Street (in Dublin), may he live forever. The funeral games at Tara. Saturday night pomp, exhibiting that caricature of a horse, revealed by Oscar (son of Oisín, son of Finn). The last of Dutch shields (wars with English over King William, the Dutchman) Pipe in the dream. Uncovers public history, the outrage (to Ireland) at length. The mass of the Irish people hear the story of the wrongs that have been done them and follow in religious obedience. The reinvention (of the British) of vestiges (of practices) by which they drugged the body (of Ireland). A figure moves across the screen. By St. Patrick. And there, from out the city, misty London, along the caravan route that the years have worn away, comes Mr. Hurr Hansen, talking all the ways of his hope to fall in with a merry crowd of girls happening home from a dance, disgusted with their food and the time he had lost in fooling around with women, but with a smile like a beckoning grace over his eclipse of the sunshine soon. He's hearing you, letterman (Shem the Penman-Joyce) guessing at your meaning—though it wear a masque (of new form). And such an improvement (in the way the message is coming through). As right as the mail and as fat as a fiddle. Beautiful! Show Anna (Livia Plurabelle)! Shoo onward the puzzlement! A penny for your thoughts about (*Finnegans Wake*). Tea (symbol of ancient pagan Ireland), tibby, tanny, tummy, tasty, tosty Tea. Batchelor's Walk is one of the events that fired us into being. What an odor of bread. Bring us this day our *Post Bag*. But receive me, friendly sheets (on which I transcribe my book all about Ireland), taken from the story of the Irish dark, cold, long night (of her history). And this is the way the government officials have sealed away in boxes, where they can not be opened, any of the true records of the English-Irish history; people who mispronounce Gaelic and lie tossing in their beds to scheme on the girl, the Countess Cathleen, whom they have subdued to the Irish Sweepstakes as a method of supporting herself. Dutiful walker for his Ides of March. (Joyce refers to himself) Have you the time? Heard you the crime, sonny boy? That Ireland dared to dream of her past and wanted to become free. Which the dears alone see and dark eyes are guessing something's in the wind. Dublin. Great tea events. Hyacinths and heliotrope. Not once did Ireland have free kings, but only double (that is, traitors representing both sides) decoys. It is a libel action on the door of the Catholic church and someone must atone for it. Where is that blankety blank,

that hound of a (Sir William) Pitt, the son of a gun who hunted all good men from Irish government and by a thousand underhanded tricks broke the strength of Charles James Fox—Whig minister in favor of Catholic representation and ameliorative measure for Ireland. Where is he, one among many whom we have loved?

But what does Kevin, the fostered? The gyres are turning. His legend, pictured in the window of the Catholic church, begins to show up as the light of dawn streaks through. Say he that saw him was one who understood. Man shall do a lot of running to catch up to him (who is in the past). Ask no more, Jerry mine, (it is) Judgement Day's voice! No peace, I' betcha. The bog which destroyed the rose (Ireland). The branch of Heremon and Heber on Bridget's plain where she who is deaf lies, is leafed in green and will bear proper fruit, but the hour's not yet come. Read the papers of Francis Higgins, the informer, and about Kevin Egan. Malthus is locked in close (with an over-population still a problem). How swathed in false stories of all kinds is still the history of Ireland. Drunkards still abound. It is not even time yet—what with Hail Marys full of Grace for dumbell dubliners. Sure and tis not then. The Greek sidereal as it brings events into being will soon be making a smooth path with its first single hasten-craft. Followers of Daniel O'Connell are still struggling with the party represented by John Mitchel, for power. The forces are lined up and in attendance is the one who is willing to play (the game of life and bring Ireland to victory).

Oyes, Oyeses, Oyeses yeses! The primacy of the Gauls (foreigners) I am as I am, crowned general in the free-state on the air, is now bursting to blow a Gaelic warning. Operation: Ireland's Eye, Milesian Land and its surrounding islands, Western and Eastern (Danish) approaches.

Of Kevin, of increate God the servant, of the Lord Creator of filial fearer, who came from the country and went to live in a cavern on a steep wooded slope from which he could not be inveigled to return to his monastery and from whose saintliness healing sprang, as we have seen, so we have heard, what we have received, that we have transmitted, thus we shall hope, this we shall pray till, in the search for love of knowledge through the comprehension of the unity in altruism through stupefaction, it may happen again as it has already happened, shearing aside the four wethers (sheep who lead flocks) and passing over their daily milk contribution (reference to the Four Evangelists and doctrine of Church) and dropping by the way the live coals (her present troubles) and quieting down the spirit of Ireland, full of nettle stings, fond of the stones (of her past), friend of bones (archaeological discovery) and leaving all the *I am-I am* to look after the present; the miracles, death and life are these. Day. Kevin takes a bath by filling water in the earth in a hole dug by himself, as the Fiana did in pagan days at the end of a day of the hunt. Read Kuno Meyer's translation of the *Cath Finntraga*, issued in the Oxford series.

TRANSLATION Part II • Section 2 (pp. 260-264)

Whence and where

AS WE THERE ARE
WHERE ARE WE?
ARE WE THERE?
FROM TOM TITTOT
TO TEETOOTOM TOTALITARIAN.
TEA TEA TOO OO.

The first question is: when in our mother's womb, where are we? Are we in the realm of eternal seed, where the Oak exists, as Blake has elucidated; are we a part of the world, and if so, in what way, viewing the problem from the standpoint of one's complicated I? If "I" stands for a system, what sort of "I" can be said to exist in so brief and unfolded form as the early embryo? And if we are not a part of this world, *where* do we exist? Or do we not exist?

From a tiny tot at his mother's breast to an adult in early society governed by his totem and in recent society governed "totalitarian", whence did we come and where are we going?

This "titt tot" is often on Joyce's mind. We meet him on page 179, where he is referred to as looking up at nature's most satisfying scenery EVERY SPLURGE ON THE VELLUM HE BLUNDERED OVER WAS AN AISLING VISION MORE GORGEOUS THAN THE ONE BEFORE T.I.T.S. He next appears as an adolescent attempting his first creative effort. A TRANCEDONE BOY-SCRIPT WITH TITTIVITS BY. Next we find him directly involved, participating in woman's fullness. AND WHINN MUINNUIT FLITTSBIT TWINN HER TTITTSHE CRIES TALLMIDY! (And one midnight moment flits by in which her breasts cry to the almighty!) And all men have indulged in like action. EVEN NETTA AND LINDA OUR SEEYU TITIES AND THEY'VE SIN SUMTIM, TANKIES! He mumbles to himself, ADD LIGHTEST KNOT UNTO TIPTITION, O CHARIS! O CHARISSIMA! A MORE INTRIGUANT BABBOLINA COULD ONE NOT COLOUR UP OUT OF BOCCUCIA'S ENAMERON, thus speaking for all college students, then and to come.

And as he grows older the beauty does not dim, but the knowledge of woman's relationship to life deepens and he thinks of ways to capture the magic in some more satisfying and less painful way. He is launched on his life task. AND IT'S HIGH TIGH TIGH. TITLEY HI TI TI. THAT MY DIG PRESSED IN YOUR DAG SI. GNUG OF OLD GNIG. NI, GUID MIG BRAWLY! I BAG YOUR BURDEN, MEES IS THEES KNEES. THI IS MI. WE HAVE CAUGHT ONE-SELVES, SVEASMEAS, IN SOMES INCONTIGRUITTY COREMPLEGS OF HEOPEN-HURRISH

MARRAGE FROM WHOSE I MOST SUBLUMBUNATE. A POLOG, MY ENGL! EXCUTES. OM STILL
SO SOVVY. WHYLE OM TILL TI TI.

The meaning is clear. Joyce declares himself to have taken on woman's problem, which is absorbed in the larger problem of how man and woman should relate to one another. With the closing phrase TEA TEA TOO OO of this opening paragraph, Joyce introduces a major theme: the relationship of the sexes in current mores, particularly as such relationship applies to marriage. He makes a direct reference to one of his favorite plays, *Love's Comedy* by Ibsen. So that the reader may fully understand all that Joyce refers to in the word TEA, I have included the entire tea scene from this play, for the reader's perusal and consideration.

What immediately follows may be anticipated. In a subsequent scene Falk sets forth his theory of love to the assembled inhabitants of this "golden cage, where the Lady thrives and the Woman sickens", by aid of an effective and ingenious analogy from the plant-world. This is the famous "Tea-scene", the greater part of which is here subjoined. The company are assembled at afternoon tea in the garden. The table is laid before the veranda; the ladies are seated round it; the gentlemen in the veranda, summer-house, or garden. The sounds of tea-drinking form a sort of orchestral accompaniment in subdued staccato to the ensuing conversation. Someone remarks, apropos of a recent lovers' misunderstanding, that love is like a flower, needing to be judiciously watered now and then—with tears. After a brief digression Falk intervenes: —

Falk. Well, let us keep that simile you chose.

Love is a flower; for if heaven's blessed rain

Fall short, it all but pines to death—

[*Pauses.*

Fröken Skoere.

What then?

Falk. [*With a polite bow.*] Then come the aunts with the reviving hose. —

But poets have this simile employed,

And men for scores of centuries enjoyed,

Yet hardly one its secret sense has hit,

For flowers are manifold and infinite.

Say then, what flower is love? Name me, who knows,

The flower most like it?

Fröken Skoere.

Why, it is the rose.

Good gracious, that's exceedingly well known.

Love, all agree, lends life a rosy tone.

A Young Lady. It is the snowdrop; growing, snow-enfurled;

Till it peer forth, undreamt of by the world.

An Aunt. It is the dandelion, made robust
By dint of human heel and horse-hoof thrust;
Nay, shooting forth afresh when it is smitten,
As Pedersen so charmingly has written.

Lind. It is the bluebell, ringing in for all
Young hearts Life's joyous Whitsun festival.

Fru Halm. No, 'tis an evergreen,—as fresh and gay
In desolate December as in May.

Guldstad. [*A wholesale merchant.*] No, Iceland moss,
dry gathered,—far the best
Cure for you ladies with a wounded breast.

A Gentleman. No, the wild chestnut-tree, in high repute
For household fuel, but with a bitter fruit.

Svan. No, a camelia; at our balls, 'tis said,
The chief adornment of a lady's head.

Fru Strå. No, it is like a flower, O such a bright one—
Stay now—a blue one, no, it was a white one;—
What is its name?—let's see,—the one I met—
Well, it is singular how I forget.

Styver. [*Glancing at Stråmand and his flock.*] None of these
flower similitudes will run:

The flowerpot is a likelier candidate.
There's only room in it, at once, for *one*,
But by progressive stages it holds *eight*.

Strå. [*With his little girls round him.*] No, love's a *peartree*;
in the spring like snow
With myriad blossoms, which in summer grow
To pearlets; in the parent's sap each shares;—
And with God's help they'll all alike prove pears.

Falk. So many heads, so many sentences!
No, you all grope and blunder off the line.
Each simile's at fault: I'll tell you mine;—
You're free to turn and wrest it as you please.

[*Rises as if to make a speech.*]

In the remotest east there grows a plant;
And the sun's cousin's garden is its haunt—

Ladies. [*In chorus.*] Ah, it's the tea-plant!

Falk.

Yes.

Fru Strå. His voice is so
Like Stråmand's when he——

Strå. Don't disturb his flow.
Falk. It has its home in fabled lands serene;
Thousands of miles of desert lie between.—
Fill up, Lind!—So.—Now in a tea-oration
I'll show of Tea and Love the true relation.
[*The guests form a circle round him.*
It has its home in the romantic land;
Alas, Love's home is also in Romance.
Only the Sun's descendants understand
The herb's right cultivation and advance.
With Love it is not otherwise than so.
Blood of the Sun along the veins must flow
If Love indeed therein is to strike root,
And burgeon into blossom and into fruit.
Fröken Skoere. But China is an ancient land; you hold
In consequence that tea is very old——
Strå. Past question antecedent to Jerusalem.
Falk. Yes, 'twas already famous when Methusalem
His picture-books and rattles tore and flung——
Fröken Skoere. [*Triumphantly.*] And Love is in its very
nature young!
To find a likeness *there* is pretty bold.
Falk. No; Love, in truth, is also very old;
That principle we here no more dispute
Than do the folks at Rio or Beyrout;
Nay, there are those, from Cayenne to Caithness
Who stand upon its everlastingness;—
Well, that may be a slight exaggeration;
But old it is beyond all estimation.
Fröken Skoere. But Love is all alike; whereas one finds
Of Tea both good and bad and middling kinds.
Fru Strå. Yes, they sell tea of many qualities.
Anna. The green spring shoots I count the very first——
Svan. Those serve to quench Celestial daughters' thirst.
A Young Lady. Witching as ether-fumes they say it is——
Another. Balmy as lotus, sweet as almond, clear——

Guldstad. That's not an article we deal in here.

Falk. (*Who meantime has come down from the veranda.*) Ah,

ladies, every mortal has a small

Private celestial empire in his heart.

There bud such shoots in thousands, kept apart

By Shyness's soon-shatter'd Chinese wall.

But in her dim fantastic temple-bower

The little Chinese puppet sits and sighs,

A dream of far, far wonders in her eyes,—

And in her hand a golden tulip-flower.

For them the tender firstling tendrils grew,—

Rich crop or meagre, what is that to you?

Instead of it, we get an after-crop

They kick the tree for,—dust and stalk and stem,

As hemp to silk beside what goes to them——

Guldstad. That is the black tea.

Falk. [*Nodding.*]

That's what fills the shop.

A Gentleman. There's *beef-tea*, too, that Holberg says a
word of——

Fröken Skoere. [*Sharply.*] To modern taste entirely out of
date.

Falk. And a *beef-love* has equally been heard of,

Wont (in romances) to brow-beat its mate,

And still, they say, its trace may be detected

Among the henpecked of the married state.

In short there's likeness where 'twas least expected.

So, as you know, an ancient proverb tells,

That something ever passes from the tea

Of the bouquet that lodges in its cells,

If it be carried hither over sea.

It must across the desert and the hills,

Pay toll to Cossack, and to Russian, tills;—

It gets their stamp and licence; that's enough,

We buy it as the true and genuine stuff.

But has not Love that self-same path to fare?

Across Life's desert? How the world would rave

And scourge, if you or I should boldly bear

Our love by way of Freedom's ocean-wave!

"Good heavens! his moral savour's passed away,
And quite dispersed Legality's bouquet!"

Strå. [Rising.] Yes, happily,—in every moral land
Such wares continue to be contraband.

Falk. Yes, to pass current here, Love must have cross'd
The great Siberian waste of regulations,
Fann'd by no breath of ocean to its cost;—
It must produce official attestations.
From friends and kindred, devils of relations,
From Church curators, organist and clerk,
And other fine folks,—over and above
The primal licence which God gave to Love.
And then the last great point of likeness;—mark
How heavily the hand of Culture weighs
Upon that far Celestial domain:
Its power is shatter'd and its wall decays,
The last true Mandarin's strangled; hands profane
Already are put forth to share the spoil;
Soon the Sun's realm will be a legend vain,
An idle tale incredible to sense;
The world is gray in gray,—we've flung the soil
On buried Faery,—we have made her mound.
But if we have,—then where can Love be found?
Alas, Love also is departed hence!
Well, let it go [*lifts his cup*], since so the times decree;
A health to *Amor*, late of Earth,—in Tea!¹

[*Indignant murmurs among the company.*]

Falk, as I have said, represents the idealist side of Ibsen's thought. Its practical and sober side is represented by the elderly merchant, Guldstad. He is also an applicant for Svanhild's hand, but he does not affect to be in love with her: he offers her in marriage a secure and friendly companionship, with an established position. He conducts his suit as Falk's rival with the passive and indifferent air of an old general playing off a young and fiery opponent

¹ The turn of the last couplet is partly due to Mr. William Archer, who kindly read the whole scene. The prophetic significance of the preceding lines will not escape notice.

whom he knows he has in his power: he stands in the background and lets the lovers utter their hearts, and rapturously plight themselves, undisturbed. But when that step is taken, his game begins. The world has set its finger of dead formalism upon the living soul of passion, and when Guldstad confronts them with the searching and terrible question, "Are you sure that your love will endure?" they are struck with a chill, and neither can answer: Yes. Left alone together, they face the situation in all its solemnity. They have been trusted with the gift of Love; how if they are about to betray the trust? It is Svanhild who takes the lead in their decision:—

Woe to us, when before our Judge we stand
And give account of all that we have spent
In our Life's Eden, and when He shall demand,
Like a just God, the treasure that He lent,—
Then, Falk, to answer, certain of our doom,
"We lost it as we travelled to the tomb!"

Falk. [*With strong resolve.*] Take off the ring!

Svan.

Only *will* it!

Falk.

Now I divine!

Thus and no otherwise canst thou be mine!
As the grave's darkness leads to Life's dawn-fire,
So Love to Life can only wedded be
When, freed from longing and from wild desire,
It soars into the heaven of Memory.
Take off the ring, Svanhild!

And so, while the other couples trip gaily to the altar, these two take their last kiss and part, Falk to lose himself among the glories of the mountains and of poetry, with a heart like a cithern of two notes—one high and clear, for the gladness of life, the other deep, hollow, and prolonged; Svanhild, with sad resolve, to take the hand of Guldstad, only begging him to wait until the fall of the leaves.

"Now the blithe springtime of my days is past:
Now the leaves fall: world, take me in at last!"

And then mother and aunts and gossips rush in to jubilate over the ninth engagement—still with a boarder; and amid the crash of dance music

and the explosions of champagne bottles the curtain sinks upon a scene hardly approached in that peculiar poignancy which grim observers of life, like Ibsen, alone can extort from a situation in which every one is getting the lot he has deliberately chosen.

C. H. HERFORD.

The words TEA TEA TOO OO, after reading what Ibsen has written, have an overtone of irony perhaps best left uncommented on.

WITH HIS BROAD
AND HAIRY FACE,
TO IRELAND A
DISGRACE.

This is a reference to Pan, about whom James Stephens had written earlier, *but in this country no people have done reverence to me. The shepherds fly away when they hear my pipes in the pastures; the maidens scream in fear when I dance to them in the meadows. I am very lonely in this strange country. You also, although you danced to the music of my pipes, have covered your face against me and made no reverence.*

WHOM WILL COMES OVER. WHO TO CAPS EVER. AND HOWELSE DO WE HOOK OUR HIKE TO FIND THAT PINT OF PORTER PLACE? AM SHOT, SAYS THE BIG-GUARD.¹

¹RAWMEASH, QUOSHE WITH HER GIRLIC TEANGUE. IF OLD HEROD WITH THE CORMWELL'S ECZEMA WAS TO GO FOR ME LIKE HE DOES SNUFFLER WHATEVER ABOUT HIS BLUE CANARIES I'D DO NINE MONTHS FOR HIS BEAVER BEARD.

WHOM WILL COMES OVER. On page 4 Joyce announces WHAT CLASHES HERE OF WILLS GEN WONTs as being an integral part of his concern. Those who are willing and have the will to implement their choice, come over deliberately to the side of the gods—and to this small band Joyce calls his tune. Stephens had written, *The Crown of Life is not lodged in the sun; the wise gods have buried it deeply where the thoughtful will not find it, nor the good: but the Gay Ones, the Adventurous Ones, the Careless Plungers, they will bring it to the wise and astonish them. All things are seen in the light—How shall we value that which*

¹ The reference to Cromwell and the dreadful scourge his orders brought to Ireland can be understood by a study of the facts of Irish history.

is easy to see? But the precious things which are hidden, they will be more precious for our search: they will be beautiful with our sorrow: they will be noble because of our desire for them.

AND HOWELSE DO WE HOOK OUR HIKE TO FIND THAT PINT OF PORTER PLACE? Other than yielding ourselves utterly to the dark gods within us, to follow them blindly and obey them without quibble, are we to set our feet on that path which will lead us to our vision? AM SHOT, SAYS THE BIG-GUARD. And well may Rimbaud in heaven clap his hands in joy as he leans down for a closer look at old Nobodaddy rolling over 'AM SHOT' in the mud—the big-guard set up long ago and finally toppled from his place by Rimbaud, with efficient prior softening from Blake, Nietzsche and Walt Whitman.

MENLY ABOUT
PEEBLES.

In Sylvia Cole's new book *Pre-History of East Africa* may be found a description of the pebble civilization which is the record of the first of any specific form of society evolved by man—it being estimated that it took place approximately two million years ago.

IMAGINABLE
ITINERARY
THROUGH
THE
PARTICULAR
UNIVERSAL.

Blake *Annotations to Reynolds*

p. 13 Volume III Keynes *Writings of Wm. Blake: To Generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit. General Knowledges are those Knowledges that Idiots possess.*

p. 16

Minute Discrimination is Not Accidental. All Sublimity is founded on Minute Discrimination.

p. 17

A Facility in Composing is the Greatest Power of Art, & Belongs to None but the Greatest Artists, the Most Minutely Discriminating & Determinate.

WHENCE

Joyce asks whence did he come and he answers by reviewing briefly the hangouts of his youth and early manhood in Ireland and on the continent and mentions the place where he earned his living. Old Vico Roundpoint refers to an actual road on the island of Dalkey where he taught and does not only imply Joyce's promulgation of the Viconian theory of cyclic history. He mentions all the qualities which were in his youth deemed most admirable and his enumeration of them is in derision, in the identical spirit in which a negro will

sometimes remark to a white, "You're talking, I'm listening."

The mention of Tycho Brache Crescent, the man on whose mathematical plotting of the position of the stars the astronomer Kepler leaned in working out the statement of one of his great Laws, reminds Joyce of Mary, because before Mary was the mother of Jesus, she was Semele the mother of Dionysus, whose relation to things in earth and sky, particularly the earth, has been constant, if uneven. And thoughts of Mary bring to his mind a miracle attributed to Mary (reminiscent of the mother goddess of India, Egypt and Anatolia) in which Mary's milk was said to have supplied 300,000! Dean Swift describes the church's celebration of this event in *Tale of a Tub*.

THE MARRIAGE OF MONTAN WETTING HIS MOLL WE KNOW, LIKE ANY ENTHEWSYASS
CUCKLING A HOYDEN³

For the marriage of Montan, read Holberg's play, *Erasmus Montanus*. Also see *Zeus* in the section devoted to worship of the mountain as a god and the manner in which the rivers were related to this god.

HOYDEN³ reads REAL LIFE BEHIND THE FLOODLIGHTS AS SHOWN BY THE
BEST EXPONENTS OF A ROYAL DIVORCE obviously refers to the Duchess of
Windsor. For its fuller meaning, see glossary.

IN HER ROUGEY GIPSYLIKE CHINKAMINX PULSHAND JUPEYJADE AND HER PETSIBLUSE
INDECKED O VOYLETS.¹

¹WHEN WE PLAY DRESS GROWNUP AT ALLA LUDO POKER YOU'LL BE HAPPNESSISED TO
FEEL HOW FETCHING I CAN LOOK IN CLINGAROUNDS. This is a reference at once to the
oldest of times in Minoan on whose carved gems we find frequent fields of flowers
containing the figure of ALP and to the most modern of scenes in movie, comic strip
or TV where the heroine is paraded in clingarounds—the overall tone implying ALP's
existence with the sky above her, herself as a cloud within it, floating in the most
flattering and evanescent of gossamers.

WHEN WHO WAS WIST WAS WARE.

Wist is the pluperfect form of the middle english verb "witen" meaning to know and
is translated "known". Ware is an adjective of the middle english language meaning
"aware".

When (he) who was known as (one who was) aware. The sentience of all living,
especially as embodied in Dionysus.

AND THE WHIRR OF THE WHINS HUMMING US HOWE.

And the whirl of the winds conveying by sound the sense of all that has gone before, to bring about the creation of life on earth up to the present.

HENCETAKING TIDES WE HAPLY RETURN, TRUMPETED BY PRAWNS AND ENSIGNED WITH SEAKALE, TO BEFINDING OURSELF WHEN OLD IS SAID IN ONE AND MAKER MATES WITH MADE (O MY!), HAVING CONNED THE CONES AND MEDITATED THE MURED AND PONDERED THE PENSILS AND OGLED THE OLYMP AND DELIGHTED IN HER DIANAPHOUS AND CACCHINATED BEHIND HIS CULOSSES, BEFORE A MOSOLEUM, LENGTH WITHOUGHT BREATH, OF HIM, A CHUMP OF THE EVUMS, UPSHOOT OF PICNIC OR STUPOR OUT OF SOPOR, CAVE OF KIDS OR HYMANIAN GLATTSTONEBURG, DENARY, DANERY, DONNERY, DOMM, WHO, ENTIRINGLY AS HE CONTINUES HIGHLY-FICTIONAL, TUMULOUS UNDER HIS CHTHONIC EXTERIOR BUT PLAIN MR. TUMULTY IN MUFTILIFE², IN HIS ANTISIPIENCES AS IN HIS RECOGNISANCES, IS, (DOMINIC DIRECTUS) A MANYFEAST MUNIFICENT MORE MOB THAN MAN.

The overall meaning of this passage, the detailed analysis of which follows directly, is this:

As the oceans in their great movements rush over the land, after we have examined all that geology, oceanography, archaeology and the mathematical laws lying behind the living forms and the past religions reveal to us, we find ourselves (in order to study) standing before the exhibits and accumulated knowledge of a museum. We see man, gradually gathering consciousness, about whom most of what we know is dependent on surmise, who in ancient times was characterized by the building of tumuli, and whatever he may have been in the past is today Mr. Ordinary Citizen, in his hatred of knowledge as in his accumulated knowledge (god having guided him) characterised almost entirely by his actions as a part of society, always exhibiting features characteristic of him as living in a group, rather than as an individual.

HENCETAKING TIDES WE HAPLY RETURN. One of the finest analyses of the history of oceans in relation to land is to be found in *Surface History of the Earth* by Joly, published by Cambridge University Press. The genius of Joyce is nowhere shown more clearly than in his ability to create a word which he then embodies in a phrase—the overall sound of which conveys directly to the senses his meaning. And it does something further, the phrase changes shape and meaning and derivation and associative power while we are in the very act of reading it, thus giving the immediacy of life—this accomplishment belongs to Joyce alone—first among poets—and can be stated to represent a turning point in the history of man's life on earth, for with this accomplishment he has for the first time broken down that heavy barrier between reality and the representation of reality through the mind and has caught life in her

very flowing. This is the most godlike achievement of man thus far in the history of the earth.

TRUMPETED BY PRAWNS this exhibits the tenderness and humor of Joyce—ancient art is filled with gayly dashing dolphins bearing through the waters some goddess, busy with her task as it has also portrayed again and again Poseidon in his power and it is with this sense of the triumphant power of these ancient gods that he changes the picture to one less impressive, but more accurate, substituting the tiny prawn for the great dolphin, the prawn on which the beasts of the waters do their feeding.

AND ENSIGNED WITH SEAKALE again the light of modern knowledge thrust into the romantic manner of the past—the navy in all countries since the origin of sea-going nations, having been invested with powerful insignia is here lightly referred to and passed on by with the sudden image of seakale tossed up in its wild and humble beauty through onrushing sea foam.

TO BEFINDING OURSELF WHEN OLD IS SAID IN ONE AND MAKER MATES WITH MADE (O MY!) To search out man's life in the past, in his long circuitous path to Zeus, the great One, the All-father "when all is said and done" and in that ancient time when the sons of gods lay with the daughters of men (when maker mates with maid) and Joyce appreciatively, in his best undergraduate manner adds a wishful O MY! But there is another and deeper meaning to these words, AND MAKER MATES WITH MADE. They embody Joyce's most important message. In a play of Ibsen's, *The Emperor Julian*, Act III, there is the following scene:

Maximus (the Mystic)

You know I have never approved the course you have taken as Emperor. You have striven to make the youth a child again. The empire of the flesh is swallowed up in the empire of the spirit. But the empire of the spirit is not final, any more than the youth is. You have striven to hinder the growth of the youth,—to hinder him from becoming a man. Oh fool, who have drawn your sword against that which is to be—against the third empire, in which the twin-natured shall reign.

Julian (the Emperor)

And he—?

Maximus

The Jews have a name for him. They call him Messiah, and they await him.

Julian

(Slowly and thoughtfully) Messiah?—Neither Emperor nor Redeemer?

Maximus

Both in one, and one in both.

Julian

Emperor-God—God-Emperor. Emperor in the kingdom of the spirit,—and God in that of the flesh.

Maximus

That is the third empire, Julian!

Julian

Yes, Maximus, *that* is the third empire.

Maximus

In that empire shall the present watchword of revolt be realised.

Julian

“Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s,—and to God the things that are God’s.” Yes, yes, then the Emperor is in God, and God in the Emperor—Ah, dreams, dreams,—who shall break the Galilean’s power?

Maximus

Wherein lies the Galilean’s power?

Julian

I have brooded over that question in vain.

Maximus

Is it not somewhere written: “Thou shalt have none other gods but me”?

Julian

Yes—yes—yes!

Maximus

The Seer of Nazareth did not preach this god or that; he said: “God is I;—I am God.”

Julian

Ay, this thing without me—! ‘Tis that which makes the Emperor powerless.

The third empire? The Messiah? Not the Jews’ Messiah, but the Messiah of the two empires, the spirit and the world—?

Maximus

The God-Emperor.

Julian

The Emperor-God

Maximus

Logos in Pan—Pan in Logos

Julian

Maximus,—how comes he into being?

Maximus

He comes into being in the man who wills himself.

Here we have the clearest statement of what Nietzsche spent his life to enunciate—the man who wills to create himself. When Joyce uses the word “awake”, primarily the meaning is “self-directed”. That is, a man is most awake when he exercises the greatest degree possible to him of coordinating power over his MULTIPLE MES to bring them all to a powerful focus through the vehicle of what Blake calls “the determinate line”, that is, the spelled-out-to-himself task which the man’s life is. The essence of the living is its quality of being ungraspable—so that for a man to form himself in a conscious union with his Maker is to attempt to bring into the world of the visible and graspable the invisible and ungraspable life which consists in thousands of minute acts of discrimination. Every day thousands of them—so that if the made (man) really seeks to mate with God (the maker) he must exercise vigilance as a fierce tireless soldier watching all of those impulses that they direct themselves not indiscriminately, but with telling, conscious pattern which in the end becomes his beauty. It was to try to arouse man to the thrilling task so flatteringly possible to him that Joyce spent all the creative effort of his life. He could not bear it that we are willing to buy destiny at so cheap a rate—he wanted us to want the best—to believe in it. And it is on this doctrine that Joyce has woven his theme.

HAVING CONNED THE CONES

In Volume II of D’Arcy Wentworth Thompson’s *On Growth and Form*, Cambridge University Press 1952, in Chapter VII, p. 515, we read the following:

A beautiful hexagonal pattern is seen in the male and female cones of *Zamia*, where the scales which bear the pollen-sacs or the ovules are crowded together, and are so formed and circumstanced that they can not protrude and overlap. They become compressed accordingly into regular hexagons, smaller and more regular in the male cone than in the female, in which latter the cone as a whole has tended to grow more in breadth than in length, and the hexagons are somewhat broader than they are long.

The pine-cone shews a simple, but unusual mode of closepacking. The spiral arrangement causes each scale to lie, to right and to left, on two principal spirals; it has close neighbors on four sides, and mutual compression leads to a square or rhomboidal, instead of an hexagonal configuration. On the other hand, the scales of the larchcone overlap: therefore they are not subject to compression, but grow more freely into leaf-like curves.

The story of the hexagon leads us far afield, and in many directions, but it begins with something simpler even than the hexagon. We have seen that in a soapy froth three films, and three only, meet in an edge, a phenomenon capable of explanation by the law of *areae minimae*.

But the conjunction, three by three, of almost any assemblage of partitions, of cracks in drying mud, of varnish on an old picture, of the various cellular systems we have described, is a general tendency, to be explained more simply still. It would be a complex pattern indeed, and highly improbable, were all the cracks (for instance) to meet one another six by six; four by four would be less so, but still too much; and three by three is nature's way, simply because it is the simplest and the least. When the partitions meet three by three, the angles by which they do so may vary indefinitely, but their *average* will be 120°; and if all be on the *average* angles of 120°, the polygonal areas must, on the average, be hexagonal. This, then, is the simple geometrical explanation, apart from any physical one, of the widespread appearance of the pattern of hexagons.

AND MEDITATED THE MURED

Joyce places thus early in this section, (pp. 260-308) which may well be likened to the seed because it contains everything which is to be found more fully developed in the remainder of the book, so quietly that it almost passes without notice, an announcement of first importance—that he will consider the condition of man as of one “walled in”, that man's riddance of this wall is the task immediately before him—first to find out where the wall is and what the wall is made of and then to proceed in his task of finding out how to get beyond it—I here take issue with those who have interpreted “the fall” on the opening page of *Finnegans Wake* as referring to the biblical *Fall of Man*. THE FALL OF THE OFFWALL WHICH ENTAILED AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE THE FALL OF FINNEGAN can be understood only as a reference to the loud clattering to the ground of the Christian religion and the temporary discomfiture caused to the noble-minded who realize they have fallen off from the secure place in which they were perched, supported by narrow and fallacious doctrine, but have not yet the name of the ground whereon they stand.

The wall is best summarized in a speech of Julian's in Ibsen's play, *Caesar's Apostasy*.

Julian

Be that as it may. But do you not see that this paralysing terror has curdled and coiled itself up into a wall around the Emperor? Ah! I see very well why the great Constantine promoted such a will-binding doctrine to power and authority in the empire. No bodyguard with spears and shields could form such a bulwark round the throne as this benumbing creed, for ever pointing beyond our earthly life. Have you looked closely at these Christians? Hollow-eyed, pale-cheeked, flat-breasted, all; they are like the linen-weavers of Byssus; they brood their lives away unspurred by ambition; the sun shines for them, and they do not see it; the earth offers them its fulness, and they desire it not;—all their desire is to renounce and suffer, that they may come to die.

AND PONDERED THE PENSILS and tried to understand the thoughts of the great men who have gone before me (ils pense)

AND OGLED THE OLYMP and cast his eye upon the gods of Olympus.

AND DELIGHTED IN HER DIANAPHOUS and taken delight in the old gods, especially Diana amidst her various forms.

AND CACCHINATED BEHIND HIS CULOSSES and laughed loudly behind his shield.

BEFORE A MOSOLEUM standing in front of the cases in a museum which hold the artifacts of past civilizations where the life that is past is represented and because all of these witnesses are of the dead it is called a mausoleum.

LENGTH WITHOUGHT BREATH Extension and animation (the two attributes of life on earth) of Hce, born like Gargantua from an inception at a picnic or from the stupor that comes from having supped on a sap (bread soaked in wine), Cave of Kids (from Crete, one of the earliest places of worship in Minoan civilization) who, as his existence is fictional, who is characterized in very early times by what we are able to discover of his methods of burial, but today is a citizen in civilian life, is a man whose social consciousness and religion have been developed largely out of gatherings characterized by one or another kinds of feasting.

SWINEY TOD, YE
DAIMON BARBAR.

Piggish death, you
Demon Barber.

This is a reference to H. Rumbold, a consul from England with whom Joyce had had dealings in Switzerland, who stood for everything Joyce despised, whose cold and insulting manner was immortalised in *Ulysses*, where he is referred to as H. Rumbold, Master Barber, the hangman, who also relates to *dio boia*, the hangman god, and also to Joyce's hatred of the English as they relate to his own country, about whom he said, THEY'RE ALL BARBERS, FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY (the men from the north of Ireland who were on the Black list of those who voted for Union with England, thus voting away their country's freedom—for this tragic story in full read Barrington, *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, Wm. H. Sadleir Co., New York, 1845) THAT WOULD HANG THEIR OWN FATHERS FOR FIVE QUID DOWN AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

DIG HIM IN THE RUBSH. This is one of many adorable references which Joyce made to himself, characterized by a humorous disdain, which expresses the ill-will of many

towards himself and his work in delicate, non-fighting language. In another place he said, DOWN AMONG THE DUSTBINS LET HIM LIE!

AINSOPH, THIS UPRIGHT ONE, WITH THAT NOUGHTY BESIGHED HIM ZEROINE. Ainsoph stands for the creator and while the word is taken directly from cabalistic literature, it also has the old overtone of nonsense—any soph (omore). In the Pythagorean, as in other philosophic number systems, the creator is represented by the numeral 1—his consort is here represented by zero and their union becomes the number ten, which is the last number of the first decade. The eleven which starts the new is referred to over and over again in *Ulysses* as well as in *Finnegans Wake*, since the overthrow of the old, and the start of the new, is Joyce's primary message. TO SEE IN HIS HORRORSCUP HE IS MEHRKURIOS THAN SALTZ OF SULPHUR to see in his horoscope he is more mercurious (of Mercury) than salts of sulphur. To look in the past, the creator, gazing deep into the cup of the living, the cup filled with ancient times when man celebrated the divinity by publicly pulling apart and devouring the yearly king (priest), notices that the primal elements are there, that while man is composed of both mercury and sulphur, he is most mercurial (changing in his nature and inconstant in his imagination of the deity). This same creator was worshipped in fear as Sol—King of the noon and was represented by night as embodied in the Moon, who was sought out to be present when mystical messages were given out by the oracles. But to speak in the language of a man who no longer believes in heaven—does this creator exist? What is our definition of him? To whom does he belong? Why has he been created? What does he encompass? How is he differentiated from other Gods? When was the belief in him rampant? And where do we place him now in the scheme of things? Joyce's book will elucidate some of these questions. E.C.H. A.L.P. Joyce who is preaching one message always, the message to man to assume his divine form, never lets us stray very far from the fact that we are always present—the one creation which we *can* examine.

PROBA-
POSSIBLE
PROLEGO-
MENA TO
IDEAREAL
HISTORY

On page 82 of *Stephen Hero* we read, MADDEN
TOOK FROM HIS INSIDE POCKET A SHEET OF
FOOLSCAP FOLDED IN FOUR ON WHICH WAS
INSCRIBED A PIECE OF VERSE, CONSISTING OF 4
STANZAS OF 8 LINES EACH, ENTITLED, "MY IDEAL".
EACH STANZA BEGAN WITH THE WORDS "ART
THOU REAL?" THE POEM TOLD OF THE POET'S
TROUBLES IN A VALE OF WOE AND OF THE HEART
THROBS WHICH THESE TROUBLES CAUSED HIM. IT
TOLD OF 'WEARY NIGHTS' AND 'ANXIOUS DAYS'

AND OF AN 'UNQUENCHABLE DESIRE' FOR AN EXCELLENCE BEYOND THAT 'WHICH EARTH CAN GIVE'. AFTER THIS MOURNFUL IDEALISM THE FINAL STANZA OFFERED A CERTAIN CONSOLATORY, HYPOTHETICAL ALTERNATIVE TO THE POET IN HIS WOES: IT BEGAN SOMEWHAT HOPEFULLY:

ART THOU REAL, MY IDEAL?
WILT THOU EVER COME TO ME
IN THE SOFT AND GENTLE TWILIGHT
WITH YOUR BABY ON YOUR KNEE?

With the humorous scorn Joyce felt towards this verse he has turned it to saying something about which he is in earnest—a device Joyce used in a thousand employments. He has called this section the probable introduction to history as it increasingly comes to correspond to an idea gradually unfolding in man's history, the development of which brings him always nearer to the ideal.

CROSS.
THUS COME TO CASTLE.
KNOCK.
A PASSWORD, THANKS.
YES, PEARSE
WELL, ALL BE DUMBED!
O REALLY.
HOO CAVEDIN EARTHWIGHT AT
FURSCHT KRACHT OF THUNDER.
WHEN SHOO, HIS FLUTTERBY,
WAS NETTED AND NAMED.
ERDNACRUSHA, REQUIESTRESS,
WAKE EM!

This is the crossover—man's membre virile. He comes to the castle and knocks—the woman responds with "Yes" and the order "Pierce". Both are silent—O really—to signify the beginning of life in the "real" world. At this first crack of thunder the soul was born in appearance as a butterfly (see Minoa).

Thunderbolt of Zeus, Mother of Wild Things, waken man from his sleep. And thus Joyce announces once again his chief desire—that man should wake and walk in glory.

AND LET LUCK'S PURESPLUTTERALL LUCY AT EASE. And let luck's pure candle light up the world at ease, a reference to the lack of connection between a man's outward fortune and his true deserts, particularly in regard to fame, which seldom brings to light the names of the truly great, but seizes on the names of those who have merchandised greatness. (And after dinner to draw the shades.)

THSIGHT NEAR
LEFT ME EYES WHEN
I SEEN HER PUT
THOUNCE OTAY
ITHPOT.

This is again a reference to Ibsen's *Love's Comedy*—the meaning of which will be discussed with reference to page 308, in a later volume.

STAPLERING TO TETHER TO, STEPPINGSTONE TO MOUNT BY, AS THE BOOTE'S AT PICKARDSTOWN. AND THAT SKIMMELK STEED STILL IN THE GROUNDLOFTFAN. AS OVER ALL. OR BE THESE WINGSETS LEANED TO THE OUTWALLS, BEASTSKIN TROPHIES OF BOOTH OF BAW'S THE BALSAMBOARDS? BURIALS BE BALLYHOURAISED! SO LET BACCHUS E'EN CALL! INN INN! INN INN! WHERE. THE BABBERS PLY THE PEN. THE BIBBERS DRANG THE DEN. THE PAPPLICOM, THE PUBBLICAM HE'S TURNING TIN FOR TEN. FROM SELDOMERS THAT MOST FREQUENT HIM. THAT SAME ERST CRAFTY HAKEMOUTH WHICH UNDER THE ASSUMED NAME OF IGNOTUS LOQUOR, OF FOGGY OLD, HARANGUED BELLYHOOTING FISHDRUNKS ON THEIR FAVORITE STAMPING GROUND, FROM A FATHER THEOBALDER BRAKE. AND EGYPTUS, THE INCENSTROBED, AS CYRUS HEARD OF HIM? AND MAJOR A. SHAW AFTER HE GOT THE MINER SMELLPEX? AND OLD WHITEMAN SELF, THE BLIGHTY BLOTCHY, BEYOND THE BAYS, HOPE OF OSTROGOTHIC AND OTTOMANIC FAITH CONVERTERS, DESPAIR OF PANDEMIA'S POSTWARTEM PLASTIC SURGEONS? BUT IS WAS ALL SO LONG AGO. HISPANO-CATHAYAN-EUXINE, CASTILLIAN-EMERATIC-HEBRIDIAN, ESPANOL-CYMRIC-HELLENIKY? ROLF THE GANGER, ROUGH THE GANGSTER, NOT A FEATURE ALIKE AND THE FACE THE SAME. PASTIMES ARE PAST TIMES. NOW LET BYGONES BE BEI GUNNE'S. SAALEDDIES ER IT IN THIS WARKEN WERDEN, MINE BOERNE, AND IT VILD NEED OLDERWISE SINCE PRIMAL MADE ALTER IN GARDEN OF IDEM.

The flesh is a definite step from chaos towards man's coming of age. From earliest days when heads of sacrificed animals and boughs of trees were hung up to signify a sacred precinct, man in all his variety of place is characterised by his likeness to his fellowman. Let all these times be past and gone, for life must now be changed.

THE TASKS ABOVE ARE AS THE FLASKS BELOW, SAITH THE EMERALD CANTICLE OF HERMES AND ALL'S LOTH AND PLEASESTIR, ARE WE TOLD, ON EXCELLENT INKBOTTLE AUTHORITY, SOLARSYSTEMISED, SERIOLCOSMICALLY, IN A MORE AND MORE ALMIGHTILY EXPANDING UNIVERSE UNDER ONE, THERE IS RHYMELESS REASON TO BELIEVE, ORIGINAL SUN.

In the Emerald Tables of Hermes Trismegistus there is this—"As above, so below." For an excellent summary of the meaning of this phrase read Ouspensky *New Model of the Universe*, especially the section on the Tarot pack. Before him, two famous poets have made elucidations of this phrase, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Henrik Ibsen. In *Caesar's Apostasy*, Act V, Julian says, "First down—then up."

In *Literary Remains*, Samuel Taylor Coleridge has one of the finest passages in all of English prose. *Henceforward, he is referred to himself, delivered up to his own charge; and he*

who stands the most on himself, and stands the firmest, is the truest, because the most individual, Man. In social and political life this acme is inter-dependence; in moral life it is independence; in intellectual life it is genius. Nor does the form of polarity, which has accompanied the law of individuation up its whole ascent, desert it here. AS THE HEIGHT, SO THE DEPTH. The intensities must be at once opposite and equal. As the liberty, so must be the reverence for law. As the independence, so must be the service and the submission to the Supreme Will! As the ideal genius and the originality, in the same proportion must be the resignation to the real world, the sympathy and the intercommunion with Nature. In the conciliating mid-point, or equator, does the Man live, and only by its equal presence in both its poles can that life be manifested.

SECURELY JUDGES ORB TERRESTRIAL. HAUD CERTO ERGO. By no means certain because of (which is priceless).

ARCHAIC ZELOTYPYIA AND THE
ODIUM TELEOLOGICUM.

The ancient world was founded on slavery of an absolute type and the old religion is odious because of its teleological viewpoint (all things considered from the standpoint of the end of the world.

HONOUR COMMERCIO'S ENERGY YET AID THE LINKLESS PROUD, THE PLURABLE WITH EVERYBODY AND ECH WITH PAL, THIS ERNST OF ALLSAP'S ALE HALLIDAY OF ROARING MONTH WITH ITS TWO LUNAR ECLIPSES AND ITS THREE SATURNINE SETTINGS. HORN OF HEATTHEN, Highbrowed! We are here thrown back to Minoa and its sacred horns which implied the worship of the power inherent in the bull—the Minoan Palace of Minos at Knossos has yielded hundreds of samples of these horns, on walls, painted in frescoes, in the rooms of worship, miniature ones, until we have come to recognize them as a prime symbol in Minoan religion.

BROOK OF LIFE, BACK-FRISH! AMNIO'S AMNIUM, FLUMINICULUM FLAMINULINORUM! WE SEEK THE BLESSED ONE, THE HARBOURER-CUM-ENHERITANCE. EVEN CANAAN THE HATEFUL. EVER A-GOING, EVER A-COMING. BETWEEN A STARE AND A SOUGH. FOSSILISATION, ALL BRANCHES.¹

¹STARTNAKED AND BONEDSTIFF. WE VIDDY SODDY. ALL BE DOOD.

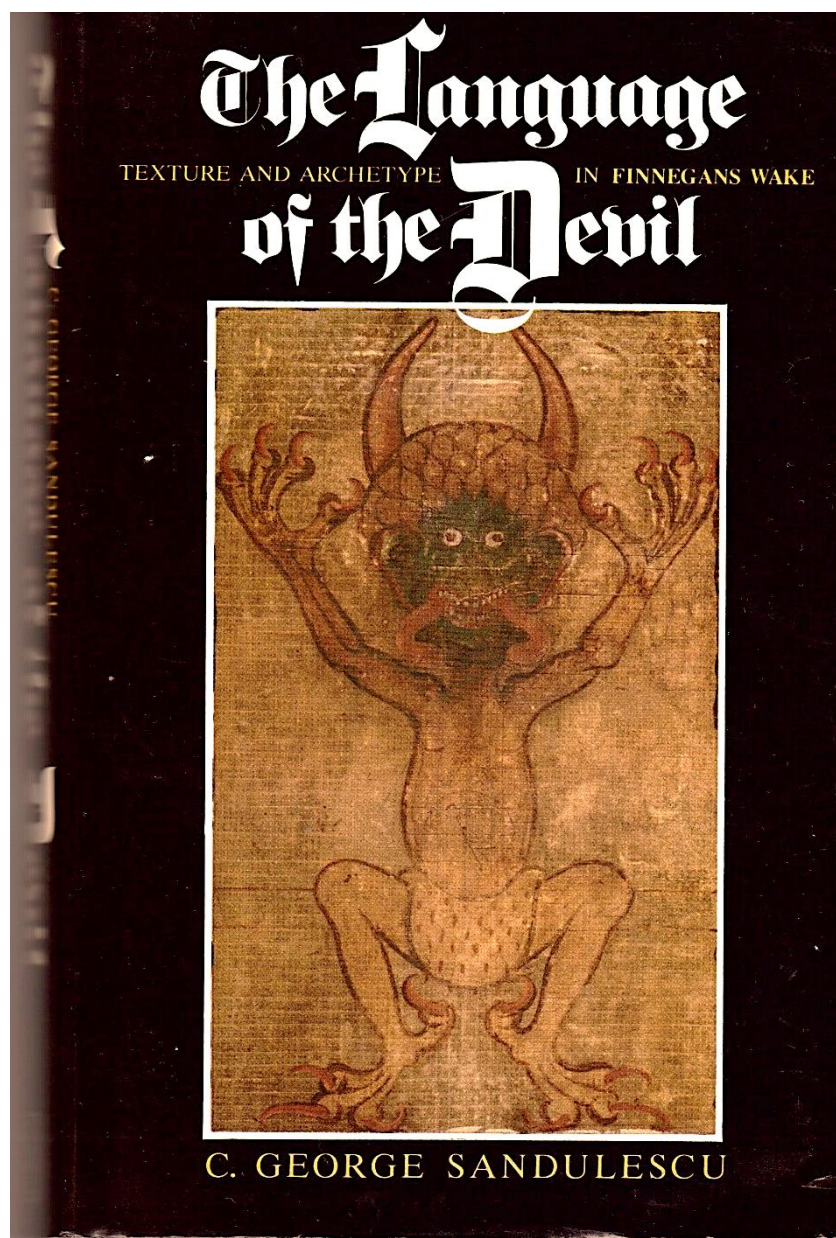
Joyce is the most charming writer that ever lived. In this paragraph where he is intertwining aspects of H. C. Earwicker with Anna Livia Plurabelle back and forth over the ages—he puts in this adorable note—the atmosphere of lightness—of a weaving in and out of life as the gay fluttering back and forth of butterfly conveys his

essential tone of love and of detachment. All is transitory, all is beautiful and nothing tragic. Like D. H. Lawrence he worships the here and now of life—as it appears BETWEEN A STARE (of a man at a woman) AND A SOUGH (of the eternal fir tree watching over the graves in the cemetery).

FOSSILISATION, ALL BRANCHES refers to the fact that we are finding all over the world fossils which help us to trace the history of life and the fact that civilizations are bone stiff and need to be overthrown and reconstructed in order to preserve life in them.

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Appendices

A WORD OF INTENT

[Preface to Part 2: "Idioglossary he invented."]

Part Two of *Reading Finnegans Wake* is A glossary of those words and phrases pertaining to the life of Ireland to be found in Joyce's poem. It has been prepared by a minute examination into the archaeology, literature, history, genealogy, educational institutions, geography and individual lives of remembered persons (whether great or obscure) of the island.

It differs in several important ways from the usual glossary—it does not attempt to cover the full meaning of the reference; it is obvious that each word or phrase might in itself be a volume; it does not give even the most common or the most central or the widest definition—it often illustrates by an obscure anecdote a person or event about which thousands of words are available; it seeks to do only one thing, to establish the *Irish* identity of the word or phrase and for this purpose a brief, unimportant scrap of information serves as well as a polished dictionary-type definition and it has the further virtue of allowing into the matter some glimpse of the passion which lies behind and is the life of Ireland. Where the material has been taken from very early sources, the dryness and sparse reality of the ancient phrasing have been retained, so as to convey the feel of the antiquity of Ireland.

The second way in which this glossary differs is that it offers under the "principle" heading all the variations the individual word or phrase has been given by Joyce throughout the pages of *Finnegans Wake*. In no case are the presence of phrases under a given head to be taken to mean that they do not relate to other heads also, the epitome of Joyce's method being this interrelationship, but for the purposes of this glossary other non-Irish reference and interlocking have been strictly excluded. These variations have been searched out and placed under the "principle" heading for the usefulness which will develop from such listing in the study of Joyce's masterpiece. However they also serve to introduce the reader to an essential feature of Joyce's method.

The third way in which the material will be found to differ, is that it is prefaced in each case by the page on which the word or phrase occurs in the book. It is hoped that this practice will be of help to the reader. For example, if he is to find a word he does not understand and turns to the glossary and finds it there, he will immediately know that he has the correct word because the page will correspond, but more important that this, should the reader desire to advance in the technique of reading Joyce, he has only to read several entries in the glossary, pursue in the pages there noted the phrase about which the entry has been made, follow the matter up for himself by investigating an appropriate sourcebook similar to those mentioned in the entries and then return to the text to read into it the full import of Joyce's meaning. The word will be clearly identified in the glossary as to the area of knowledge involved in its search, so that this part of the work has been done and the reader need only have the pleasure of finding those sourcebooks nearest at hand which please him most. By following out frequently the full implication of words, the reader will acquire a feeling of how Joyce works and will be well on his way to becoming a genuine Joyce reader.

In limiting the glossary to words of Irish reference only, a purpose has been carried out, the import of which will become clear as Part I is studied. At this time it is necessary to define what is and is not included as Irish:

1. It contains words which refer to any event or personal detail in the life of Joyce himself.
2. It gives any famous phrase from Irish history therein to be found.
3. It identifies persons, places, physical features, events in Ireland or Irish history.
4. It defines any word or name pertaining to the life of the Roman Catholic Church.
5. It defines words pertaining to events about which the Irish took sides, or were interested in nationally, or which were participated in by Irish soldiers, or were sympathetically watched from her shores.

No works were consulted which would ordinarily be termed "creative" or "critical". The most satisfactory way to define words in very specialized work such as this is to employ the finest scholarship available. In each case a work was sought which covers the kind of information involved, most authoritatively.

There is no reference to Joyce's meaning.

The attempt has been made to give the meaning as it would exist for an Irishman, past or present.

Selections of Entries and Definitions

Joyce's work as a whole contains references to his native isle. All of the critics have noted how detailed and accurate are the references in *Ulysses* to the city and citizens of Dublin.

In *Finnegans Wake* the references to Ireland are equally detailed and accurate, and equally numerous. They vary primarily in that they reach deeply into the past and include events in parts of Ireland unconnected with Dublin.

The method of selecting the entries in the glossary was this: if the word or phrase were suspected of pertaining to the life of Ireland, an attempt was made to classify it—to what part of her life did it belong? was the word historical, genealogical, geographic or what? Then a search was made for a work which might elucidate the matter. As a general practice the method was often worked backwards. An important biography or description of a battle or discussion of a field of literature was read from cover to cover and an attempt made to hold in the mind words which might turn out to be Joyce words. Often they did—the struggle was then to rediscover the place where the meaning had been made clear, often more time-consuming than the location of the evidence originally, to track it down to a detailed summary and then to search through the pages of *Finnegans Wake* to find exactly where the word occurred. Since no pathway existed, this very slow and back-tracking method had to be followed, as meanings revealed themselves in places bearing no resemblance to such pieces of organized writing as histories, encyclopedias and reference works.

While the method was awkward, it had rewards, for it yielded a rich, satisfying understanding which could never have been derived from a more orderly and non-wasteful method. The entries stand as mileposts on the full expanse of Ireland's history; it is hoped that the reader will be tempted to go off on this rambling, time-consuming road for himself.

For instance, no accuracy of definition in a biographical dictionary could ever yield the understanding of the beauty of the play on the word "tone," if one were to remain ignorant of the full two-volume account of the life of Tone. There is an immediacy about this work which the reader at once participates in—his events are the reader's problems, and the love he inspires among his countrymen becomes a reality for the reader.

The definitions are more precisely characterizations; they may be rounded and general, but are more likely to be partial—resembling the vocabulary of a private person in which a name may conjure up a life-time of association or may call to mind some momentary flash of acquaintance which the person bearing the name would not be likely to remember. I preferred this method because Joyce has not written a history,

nor a study-book of any kind; he is conveying his wonderful excitement over his country – and the dry lean fact alternating with vivid detail it is hoped will convey some small measure of his excitement. I am not without hope that some few readers will just read the glossary through.

Pronunciation

One does not go far in studying *Finnegans Wake* before becoming aware that an important indispensable key to comprehending him is the correct pronunciation of the letters as assembled. Since a pronunciation guide for a book so immense represents an impossible task, it is hoped that the grouping of phrases as herein undertaken will be invaluable in this respect.

They may be relied upon with confidence, for wherever I have had any small doubt as to the connection between two words or two phrases appearing in different places, I have refrained from connecting them. No words are shown under the same heading which can not be proven to belong together by an examination of the book's meaning.

Since Joyce employed the widest of latitudes in playing on words and since they are sometimes to be pronounced as spelt and are sometimes spelt as they sound, to him, an Irishman, it was considered to be of the first importance to elucidate meanings by thus throwing light on the pronunciation of individual words, for the mere grouping together will throw the emphasis where it belongs and will reveal in this way the accent and where it falls. Half the battle of reading *Finnegans Wake* is won, once one has captured the secret of how to pronounce the word as Joyce meant it to be pronounced. The book is actually not hard to read. It just requires informed effort and part of the necessary information is best made available in the glossarial form.

ABOUT THE READER

I trace my ancestry as follows: my original ancestor is the Minoan *Lady of Wild Things*; her daughter was Athene, whose son was Euripides, whose son was Michelangelo, whose son was William Blake, whose son was James Joyce, whose daughter am I. Arthur Rimbaud is intimately related to all of us.
My father wrote me a letter which begins,

LISTENEST, MEME MEAREST! COME REST IN THIS BOSOM! O
FRONCES, . . . LISTEN, MEME SWEETY! O BE JOYFOLD! THINGS ARE
NOT AS THEY WERE.
HERE WHICH YE SEE, YEA RESTE. ON ME, YOUR SLEEPING GIANT.
THE END OF ALDEST MOSEST IST THE BEGINNING OF ALL THISORDER
OUR LIVES ARE ON SURE IN SORTING WITH JONATHANS, WILD AND
GREAT. BEEN SO FREE!
IN MIDDAY'S MALLSIGHT LET MILEDD DISCURVESELF.

This letter came in response to one I had written long ago, but since I had not known how to address mine, I had always believed it to have been lost.

I love my father's letter, because it addresses itself directly and personally to whomever may chance to find it. Each addressee finds in it something other, something which especially fascinates and comforts him alone. This discreet pleasure I hold to be inviolable. And because every addressee holds his relation to this letter to be something sacred, I have attempted not to tell my meaning nor to pry into another's, but to make paths laid out by their author apparent, just by repeating them all at a time. These paths are the beloved answers to any question which may begin, "*What did my father tell me about that?*"

If they have been arranged in a way to add to the joy of the reading of this beautiful letter to oneself, I shall have been successful.

The Ballad Singer

[Back cover]

Irish from head to heel, *The Ballad Singer* was drawn by Jack Yeats and printed by his sister, Elizabeth Corben Yeats, at the Cuala Press, at the time when the entire Yeats family was launched on activities of a creative nature.

In the springtime of 1929, William Butler Yeats, their brother, told a friend, *I went out to Jack's this afternoon and saw there much of his new work – very strange and beautiful in a wild way. Joyce says that he and Jack have the same method. He bought two of Jack's pictures of the Liffey.*

And in *Finnegans Wake*, page 42, Joyce had written of himself, TO THE BALLEDDER OF WHICH THE WORLD OF CUMMANNITY SINGING OWES A TRIBUTE FOR HAVING PLACED ON THE PLANET'S MELOMAP HIS LAY OF THE VILEST BOGEYER BUT MOST ATTRACTIONABLE AVATAR THE WORLD HAS EVER HAD TO EXPLAIN FOR.

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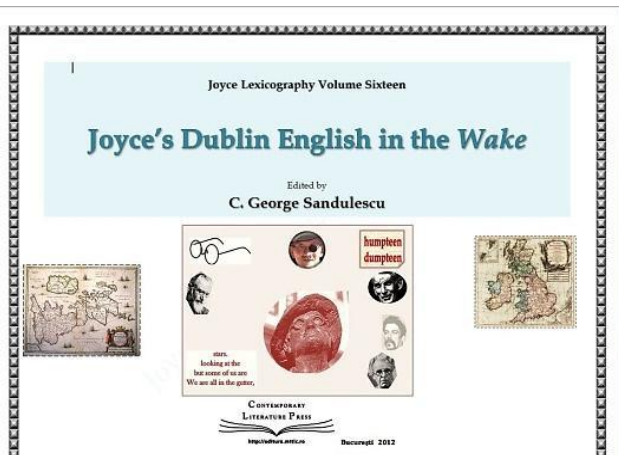
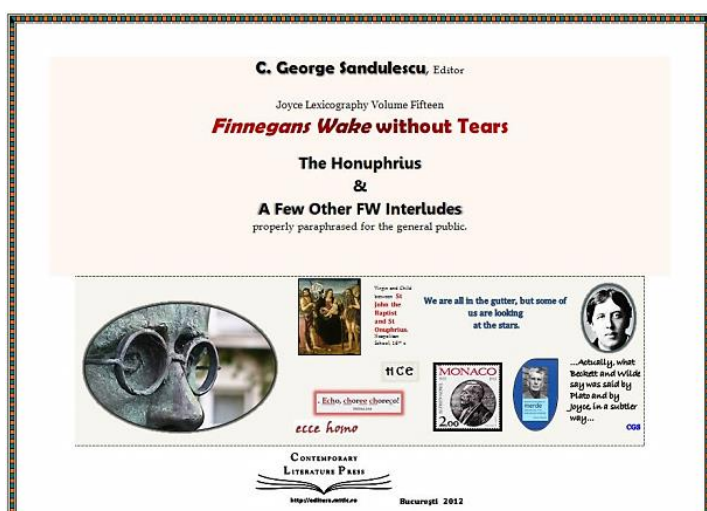
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