CHAPTER TWO

Forty Ways of Looking at a White Elephant

I: POLITICAL MIASMA

In one of the first comprehensive analyses of the completed Finnegans Wake, Harry Levin, cautioning critics against the myriad confusions inherent in the Wake, accurately likened the commentator’s task to that of the Aesopian blindmen who investigated the elephant. Levin prophesied that many inaccurate judgments would be made of Joyce’s literary “white elephant”—“What a lubberly whide elephant for the men-in-the-straits!” (300.n4), comments Issy in a footnote. The two decades since Levin’s prophecy have witnessed many attempts by critics to “place” Joyce’s book in preconceived pigeonholes, with strange and disastrous results at times. Early commentators have suffered from a dearth of available exegetical and analytical material; succeeding commentators now find it necessary to correct the inaccurate interpretations that have adhered to the work before continuing the tortuous process of gleaning the ideas that are basic in the Wake. Political and religious prejudices in particular have been instrumental in obfuscating the already murky environs, so much so that it has become necessary for each annotator to initiate his own campaign to cleanse the enigmatic surface of non-Joycean coatings. No critic, however, can be certain that his efforts are any the less blind than those of preceding Aesopians, or that his whitewashing will not leave just another dark coat. He must nonetheless make his original efforts in an area where trial-and-error criticism is the prescribed if precarious method.

The problem of begetting an unprejudiced but individual critique is manifold: Joyce managed during a full literary career to attract many strange adherents to his various causes and apostasies; he also managed to make enemies in the various facets of the polit-
ical, religious, and literary worlds. His untimely death prevented his being able to protect himself and his work from a host of avenging angels who have rushed in and claimed discipleship or made claims upon Joyce which only he himself could have unequivocally disavowed. Since the Wake serves to investigate contemporary man in terms of his history, religious and political claims in particular have been made which must be closely scrutinized.

History in Finnegans Wake is a world of its own. The entire history of the human race flows past with the waters of the Liffey in an order logically concomitant with Joyce's structural plan, though contemptuous of mundane concepts of chronology—"riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay" (3.1-2)—in a Viconian circle that Joyce the Artificer has successfully squared: "eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and hatch-as-hatch can" (614.32-33). Thus the flow of comprehensive but inarticulate history courses through all levels of the book like Anna Livia herself: "babbling, bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothering the fields on their elbows leaning with the sloothering slide of her, giddygaddy, grannyma, gossipeous Anna Livia" (195.1-4).

The history of man's globe is mirrored in the history of Ireland, the microcosm reflecting the cosmos, in whose invasions, defenses, struggles, absorptions, and metamorphoses Joyce saw universalities, "Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstoryshortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubbages on to soil here" (17.3-5). On the nearest level, the nation that represents all nations becomes the city that is all cities, since the erecting of the city comprises the evolution of the developing human animal into the rival of the God of the Creation: "And that was how framm Sin fromm Son, acity arose" (94.18). Thus, on the lowest level of Joyce's creation, arises Earwicker, the mortal publican of Chapelszod, hovering in time between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, representative of present man and his immediate heritage, with the ghost of the eternal Finn as his perpetual shadow. "Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue riding the high horse there forehengist?" (214.11-12), asks the washer-
woman on the banks of the Liffey, but it is only "the quare old buntz too, Dear Dirty Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls and dotthergills" (215.13-14).

With Earwicker, the specter of history appears in the present age like the uninvited relative at the wedding. Even for Joyce, for whom the past was fluid not fixed, the chaos of the present (the core and continuum of his work) suggested hazards that required careful handling and complete control. The years during which he wrote his *Wake*, the precarious twenties and thirties, when thousands of authors of various stripes and shades concerned themselves passionately with the *here* and the *now*, existed for Joyce the artist only on the peripheral edge of his circled square of history.* Except for contemporary events in Ireland (which for Joyce were a logical development of the events of the previous century, and which he had prognosticated with scientific accuracy), much of what transpired in the world at the time was of no interest to him. Despite the all-inclusive dream pattern that allowed him to compress historical, mythological, and legendary events of all times and places within his work, Joyce carefully avoided much of contemporary European political events, apparently because they had not yet become history and still lacked universality. Political names that were on everyone's lips at the time, and on many of the pages of literature of the day, rarely found their way into *Finnegans Wake*.

Joyce's nonpolitical approach deserves a certain amount of clarification. Louis Gillet seems to have found Joyce without a shred of concern for what was happening politically about him:

In fact, I don't recall once, during all those years, having heard Joyce say a word about public events, pronounce the names of Poincaré, Roosevelt, Franco, Baldwin, Valera, Stalin, or make an allusion to Geneva, Locarno, Abyssinia, Spain, China, Japan, the Negus or the Mikado, the Stavisky affair, Violette Nozières, armament or disarmament, oil, the

* Thomas Mann, with whom critics so often couple Joyce, had published his *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* ("Notes of a Non-Political Man") in 1918, but his later *engagement* was of course never paralleled by Joyce.
stock-exchange, the races at Auteuil, Gorgoulloff, Doumer’s assassination, Dolfuss, King Alexander, the Rhineland, Austria, Morocco, the Congo or Gerolstein, or anything else that may be found in the headlines of the newspapers; all that was for him as if it didn’t exist.²

Yet both comments in Joyce’s letters and statements made by other friends at the time (as reported in Ellmann’s biography) belie Gillet’s recollection. The possibility of world war weighed heavily upon him during the thirties with no polyannaism on his part to disguise the obvious forebodings. Wars in Ethiopia, Spain, and China are mentioned in his letters, as is the prospect of war between Japan and the United States, not to mention the European prospects. His disdain for both Mussolini and Hitler was unhidden, and his attitude toward Communist Russia combined sympathy and suspicion.

The extent to which he was able to rise above contemporary events and take a long historical look at what was happening (vitally important for his approach to the Wake) is indicated in his 1936 “interview” with Ole Vinding; Vinding asked: “Do you like Italy now that Mussolini is there?” Joyce replied: “Naturally. Now as always. Italy is Italy. Not to like it because of Mussolini would be just as absurd as to hate England because of Henry the Eighth.”³ Yet the pro-Fascist attitudes of Pound and Wyndham Lewis he treated with scorn,⁴ nor were his political beliefs, such as they were, at all naïve: he was as much aware of the subtleties of official British hypocrisy as he was of the obviously pernicious motives of official Germany: “And any time I turn on the radio I hear some British politician mumbling inanities or his German cousin shouting and yelling like a madman.”⁵

Neither is the absence of contemporary political allusions in the Wake as complete as that claimed by Gillet in Joyce’s personal conversations. Levin, in fact, finds a rather interesting collection of the flotsam and jetsam of the thirties among the carefully sifted debris of the Wake: “Joyce alludes glibly and impartially to such concerns as left-wing literature,⁶ Whitman and democracy,⁷ Lenin and Marxism,⁸ the Gestapo,⁹ the
Nazis,\textsuperscript{375} the Soviets,\textsuperscript{414} and the 'braintrust.'\textsuperscript{529}{6} (Levin's numerals refer to pages in \textit{Finnegans Wake}.) Again it is important to stress that the appearance of these elements does not constitute a commitment by Joyce to a point of view, but it does indicate his awareness of their importance in the times in which he lived.

"Left-wing literature" is introduced in a mock-Marxist reading of the "mamafesta" of chapter 5 in conjunction with other attempts to interpret its significance: "we have perused from the pages of \textit{I Was a Gemral}, that Showting up of Bulsklivism by 'Schottenboum', that Father Michael about this red time of the white terror equals the old regime and Margaret is the social revolution while cakes mean the party funds and dear thank you signifies national gratitude" (116.5-10)—a dig at G. B. Shaw is also intended. On "Whitman and democracy" we have the enigmatic comment during the Lessons: "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" (263.8-13), an aspect of the History being studied by the children. "Lenin and Marxism" are found buried in a Shem marginal note during the lessons: "\textit{Ulstria, Monastir, Leninstar and Connecticut}" (270-271.L), which transfers the four provinces of Ireland to international settings (Geography now being taught), so that \textit{Leninstar} is probably dependent upon Leningrad rather than Lenin himself. The "Gestapo" is contrasted with the Cheka in "Gestapose to parry off cheekars" (332.7-8), as the radio in Earwicker's tavern blares forth the news of impending war prior to the Crimean episode; the conflict itself is of course fraternal, so "One bully son growing the goff and his twinger read out by the Nazi Priers" (375.17-18) is another contrast of opposing forces, although \textit{Nazi Priers} has a strange echo in "noisy priors"\textsuperscript{*} (422.36) and "nicies and priers" (196.21). "So vi et (414.14)—echo of a simple "So be yet!" (27.30)—signifies both resurrection and resignation. "Bright young chaps of the

brandnew braintrust” (529.5) might suggest the New Deal, but it hardly seems likely.

To Levin’s grouping Mrs. Glasheen adds a few personalities in the *Wake*, including a second reference to Nikolai Lenin: “repro- trograd leanings” (351.27-28) refers to both Leningrad and Lenin- ist leanings. The city and the Russian milieu in general for the Crimean War interlude here are both significant, but the fact that Lenin was a fellow exile of Joyce’s in Zurich during the World War I years should not be overlooked as the sort of coincidence that delighted Joyce. Mrs. Glasheen’s reference to Stalin, however, is not as certain; the passage, occurring during the History portion of the studies, informs us that “the same Messherrn the grinning statesmen, Brock and Leon, have shunted the grumbling coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis” (272.24-27), but Ell- mann points out that this refers to the victory in 1880 in Dublin of Liberal candidates Brooks and Lyons over Conservatives Stirling and Arthur Guinness, although the augmented title of *statesmen* and the French-German form of address in *Messherrn* for Dublin politicos may indicate an international level as well. Adolph Hitler is also alluded to in “new hiker’s highways” (410.8), but, except for Hitler’s building of the *Autobahn* (for hikers?), there is nothing of political importance here.

Contemporary Irish politics, on the other hand, forms a more coherent part of the *Wake*. Politically Ireland represents the world at large, and its capital city, once “The seventh city” (61.36) of Christendom, now becomes the world center, “Healiopolis” (24.18), the sun city around which the world revolves. Here is the land that is constantly being invaded, constantly rebelling against its conquerors, constantly absorbing the strangers who settle in it, and constantly unable to unite in a common cause. Religious tur- moil, economic poverty, contrasts of Georgian pomp and contem- porary slums, two languages, of which one is indigenous and un- used and the other foreign and dominant—all these contribute to its universality. *It* is a country which exiles its artists and in which strangers and artists find themselves exiles: Stephen the heretic,
Bloom the Jew, Earwicker the “Skand” (157.16) and “episcopalian” (559.26).

The events of the Easter Rebellion of 1916, when “the grim white and cold bet the black fighting tans” (176.24-25), through the creation of the Free State with de Valera’s two documents, “ducomans nonbar one” (358.30; also 386.20-21, 482.20, 528.32-33) and “decumans numbered too” (369.24-25; also 390.29, 619.19), represented not only the chaos of the present age, but a shift with the new Catholic domain of Eire to a theocracy, a change concomitant with the Viconian cycles that govern the Wake’s structure. Significantly enough, the political events are presented primarily in terms of personages, as the leadership of the Irish nationalist factions moved from “Isaac’s Butt” (421.4) to “parnella” (173.11) to “Healy Mealy” (329.34) to “Da Valorem’s Dominical Brayers” (342.11). It is Eamon de Valera who emerges from the Wake as the personification of the contemporary Irish political scene, and, although Gillet claims he never heard Joyce mention his name, Joyce included copious references to the Irish leader (4.4, 9.36, 51.13, 72.11, 261.n2, 342.11, 473.8, 543.2, 626.31), and many commentators have been alert to notice the de Valera-like personality of the bourgeois politician, Shaun the Post, while Kenner also sees similarities between the “Longfella” and the author of Finnegans Wake (birthyear, near-blindness, physical stature, even aspects of personality). And thus Joyce’s “alter ego” becomes an aspect of Shem as well, and again we find that the antagonist brothers strangely share still another prototype.

The event that most cogently brings the Wake into contemporary focus is the Wall Street Crash of 1929 (or any of the numerous depressions that preceded it—another aspect of the recurring pattern of history), and it is most surprising that Gillet should list “the stock-exchange” among the missing topics of Joyce’s conversation, since Joyce’s letters indicate that he was concerned about the Depression and its effect on many of his friends. Symbolic of the Fall motif (it is listed in a series of falls that follow the initial thunderclap), the economic bust is referred to as the “wallstreet
oldparr...retailed” (3.17). It is identified with H.C.E. of course:
"he pours into the softclad shellborn the hard cash earned in Wat-
ing Street” (134.19-20) and compounded with Satan, Adam, and
Humpty Dumpty:

*Cleftfoot from Hempal must tumpel, Blamefool Gardener's bound
to fall;
*Broken Eggs will pursuive bitten Apples for where theirs is Will
there's his Wall [175.17-20].

And the doggerel ballad culminates in "O fortunous casualitas!”
(175.29), one of the twenty-eight versions of "O felix culpa!” to
be found in the *Wake,* here also signifying the casualty of many
fortunes in the Wall Street debacle. Various versions of Earwick-
er’s downfall in Phoenix Park are couched in economic terminol-
ogy, linking his fall with the Stock Market Crash; for example:

Or to have ochtroyed to resolde or borrough by exchange same super
melkkaart, means help; best Brixton high yellow, no outings: cent for
cent on Auction's Bridge. . . . Not for old Crusos or white soul of
gold! A pipple on the panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock
pocks cassey knocked on the postern! Not for one testey tickey cul-
prik's coynds ore for all ecus in cunziehowffse! So hemp me Cash!
[538.7-16].

Here both the fall of the great city and the fall of the hero through
sexual temptation are mirrored in the “selling out.” Other Wall
Street terms are heard in the repetition of the “bull-bear” phrases
which denote a selling market and a buying market; since these
follow each other in cyclical form and are opposites, Joyce is able
to utilize them for both Vico and Bruno, and bull versus bear often
becomes bull-again versus bear-again: "Bull igien bear and then

*Niall Montgomery has listed twenty puns (“The Pervigilium Phoenicis,”
New Mexico Quarterly, XXIII [Winter, 1953], 470-71), to which should be
Culpreints” (105.18), “old phoenix portar” (406.10), “more freudful mis-
take” (411.35-36), “prof. kuveralty falted” (606.27), “a grandfallar” (29.6-7),
and “of fallen griefs” (207.3).
bearagain bulligan" (272.29-30; also 87.21, 358.30-31, 464.28, 522.15, 583.4).

The significance of the Crash is essentially Viconian, ending the last era of the cycle and creating the chaos that precedes the birth of the new era. As such the importance is unmistakably Marxian as well: the downfall of capitalist economy heralds the social revolution which so many of Joyce's contemporaries were expecting during the thirties. A Marxian view is of course not incongruous with the Viconian precepts Joyce used, nor is his youthful preoccupation with socialism to be completely disregarded. Stanislaus Joyce notes that Joyce, even in his Trieste days, "called himself a socialist," and indeed Shem is often called a "sposhialiste" (240.3) and a "Menschavik" (185.34); "aboleshqyick" (302.18), since Bolshevists sought to abolish the existing order quickly; "that bogus bolshy of a shame" (425.22); and he is accused of "making friends with everybody red in Rossya" (463.23-24)—of course by Shaun, who himself is suspect for wearing buttons of "krasnapoppsky red" (404.24-25). "Rooskayman kamerad?" (89.7) the trial witness is asked. As the Grzechoper Shem is denied even "one picko- peck of muscowmoneypay" (416.17-18) by the Ondt, and Shaun threatens his brother with: "Tiberia is waiting on you, arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket" (424.9-10). Cheka, the first form of the Soviet Secret Police (here punned with Anton Chekhov and his play The Sea Gull*), has been encountered before, and is teamed with its successor, the O.G.P.U., in "hogpew and cheekas" (442.35), which Shaun intends employing (as detectives, although hog jowls, as delicacies, interest him also) to track down Shem.

Far from being a confirmed socialist, however, Shem confesses that he is not actually committed, but "could neither swuck in non-neither swamp in the flood of cezialism" (230.8-9). Earwicker, on the other hand, combines all shades of political opinion in his all-inclusiveness, being "whugamore, tradertory, socianist, commiser" (132.19-20). The conflict between Bolsheviks and Czarists

* Joyce's triple pun includes the Russian word for seagull, chaika.
in Russia is seen by Joyce as an aspect of the fraternal battle, suggesting to him a synthesis of conflicting opposites: "White monothoid? Red theatrocrat? And all the pinkprophets coahalething?" (29.15-16)—it all took place a long time ago in the War of the Roses and has long since been resolved. But, for a writer accused of being antiseptically nonpolitical, Joyce manages to incorporate into his work many allusions to the "socialights" (32.9), "sowsealst potty" (72.23), "the sociationist party" (144.5-6), "cummanisht" (320.5), "socializing and communicanting" (498.20-21)—which seems harmless enough—and "yon socialist sun" (524.25). Even Shaun confuses communism with Holy Communion and arrives at "communionistically" (453.32).* The Census, incidentally, lists three mentions of Karl Marx and four of Friedrich Engels (one dubious).

Much of Joyce's preoccupation with Russia in the Wake is historical rather than ideological, since the Crimean War is used as an important conflict. In a plan where all history is simultaneous, Czarist Russia and the U.S.S.R. share the spotlight during the Butt-Taff episode. Therefore, Taff's cry of "Trovatarovitch!" (341.9) brands Butt as the son of thunder, the son of a comrade, and the son of a troubador (as well as some sort of avatar),† so that when he next appears, it is "with the sickle of a scythe but the humour of a hummer" (341.10). Thereafter, Butt is called "commeylad" (343.8), and when Butt and Taff are united against the General, they form a "commonturn" (354.19). Such dabbling in jargon hardly commits Joyce, whose authorized biographer records his early readings in socialist works but comments that Joyce's "own socialism was thin and unsteady and ill-informed and he knew it to be so. Indeed, it was more of a sympathy than a conviction, a feeling that the perfect freedom in life with the absolute minimum of restraining laws was an ideal devoutly to be desired." This seems

* The second edition of Joyce letters, in the process of being edited by Richard Ellmann, will contain several other references by Joyce to the extents and limitations of his youthful socialism.

† Perhaps also Tvashtar, the divine artificer of Vedic myth.
to be as far as his interest in revolutionary socialism went. Admittedly unable to suffer past the first sentence of *Das Kapital*, he went on to write his own unreadable history of mankind, arriving at his own dialectics, presumably through Vico. Nevertheless, the *Wake* deals with the self-destruction of existing society and the heralding of a new era with promising call:

Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!
Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrection!
Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally, O rally, O rally!
Phlenxty, O rally! To what lifelike thyne of the bird can be. Seek you somany matters. Haze sea east to Osseania. Here! Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Havv, Bluuv, and Rutter. The smog is lofting. And al-ready the olduman's olduman has godden up on othetimes to litanate the bonnamours [593.1-8].

But, whatever the actual tenor of this political message, which combines a cry for peace (*shanti*—Sanskrit) and holiness (*sanctus*—Latin) with the Sanskrit word for the twilight between eons, as well as a resurrection and a bloody insurrection, it obviously remains an individually Joycean call which could not easily be shaped to fit a preconceived political concept. Nonetheless, political critics have sought a "doctrine" from Joyce and have been particularly interested in determining where Joyce's final work placed him politically. This approach has been codified in succinct form by David Daiches in *The Novel and the Modern World*:

In *Dubliners*, Joyce is the artist observing his environment; in *A Portrait of the Artist*, he is the artist rejecting his environment; in *Ulysses*, he is the artist re-creating from a distance the world he has rejected. Unlike some of his contemporaries—and contrary to what we might deem to be the natural development of an artist of his generation—Joyce has not moved to a final stage where he reaccepts his environment with a new understanding of its deficiencies and a new consciousness of the difference between its deficiencies as a particular environment which can be changed and its deficiencies as a microcosm of life.15

Such is Daiches' formula for what he considers a mature artist of Joyce's generation (the inherent fallacy here is that a writer's
societal obligations vary from generation to generation, rather than remaining consistent in relation to the rationale of that particular era): he expects the sort of political consciousness which can reverse the direction of a three-part initiation away from an acceptance of mankind, achieving a metamorphosis that leaves the writer a rational advocate of the perfectibility of man. But Joyce, Daiches maintains, never arrived at the final political position of reacceptance:

It might be argued that *Finnegans Wake* is what it is because it represents a repetition of the third stage instead of progress to a fourth. Perhaps a political analogy might be helpful. What one might call the "four ages of a young man" of the present generation are: first, the observer; second, the liberal; third, the cynic or disillusioned individualist; fourth, the Marxist, using the term symbolically to denote a reacceptance of the necessity of purposive action at a new level.16

Already rather narrow in the earlier statement,* Daiches' formula now becomes complicated by such semantically suspect words as "liberal" and "cynic," as well as a definition of "Marxist" (using the term "symbolically" does not help) which defines it somewhat out of existence. But the more serious error is to straitjacket all authors within the same limits of responsibility, and thus expect Joyce to behave artistically toward his literary material as, say, John Dos Passos or John Steinbeck did toward theirs. (It must have come as rather lukewarm comfort for Joyce to have been defended by a Soviet critic for his influence on Dos Passos.17) Thus having codified within his own concepts the terms under which Joyce must surrender his "cynicism" and "reaccept his environ-

* If Daiches' prescription is a bit leaden for easy digestion in its initial presentation, it is hardly lightened when parroted over a decade later. Yet, in an article describing "The Catholicism of James Joyce," Sam Hynes asserts: "We may generalize about Joyce's first three works (excluding the trivial *Chamber Music*) and say that *Dubliners* represents the artist's Irish-Catholic environment, *The [sic] Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* his struggle against that environment, and *Ulysses* the fruit of that struggle—and the price. *Finnegans Wake*, in so far as I am able to penetrate it, seems for our purposes simply an extension of *Ulysses*"—*Commonweal*, LV (February 22, 1952), 487.
ment," Daiches concludes that in the Wake Joyce does not concede to these terms: "Joyce's exile has been final: to the end he has denied any stake in the rejected world that is the subject matter of his art." 18

It is this statement* which indicates the necessity for a review of the Wake in terms of Joyce's final attitudes, investigating his own terms for reacceptance and his efforts in regard to those terms. In the place of this sort of analysis we have been treated to the attitudes of others, of the critics themselves who have sought to claim or reject Joyce in view of their own ideals. Thus Joyce has been lauded or denigrated in the name of such ideals as Marxism and democracy, "progress" and status quo.

Marxists and near-Marxists in particular have been responsible for a certain amount of political criticism of James Joyce, but little of this has been carried over from Ulysses to Finnegans Wake, partly because of the difficult nature of the last book (which has caused even the most audacious commentators to display a certain degree of caution) and partly because the rigidity of such political commentaries on art has been decidedly tempered since the politically disastrous days of 1939. Some of the pre-Wake criticism remains quite interesting, however, particularly the controversy that raged at the All-Union Writers' Congress in Moscow in 1934.† Little information is available, but enough for us to realize that Karl Radek's denunciation of Joyce on political grounds did not constitute a unanimous Marxist view, and that better balanced opinions were certainly forthcoming, among them V. Gertsfelde's:

The power of the bourgeoisie to-day is largely dependent on its ability to hide behind a screen of pseudo-democracy, religion, and mysticism.

* In the second edition (1960) of The Novel and the Modern World, Professor Daiches has carefully reworded these comments on Joyce: the phraseology is far more subtle, but the ideas remain essentially the same.

† For excerpts from the Karl Radek—Wieland Herzfelde [sic] controversy—with a postscript by Sergei Tretiakow ("A word on the subject of Joyce. There is heated discussion around his name. Some defend him, others abuse him. Vychnevsky says—wonderful. Radek replies—putrefaction. The fight continues. But who has read this book?")—see the quotations from the Neue Deutsche Blätter of September, 1934, reprinted in A James Joyce Yearbook, pp. 184-86.
In the realm of ideas this smoke-screening is carried out to a high degree of perfection. The bourgeoisie succeeded in transforming science and art into a mystery; consequently, scientists and artists become "neutral" people whose mysterious and spiritual depths no ordinary mortal can fathom. These men were placed above the slings and arrows of the populace. . . .19

(Thus we have the image of Shem, the "Esuan Menschavik and the first till last alshemist" [185.34-35] who "squirtscreened from the crystalline world waned chagreenold and doriangrayer in its dudhud"—186.7-8.)

Gertsfelde's description of the artist in middle-class society might well have interested Joyce, an artist well aware of his own exile from his class. We hardly need Gorman's statement to remind us that Joyce "despised the bourgeois class as a class,"20 since so much of Joyce's work echoes his condemnation of the middle class, their hypocritical morality, their mediocrity of taste and thought, their book banning and burning, and their insistence on compromise and conformity. Stephen Dedalus's oft-quoted assertion, "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church" (AP 247), despite its flamboyance, remained for Joyce a serious statement of defiance throughout his work. Even if we find, as Daiches insists, that Finnegans Wake is a recreation of Joyce's rejected world on his own terms, Joyce's antipathy for the basic concepts of middle-class ideals will be found to remain intact. Thus, the Marxian qualifications cited by Gertsfelde apply quite well to Joyce, who existed as an artist outside of the bourgeois orbit, lamenting in personal terms, as the Marxist does in political terms, the situation of the creative individual in bourgeois society.*

* The obituary on Joyce that appeared in the New Masses proves to be an interesting document and an obituary on more than just Joyce; in its entirety it reads: "James Joyce's influence on younger writers had begun to decline long before his death in Zurich last week. To disillusioned novelists of the post-war decade, the author of Ulysses appeared as the prophet of a new and liberated literature. At the end of the thirties one can look back and see that Joyce was merely the most brilliant expression of an older literature which had lost its vitality and its capacity for hope. For Joyce was essentially the
Nor does the bourgeois screen of "pseudo-democracy, religion, and mysticism" apply to Joyce. His non serviam rejects the religion of his youth (and leads to rejection of all religion), and applies equally well to the political scheme of the "democracy" sponsored by his social class. He remained at all times suspicious of political causes that waved the banner of democracy: the First World War (the war ballyhooed to make the world "safe for democracy") found him in neutral exile in Zurich. It seems apparent that Joyce allied such pseudo-democracy with the political motives of the middle class. His upbringing had taught him that imperialist Britain represented politically those ideals, and his brother tells us that Joyce "considered well founded Newman's criticism, which charged English liberalism with being a composite of intellectual nebulousness and indifferentism." Of William Ewart Gladstone ("whilom eweheart"—336,34), that grand champion of nineteenth-century English liberalism, Earwicker says, in a prologue to the radio broadcast of the Crimean War incidents:

—It was of The Grant, old gardener, qua golden meddlist, Publius Manlius, fuderal private, (his place is his poster, sure, they said, and we're going to mark it, sore, they said, with a carbon caustick manner) bequother the liberaloider at his petty corporelezzo that hung caughtnapping from his baited breath, it was of him, my wife and I thinks, to feel to every of the younging fruits, tenderosed like an atlantic's breastwells or, on a second wreathing, a bright tauth bight

philosopher of social pessimism, doom, and bitter negation. He had cut the lines of communication with the outside world, living in voluntary exile not only from his native Ireland but from the masses of mankind. A man of encyclopedic learning, great technical dexterity, and unusual sensitivity to the sound and color of words, James Joyce seemed intent on perverting his talent as a gesture of revolt against a world which he despised. But like all nihilists he failed to conquer the world; he was conquered by it. His rejection of logical consciousness, his contempt for humanity, his disintegration of social language was the literary reflection of the anarchic and destructive impulses of capitalist society. Joyce led to the brink of moral and intellectual self-annihilation. It is little wonder that so many of the younger generation of writers, turning to the working classes for courage and creativity, have repudiated Joyce's outlook and the decadent bourgeois order which distorted his great gifts."—"James Joyce," *New Masses*, XXXVIII, No. 5 (January 21, 1941), 19.
shimmeryshaking for the welt of his plow. And where the peckadil-
lies at his wristsends meetings be loving so lightly dovskyould the
candidacy, me wipin eye sinks, of his softboiled bosom should be
apparent even to our illicerate of nullatinenties [336.21-32].

This convicts not only Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man" (Grant,
old ... Manlius), of expansionism in the name of liberalism, but
also U. S. Grant (The Grant ... juderal private), another libera-
tloider who dovskyold the candidacy, as well as Napoleon Bona-
parte (petty corporelezzo) who conquered in the name of the
ideals of the French Revolution.

It has remained for a recent Italian translator of Ulysses to trans-
pose Stanislaus Joyce's statement about Joyce's rebellious attitudes
to Joyce's work: in an interview Giulio de Angelis commented that
he "reads Joyce's book as a heretic Irishman's attack against all the
established institutions: the Church, the British Empire, the lan-
guage of the British." 22 Here is a most succinct comment on the Joy-
cean point of view, on the attitudes toward the heritage of the
nineteenth century which the foster country left for Joyce, whose
Wake is an annotated commentary on that heritage, his "victuum
gleaner" (364.33-34) of the debris of the Victorian Age. Where
Ireland represented the victimized nation, Great Britain represents
the victor and oppressor. The Duke of Wellington, of Irish ances-
try, ironically, and a national hero of the Irish, is the figure of the
British conqueror, and the trip to the "Willingdone Museyroom"
(8-10) shows us England's colonial wars of the nineteenth cen-
tury, while the most symbolic of the wars in the Wake is the Cri-
mean conflict (337-355), again famous in Irish story and song be-
cause of the participation of Irish recruits in the British contingent:
"with his drums and bones and hums in drones your innerer'd
heerdly heer he" (485.26-28).

An echo of the visit to the Museyroom conducted by Kate,
"Mind your hats goan in!" (8.9) and "Mind your boots goan out"
(10.22-23), is heard preceding the Crimean events: "katekatter-
shin copped, copped, copped ... as she was going to pimpim
him, way boy wally ... band your hands going in, bind your heads
coming out. . . . And the Bullingdong caught the wind up. Dip” (333.7-18). Not only a full treatment of the Battle of Sevastopol and the constant references to Wellington’s war with Napoleon (“the petty lipoleum boy”—8.25), but an entire history of the march of Imperial Britannia culminating in the Victorian Empire of the liberal nineteenth century passes before the reader of Finnegans Wake. Every outrage against the Irish is certainly included, from the landing of Strongbow in 1170 (“strongbowed launch”—288.15) to the campaigns of Cromwell and King William III (“Upkingbilly and crow cru cramwells”—53.36) to the campaign of terror conducted by the Black and Tans (“black fighting tans”—176.24-25) during the “Troubles.” Not only Irish struggles against the British, but also the American (“don’t you let flyfire till you see their whites of the bunkers’ eyes!”—542.25-26), the Chinese (“why this hankowchaff and whence this second tone, sonyet-sun? He had the cowtaw in his buxers flay of face”—89.36-90.2), the Indian (“saxy luters in their back haul of Coalcutter . . . confined to guardroom, I hindustand . . . Zenaphiah Holwell . . . Surager Dowling . . . Kavanagh Djanaral”—492.14-29), and others, are recorded in the Wake. “Boxerising and coxerusing” (347.29) are part of the Crimean War scene, and the extent of the Empire is realized in: “the turtling of a London’s alderman is ladled out by the wagerful to the regionals of pigmy-land” (253.9-11).

It becomes the function of H. C. Earwicker in the Wake to represent the paternal figure of the British imperialist, since as the outlander he is identified (as in the Ballad of Persse O’Reilly) with all the ills visited upon Ireland (“He was fafafather of all schemes for to bother us”—45.13). And since, as every schoolboy is taught, flag followed trade in establishing the Empire, Earwicker the publican becomes the tradesman (as in the Ballad: “this soffsoaping salesman. Small wonder He’ll Cheat E’erawan our local lads nicknamed him”—45.31-46.1) who initiates the expansion. In the Yawn inquest, the voice of Anna Livia is heard
Forty Ways of Looking at a White Elephant

through the corpse discussing "that fluctuous neck merchamtur" (496.26) and the extent of his spheres of interest:

and in the licensed boosiness premises of his delightful bazar and re-united magazine hall, by the magazine wall, Hosty's and Co, Exports, for his five hundredth and sixtysixth borthday, the grand old Magennis Mor, Persee and Rahli, taker of the tributes, their Rinseky Poopapork and Piovtor the Grape, holding Dunker's durbar, boot kings and indiarubber umpires and shawhs from paisley and muftis in mus-lim and sultan reiseines and jordan almonders and a row of jam sa-hibs and a odd principeza in her pettedcoat and the queen of knight's clubs and the claddagh ringleaders and the two salaames and the Halfa Ham and the Hanzas Khan with two fat Maharashers and the German selver geyser and he polished up, proteemtible, tintanambu-lating to himself so silfrich, and there was J. B. Dunlop, the best ty- rent of ourish times, and a swanks of French wine staurts and Tudor keepsakes and the Cesarevitch for the current counter Leodegarius Sant Legerleger [etc.] [497.24-498.3].

The buying up of foodstuffs from the exotic lands beyond soon becomes the simple expedient of purchasing the corrupt rulers of those lands or conquering those not easily bought. Under the guise of benevolence and progress and enlightenment and the journeys of missionaries ("alliving stone"—283.17-18) and explorers ("fungopark"—51.20) can easily be discovered the face of imperialisn, and Earwicker himself, defending his era of "benevo-lence, progress and enlightenment," reveals the reality of exploita-tion:

Round the musky moved a murmel but newses whinninaird and bel-luas zoomed: tendulcis tunes like water parted fluted up from the westinders while from gorges in the east came the strife of ourangoon-tangues. All in my thicville Escuterre ofen was thorough fear but in the meckling of my burgh Belvaros was the site forbed: tubercerosis I reized spfully from the murphyplantz Hawkinsonia and berriberries from the pletoras of the Irish shou. I heard my libertinlands making free through their curraghcoombs, my trueblues hurusalaming before Wailingtone's Wall [541.31-542.4].
In the wake of imperialism, despite the pseudo-democratic pretense, lie disease, war, famine, and religious persecution, and Earwicker's naïve boasting is too thin to hide the truth. Here is embodied the concept of "progress" that cloaked the miseries of the Victorian Age, the concept of industrial progress through colonialization, material advantages, and laissez faire. In Earwicker's shoddy defense of the system the obvious fallacies are discoverable: because the British Navy sailed into the Indies and up the Ganges (gorges) for the various kings named George and defeated the natives of Malaya (ourangoontangues), the result has been anything but progress for Ireland (tubercerosis and berriberries as illnesses). Sir John Hawkins (hawkinsonia) introduced the potato to Ireland (the tuber, the spud, the murphy, the buried "berry"), but English policy induced the potato blight just as readily.

Two such statements of British liberalism are presented in the *Wake*, one for each of the professional politicians, Earwicker and his thoroughly bourgeois favorite son, Shaun. On one level we have Earwicker attempting to justify his guilty position, while on the other we have Shaun coupling his religious immunity from criticism with his political zeal and ideals. Shaun, who as priest should be a man of honor, concludes his amorous speech to Issy, after asserting, "I'm a man of Armor" (446.6), and announces his civic campaign, thereby admitting that poor living conditions exist under his jurisdiction: "Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats' roundup! 'Tis post purification we will, sales of work and social service, missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoption of fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia!" (446.27-30). Echoing the romantic "Come live with me and be my love" of Marlowe, as well as the religious "Abide with me" of the Protestants, Shaun's version invites Issy to come slumming and see the slums of Victorian Dublin, similar to the "rats' alley" of Eliot's London. These slums exist post purification, suggesting both an unsuccessful attempt to clean them up and a realization that they are beyond redemption.

Shaun's allusions stress the ineffectual efforts of the reform-minded social workers of the day to stem the tide of urban blight
in the face of bourgeois aspirations for business success (sales of work and social service). Their ineffectuality is echoed in Abelite union (at least a fourfold pun containing the Abelites of fourth-century Africa who married but remained celibate; Peter Abelard, the emasculated lover of Heloise; the unionism of the innocent Abels of the world destined for destruction; and the explosive called abelite, hardly a symbol for unification). A typical slogan for the era might well be Embark for Euphonia, a promise of both harmony and happiness, but in this case it is essentially phony. Thus, in terms that are at once amorous, sexually suggestive, pompously civic-minded, and obviously insincere, Shaun’s declaration of intentions continues:

I’ll put in a shirt time if you’ll get through your shift and between us in our shared slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we’ll pull off our working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free of the gape athome! We’ll circumcivise all Dublin country. Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our pre purgatory grade as aposcals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters clean out the hogs-hole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Burn only what’s Irish, accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that’s Anglia’s and touch Armourican’s iron core [446.31-447.6].

Shaun’s trade unionism smacks suspiciously of patronizing, and his patriotic echo of Swift’s “Burn everything English, except their coal” sounds like the real thing, but actually is just the opposite. Shaun’s unconscious slips, like Earwicker’s and Shem’s and Issy’s and Anna Livia’s, always reveal his true motivation when the actual words are investigated and not merely accepted at sound value. Shaun goes on to praise his father, whom he intends replacing, labeling him “priest-mayor-king-merchant” (447.15), and contrasting himself (“Jno Citizen”—447.22) with his outcast brother (“Jas Pagan”—447.22). But, as a Dublin politician, Shaun is quick to decry the filth of “dear dirty Dublin” when British cities are prospering: “When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d’lin, the Troia of towns and Carmen of cities,
crawling with mendiants in perforated clothing, get its wellbelaved white like l’pool and m’chester?” (448.11-14). Shaun’s choice of Liverpool and Manchester as clean cities is ironic, nor is his request for mere whitewashing far below the surface.

The second “defense” of British liberalism, Earwicker’s, underscores the irony of Shaun’s comparison between the effect of British policy at home and in subjugated Ireland, for it reveals that the situation is not much better in l’pool and m’chester than in d’lin. The gist of H.C.E.’s political sermon is that progress has wrought wonderful changes during his “administration”: “Things are not as they were” (540.13), but even so succinct a summary allows for a wide margin of interpretation, and Earwicker’s statement of fact is wonderfully equivocal. As such “thisorder” (540.19) implies disorder rather than order, and his “politicoecomedy” (540.26-27) is laughable rather than economically sound. The usual boasts of public safety, public health, and public education, the achievements of the solid bourgeois for the benefit of the solid bourgeoisie, are all heard: “Thuggeries are reere as glovars’ metins, lepers lack, ignerants show beneath suspicion like the bitter-halves of esculapuloids” (540.31-33). But his progress is dependent upon financial chicanery: “By fineounce and imposts I got and grew and by grossscruple gat I grown outreachesly” (541.7-9), and upon military conquest: “I wegschicked Duke Wellinghof to reshockele Roy Shackleton: Walhalloo, Walhalloo, Walhalloo, mourn in plein!” (541.21-22)—he sent soldiers like Wellington to “shake up” the “king of the shekels,” resulting in bloody battles like Waterloo. His religion is surface, the building of churches, “The short of Nicholas Within was my guide and I raised a dome on the wherewithouts of Michan” (541.4-5), but instead of sackcloth and ashes, he is “rapt in neckloth and sashes” (542.34), and religious persecution seems to have been as important as military intervention as a means toward financial conquest: “Paybads floriners moved in hugheknots against us and I matt them, pepst to papst, barthelemew: milreys (mark!) onfell, and (Luc!) I arose Daniel in Leonden” (541.14-16).
In this manner the report of the nineteenth century on its material advances rambles on until Earwicker modulates from a politician delivering his state-of-the-union address to a landlord advertising his Victorian dwellings for rental:

fair home overcrowded, tidy but very little furniture, respectable, whole family attends daily mass and is dead sick of bread and butter, sometime in the militia, mentally strained from reading work on German physics, shares closet with eight other dwellings, more than respectable, getting comfortable parish relief, wageearner freshly shaven from prison, highly respectable [etc.] [543.22-26].

Joyce here is reproducing, in Joycean form, a social worker's report (Shaun's *sales of work and social service*) of overcrowded living conditions in the slum areas of Victorian England—in this case, as Atherton has pointed out, B. Seebohm Rowntree's *Poverty.*23 This sort of condemnation of imperialism's inability to provide prosperity at home is particularly effective because it marks one of the occasions in the *Wake* where Joyce does not use Ireland as the example of Britain's victimization, but includes the added irony of the victimizing of the English lower class (despite their highly vaunted claim to bourgeois "respectibility"). The peroration of Earwicker's defense is a parody of the Dublin Charter which awarded the city of Dublin to the citizens of Bristol, England, in 1172,24 and Earwicker, the English conqueror, signs with the name of King Henry II, "Enwreak us wrecks" (545.23). As Joyce saw it, British expansion began with Henry's annexation of Ireland and reached its culmination in the nineteenth century, whose hero was Wellington. Wellington's famous cry of "Up guards and at 'em!" is thus echoed at the beginning of Earwicker's *apologia,* "Ubipop jay piped" (540.14), one of over three dozen such echoes in the *Wake* (7.35-36, 10.16, 18.36, 33.18, 41.16-17, 54.1, 60.15, 67.21, 69.19, 179.8, 187.13-14, 197.24, 257.33, 272.L, 303.13, 311.19-20, 317.16, 326.15-16, 338.32, 348.28, 366.27, 396.4, 446.30, 459.27, 487.4, 494.15, 516.15, 521.19, 536.33, 561.33, 596.24).

The word "progress," which for the nineteenth century and still
in the early part of the twentieth century had an august sound, and even a magic strong enough to create "Crystal Palaces" and concrete-and-steel skyscrapers, to send missionaries across the globe, and ships of trade and railroad tracks along the same lines, and armies as well, had little appeal for Joyce. He was suspicious of the ideal of progress as a goal unto itself, without moral basis and a necessary respect for the development of history as an organic entity (no matter how nightmarish to the sensitive artist). The laissez-faire economy that has been seen to underlie the progress engendered by British imperialism, even in Joyce's dialectics, becomes an even greater theme as the pre-ricorso corpus of the *Wake* reaches its climax in chapter 16. During the two trials at the deepest nadir of Earwicker's nightmare (572-576), sex, religion, law, and finance are reviewed as perversion, hair-splitting, double talk, and chicanery, and result in Earwicker's final attempt to assert his sexual potency and his financial solvency. But just as the final coitus is a failure ("Humbo, lock your kekkle up! Anny, blow your wickle out! Tuck away the tablesheet! You never wet the tea!"—585.30-31), so are Earwicker's finances. In the guise of an international cartelist, the sum total of his imperialistic parts, the hero is declared a bankrupt; he had once been successful and powerful, however, and his full career is reviewed:

So childish pence took care of parents' pounds and many made money the way in the world where rushroads to riches crossed slums of lice and, the cause of it all, he forged himself ahead like a blazing urban-orb, brewing treble to drown grief, giving and taking mayom and tuam, playing milliards with his three golden balls, making party capital out of landed self-interest, light on a slavery but weighty on the bourse, our hugest commercial emporialist, with his sons booing home from afar and his daughters bridling up at his side. Finner! [589.3-11].

There is little doubt here either about his business ethics (*light on a slavery but weighty on the bourse*) or the slums of lice left in the wake of his economic "progress." Nor is there any doubt that his own children have been his undoing (*his sons booing home from*
afar and his daughters bridling up at his side), as the younger generation overthrows the older in Joyce's cycle.

It is this last motif that is sounded in the next paragraph recounting the downhill road to bankruptcy. Riding high at first, our biggest commercial emporialist slowly begins to skid, the descent gathering momentum as the entire cast of characters emerges to push him down the slope:

How did he bank it up, swank it up, the whaler in the punt, a guinea by a groat, his index on the balance and such wealth into the bargain, with the bogy which he snatched in the baggage coach ahead? Going forth on the prowl, master jackill, under night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning. Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures. Through Duffy's blunders and MacKenna's insurance for upper ten and lower five the band played on. As one generation tells another. After the fall [589.12-20].

The Fall, the Flood, and the Crash; Adam, Noah, Humpty Dump-ty, and the contemporary hero representing the fortunes of unscrupulous nineteenth-century financial dealings—these are the patterns apparent in Earwicker's sexual demise as the customers in his pub plague him, as his sons dog his steps, as the four old codgers hound him, as the temptresses taunt him, and as the archetypal pattern of Finnegan's fall from the ladder haunts him:

First for a change of a seven days license he wandered out of his farmer's health and so lost his early parishlife. Then ('twas in fenland) occidentally of a sudden, six junelooking flamefaces struggled wild out of their turns through his parsonfired wicket, showing all shapes of striplings in sleepless tights. Promptly whomafter in undated times, very properly a dozen generations anterior to themselves, a main chanced to burst and misflooded his fortunes, wrothing foulplay over his fives' court and his fine poultryyard wherein were spared just two of a feather in wading room only. Next, upon due reflotation, up started four hurrigan gales to smitheren his plateglass housewalls and the slate for accounts his keeper was cooking. Then came three boy buglehorners who counterbezzled and crossbugled him. Later on in the same evening two hussies absconded through a breach in his bylaws and left him, the infidels, to pay himself off in kind remembrances. Till, ultimatehim, fell the crowning barleystraw,
when an explosium of his distilleries deafadumped all his dry goods to
his most favoured sinflute and dropped him, what remains of a hept-
tark, leareyed and letterish, weeping worrybound on his bankrump
[589.20-590.3].

Thus one of the clearer accounts of Earwicker’s sin in Phoenix
Park develops the motif of the economic bust of bourgeois capital-
ism: the micturating girls have sauntered off, the peeping Earwick-
er commences to masturbate (to pay himself off in kind remem-
brances), the sexual rise and fall mirroring the vagaries of the
Stock Exchange, resounding here in a rather definite fall.

Although the degree of Joyce’s political preoccupation with his
own time may remain rather slight, the extent to which he man-
aged to preoccupy himself with society in general probably far ex-
ceeds the efforts of his more political contemporaries, many of
whom already appear dated after only a few decades. It becomes
safe to state, in fact, that Joyce managed to develop one of the best
balanced attitudes toward his own age in relation to the develop-
ment of man and his society. Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, the Hungarian
artist whose revolutionary precepts in the plastic arts interestingly
paralleled Joyce’s literary innovations, provides an intelligent anal-
ysis of Joyce’s attitudes at the time (although it may be interpreted
to serve Moholy-Nagy’s aims slightly better than Joyce’s):

One of the tragedies of our generation has been the forced belief in
“today,” in “progress,” the stability of humanistic ideals. Joyce was
not deceived by such camouflage. He knew man’s timeless faults as
well as his virtues. He had no illusions about potential duplications of
barbarism. He stood for a totality of existence, of sex and spirit, man
and woman; for the universal against the specialized; for the union
of intellect and emotion; for blending history with forecast, fairy
tale with science. With this he liberated himself from the restrictions
imposed upon writers by Marxian theorists whose demand for
adherence to the tactics of the party often neglected basic emotional
concepts and human traits. . . . Joyce contained multitudes. And with
these “multitudes”, he paved the way to a related, space-time thinking
on a larger scale than any writer had done before.25
Moholy-Nagy delineates the errors of political critics who attempt to tie Joyce down to a contemporary doctrine, who expect a contemporary writer to flash his sign ("Liberal," "Cynic," "Marxist") and to produce (if sufficiently "integrated" in his times) a work of art that can be reduced to an everyday slogan for everyday life. Joyce flew by that net also. He consciously insisted upon transcending such an approach, preferring to view his own age through a universal perspective that excludes neither the future nor the past (far more Marxian as such than many for whom Daiches would probably offer his convenient label). In the *Wake* this theme of timelessness is echoed and re-echoed: "Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be" (215.24); "For as Anna was at the beginning lives yet and will return after great deep sleep rising" (277.12-14); "Since ancient was our living is in possible to be" (614.9-10). It was small praise offered Joyce by the correspondent in *Living Age* in 1934 who recounted the Moscow conference debate: "Though he may serve the bourgeoisie by his partial presentation of contemporary life and his failure to use his art for the revolutionary movement, still does he show the decay of the present system."^{26}

There are critics still extant who continue to quote the once-clever platitude that the clock had stopped for James Joyce on June 16, 1904, probably because the idea either serves their own ends or simplifies the task of following the development of the artist through his mature years. The aphorism has lost its bite and certainly any veracity it might have once contained. More precisely, it was not a clock at all but an hourglass that served Joyce's approach to time: at its narrowest point it is June 16, 1904, when the sands reached a point at which past became present for Joyce and flowed into the future, like Anna Livia at the *Wake's* end passing between the North and South Walls before flowing out to sea. "I see them rising! Save me from those thrrrble prongs! Two more. One two moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. Lff!" (628.4-7). The clock that someday must run down, as it does so
quickly for the writer whose concept is of ephemeral "today," gave way for Joyce to an hourglass that is endlessly turned over again and again, transforming monodimensional time into a polydimensional kaleidoscope, the "collideorscape" (143.28) of Finnegans Wake.

II: RELIGIOUS MYOPIA

"It has become a fashion," noted the outspoken Stanislaus Joyce, piercing the web of silence and subterfuge woven by the Joycean disciples, "to represent him [James Joyce] as a man pining for the ancient Church he had abandoned, and at a loss for moral support without the religion in which he was bred. Nothing could be farther from the truth." 27 Although references to Finnegans Wake in Professor Joyce's meager writings about his brother do not indicate that he ever read the work (which Joyce sent to him in 1939, but which he refused to accept), it is apparent that Stanislaus was a most perceptive observer of Joyce's state of mind, and that he needed no written testimony to understand the nature of Joyce's religious doubts. It is from this understanding that he wrote: "I am convinced that there was never any crisis of belief. The vigour of life within him drove him out of the Church, that vigour of life that is packed into the seven-hundred-odd quarto pages of Ulysses." 28 He might well have added the six-hundred-odd pages of the Wake.

For those who did not know Joyce personally—and for many of those who have reminded us with nostalgia that they did—it is Finnegans Wake, representing the last two decades of his thinking, that exists as Joyce's final statement. Critical spotlights to date have illumined only small niches of Joyce's literary cathedral, and these efforts have been dimmed by the veils and miasmas beclouding an accurate image. It is vital that these benign obstructions be removed—and shattered—for a true focus into Joyce's ideas. Such an undertaking would most logically begin with a recollection of the "non-serviam" Luciferism which the youthful Joyce proclaimed in A Portrait, the familiar facts about his exile's existence, his break
with the Jesuits who educated him, his refusal to pray at his mother's deathbed (whether real or fictive, it was an aspect of Joyce's thinking), his long-standing denial of the sacrament of marriage, and the raising of his children outside the pale of the Church.

But the problem lies beyond mere lip service to religion or to apostasy, beyond the bent knee of submission or hurled invective of defiance. It is the problem of a spiritual deracination of Joyce's early beliefs, of a mind's freedom from or dependence upon those roots. Ellsworth Mason, in evaluating the complexity of these issues during the first years of "non-serviam" (Trieste, 1907–12), finds that Joyce's journalistic efforts at the time indicate various inconsistencies, hesitancies, and complications of thought and emotion. Mason contends that Joyce

... is very much against the Church as an institution, against Vaticanism in politics, against the Church that smashed Parnell, and the roots of this attitude are twofold: the political gesture of Pope Adrian IV, the only English Pope, who gave Ireland to England; and the fact that throughout history, the Papacy had given not a single word of support to her most Catholic domain, Ireland, in her struggle with Black Protestants.²⁹

These considerations are particularly important because of their relevancy to the situation in Finnegans Wake, since Pope Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspear) figures prominently as the Mookse in the fable of the Mookse and the Gripes (152-59): "our once in only Bragspear" (152.32-33), "Adrian (that was the Mookse now's assumptinome)" (153.20). And Mason indicates that Joyce's attitudes toward the Church are essentially historical and humanitarian—or, more precisely, a humanitarian approach through a historical perspective. As such we see these attitudes pervade throughout the Wake.

The critics who have found more than mere complications in Joyce's religious renunciation are many; their opinions and evidence are varied. Magalaner and Kain summarize:

Most critics agree with Gorman that Joyce's "Roman Catholicism is in his bones . . . he cannot rest until it is either removed or clarified. . . ."
Few, however, agree on what this means. Reading the story of Stephen-Joyce's apostasy in *A Portrait* . . . Thomas Merton experiences a strong impetus toward conversion to Catholicism. For each critic who believes, like Elliot Paul, that Joyce enjoyed his status of nonbeliever, there is another who insists upon the anguish that his lack of belief caused Joyce. For each statement like Lloyd Morris' that Joyce may have eagerly wished to return to Catholicism, there is a counterbalancing argument, such as the one put forward by Morris Ernst. . . .

The inadequacy of this sort of summary is that it attempts to deal in concrete terms with questions of vague and abstract feelings; it finds avowals where there are only implications, sees actual trends where only waverings and inclinations exist. An examination of the sources cited indicates the insufficiency of such a capsule. Merton, for example, admits that he is finding affirmation where the author intended negation; pages 211 and 212 of *Seven Storey Mountain* reveal the affirmation that is Merton's own, in contrast to the renunciation that was Joyce's:

> And here is a strange thing. . . . I had tried to read *Portrait of the Artist* and had bogged down in the part about his spiritual crisis. . . . Strange to say . . . I reread *Portrait of the Artist* and was fascinated precisely by that part of the book, by the "Mission," by the priest's sermon on hell. What impressed me was not the fear of hell, but the expertness of the sermon. Now, instead of being repelled by the thought of such preaching—which was perhaps the author's intention—I was stimulated and edified by it.

Merton continues by praising himself for his perverse reading and Joyce for an artistic accuracy of portrayal. He was "fascinated by the pictures of priests and Catholic life. . . . That, I am sure, will strike many people as a strange thing indeed." It is interesting to note how often Merton comments on the "strangeness" of so incongruous an interpretation; he is keenly aware that there is little justification in crediting Joyce with his own conversion. In fact, Merton merely attests to the fact that his own inclinations drove him to find in the accuracy of Joyce's depiction of the Jesuit world that which he had been seeking. Yet Merton's strange misuse of Joyce's material finds sanction with Father William T.
Noon: "Why must one 'be amused by Thomas Merton's assertion . . . that Joyce's *Ulysses* [sic] . . . was one of the influences which brought him into . . . the Church'?" Perhaps Father Noon is quibbling over the term "amused"; certainly if Merton had chosen to emulate the horse after reading Swift, we might be amused, but neither religious conversion nor bearing false witness is necessarily "amusing."

Whereas Merton's views must be discarded as pertaining to Merton rather than to Joyce, the statements of Gorman, Ernst, and Morris cannot be dismissed as easily, since they represent firsthand accounts of interviews with Joyce. Morris Ernst, for example, had asked Joyce *when* he left the Church, and reports Joyce's answer as, "That's for the Church to say." The answer is clever and flippant, and we have enough evidence from Richard Ellmann's definitive biography of Joyce to know that he abhorred journalistic prying into his life. Joyce is of course implying that the Church makes its own decisions regarding those it considers heretical and excommunicates, and he himself is not concerned with *when* the Church acknowledges his apostasy. Ernst, however, interprets Joyce's reply to mean that "inside himself he had never left the Church, try as he might have." He goes on to quote Judge Woolsey, to whom he repeated the conversation: "Maybe Joyce's inner conflict as to Catholicism explains why the secondary streams of the non-Catholics in the book [*Ulysses*] are penciled with more clarity than are the inner thinking of the Catholics." And Ernst wonders why this observation has never been commented on by students of Joyce! Perhaps the answer is obvious: that Joyce as a heretic concerns himself in *Ulysses* with other members of the spiritual exile of which he was then a part. And perhaps Merton has already provided an answer when he indicated with what success Joyce had in his previous work provided the primary penciling of the thinking of the Irish Catholic.

Lloyd Morris's account of Joyce's religious conflicts is particularly perplexing; it is based on a single incident of unusual circumstance, involving an American cleric named Edwards who had re-
nounced his cure because of religious doubts. Morris had arranged a large party to which he invited Joyce, Ford Madox Ford, and Edwards, who he assumed was an acquaintance of Joyce. But (as Morris tells it, in the third person),

... soon after Edwards' arrival, he [Morris] became aware that Joyce and Ford had deserted the party. He ... found them irately pacing the garden path in the darkness. It developed that the presence of an unfrocked priest was an affront to their piety, and the venom of their indignation left Morris stupefied; he had not even suspected the possibility of an affront to Joyce, the acknowledged apostate, and Ford, who publicly flouted the sacrament of marriage! The matter was somehow patched up, but Morris was to receive another shock when, a few days later, he entered a favorite restaurant and was summoned to a table where Joyce and Ford and Edwards were peaceably enjoying luncheon. On Joyce's part, the double somersault of attitude implied no hypocrisy; but it expressed the profound insecurity to which he was always vulnerable.37

Actually, this incident—and we have only Morris' account of it—suggests only Morris' profound naïveté; it was obviously a typically Joycean hoax which Joyce and cohort Ford perpetrated on their innocent host, and which they later shared with Edwards at lunch. A reader of Ellmann's biography would recognize the symptoms of this sort of legpull (carried off with perfect sang-froid), as would Oliver St. John Gogarty, who knew Joyce a good deal better than did Morris, and who reminds us that Joyce was known to assume "an air of very great gravity ... when about to perpetrate a joke."38 A profusion of such "grave" jokes—in verbal form—fill the pages of Finnegans Wake.

But Morris, who assumed Joyce to be in earnest, goes on to discuss Joyce's attitudes to religion, asserting that Joyce's

... attitude to the faith of his youth was an affair of subjective, possibly subconscious, factors that threaded through the fabric of his superstitions and fantasies. Of this, the Jesuits who had educated him were vividly aware; whenever Joyce's precarious health ebbed in protracted illness, two of their emissaries appeared at his door, and re-
mained to await an anticipated revocation of his apostasy under the imminence of death.  

This is of course a different sort of observation from the tale of Joyce and the unfrocked priest: here Morris attempts to treat the troubled state of Joyce's rebellion, and it seems valid on the basis of such glimpses into those disturbed feelings to assert that Joyce might well have become the victim of his own apostasy, that the image of the Jesuit hell presented in *A Portrait* may have remained vivid with the arrival of each duo of Jesuit emissaries. In this context it seems appropriate to quote a Joyce limerick regarding the subject of that highly colored version of Jesuit hell found in the *Portrait* sermon; from a letter to Ezra Pound, dated 9 April 1917:

There once was a lounging named Stephen  
Whose youth was most odd and uneven.  
He threw on the smell  
Of a horrible hell  
That a Hottentot wouldn't believe in.  

But his apostasy remained just that, and he could hardly be considered responsible for the frightful night visitors who descended upon him. Acknowledging that it might have been a tenacity born of fear, Morris delineates the determination with which Joyce clung to his refusal to serve:

He was bereft of certitude or the hope of it; troubled, anxious, despairing, confronted by the shards and rubble of all that the spirit of man had lived by. It is good to know that, when death came, he did not falter; that he met eternity or extinction without surrender.  

It is Herbert Gorman's quotation, however, that best presents a complete configuration of Joyce's "religiosity." As Joyce's authorized biographer Gorman is sanctified by the authority of Joyce's blue pencil; his words are the apparent gospel that Joyce wanted us to read. A full examination of the context of the quotation extracted by Magalaner and Kain, therefore, becomes important. The passage reads:
he [Stephen] has tried the prop of his religion and found it a thing that buckles beneath him. We must never lose touch with this thread of religion in Joyce's work for it is everywhere evident. The Roman Catholic tenets that formed the child's mind, that frightened the child's body into shaking fits of vomiting, have so permeated the mentality of the man that it is at the back of practically every thought and action. There are times when Joyce writes impartially but we feel that behind these impartial sentences there is a far from impartial man. In order to write so he must lift the scourge to his own back. Roman Catholicism is in his bones, in the beat of his blood, in the folds of his brain and he cannot rest until it is either removed or clarified. It is his misfortune that it may never be removed. It will pervert his nature (it does so in "Ulysses") but it is there, twisted out of all resemblance to itself even in the frankest passages. The vivid, highly-functioning mind of the Stephen Dedalus of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is the mind of a Mediaeval Catholic.* If the same mind had been twisted to the other side of the line it would have been the intense visioning of a religiast.  

This in its full form is quite different from the ambiguous statement about Joyce's beliefs. It is a paraphrase of the religious upbringing Joyce had described in his Portrait, and it clearly considers the intensity of that religious education and the violence of the reaction to it, acknowledging Joyce's removal to a position antithetical to religion (while underscoring the precarious balance that might have sent him hurtling into its confines instead). Moreover it offers the reader of Joyce the gist of the religious problem which all of his work contains: we are told to look for a removal or clarification of Joyce's doubts, a search that particularly concerns the reader in Finnegans Wake.

Gorman exhibits a common tendency to equate Stephen Dedalus with James Joyce to a maximum degree, and to this Kevin Sullivan, in Joyce among the Jesuits, offers an important corrective—perhaps excessively. A balanced attitude toward what is Joyce and what is fiction should be established in terms of what happens to Stephen, the elements of Joyce's narrative which the author has

* "middayevil down to his vegetable soul," comments Shaun (423.28).
chosen to present (whether autobiographical or fictive in origin). An adolescent James A. Joyce need not have emerged vomiting from a Jesuit sermon for the significance of Stephen’s reaction to exist for us underscored by the mature Joyce’s powerful narrative. Gorman’s biographies of Joyce are also suspect because of the complex situation in which he found himself: as Joyce’s chosen biographer he can be relied upon presumably to record what Joyce wanted recorded (whether fact or fiction—Richard Ellmann’s very different sort of biography indicates painfully enough Gorman’s committed errors and omitted facts), but even this separation is inaccurate when we realize Joyce’s capacity to allow a vast degree of free rein to his biographer in areas presumably where Joyce felt such errors did not matter. Thus we are treated to a melange of supportable facts, half-truths, and fictions that Joyce thought politic to plant at the time, and errors of fact or interpretation committed by Gorman that Joyce did not consider worth correcting. The large Gorman quotation above, therefore, should best be read as the ideas of one more commentator who knew Joyce.

To the list of Merton, Ernst, Morris, and Gorman, Arland Ussher adds “the pronouncement of T. S. Eliot that Joyce is the most orthodox of writers.” But this need not detain us in a review of Joyce’s religious heterodoxy since Eliot explains that “we are not concerned with the authors’ beliefs, but with orthodoxy of sensibility and with the sense of tradition.” This sort of quoting out of context, as well as the acceptance of critical conclusions rather than the actual substance of an interview, obscures an examination of the already complex nature of Joyce’s attitudes. But in contrast to these occasional bits of shoddy scholarship there does exist a body of critical material that attempts to prove with exegetical evidence the contention that Joyce experienced a religious reacceptance. Of those who attest to the essentially Catholic quality of Joyce’s work, few agree on the actual Catholic nature of that work. Ussher, for example, claims that Joyce actually rejected Catholicism, but that his work remains Catholic despite—or even because of—this rejection:
Joyce proves himself, most truly, a Catholic—even if he could only exhibit the Catholic temper by rejecting the Catholic faith, as he knew it. . . . The "lapsed" Catholic has in fact peculiar advantages as a comic writer, since he is usually free from the perils of didacticism; and the famous "subtlety" of Jesuitism is near to the comic spirit.⁴⁶

On the basis of Ussher's concept of the "lapsed" Catholic with a "joking" Jesuit spirit, it is interesting to recall Merton's statement on Joyce's Irish Catholicism: in the same paragraph in which he mentions Joyce's abandonment of the Irish Catholic Church, Merton described the Dublin air of "physical and spiritual slums"⁴⁷ that drove Joyce from the Church. It is the Dublin Jesuit strain of Catholicism that Merton believes Joyce primarily rebelled against, and yet it is that same strain that Ussher feels remained with Joyce.

The "fashionable" commentators against whom Stanislaus Joyce commits himself have had their day to a great extent and have vanished from the critical arena. They consisted of reputable men who had their own religious axes to grind, or nonliterary personages who had for a moment looked over Joyce's shoulder and had come to conclusions on the basis of inexact and incomplete evidence, or members of Joyce's own "coterie" who were at times overimpressed by monumental matters that they did not fully comprehend. Their disappearance can be attributed primarily to their preoccupation with Joyce's personal attitudes, rather than with evaluating the "religious" content of his finished work. Certainly the difficult terrain of Finnegans Wake detection frightened many of them away. The first of the several commentaries that have attempted to weigh the significance of Finnegans Wake in terms of Joyce's "Catholicism" appeared in 1929 while the Wake was still in progress. Thomas McGreevy, a member of the Joyce Paris circle, contributed to the Examation volume an article titled "The Catholic Element in Work in Progress," in which he maintained that it is the "Irish" vein of Joyce's Catholicism that can be found in Ulysses and the early drafts of the Wake, but is careful to avoid crediting the Dublin Jesuits as well. Irish Catholicism, and Joyce's Catholicism as such, McGreevy insists, is superior to the "pastiche
Catholicism of many fashionable critics in England."
He equates Joyce's broad concept of Catholicism with Dante's and insists that an "intelligent Irishman" has a religion which differs from that of "temporary Romanizers."\(^{49}\)

Having redefined Catholicism, McGreevy manages to work Joyce easily into his scheme of things. But as part of an "examination" of Joyce's new work which concerns itself ostensibly with "The Catholic Element in Work in Progress," McGreevy's essay is a strange document to read through. It begins with a note on the relationship of reality to fantasy (p. 119), goes on to discuss Joyce's creation of a new language (pp. 119–20) and his sense of order in *Ulysses* and the unfinished new work (p. 120), and then mentions the influence of Dante's *Purgatorio* and Vico's philosophy (*ibid.*). Next McGreevy discusses the difference between "regular" Catholics and "temporary" Catholics already mentioned, the Irish-Catholic interest in phantoms and devils (p. 121), and an English-Catholic censuring of *Ulysses* (pp. 121–22). A discussion of *Ulysses* as an *Inferno* (pp. 122–24) is followed by a statement that the purgatorial aspects of the new work lie in its "transitional" language, the "politically purgatorial side" of H.C.E., and the fact that Joyce is in transition becoming an artist. McGreevy now predicts that Joyce will write a *Paradiso* eventually (p. 125), describes the Viconian cycles (*ibid.*), and finds delight in the wonderful characters who appear in *Work in Progress* (pp. 125–26). The article concludes with a mention of the satire and time-consciousness in *Ulysses* (pp. 126–27).

As a key to the Catholicism in the embryonic *Wake*, McGreevy's eight pages would be scant enough if they were all devoted to the subject, but all that McGreevy can actually offer is the bland insistence that if Joyce is not a Catholic to suit Catholics, then Catholicism will have to be redefined to include James Joyce. To this he adds an assertion that Joyce's use of hellish characters in *Ulysses* is concomitant with elements of Irish Catholicism and that the new work is a *Purgatorio* primarily because Joyce is inventing a new language of unusual beauty. To the defects of his slight exposition
McGreevy adds a single quotation from *Work in Progress* and does very little justice to it: "In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. The former is surely the Eternal, the latter the world and the holocaust the world consumed by fire as pre-ordained from eternity." There is no real basis for such an explication since nothing in the text suggests its feasibility—and nothing is offered by McGreevy to support it. Actually, Joyce's symbol for the Holy Trinity is quite an irreverent—but wholly Irish—one, the brand name of a Dublin whiskey, John Jameson and Son: "Messrs Jhon Jhamieson and Song . . . of the twelve apostrophes" (126.4-7).* Here Joyce's parody serves to reiterate an aspect of the Viconian cycle, the *former* representing the last stage, the *latter* representing the new first stage, and the *holocaust* the present age of chaos from which the cycle begins anew. McGreevy's orthodox interpretation is especially weak when one considers the implications of the "Holy Ghost" as *holocaust*; here as elsewhere in the *Wake* Joyce's attitude is that "ein and twee were never worth three" (246.15).

Of those critics who insist that Joyce's work remained Catholic even if Joyce himself did not, L. A. G. Strong presents the most complete system of reasoning. He asserts that the anti-Catholic elements of *Ulysses* and the *Wake* are the desperate measures of a mind attempting in vain to rid itself of the "net" of religion, that the omnipresence of these elements acknowledges the superior strength of the Church's dominance over the mind's efforts to escape. It is Joyce's unconscious Catholicism (like Ussher's tag of "lapsed" Catholicism and McGreevy's brand of "regular" Catholicism) which Strong credits:

Joyce was brought up as a Catholic, and never escaped. . . . Over

*The Moslem deity, incidentally, seems to be still another brand of Irish whiskey, Old Bushmills. The Arabic word *Besmellah* ("In the name of Allah") is contained in "Bussmullah" (292.n3), "Bushmillah" (521.15), "Bismillafoul- ties" (357.4), and simply "Bushmills" (577.21).
Ulysses as over the earlier work broods the sense of sin, that terrific spiritual legacy which the Catholic Church irrevocably leaves her children. . . . The blasphemies . . . are the desperate gestures of a man who is doomed to accept . . . certain Last Things. . . . This is not to say that Joyce remained a Catholic writer. But he is always a theologian. He still sees the world in terms of the faith in which he was brought up, and his struggles attest its power. . . . Joyce’s rage is a tribute to the hold of the Church on his unconscious mind. . . .

It is with his “spiritual entrails,” Strong insists, “if not with his intellect,”52 that Joyce acknowledges Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. The concept of “spiritual entrails” ironically echoes Merton’s “spiritual slums” of Irish Catholicism, and the unconscious hold suggests Morris’s emissaries at death’s door. The issue then becomes involved with the Church’s refusal to allow autoexcommunication (as Ernst’s “when” question indicated). That Joyce was perpetually concerned with the Catholic world he knew is undeniable, that he was essentially interested in theological enigmas is obvious, but that a sense of sin is necessarily Catholic, or that a spiritual interest in man is necessarily religious, remain moot points. Although Strong believes that the writing of Finnegans Wake was “in the fullest sense a religious task,”53 he does not define “fullest sense,” leaving us to assume that he means the previously described “unconscious hold.” Having already attested that Joyce’s conscious efforts were to escape from the Catholicism of his youth, Strong certainly cannot expect us to believe that the “religious task” was consciously pro-Catholic. And when he adds that the Wake “is, in the original sense of the word, catholic: all-including: universal,”54 he further vitiates his case since the Koran and the Upanishads and the Book of the Dead are in that sense also catholic (but hardly Christian), as are the Iliad and the Odyssey and the Aeneid and Beowulf (none of which is necessarily religious).

The one attempt made by Strong to find a conscious assertion in Finnegans Wake of the triumph of the Catholic Church concerns the events occurring on page 573 of the Wake. Strong insists that “the supremacy of Rome over the Protestant churches is rounded
asserted." Campbell and Robinson, in reviewing the events of that page, had already exclaimed, "In the end James Joyce remains the son of Rome!" It becomes important, therefore, to examine the context of this passage.

The physical locale is the conjugal bed of the Earwickers. With startling suddenness it has been transformed into a world of perversion and defilement. Bereft of humor or poetic language, the suspicious sexual undertones of the *Wake* are shockingly announced in the most obvious and insipid terms—the terminology of the law courts. The realm of literary love conventions is parodied in humorless form; the subject matter is sex in its most perverted and pandered guises: rape, prostitution, procuring, incest, homosexuality, sodomy, and so forth. With minute detail the stark facts are reviewed until the criminal court action evolves into a civil court action over international financial dealings, and it soon becomes apparent that under the disguise of high finance and low morals Joyce is once again concerned with theological disputes.

The basis of the dispute, as Strong and Campbell and Robinson maintain, is the Anglican Church's demands for the recognition of the Thirty-nine Articles—sexually they are Earwicker's "thirynine several manners" (573.20) and financially they are his "thirynine years among holders of Pango stock" (574.27-28). Sexually he has "rendered himself impotent to consummate by subdolence" (573.22-23). Joyce's unfavorable disposition toward Anglicanism is apparent; he associates the religious movement with the political, with British imperialism: "the value of thine-to-mine articles . . . links unto chains . . . civil-to-civil imperious gallants into gells (Irish), bringing alliving stone allaughing down to grave cloth-nails and a league of archers, fools and lurchers under the rude rule of fumb" (283.10-20), and therefore with religious persecution in Ireland (in the Tale of Jarl van Hoother and the Prankqueen and elsewhere); in the "story line" of the *Wake* this is represented by Earwicker's indiscretion in Phoenix Park: "my dudud diirtynine articles" (534.12). But this admission that the Anglican Church is impotent—as the Protestant Earwicker proves to be at
this climactic moment—no more makes Joyce the son of Rome than it does of Jerusalem, or of Mecca, or of the Ganges. In the criminal court action the Roman Church is represented by “Sulla, an orthodox savage” who leads “a band of twelve mercenaries, the Sullivans” (573.6-7) and by “four excavators” named “Gorgious, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius” (573.8). Their names suggest Ireland and Rome (as well as the twelve apostles and the four evangelists), and they prove to be as depraved and as licentious as the rest of the participants in the case.

Had Strong or the authors of the Skeleton Key gone on to examine the civil court action as thoroughly as they did the criminal one, they might have found that the theological dispute assumes many interesting facets. Through the difficulty of the mock-trial terminology one discerns “Tangos, Limited” as representing the Roman Church, and “Pango, Limited” the Anglican. Tangos comprises a senior partner, identified as Breufuchs (Br’er Fox), Breyfawkes (Guy Fawkes), and Brakeforth or Breakfast (Pope Adrian IV), and a junior partner: Warren, Barren, Sparrem and Wharrem at various instances. The Skeleton Key identifies the senior partnership with the Rome-Vienna-Madrid axis and the junior with Ireland.57 Anglicanism is here suing the Roman Church for tithes due; they had been paid with a bad check (written by the senior partner). Ireland (in the person of Ann Doyle—the traditional “poor old woman”—the Shan Van Vocht, Dark Rosaleen, Kathleen ni Houlihan) wants to merge with Monsignore Pepigi, apparently a representative of Rome. The court rules that Anglicanism is dead (“no property in law can exist in a corpse”); that Rome has nothing to offer (“Pepigi’s pact was pure piffle”); and that Ireland is out of luck (“Wharrem would whistle for the rhino”—576.5-7). The churches of Rome and England will never reunite: “Will you, won’t you, pango with Pepigi? Not for Nancy, how dare you do!” (576.7-8). So Ireland (Nancy-Ann) is abandoned still.

But if the Strong-Campbell-Robinson thesis that Finnegans Wake is a Catholic document is weak because it is based on a single
debatabile point, the same thesis proffered by Niall Montgomery is stronger because it is detailed and well-documented. Montgomery succeeds in doing what McGreevy set out to do several decades earlier; with the completed text and over a decade of post-publication scholarship at his disposal, he is able to determine the Catholic elements of the *Wake*. His announced intention is to prove "that Joyce is of the line and stature of Dante; that his art, too, is visionary . . . that the eyes blinded by its splendour and by its order are Irish and Catholic as Dante's were Italian and Catholic."\textsuperscript{58} He does this by negating the heavy influence of "the Koran, the Rig-Vedas, the Book of the Dead and other religious codes" in order to stress that "the basic symbols are Catholic, with Irish overtones."\textsuperscript{59} This contention is not worth disputing either, since Joyce sought to investigate mankind through history, sexual behavior, and religion, and although he employed as many religions as he had managed to study, he nonetheless basically employed the one religious school of thinking he knew best, Catholicism. Again this is not a valid test of acceptance or rejection.

Montgomery begins by pointing out the omnipresence of the concept of Original Sin in *Finnegans Wake*, finding twenty puns for St. Augustine's exclamation of "*O felix culpa!*"\textsuperscript{60} What Montgomery fails to perceive is that Joyce is utilizing the Adam-Eve incident as myth, a myth that embodies man's feelings of sexual guilt. He employs Christian and Hebraic myths, as he does various Islamic, Hindu, pagan, and secular myths, as representative of mankind: he cuts across all religions and beliefs to include the entire realm of man in his universal guise. That the concept of Original Sin is prevalent among these myths is hardly accidental (any more than its use is piously Catholic): it is logically the most perfect mythical form for man's attitude toward his own sexual existence. It is as basic in the *Wake* as the Odysseus myth is basic in *Ulysses* and Daedalus-Icarus in *A Portrait*. This does not make *Finnegans Wake* any more Catholic than the previous works are made pagan by the Greek myths. Man's sexual existence did not begin with the publication of the Old Testament, and Joyce's application
of the "happy fault" is not necessarily St. Augustine's. J. Mitchell Morse comments that

Innocence and insight come from within, and he who will have one must forgo the other. This is the native quirk of our species. The original sin was intellectual curiosity, the quality that set Adam apart from the other animals. It alienated him from nature, which asks no questions and tells itself no lies. The peculiarly human quality is inherently sinful: to be fully human is to be cast out from grace.61

Morse therefore finds Joyce's use of the myth to be not only secular, but actually a negation of the Catholic principle.

Nor does Joyce's presentation of the Holy Trinity limit itself to a proper portrayal of the Catholic version: as has been indicated, the Trinity in the Wake is a bottle of Irish whiskey, but what is even more important is that it does not comprise a father, a son, and the interceding spirit of the father, but a father and his two sons. Joyce is concerned here with the trio of Isaac, Jacob, and Esau (Earwicker, Shem, and Shaun). His approach is again secular rather than spiritual (the only spirit content in Joyce's Trinity is alcoholic). Harry Levin identifies the trio: "When they [the sons] are Jacob and Esau . . . their father is the father of the Home Rule movement, Isaac Butt. A name to conjure with, John Jameson, is a potent symbol for this unholy trinity."62

As Levin implies, Joyce's logic supersedes Biblical logic in the Wake: he uses whatever material fits into his scheme of things no matter where he may find it, and he is willing to alter, deface, deform, subvert, and pervert without a qualm any material that may suit his ends. Joyce squares many a circle to wedge a square peg into a round hole. With that "meticulousness bordering on the insane" he scrambles Biblical text, as Morse indicates in his study of Joyce's treatment of the important Isaac-Jacob-Esau tale. Since Cain is Joyce's hero and Abel his bourgeois villain, we have a rather bizarre misreading of Genesis, and the Jacob whom Christians accept as a prefiguration of Christ is ironically also Shem, and therefore also Cain. As Morse proves: "Here we have an amalgammerging of the blessed Jacob with the cursed Cain—for were they not both
types of the artist? Jacob 'sod pottage' (Genesis 25:29); Cain built the first city (Genesis 4:17); Shem 'sod town' (224).”63 And in viewing this strange Shem-Cain-Jacob configuration, Morse adds: "But this directly opposes the orthodox view, which is that Esau is analogous to Cain, and Jacob to Abel."64

Along with the Trinity and Original Sin, Montgomery sees other Catholic aspects of Finnegans Wake: he finds the mirror imagery of the Wake a manifestation of man as made in God's image (pp. 439-40), and credits God with having created the polarity of good and evil which Joyce employs (p. 447). Such aspects are of course primarily a matter of Montgomery's interpretation: if he chooses to see divine inspiration in the split personality of the mirror-girl Issy, he puts himself in the position of necessarily having to defend vanity and sexual rivalry as the image of God. The dichotomy of good and evil is apparent in the Wake, but it is Montgomery who credits God with their creation, not Joyce (unless Montgomery intends supplementing his essay with documentation showing the hand of Joyce acknowledging the hand of God). Montgomery interprets Joyce's perspective as visionary and proclaims him a "seer" (p. 441), although this attribute too need not be considered the exclusive property of the Catholic artist. Nor is the use of the pun exclusively Catholic, although Montgomery cites Christ's pun on the building of the Church on the rock which is Peter (pp. 441-42).

Joyce's delight with Christ's pun is well known; it is echoed in the Wake in an allusion to the Last Supper: "for my thurifex, with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my cubits" (449.15-17). Nevertheless one cannot help wondering how far removed Peter Roche is from the Nasty Roche of A Portrait, or about the extent to which a frind of my boozum is a drinking companion, the suggestion of an indelicate pun with "peter," and the further suggestion that rock here means the same sort of rocks that Molly Bloom mentions in Ulysses (used as an expletive obviously to mean testicles). In fact, "rocks" has this same meaning in various instances in the Wake: when the "rocks by the stream Ocone
exaggerated themselves" (3.7)—the father engendering his progeny; and Shem’s "yours till the rending of the rocks" (170.23-24). Joyce no doubt admired the pun per se and admired Christ for punning, but certainly he sought to outdo Christ’s pun with several thousands of his own (incorporating Christ’s in the process):

the figure of a fellowship in the wobly ghast, Popey O'Donosbough, the jesuneral of the russuates. The idolon exhibiscs the seals of his orders: the starre of the Son of Heaven, the girtel of Izodella the Calottica, the cross of Michelides Apaleogos, the latchet of Jan of Nepomuk, the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall, the great belt, band and bucklings of the Martyrology of Gorman. It is for the castomercies mudwake surveice. The victar [349.18-25].

Here in a sequence from the Crimean War episode of "How Buckley Shot the Russian General" Joyce characterizes the general as an Irish Pope, and a Jesuit at that, who is going to be shot; the war is once again given religious sanction (Peter and Paul punned with powder and ball), and here as elsewhere the irreverence of Joyce’s puns suggests that as an artist he is rivaling not only the God of the Creation, but also the Christ Who Punned. As such he is seen toppling "the hoose that Joax pilled" (369.15).

Much of Montgomery’s essay loses itself in circular reasoning and arbitrary deductions. He sees the "wake" motif as Catholic and the pagan Phoenix as Irish because of the "cases of the ‘sacrifice’ of a saviour by the Irish people" (p. 442). He decides that Earwicker is building a church at Chapelizod and scrambles the initials that represent Earwicker and Anna Livia into CHAPEL, the end result being a quest for the letters "HCE" in various disconnected words of the "Mass for the Dedication of a Church," until he arrives at the theory that "ALP is also the Blessed Virgin" (p. 444). If this is so, then Joyce’s irony is again apparent since he has taken the trouble to reveal that his heroine and hero are both Protestants, "free kirk" (559.29) and "episcopalian" (559.26) respectively. Nor is the Virgin as instrumental in the framework of Finnegans Wake as Montgomery contends. Anna Livia is the archetypal Woman, and it is hardly inconsistent with
her all-inclusiveness to find that she incorporates the persona of the Virgin among her masks. But her masks include Mohammed’s wife Aysha: “He Calls Me his Dual of Ayessha” (105.19-20), her aye and yes recalling Molly’s final promiscuous “yes” to life. And she is worshiped in a combined Christian-Moslem-Hindu form in the invocation to her “mamafesta” chapter: “In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!” (104.1-3).

Anna Livia, however, is bereft of the basic Catholic nature of the Virgin,* as Louis Gillet comments, since the “harmony, which Catholic piety expresses by the figures of mother and son as a Maternity which is sufficient in itself, Joyce sees rather as dependent upon men, an exclusively male mystery.”65 Montgomery mistakes the parts for the whole; the edifice that is in erection is something more than a Catholic chapel: it is a city, a wall, a tower, a fortress, a skyscraper. It may well contain a chapel within its confines—although it seems highly probable that the “chapel” in the _Wake_ is a public convenience, not a place of worship. Many of what Montgomery finds as the Catholic elements in _Finnegans Wake_ are its catholic elements, but it is fundamental to the understanding of Joyce’s epic of contemporary man to realize that essentially he is describing modern Christian society, and for Joyce the roots of that

* It is Issy in fact who plays the part of the Blessed Virgin in the _Wake_, and what an irreligious part it is! Identified in her bedroom as “marygold to crown” (561.21) and “Mother of moth!” (561.27), she is invoked in exceedingly erotic terms, preceded by the basic warning: “Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima! A more intriguing bambolina could one not colour up out of Boccuccia’s Enameron. Would one but to do apart a lilybit her virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therebetween, behold, she had instant with her handmade as to grasps the myth inmid the air” (561.22-26). The annunciation brought to Mary is described as: “I will to show herword in flesh. Approach not for ghost sake! It is dormition!” (561.27-28). Her predecessor, the Gerty MacDowell of _Ulysses_, lame, vain, and sexually curious as she was, is but a mild parody of the Blessed Virgin compared to Issy. Anyone searching the map of Ireland for “Knockmaree, Comty Mea” (186.25) seeks in vain; the direction is to the “Blessed” Issy, pregnant (“knocked up”), a successor to the “Cunty Kate” of the Circe scene in _Ulysses_.

society are Catholic, if only because it was from the basic Roman tree that the Protestant splinters were hewn.

The subtleties and erudition of Montgomery's essay seem to have changed the style of approach by critics eager to remake Joyce in the Church's image. No longer do they cry in ecstasy, "In the end James Joyce remains the son of Rome!" A closer devotion to chapter and verse becomes the method of exploration, and a series of hints, suggestions, asides, and innuendoes the method of statement. Even Robinson has since taken his lead from Montgomery, and his essay, "Hardest Crux Ever," is a tribute to the intricacies of *Finnegans Wake*, a cavern in which shouts of "Eureka!" soon fade into the endless expanse. Robinson's attempt to determine the significance of the choice of letters H, C, and E for the Joycean hero ("Why H.C.E.? Why not B.G.O., X.T.U., or any other combination of two consonants and a vowel to designate the male character dominating the *Wake*?" he asks) arrives at the "*Hoc est enim corpus meum*" and "*Hic est enim calix sanguinis mei*" of the Catholic Mass. The discovery is not an inaccurate one nor is it an insignificant one, although one may quibble along certain lines. Why H.C.E. instead of H.E.C.? or, better still, H.E.E.C.? The latter is not out of the question; there are many people with four names, and Joyce himself was transformed from a simple J.A.J. into James Augustine Aloysius Joyce by the Catholic Church and could have signed himself with the *sigla* J.A.A.J. How much more appropriate, therefore, that his hero be H.E.E.C.

That Earwicker personifies the crucified God of the Christian churches has long since been recognized and accepted. So does Leopold Bloom. And the H, the E's, and the C of the formula for the Transubstantiation obviously occurred to Joyce during the composition of the *Wake* and were employed by him as such. But in a list of 216 h.c.e.'s offered by Robinson in his essay, only one actually echoes the Mass pattern: "he is ee and no counter" (29.34), while a second at least has a possible "h.e.c." pattern: "How elster is he a called" (197.7-8). If Robinson's question about the *sigla* is not a rhetorical one, more of an answer than he
provides can be found for him in evidence already common knowledge. The surname Earwicker derives from "earwig," the important *perce-oreille* that conjures up the surrogate of Persse O'Reilly for the hero. "Naw, yer maggers, aw war jist a cotchin on thon bluggy earwuggers" (31.10-11), says the surnameless H.C., and the name Earwicker was thus attached to him by the delighted monarch, pleased to find in his kingdom a "surtrusty bailiwick a turnpike who is by turns a pikebailer no seldomer than an earwigger!" (31.26-28). The H for Humphrey is no less difficult because of the important key word designating Earwicker's guilt, "Hesitency" (35.20), also found in "hesitency" (82.30) and "HeCitEncy!" (421.23), plus a possible glance at the Humpty of Humpty Dumpty at this point. The intermediate C seems a bit more arbitrary. "Chimpden" seems to imply Earwicker's descent from the primates. A three-part construction could be understood in terms of H, the Cosmic Egg, Humpty Dumpty; C, the chimpanzee, man's predecessor; E, the man, *Homo sapiens*, Everybody. Another such construction could parallel the development of the Parent-Children-People transition which the *Skeleton Key* attaches to the first three books of the *Wake*, from King "Harold" (30.21) or "Duke Humphrey" (405.18) to "Childers" (535.34) or "Childeric" (4.32) to "Everybody" (32.19), "E'erawan" (46.1), "Eavybrolly" (315.20), "Ebblybally" (612.15), and so forth. (Without statedly intending to offset Robinson's H-C-E theory, Mabel P. Worthington has offered the possibility that the letters were chosen because of their significance in terms of "Host-Chalice-Eucharist" —and this, with Robinson's *hoc-bic est enim corpus-calix* and Montgomery's HCE plus ALP equals CHAPEL, offers us an ecclesiastical trinity of possibilities.)

Among the subtleties of the apparently "orthodox" offerings of recent vintage are two volumes of different complexities, *Joyce and Aquinas* and *Joyce among the Jesuits*. The former, by Jesuit Father William T. Noon, is a work of analytical precision that attempts to weigh and evaluate the quantity and quality of Joyce's knowledge and use of St. Thomas Aquinas, and, except to remind
us that Joyce remained faithful in his own fashion to the Divine Doctor throughout his literary career, there is no attempt on the part of Father Noon to make any judgment of Joyce’s “Catholic residue.” The latter volume, on the other hand, by layman Kevin Sullivan, purports to be only a biography of Joyce’s schooling at the hands of the Society of Jesus, but Sullivan’s sympathies shine through the thin veneer far too often for his study to be accepted as objective biography. What emerges in lieu of a study of Joyce is an apology for Jesuit education in Ireland during the nineteenth century. At every turn where he feels that Jesuits have been maligned, Sullivan takes it upon himself to vindicate the Order as a body and the individual Jesuit as a person.

Sullivan’s most heroic efforts are in demolishing the “prejudices” of Joyce’s official biographer, Herbert Gorman (and surely no one can accuse Gorman of having been subtle in stating the case against Catholicism), but although Gorman proves to be an easy whipping boy for Sullivan’s tongue-lashings, others closer to the “facts” Sullivan seeks to present are not: against such formidable opponents as Joyce himself, Stanislaus Joyce, and J. F. Byrne, Sullivan is not quite so successful. The “facts” remain that at Clongowes Wood Joyce had the benefit of exceptional Jesuit instruction, but only for a scant handful of his early years; at Belvedere Joyce received only adequate schooling and excelled as a scholar; and at University College Joyce was exposed to a pitifully inadequate curriculum and had to find his “education” elsewhere during these important years. Sullivan would have Joyce be infinitely grateful for Clongowes Wood, thoroughly satisfied with Belvedere, and sympathetically understanding about U.C.D. The view that emerges from Joyce among the Jesuits is that if Joyce did not consider himself fortunate for what he received from the Jesuits, he was an ingrate, although Sullivan can never quite bring himself to admit that Joyce was not properly grateful.

Throughout the book Sullivan shows himself to be rather uncomfortable with his chosen subject, and only when he deals with Tom Kettle, Joyce’s contemporary at U.C.D. and obviously a very
different sort of fish, does he seem to be at ease, since Kettle never showed signs of being ungrateful to the Jesuits who educated him. But Kettle’s meager talents were truncated by his early death in the Great War, while ingrate Joyce went on to write his highly charged chapters in the moral history of his country. Not to be overlooked, however, is Sullivan’s comment that both Joyce and Kettle shared an “Irish Catholic sense of doom,”70 the orthodoxy of which one would suppose to be somewhat questionable. An echo of the “doom sense” can also be heard in the introductory article by Brian Nolan to the James Joyce Special Number of Envoi, where Joyce is implicated again in “the sense of doom that is the heritage of the Irish Catholic.”71

Considering the sort of book that Joyce among the Jesuits is, it might not be proper or necessary to quibble about small particulars, but Sullivan’s explication of the “jesuit bark and bitter bite” phrase from the Wake (182.36) is nonetheless disconcerting. Having ascertained that bark can be medicinal in meaning here, he goes on to offer the interpretation that Joyce is paying homage to the Jesuits, rather than vilifying them:

The man [Joyce] is remembering the Jesuits of his boyhood not as a contemptible breed (whose bark is worse than their bite) but as physicians of the soul who were concerned that the fevers of adolescence should not be soulcontracted into a chronic disease of life. They may have succeeded all too well. This bitter bite (in Ulysses “the agenbite of inwit”), under Jesuit medication, resulted in a form of spiritual cinchonism from which, it would appear, Joyce was never fully to recover.72

The operation was a success but the patient died, implies Sullivan, and expects his reader to believe that the patient was (and should have been) grateful. Even if one is satisfied with the explication of bark, bitter bite remains unequivocal. It is not surprising that both Sullivan and J. Mitchell Morse have chapters titled “Jesuit Bark and Bitter Bite” in their studies of Joyce’s Catholicism, but the difference between the chapters is extraordinary.

In contrast to more dogmatic approaches one can find the view
expressed by a supposedly "liberal" Catholic (American, of course) in *Commonweal*, where Sam Hynes, in commenting on "The Catholicism of James Joyce," contends: "And so Joyce (through Stephen) can make his compromise with Catholicism, rejecting its morality and employing it merely as a source of aesthetics, of symbols and of ritualistic structures. The result is Catholicism with the religion squeezed out."73 This is certainly a liberal view from a Catholic layman in a Catholic publication no matter what its political shade may be. Yet, having allowed himself this heterodox an opinion, Professor Hynes seems unable to resist taking part of it back before his article is ended, and his final paragraph contains the surprising statement: "It is no glib paradox, then, to call Joyce a 'Catholic' writer in the same sense that Hopkins and Greene are Catholic."74 In whatever sense that may be, Gerard Manley Hopkins and Graham Greene can hardly be accused of having squeezed their religion out of themselves to produce their "Catholicism." The only other "sense" in which Hopkins and Greene are mentioned elsewhere in Hynes's article is as converts to Catholicism, and no matter what Joyce was or wanted to be, he could never have been that.

Perhaps the most liberal attitude taken by a Catholic critic of Joyce's rebellion is displayed by Father Noon in his published address on "James Joyce and Catholicism."75 Having given up on the apostate as regrettably lost to the Church, Father Noon actually goes on to question "the stress placed on original sin" in Joyce's *Wake*, and finds it "too emphatic." Moreover, he proceeds to comment on Joyce's "often called Catholic emphases, which seem to me to betray an un-Catholic, and, for the most part, an un-Christian understanding of the structure of reality, and of modern man's situation in his world." Finding that "a personal avowal of faith is absent from Joyce's work," Father Noon also underscores the "Joycean confusion of myth with theology," which he terms "perhaps, the most pervasive heresy of modern literature. I do believe it heavily qualifies the Catholic theological affirmations of Joyce in a secularist, pessimistic sense."76
Viewing Joyce from the vantage point of his own religion, the Catholic cleric, despite obvious personal sympathies with the ex-Catholic author, allows his clear evaluation of Joyce's position to become rather hazy at times. Having once accused Joyce of "pessimism," Father Noon adds that Joyce "fails to appreciate the goodness of man, fails to see, or, at least, to record what William Faulkner has called the 'compassion and sacrifice and endurance of man.'" (Critics of such divergent stress as Father Noon and David Daiches, not to mention Karl Radek, are equally concerned with Joyce's nonhumanitarianism.) But Father Noon, besides finding pessimism in Joyce, also comments that "much of Vico's optimism has come over into Finnegans Wake." This single comment, however, must be counterbalanced by the two previous negative judgments, to which can be added a laconic third: "Joyce despairs of man." 77 One wonders whether what Sullivan found as an "Irish Catholic sense of doom" has any direct relationship with the "despair" found by Father Noon.

A cogent example of the orthodox Irish inability as yet to swallow James Joyce with all his thorns can be found in the Envoy Special Number previously alluded to. In what one supposes to be an issue planned as an "appreciation" of the native Irish genius, an overwhelming pall can be discerned in which almost every contributor feels it necessary either to sneer at American scholars dissecting Joyce or to provide some sort of commentary on Joyce's Catholicism—usually both. A good deal of self-conscious "humor" is disseminated in an effort to make Joyce palatable, most of it tangential. Efforts to explain Joyce away are apparent throughout, but most particularly in the Brian Nolan introduction already mentioned:

It seems to me that Joyce emerges, through curtains of salacity and blasphemy, as a truly fear-shaken Irish Catholic, rebelling not so much against the Church but against its near-schism Irish eccentricities, its pretense that there is only one Commandment, the vulgarity of its edifices, the shallowness and stupidity of many of its ministers.78
If enough such oblique and elliptical admissions are grafted together, there might not be enough left of the Catholic Church for orthodox Catholics to return Joyce to.

It is important, in the light of so much contradictory evidence, to reintroduce at this interval Herbert Gorman’s assertion that Joyce’s Catholic roots remained primarily medieval. There is actually little of “modern” Catholicism in the *Wake*; Joyce dredges deep into Church history (another nightmare underlyng the Finnegan dreamwork), reviewing the concept of papal infallibility, the position of the Virgin in Catholic dogma, the teachings of the Jesuits, the indexing of prohibited books, the significant Filioque Controversy, and Church meddling in politics. The conversation with Joyce in Zurich recorded by Frank Budgen provides an interesting key:

“What I can’t understand,” he said, “is, why do they boggle at the infallibility of the Pope if they can swallow all the rest.” The Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in its Irish form was a net he had flown by, but having won the freedom he needed, he could admire the Church as an institution going on its own way unperturbed in obedience to the law of its own being. “Look, Budgen,” he said. “In the nineteenth century, in the full tide of rationalist positivism and equal democratic rights for everybody, it proclaims the dogma of the infallibility of the head of the Church and also that of the Immaculate Conception.”

The Popes who parade through the *Wake* are far from perfect: Adrian IV is of course the primary example of a Pope who misuses his powers for political purposes, and in the Mookse-Gripes fable Joyce caricatures Adrian IV with “vacticanated” ears (152.23) as a “dogmad Accanite” (158.3) who “could not all hear” (158.12-13). *Dogmad* not only implies “mad dog” and “dogma-mad,” but also “Goddam” when each syllable is reversed. Other Popes are added to Adrian in this scene: “clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of good gregory humours” (154.20-21) offers five papal names suggesting physical well-being under the influence of drink.
Joyce's attitude toward the Jesuits is mentioned by two of the *Examination* commentators, and they contradict each other. McGreevy's assertion that Joyce retained basic Jesuitical teachings is countered by Robert McAlmon's statement that Joyce "damned intellectually the religious and metaphysical logics of Jesuitism, emphatically, and of Christianity as a whole, generally, for the effects they had on him and his race and his realization of what they have done to the emotions of people." And, whereas McGreevy conditions his stress on Joyce's retention of Jesuitism by attributing it to an unconscious influence, McAlmon qualifies his negative by adding that "it probably was not his intent" (although the term "realization" hardly suggests an "unconscious" condition).

But Joyce's attitude toward the Jesuitical practice of censorship is never equivocal: "—Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obulum, woshup my nase serene, answered the Mookse" (154.18-19). And much is made of official Catholic reaction to the works of James Joyce: "when Robber and Mumsell, the pulpicticators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers, Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own beneficition of their pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all muttonsuet candles and roma-ruled stationery for any purpose" (185.1-5). Joyce here reviews the incidents relating to the ten-year campaign of attrition to have *Dubliners* published, the bickering with George Roberts (*Robbers*), and Maunsell and Co. (*Mumsell*), the burning of the manuscript by the moralistic Dublin printer John Falconer (*Flammeus Falconer*), and Joyce's constant suspicion that behind the scenes moved the unseen hand of the Catholic clergy (the Pope, the Index, the Code are condensed into *Codex* and *Podex*). Having announced his intention of damning Jesuit torpedoes and continuing his literary pursuits, Shem the Penman delivers his incantation in butchered Church Latin for making ink from his own excrement in order to write "over every square inch of the only fool-

*That both codex and podex have unpunned literal meanings does not mitigate the significance of these puns in context, but actually augments and diversifies them.*
scap available, his own body” (185.35-36) and levels a final blast at Jesuits in general and their General Loyola in particular:

on his last public misappearance, circling the square, for the deathfête of Saint Ignaceous Poisonivy, of the Fickle Crowd (hopon the sixth day of Hogsober, killim our king, layum low!) and brandishing his bellbearing stylo, the shining keyman of the wilds of change, if what is sauce for the zassy is souse for the zazimas [186.11-16].

Joyce will not let the Jesuits forget their infamous role in the destruction of Charles Stewart Parnell, and this passage re-echoes “Ivy Day in the Committee Room” and its reference to the death of the “uncrowned king” destroyed by clerical conspiracy and Irish narrow-mindedness.

Such Church intervention in Irish politics, rather than providing the “sacrificial king” that Montgomery conjures up, is interpreted by Joyce as having done the sacrificing, as the events of the Mookse-Gripes fable and Tangos-Pango trial indicate. The scheme of Finnegans Wake allows for a continuous amalgamation of incidents centered on the overrunning of Ireland by invaders on religious “missions.” The theme of “holy war” is prevalent in the character of the Woman who engenders the conflict by inciting the sexual rivalry of the males; thus Anna Livia Plurabelle’s surname contains the elements of pia et pura bella. Joyce depicts Shem as refusing to participate in such a war (although his attempts to win the affections of the flower girls belie his intentions of neutrality), even when it is the Easter Rebellion of the “mobbu... chanting the Gillooly chorus, from the Monster Book of Paltryattic Puetrie, O pura e pia bella!... in secular sinkalarum” (178.15-18). And the extent to which religious intervention is allied with political expansion, invasion, and exploitation becomes apparent when St. Patrick, destined to become the patron saint of Ireland, is himself identified with the stream of invaders: the coming of Patrick as a bishop to Ireland is characterized in the last chapter of the Wake in the same format in which the continental invaders arrived in the first chapter. There Mutt and Jute in dialogue form embodied the native interviewing the invaders, the Danes (donsk), Norse
(scowegian), Angles (anglease), Saxons (saxo), and finally the Jute himself (16-18). The coming of Patrick to convert the Irish is paralleled with the coming of Strongbow in 1170 to conquer them:

he landed in ourland's leinster of saved and solomnones for the twelvecame time, off Lipton's strongbowed launch the Lady Eva, in a tan soute of sails he converted it's nataves, name saints, young ordnands, maderaheds and old unguished P. T. Publikums, through the medium of znignaks with sotirc zeal ... (Gratings, Mr Dane!) ... and showed em the celestine way to by his tristar and his flop hattrick and his perry humdrum dumb and numb nostrums that he larned in Hymbuktu, and that same galloroman cultius is very prevailend up to this windiest of landhavemiseries all over what was beforeaboots a land of nods [288.13-25].

The commingling here of the political invasion and the divine mission can be seen in the references to Strongbow (strongbowed), the leader of the invasion forces of Henry II; his Irish bride Eva (Lady Eva); his cohort Sir Tristram (tristar); as well as to the Danish ruler in Dublin in 1014, Sitric (sotric); and to St. Patrick (flop hattrick), his shamrock (tristar), hymn (Hymbuktu), Roman Catholicism (galloroman cultius), soutane (tan soute), Paternoster (perry nostrums), and "Lord, have mercy!" (landhavemiseries). The Danish and Anglo-Norman invaders are strange bedfellows for the patron saint of Ireland, but Joyce is explicit in asserting that the bringing of Christianity to Ireland was not motivated by Christian kindness, but was an act of aggression—Cromwell and King Billy also came as future patron saints (Puritan and Anglican)—and, like other conquests, Patrick's was readily absorbed by the natives.

In the last book of the Wake Mutt and Jute have been transformed into Muta (the mutate) and Juva (the rejuvenated, the Java Man); history has come full circle as was foreshadowed in the beginning—"Mearmerge two races, swete and brack" (17.24)—and they stand on a similar hill watching St. Patrick land. A pagan Archdruid comes forth to interview the bearer of Christianity. "Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?" asks Muta; "At Winne, Woermann og
Sengs,” answers Juva (610.21-22). Patrick’s holy war results in the secular pleasures of victory for some, woe for others, and the spilling of blood for all. It is Patrick’s defeat of the Archdruid that delineates a major aspect of Joyce’s condemnation of the Catholic mind of his day: the Archdruid, strongly resembling the Irish metaphysician George Berkeley, represents profound philosophic thought, while Patrick is a simple-minded, hard-headed man of action. As the Skeleton Key explicates:

St. Patrick . . . unable to follow the trend of the druid’s transcenden-
talist argument, knows well enough how to give a popular reply. As the representative of the Rock of Peter he is the protagonist of effec-
tive action. He simply cuts the gloriously involved Gordian knot of
metaphysics with a sharp, good-enough retort, and wins from the pop-
ulace a triumphant cheer.82

The campaigning politician and military hero, St. Patrick is also
referred to in this episode as the “Eurasian Generalissimo” (610.12-13), and the theme of imperialism-condoned-by-the-
Church is once again underscored. The Crimean War episode (338-55) had fully developed the motif of imperialism, and this later section implicates Patrick; he represents the practicality and political schemings of the Church (as the Mookse did). Morse comments that the Mookse’s brutality indicates “the persistence of Joyce’s conviction that the church was not spiritual but anti-spirit-
ual. The brother who stands for the church in Finnegans Wake is
Esau, not Jacob. However . . . the mature Joyce rejected the spiri-
tual as well as the political and social aspects of Christianity.”83 As
the Inquiritors deduce from their interview with Yawn (addressed as “Mr Trickpat”): “Hood maketh not freere. The voice is the
voice of jokeup, I fear. Are you imitation Roma now or Amor
now” (487.21-23). The Church of Rome and Christian Love are
antithetical; simply because it calls itself a church does not mean
that it is spiritual.

At every instance in which the Roman Church alienated itself
from its followers, at every schism in its history, and at various ac-
cusions of heresy, * Joyce the anti-Catholic pauses to identify. The
Stephen who in the Portrait was concerned because Bruno had
been "terribly burned" is the Joyce who is investigating Church
history in Finnegans Wake. Rome's quarrel with the Irish Church
is recorded in the Mookse-Gripes episode; the split with the
Church of England makes up the Tangos-Pango affair; the schism
that created the Greek Orthodox Church in 1054 is mentioned
in the reference to its founder, "Michael, vulgo Cerularius" (573.4),
and the issue that caused the schism is discussed in the Mookse-
Gripes controversy:

the acheporeoozers of his haggyown pneumax to synerethetise with the
breadchestviousness of his sweetaovular ducose sofarfully the logger-
thuds of his sakellaries were fond at variance with the synodals of his
somepooliom and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from
his philioquus [156.13-18].

* Professor Morse's chapter on John Scotus Erigena, "The Erigenal Sin:
Irish John," coupled with his comments on St. Thomas Aquinas' early position
as a heretic in "Art and Fortitude: Applied Aquinas," indicates something
of the range of such inclusions of heretics and heresies in the W ake. Although
a handful of the allusions listed below may be doubtful, most of them can
be corroborated in the Census or The Books at the Wake:

Acacius: 160.12
Albigenses: 240.13, 350.31, 488.35
Arius: 75.2, 440.7, 530.18
Bruno: 117.12, 246.32, 287.24, 336.35, 369.8 (plus many others associated
with Browne and Nolan)
Donatus: 563.18
Erigena: 4.36, 115.14
Gnostics: 170.11
Helvetius: 4.21
Huss: 267.5, 589.33
Jansen: 173.12
Luther: 21.30, 42.20, 71.27, 229.13, 263.04, 536.36, 582.33
Marcion: 192.1
Monophysite: 156.11
Montanus: 478.31
Nestorians: 320.4
Pelagius: 182.3, 358.10, 525.7, 538.36
Socinus: 132.19
Toland: 601.34
Valentinus: 249.4, 289.28, 458.2
This difficult theological passage is paraphrased in the *Skeleton Key*:

But though the Gripses had, time and time again, sought to teach his
own flock how to trumpet forth the double meanings of his doctrines,
his pastors were found to be at loggerheads and at variance with the
constitutions of his provincial creed, and so he got the hoof; he hav-
ing wished to follow the Eastern rather than the Roman interpreta-
tion of the relation of the Father and the Son to the Holy Ghost.84

The hounding of the Deist John Toland out of Dublin is cele-
brated in “Tolan, who farshook our showrs from Newer Aland”
(601.34-35). The treatment by the Church of heretical groups and
heretics is often commented upon: the St. Bartholomew’s Day Mass-
acre of Huguenots is mentioned as “Paybads floriners moved in
hugheknots against us and I matt them, pepst to papst, barthel-
emew: milteys (mark!) onfell, and (Luc!) I arose Daniel in
Leonden” (541.14-16). The presence of three of the Evangelists
(*matt*, *mark*, *Luc*; and the fourth, John, may be the *eon* of *Leon-
den*) again lends Church sanction to the massacre.

The amassing of such textual evidence leads to a realization of
the role of religion in *Finnegans Wake*. Although positive because
of its dominance, it is nonetheless essentially negative in purpose:
a criticism of orthodox religion, a bitter commentary on the role of
the Church in world history, and a condemnation of the excesses
committed in the name of orthodoxy. The “Mass” which Montgom-
ery sees celebrated in the *Wake* is an “immense Black Mass” to
Louis Gillet.85 The “Last Blessing of the Mass” in the Yawn episode
is interpreted by Hugh Kenner as a “garbled ceremonial” whose
function

. . . is not unlike that of the parody-mass performed by Buck Mulligan
in the first section of *Ulysses*. In its perfunctory formularization, its
melange of parish gossip, worldly wisdom, and completely un-supernu-
natural motivations it epiphazizes both a corrupt clericalism and a
verbalised and superficial culture playing with shells.86

The Trisagion Joyce interprets as “Haggis good, haggis strong,
haggis never say die” (456.9); the Greek word for holy is evolved
into the Scottish "porridge" because Shaun's religion (the religion of the bourgeois Christian) is primarily of the stomach. J. S. Atherton rightly calls this a "travesty," adding that "this is, of course, one of many quotations that would have to be ignored by anyone claiming to prove that Joyce was a devout Catholic treating the Mass with respect."\(^{87}\) And yet Joyce greatly admired the Mass (for its dramatic stage values) as Stanislaus Joyce noted: "something of the pomp and ceremony with which the legend of Jesus is told impressed him profoundly."\(^{88}\) There is much of pomp and ceremony in the *Wake*, it too tells many legends, and it is apparently Joyce's attempt to surpass previous attempts to write "bibles."

An exhaustive listing of blasphemies in *Finnegans Wake*, even those solely limited to Roman Catholic ecclesiastical material, can best be left to any *advocatus diaboli* of the future who cares to prosecute Joyce for his sins, but an easy index to such perversions of sacred words can be arrived at by reference to the "Index of Motifs" in Clive Hart's *Structure and Motif in Finnegans Wake*.\(^{89}\) A calculated sampling, however, should be sufficient to exonerate Joyce of any intended piety in respect to the printed words of Catholic writ. The "holocaust" that seemed so innocent to McGreevy, for example, can be found often in the *Wake*. Sins against all three persons of the Trinity are rampant: against the Father as dog ("Dodgfather"—482.1), as invert ("Lordy Daw and Lady Don"—496.2), as nonentity ("Cloudy father! Unsure! Non-good!"—500.19), as an avatar of previous gods ("oura vatars that arred in Himmel"—599.5); against the Son as dog ("Dodgson"—482.1), as an ichthyic-canine hybrid ("that former son of a kish"—164.11-12), as chandelier (Stephen smashes one in *Ulysses*; "Crystal elation"—528.9), as a sham minstrel ("bamboozelam incethrill . . . christie"—515.28-29), as a heretic ("Jansens Chrest"—173.12), as a prime minister of England ("Llwyd Josus"—91.19); against the Holy Ghost as "holocaust" (419.9-10), "the haul it cost" (153.31-32), "their homely codes" (614.32), and "spirituous sunksters" (371.1)—containing suck, sunk, and gangster.
Familiar Jesuit mottoes are transformed by Joyce with a vengeance, so that *Laus Deo Semper* is used to identify God with Lucifer and a louse ("lousadoor"—107.36), while the initials LDS are scrambled to arrive at the symbols for pounds, shillings, and pence ("L.S.D."—107.2) in order to implicate the Roman Church in British imperialistic finances, as witness "*Ad majorem l.s.d.! Divi gloriain*" (478.4), where the Jesuit motto loses its *Deo* in favor of *Divi* (the devil and the dividing of money). The sexual and sadistic excesses of Jaun’s sermon should be enough to convict the Church in Joyce’s perspective, containing as it does such gems as the confusion of the "Order for the Burial of the Dead," by way of a Byron love lyric, into "Mades of ashens when you flirt" (436.32); an anal allusion in the *confiteor* (*mio colpo*”—455.27), elsewhere in a sexual-sadistic version ("May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmass colp her!"—238.21); and an obscene inclusion in the "Last Blessing of the Mass": "Bennydick hotfoots onimputed stayers!" (469.23-24). Jaun ends his sermon with a military "Break ranks!" (469.26), a disrespectful "Fik yew!" (469.27), and, becoming the Holy Ghost, a jaunty "You watch my smoke" (469.27-28).

What else but complete conscious blasphemy can be understood from Joyce’s parodies of religious material, unless there exists a dual standard by which "in-group" Catholics accept such desecration as the prerogative of the inner circle and practice an esoteric Catholicism denied to the ordinary Roman Catholic? How else can such brutal parodies be explained unless we accept Father Noon’s realization that it is a foregone impossibility to attempt to "salvage" Joyce for the orthodox Roman Church? His version of the Paternoster alone is evidence of his accusation that God committed the original error (later condoned by Church council): “Ouhr Former who erred in having down to gibbous disdag our darling breed. And then the confisieur for the boob’s indullgence As sanctioned for his salmonbog by the Councillors-om-Trent” (530.36-531.3). The prayer itself is merely a flatulent dissonance, a "farternoiser" (530.36), and God the Father is associated with
the executor of His Son: “Harrod’s be the naun” (536.35), as well as a London store. The Commandments on the lips of Jaun evolve into: “First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry” (433.22-23). And they are not much holier from evangelist Mark’s view:


The Angelus, the Paternoster, the Confiteor, the Ten Commandments, the Last Blessing of the Mass—nothing is sacred in the *Wake* that is the voice of orthodox religion. Joyce changes *secula seculorum*, as Vivian Mercier notes, to “*Insomnia, somnia somniorum*” (193.29-30) and “circular circulatio” (427.7-8), which “can be allowed to stand for all the thousands of such blasphemous parodies in the book. Protestants may take note, for instance, of two parodies of the Lord’s Prayer, on pages 530-31 and 536.” No religious work seems exempt from Joyce’s mockery: the Old Testament and the New, the Koran as well as the Bible—as Atherton proves, “Joyce’s hostility to the Koran is shown in his reference to *sura III.*” It is apparent that it is not just the Catholicism to which he had reacted with fear and vomiting in his youth that is his exclusive target now, but the foundations of all religion. Bud- gen again quotes Joyce on the subject, this time when asked why he had brought up his children without religious training: “But what do they expect me to do? . . . There are a hundred and twenty religions in the world. They can take their choice. I should never try to hinder or dissuade them.” Joyce had obviously made his own choice; the number of religions mocked in *Finnegans Wake* may well total 120.
Forty Ways of Looking at a White Elephant

It is obvious that an attempt to interpret the misquotations and parodies in the *Wake* as an aspect of Joyce’s eventual piety is naïve. The parody of his own childhood bit of doggerel:

—My God, alas, that dear old tumtum home
Whereof in youthfood, Lord I preyed
Amook the verdigrassy convict valsal dazes.
And cloitered for amourmeant in thy boosome shede!

[231.5-8]

s paraphrased by Campbell and Robinson as: “Then he traced a little poem about God who is our Home, the consolation and protection of our youth.”93 The limitation of this exegesis is pointed up by Edwin Berry Burgum:

Here the meaning is certainly not religious nor mystical, but profane and scurrilous. “My God” is less a reference to deity than a profane expletive, the exasperated tone of which turns to boredom in the “tumptum”. . . . Similarly, the bosom shade protecting the boy in the last line is also the shed in which he became acquainted with the bosom of girls.94

Professor Burgum might well have added that there exists a significant difference between *praying* and *preying*, while the word *cloitered* overlaps *clitoris* and *coitus* into a meaningful amalgam.

Joyce is derisive of the entire hierarchy from the God of the Catholic to the Catholic priest, not excluding the Catholic saints. Those saints who appear in the *Wake* are a pitifully inane group, from the hard-headed, vulgarly popular St. Patrick to the oddly mystic St. Kevin. In essence the bourgeois Patrick conceals traces of ascetic Kevin from himself (and appears all the more foolish for the strange dichotomy), but as the night progresses and the fusion of opposites intensifies, the Kevin-façade assumes greater importance. Toward dawn, in the final “ricorso” chapter, the hermit-priest floats out to an island in his “altare cum balneo” (605.8), his bathtub altar, and sits there in the cold Holy Water to contemplate. Joyce seems to consider him a “strong and perfect christian” (605.35-36), since he is isolated, out of harm’s way, divorced
from the Patrick "mission" of conversion and conquest. But St. Kevin exists only as an afterthought in this section in which night is already breaking and dawn disturbs the darkness of the dream. Shaun, as the ascetic saint, is becoming Shem-like, while the Shemish Archdruid is fused into Shaun's Patrick, a reversal of the night's shooting of the Russian General.

These saints give way to Earwicker's "catholic" attitude of accepting the world around him (in the hope of being accepted with all his sins, guilt, foibles, and folly by the world). It is not accidental, therefore, that the Earwicker Everyman is presented as a Protestant: as such he has Catholicism as his cultural heritage, as well as Judaism and earlier manifestations of man's spiritual existence. But he has rebelled against the excesses and perversions of Catholic policy and politics. This is not an acceptance of Protestant religious creeds—Joyce's rejection of the Thirty-nine Articles, for example, is obvious and final—but an acceptance of the "reformation" aspect of the movement.

Having arrived at this balance of his Catholic heritage through a Protestant impetus and a nonreligious attitude fused through a subject matter laden with religious material, Joyce could now present the dichotomies inherent in man through a perspective which realized his personal conflicts. In the *Wake* he concentrates on man's human foibles to a greater extent than on man's attributes (H.C.E.'s peccadillo in Phoenix Park, A.L.P.'s *pia et pura bella*, Shaun's hypocrisy, Shem's cowardice, Issy's sexual teasings) in an attempt to evaluate the totality of man unadorned by the warped mirror image of a creature modeled after its deity. Issy's mirror, like many other symbols in the *Wake*, reflects the numerous illusions beclouding man's real existence (illusions fostered throughout by the trappings of religion): Earwicker's grandiosity, Anna Livia's peace-making, Shaun's conviction that he is as talented as his brother, Shem's vanity with women, Issy's pretended innocence (or pretended sophistication). But reality discloses the hero to be "all glittering with the noblest of carriage" as well as a "bumpkin" and a "puny" (627.22-24) because he is "great in all things,
in guilt and in glory” (627.23-24). Anna Livia engenders the "penisolate war" (3.6) among her children, but mollifies them after the battle by distributing gifts (210-12) and nursing the wounded like "floreflorece... lightandgayle” (360.2). Man replaces God in Finnegans Wake, and the cycles of life replace Christianity. Magalaner and Kain therefore conclude that for Joyce it is "not a question of conversion to anything but rather the greater difficulty of having to surrender one sanctuary, through conscience, without being able to replace it immediately with another. Not until middle age when he is able to erect his obscure Viconian citadel does Joyce truly resolve his problem.”

The significance of Giambattista Vico's philosophy of history in Finnegans Wake is too broad a subject to be covered here, but certainly the basic plan of the Wake owes its skeletal structure to the Neapolitan philosopher, although perhaps in no more vital a manner than Ulysses is indebted to Homer. But Joyce's treatment of the religious aspects of Vico's material is of significance here, especially since Vico himself uncomfortably straddled the tightrope between orthodoxy and near-heresy; it would not be surprising, therefore, to find that Joyce (who had no compunction about translating Homeric epic into Joycean mock epic) was delighting himself by pushing Vico from the precarious tightrope. Thomas Fitzmorris, writing in the Catholic World, attempts to salvage Vico for orthodoxy, but at the expense of James Joyce. He senses that Joyce's use of Vico strips the Catholic philosopher of his religious meaning:

... the first, or Divine Age, in Vico is represented in Finnegans [sic] Wake by the abstraction Birth, the Heroic Age by Maturity, the Human Age by Corruption, and the transitional period between cycles, which in Vico is dominated by the idea of Providence, is represented by the abstraction, Generation... It is a significant distortion that, as Vico's cycles and [sic] with a stress on the beneficence of Providence, there is often an opposite suggestion in Joyce.

If Providence is replaced by Generation, then Providence's beneficence may well be replaced by Joyce with the basic life force
which is the "beneficence" of rebirth. There is certainly no suggestion of malevolence in the "ricorso" chapter (as there had been in the theological trials of the previous chapter); if anything, mankind waking from its dream of unconscious evil has assimilated that evil into a proper, workable scheme of human behavior: Earwicker's sons have become reconciled within himself, and his incestuous lust for his daughter disappears as he substitutes his wife reborn as a young girl (627).

But Fitzmorris cannot reconcile the conflicting conglomeration of materials assembled by Joyce as concomitant with the pious purpose of Vico's *Scienza Nuova*: "The political nursery rhyme, 'The Frog He Would A-Wooing Go,' the fable of 'The Fox and the Grapes,' Adam and Eve, Tristan and Isolde, Mutt and Jeff, Wellington, Guinness's Brewery: these suggest the range of often impious reference employed." Fitzmorris' list, apparently taken at random, is accidentally a good cross section of the impiety in the *Wake*: the wooing frog motif echoes the Church's "holy" crusade of conquest; the fox and grapes fable is Joycean condemnation of the Church as a Machiavellian fox (the Mookse); Adam and Eve are used to translate the concept of Original Sin to that of Sexual Guilt; Tristram and Iseult are a facet of that sexual guilt, introducing the theme of the old man (Mark) and his erotic desire for the young girl; Mutt and Jeff are a translation of Bruno's concept of the duality of opposites (in comic-strip scope); Wellington, the hero on the white horse, symbolizing British imperialistic success, is another older man preying upon a young girl, and is celebrated by a phallic monument in Phoenix Park; and Guinness' Brewery, just a stone's throw from St. Patrick's Cathedral, turns the water of the Liffey nonmiraculously into the elixir of life. As such the brewery is a part of Joyce's theme of mock Communion in conjunction with the other famous Dublin factory, the Jacobs Biscuit Company. Fitzmorris, therefore, has ample reason to be concerned about Joyce's use of Viconian cycles, which on one occasion in the *Wake* are recorded as "a good clap, a fore marriage, a bad wake, tell hell's well" (117.5-6).
The elusively equivocal Vico thus proves to be a valuable touchstone for testing Joyce's religious mettle. What emerges is Joyce's intention to replace religion with man's historical nightmare—a concoction of reality and illusion, history and myth. Man's religions are a part of that myth, and therefore of history, but all is fused through Joyce's artistic personality. The variety of Joyce's religious experiences remains conclusively negative, and it is no longer a question of apostasy or even atheism, as it is of actual antitheism. Should the God of the Roman Catholics—or some composite deity bridging all organized religions—actually exist, Joyce declares himself opposed and sits in judgment of Him. This theme of defiance, as Morse asserts, is repeated throughout the *Wake*: "the power, arrogance and corporate assurance of those who presume to speak for God, opposed by the intelligence, skepticism and lonely self-respect of the creative individual." This "terrible indictment," he goes on to note, "amounts to a denial of God in the name of the human individual, who cannot live with Him; it is, in fact, the obverse of the Jesuit denial of the individual self in the name of God."  

Fortunately this "terrible indictment" is couched in the drollest of terms, tempered with cosmic laughter, verbal hoaxes, and assorted impractical jokes. The Stephen Dedalus who was so terribly self-serious has given way to a Shem—a "shemozzle" (177.5)—whom no one can take seriously, even himself. But the indictment is there—as is Joyce's final apostatic guffaw.