It might be added that in each of these pairings, the two places are just about the same distance north and south of the Liffey; and they match each other in other ways, such as street to street, district to district, church to church, cemetery to cemetery, and hill to hill; and as at 57.35, 248.33, 543.16, and 585.28, names no longer in use are matched as contemporary in their historical period. And there are many more such pairings. The North-South pattern extends beyond the limit of metropolitan Dublin to its environs, as in the pairing of the Vartry River (S) with the Boyne and Nannywater Rivers to the north (205.36, 126.21). In some cases there is a pattern behind the pattern, with a particular pleasure attending its discovery. At 183.05—06, the Ondt’s house ("Nixnixundnix") is identified with "your brass castle" and the Gracehoper’s house ("Tingsomingenting") with "your tyled house in ballyfermont." In Le Fanu’s *The House by the Churchyard*, which is laid in Chapelizod, central characters live in the Brass Castle, on the north bank of the Liffey, and in the Tiled House in Ballyfermot, across the river from Chapelizod; and these sides of the river belong respectively to the Ant-Shaun and to the Grasshopper-Shem. *Wake* geography plays fast and loose with latitude and longitude, and the dimensions of space expand, contract, and are otherwise transformed, but the compass points remain fixed forever by the left and right banks of the Liffey as it flows to the sea.

**IV**

**THE DOODLES FAMILY IN DUBLIN**

—Whose are the placelheres? (56.33)

Though mountains and rivers the world over incarnate HCE and ALP, uncivilized nature remains at a considerable distance from the *Wake*’s modes of thought and feeling. The things of nature are not real presences in the *Wake*, but enter it only by courtesy of the words by which they are denoted and described. Urban Joyce did not know the ways of untamed rivers as one who has lived with them in all their moods and seasons, and his knowledge of hills was less the intuitive knowledge of legs and lungs than that of the eye and of his language-saturated mind. As for Stephen Dedalus walking on Sandymount Strand, nature occasioned for Joyce a whirling spiral of words into which it then disappeared. Yet Joyce did understand and express in *Finnegans Wake* (although not in *Ulysses*) the ways in which a city in its growth domesticates and transforms its natural site without ever totally dominating it. There is for example a dialectical relation between cities and their rivers. The river first of all attracts the city and serves its
purposes, but at the same time sunders it and threatens it with drought and flood. The city responds by subjecting the river with bridges, quays, and dams, which the river quietly tests and in an occasional fury destroys. Eventually, like an old married couple, city and river tacitly agree to replace excitement by dependability, though in the end the river always leaves the city and flows beyond its reach to the sea.

_Finnegans Wake_ says all this much better. No doubt Dublin is more intimately related to its natural site than most cities. The vistas of most of its north-south streets are closed to the south by the Wicklow Mountains, apparently only a long walk away; Phoenix Park funnels the countryside into the heart of the city, and cows and deer graze there side by side; and ocean-going ships tie up by the cabman’s shelter in front of the Custom House. River, sea, and mountains are at the end of the streets. A friend who grew up in London’s East Side once told me that for years as a child he had thought that the grass and trees of the parks had been brought from somewhere else and put down on top of the natural pavement. Joyce was never so urban as to believe that the city’s pavement and masonry go all the way down. Beneath the archaeological layers of modern, Georgian, medieval, and Danish Dublin, he knew, lies the landscape seen by the first Vikings to anchor in the Liffey and by the nameless Irish who had forded the river there from time immemorial. Thus the primal family of _Finnegans Wake_ not only play all the roles of the world’s history and fiction but double as the natural features of Dublin’s site.

Anna Livia is of course the River Liffey which flows east through the city to Dublin Bay, rising and falling with the tide. On some older maps the river is actually called “Anna Liffey” (from Latin _amnis Livia_, or Irish _Abha na Life_). The twins Shaun and Shem, “two bredder [Norwegian, “riverbanks”] as doffered as nors in soun” (620.16), are her left and right banks. Most specifically they are the quays which canalize the river from Kingsbridge to the bay: “stout stays, the rivals [_rivae_, Latin “riverbanks”], lined her length” (208.14); but by extension they are also the streets and buildings of north and south Dublin. Since the repeated brother-battle in the _Wake_ regularly ends with an exchange of identities, Shem and Shaun occasionally exchange sides of the river, as their comments exchange margins halfway through Book II, Chapter 2. In the fable of the Mookse and the Gripes the Mookse-Shaun begins on the “yonder bank” (153.09) and winds up on the “hither bank” (158.11,.32), which is apparently the right bank, since the Mookse “had reason” (158.31), i.e., was right. So the Mookse moves from the north bank of the river to the south, and the Gripes the other way. Here, as elsewhere, “Reeve Gootch [Gauche] was right and Reeve Drughad [Droite; also _droichead_, Irish “bridge”] was sinistrous” (197.01). The last quotation in context is actually a reference to HCE, who as the city itself combines the often opposite characteristics of his twin sons.
Daughter Issy is both figuratively and literally the young or upstream Anna Liffe, who retains her youth until she reaches Chapelizod, where she enters greater Dublin and shortly becomes tidal at Islandbridge. Exactly at Chapelizod the river divides into two channels, forming the only island in its length: "her arms encircling Isolabella, then running with reconciled Romas and Reims," i.e., Shem and Shaun as the riverbanks, again face to face after being separated by beautiful Issy, their sister as island (209.24).

Although HCE (for whom Joyce's working siglum was m) is the whole city—always at greater or less remove from the family intimacy of river, island, and riverbanks—he is also, as u (Letters I, 254), a sleeping giant interred in the landscape, his head the Hill of Howth, his torso the gentle ridge running east and west through north Dublin, and his upturned feet the two hills or knobs of Castleknoke Hill and Windmill Hill, just west of Phoenix Park (about 12 miles from Howth). Sometimes his feet are located as the hill of the Magazine Fort within Phoenix Park (7.30—.32; 12.35—.36); St. Thomas's Hill is separated only by a gully from its neighboring Whitebridge Hill. Most readers of Finnegans Wake have seen the Wellington Monument in Phoenix Park as the erect penis of this sleeping giant; but in geographical fact this would make him remarkably, and ridiculously, short in the leg.

This is the merest outline of the Wake's identification of the features of Dublin's natural site with the members of its primal and theatrical family. For anyone familiar with the repetitions and details of this pattern of allusions, the very appearance of present-day Dublin is imaginatively changed. Howth comes to look more and more like the head of a supine giant; the river looks more and more feminine. Joyce has marvelously resurrected in the twentieth century the ancient Irish propensity to personify the landscape—as in the two hills in County Kerry called the "Paps of Dana," in other hills called "Finn's Seat" or "Finn's Table," or in the innumerable "beds of Dermot and Grania." He even identified the sleeping giant HCE with Finn MacCool, although there is no legend or tradition which sees Finn in the north Dublin landscape. But the Wake is more specific than mythology, and it carries its personification of places into the most playful detail. The geometrical diagram on page 293, for example, is constructed by prematurely knowledgeable Shem ostensibly to instruct Shaun in geometry, actually to reveal to him the secrets of their mother's sexual geography.

Clive Hart (in Structure and Motif in Finnegans Wake, 248-249) has ingeniously interpreted the diagram as constructed by circles centered on Uisneach (traditionally the geographical center of Ireland) and Lambay Island, just north of Howth; and this is clearly one denotation of the diagram. But as Roland McHugh (in The Sigla of Finnegans Wake, 68-69) has pointed out, the "doubling bicirculars" are also Dublin's encircling Grand and Royal Canals (paralleled by the South and North Circular Roads), with the "straight line" of the diagram joining the village elm ("Great Ulm," 293.14) of Chap-
elizod and the mearing-stone (293.14) noted by the historian J. T. Gilbert in central Dublin. The diagram thus corresponds to the map of Dublin, if one can imagine the map revolving through 90°.

But the diagram can be seen as a view of Dublin (293.12) as well as a map. Since Anna Liffey reaches the sea feet first, her hair trailing behind her, the view of her vulva in the diagram is from Dublin Bay. And if “capital Pee...on the batom” and “modest mock Pie [V]...up your end”—the “tew trickelsey poinds” (295.30)—mean what I think they do, Anna Liffey is lying prone, her head upstream and her feet toward “my salt troublin bay and the race of the saywint up me ambushure” (201.19). Beside her on the north, supine HCE lies head to foot—exactly as Leopold Bloom lies head to foot next to Molly, prone in her bed, at the end of Ulysses. The unchanging natural features of Dublin’s landscape re-enact forever in Finnegans Wake the secret idiosyncrasies of Leopold and Molly, cosmologized almost but not quite beyond recognition.

V

PRINCIPLES

—a ground plan of the placehunter

(585.23)

What counts as a place-name allusion in Finnegans Wake? The Linear Guide of this Gazetteer contains more than 7800 identifications; is this too many, or too few? To answer such questions is to take a position on general issues of interpretation which have not been settled and no doubt, for the health of literary interpretation and the pleasures of reading, should not be. For the literary theorist, a text has a wholly anomalous mode of being, hovering somewhere between the inaccessible universe of the author’s intentions and the pluralistic universe of readers’ interpretations. Some critics seem to believe in the integrity of “the text,” independent of either of these universes of discourse; others in their approach to the text lean more or less to “intentions,” others more or less to “readings.” Whatever the uncertainties of these positions, a reader’s guide like the present one must, I believe, lean strongly toward the concept of the author’s intention as a regulative principle. (In Kant’s sense, a regulative principle is one which functions as a necessary hypothesis for pursuing inquiry, although it is not literally true or cannot be known to be true—like the hypothesis that the organs of the body have “purposes.”) The supposition that everything in Finnegans Wake is intentional is peculiarly appropriate because of the unusual method of its composition. Joyce never explained the meaning of the Wake as a whole to anyone, and we have no reason to think that he even thought this possible. But he did gloss particular passages, in a way which shows not