Synopsis of *Finnegans Wake*,
Revised for the *Third Census*

This synopsis is not meant to serve as a substitute for reading FW. It is not meant to serve as a description of FW. The synopsis omits Joyce’s fine nonsense and infinite variety; it renders abrupt and broken the “savage economy” of Joyce’s language; it misses or mangles the elegant and ingenious flow of Joyce’s variations on metamorphic experience.

Editor of *Vanity Fair* asks: “Are the sketches in ‘Work in Progress’ consecutive and interrelated?”
Joyce answers: “It is all consecutive and interrelated.”
*Letters*, III, 193, note 8

I follow the narrative of FW better than I did ten years ago, but my understanding is still weak and intermittent, and it is more lopsided than it was, because I have found out a lot about some sections and little or nothing new about others. In 1963 I hoped narrative progress, narrative connection would be looked at by other Joyceans. It has not been. I go on hoping.

The narrative of FW does, of necessity, come into *A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake*, by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson (New York, 1944); and into *A Reader’s Guide to Finnegans Wake*, by William York Tindall (New York, 1969); and a little into *A Shorter Finnegans Wake*, by Anthony Burgess (London, 1967). Mr. Burgess’s book is unlikely to spread confusion and dismay. *A Skeleton Key* was pioneer, brave and useful; we are all in debt to it, but it is a period piece. *A Skeleton Key* and *A Reader’s Guide* give a false impression of what it is like to read FW for oneself. This is less the fault of the authors than of their readers’ laziness and timidity. But *A Skeleton Key* and *A Reader’s Guide* have the effect of putting people off reading FW, off reading Joyce at all.

1. The titles prefixed to the units of this synopsis are titles under which Joyce published parts of “Work in Progress,” or else they are informal titles used in letters and manuscripts.
BOOK I, section i (3–29) "The Wake" or "The Giant’s Howe"

[at a Masonic concert] . . . somebody sang a stage-Irishman song—the usual whiskey and shallagh kind of thing—and I hissed him.

Yeats to Lady Gregory, 6 November 1898

"Apart from a great variety of informal amusements which were traditional at wake gatherings—riddles, jokes, singing, dancing, horseplay, tricks, feats of strength or agility, wrestling . . . 130 specific wake games have been collected . . . Some of them were dramatic performances of considerable complexity . . . a mock ceremony during which several young folks were "married" . . . put to bed in a corner of the room . . . fantastic habiliments . . . men and women who acted a very obscene part . . . relic of pagan rites . . . circumstances too indelicate to be particularized. ‘Hold the Light’ [is] . . . a profane travesty of the passion of our Lord . . . in ‘Drawing the Ship out of the Mud’ the men . . . presented themselves . . . in a state of nudity, whilst in another game the female performers attired themselves in men’s clothes and conducted themselves in a very strange manner."


The Mummer’s Play consists of two episodes: the fight and the resurrection.

Chambers, Medieval Stage, I, 213

The Fenian Cycle . . . is a creation for the people by the people . . . Finn MacCool flourishes among the Gaelic speakers of Ireland and Scotland . . . Cuchulain has died out.

Hoagland, ed., 1000 Years of Irish Poetry, 125

. . . the form assumed by the stories connected with Finn in the earliest MSS. is that of the ballad and this continues down to the 18th century.

11th Britannica, "Celt," 629

Ulysses retells the Odyssey, mixing it with matter of diverse ages: "The Wake" retells the stage-Irishman ballad "Finnegan’s Wake," quoted under "Finnegan" in this Census. After FW I, i, "Finnegan’s Wake" is not a narrative base, but references to it, variations on it, abound. The use of "Finnegan’s Wake" in FW is vast, entertaining, and has been little looked to—I think my quick and partial glance (Wake Newsletter, V, 1) is the only glance. The use is important because from first to last it is implicit in FW that corruption of a popular ballad is a model for the corruption of History, for History’s principle of indeterminacy.

3.1–14

The first paragraph states place, the second time. They are not part of "Finnegan’s Wake" retold; but rather, look to the future when certain characters will playact roles here mentioned, e.g., Tristan, Swift,
Noah. This passage also looks to the past of FW, cements the end to the beginning. "It [FW] ends [see FW 628] in the middle of a sentence and begins [3.1] in the middle of the same sentence." [Letters I, 246].

Joyce made a key or part of a key to 3.1–14; I examined the key (AWN II, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; III, 1); Skeleton Key is excellent here. But 3.1–14 is a stumbling block for readers wanting to get to Finnegans. Beginning reader need only know that place is Howth (q.v.) and environs, or Dublin City and its environs. Time is before the flood, before the fall.

3.15–7.19

A 1001 tales are told of old father Finnegans fall. Was thunder its cause or its sound-effect?2 Finnegans head, which is Howth, does not know the answer or avoids answer by sending out a quest for his toes and other missing members which are scattered about battlefields of Dublin and environs.

Once a good, humble man, Tim rises in the world from hod carrier to masterbuilder (q.v.) who builds by the river Liffey (q.v.), tastes the creature, woman-whiskey (q.v.; see also Jameson) and has a drunken vision. In it, he sees boy twins born to himself (or himself divided), sees them as bucket and tool (q.v.), his workmen on the rising tower of heaven-daring Babel or as God’s saints going up and down the tower of the Christian Church. The rising tower is himself. As Mr Finn or Finn MacCool (q.v.), masterbuilder rises to epic hero, is a gentleman like Adam (q.v.), "first to bare arms and a name," in the ominous phrase of a well-known gravedigger. But the fall?

Risen to king, Finnegans falls as Philip (q.v.) Drunk. A wall was in erection, he fell from the ladder—dead.

At Finnegans wake, his “friends” (see Four, Twelve) mourn, praise, dance, drink, persist in wanting to know about his fall. “Tim, why did you die?” No answer, no movement from the body on the bier; but when Mrs Finnegans offers for the guests’ consumption, the corpse—loaves, fishes, ale—Finnegans is not there. By silence, exile, cunning he avoids being a Christian sacrifice, also avoids definition and question. There will be many such escapes. It is my impression that he never is eaten.

7.20–10.24

In our own time maybe we see the giant (q.v.) thunder-fish (see Finn, Fish, Salmon) interred in the Dublin landscape, lying along the Liffey

from Howth to Chapelizod (q.v.), his feet sticking up on mounds in Phoenix (q.v.) Park where, drunk, Finnegans fell when at work on the wall of the Magazine (see Maggies).

Inside the mound is the Willingdone (q.v.) Museyroom, a waxworks (life-sized? miniature like toy soldiers?) where relics and replicas of Waterloo are exhibited (fed) to the populace—art-as-circus replacing the missing meal.

Janitrix, guide to the war museum, is Kate (q.v.), a raucous, scavenging hag of a Countess Cathleen Ni Houlihan (q.q.v.)—Stephen met her at the Christmas dinner table and at the street fight in “Circe” (Ulysses 579–580, 584). Grossly ignorant, Kate makes a muck of explicating martial icons. What she interprets as Waterloo, a formal military engagement (see Joyce’s sketch of Waterloo, First Draft, facing p. 51) is the nuclear family at its nuclear frictions—protective mother, rival male siblings, tempting nymphets, male-chauvinist father, masturbation, micturation, defecation, exhibition, penis envy, castration—an old-fashioned war but none the worse for that.

Wiley old Willingdone sits on his “big white harse,” spying on his two (q.v.) Jinnies (q.v.); his harse, Copenhagen (q.v.; see also William III), is horse, the Wellington Monument in Phoenix Park, sword, cannon, magician’s wand, thing of wounds and wonder. The Jinnies forge an insulting letter, signed “Nap” (Napoleon, q.v.). The Duke perceives their deceit, retorts with a kind of “Dear Jenny, publish and be damned.” It is a French letter, dooming the daughters to barrenness of the fig tree. Both letters are written in the blood of Belgium (see Belchum). Willingdone now fires-thunders-defecates at the Jinnies and at his sons, three (q.v.) soldiers or Lipoleums (q.v.). The Jinnies, having provoked war, desert. The Lipoleums stand. One Lipoleum—an Irish-Hinndoo-Corsican (q.q.v.) rebel—threatens to throw a bomb because Willingdone insults him by picking up (as it might be an enemy flag or a shamrock or some other absurd and sacred object) half of their three-foiled hat out of the battlefilth (sacred soil of Ireland or any homeland) and putting the half hat on the tail of his big white harse. Ever the joker and gentleman, the Duke offers the rebel a match to light the bomb. The bomb is hurled and blows up Copenhagen’s tail and the Lipoleum’s own hat. Maybe this retells how the Fianna Eireann (boy scouts) tried and failed to blow up the Magazine in 1916.

As “Lumproar” (Emperor) the father lies buried on the battlefield. The process is sometimes obscure to me, but in FW an exchange of belongings or bodily parts (hats or heads) means an exchange of roles. Willingdone and the Lipoleum exchange half-a-hat and a match.
10.25–13.3

Outside the Museyroom, a peace-loving Hen (q.v.) gathers spoils from the battlefield (they are also bits of the body Finnegans broke in his fall), scraps of a letter that she fondly hopes will clear her husband’s good name, confound his slanderers. The Hen is faithful, provident, keeps home fires burning, eggs on breakfast table. By Kate’s information, Man is a tyrant who provoked his slaves-sons to revolt. By the Hen’s certain knowledge, Man is a saintly victim; his tomb is at the Magazine Wall in Phoenix Park where his sons in the guise of Ireland’s oppressors—Williamite English, Danes—dance triumphant and frivolous on his bones. The opposite opinions of shrewish Kate and gentle Hen are the equivalent of the war of the women in “Finnegan’s Wake”; Waterloo is the war of the men at the wake.

13.4–14.27

Four (q.v.) aged historians were also at Finnegans’s Wake (6.29–7.8). Now they survey Dublin, quote Swift’s (q.v.) lines about the building of the Magazine. Four things, they say, are eternal and they present them as entries in Irish Annals (models for the entries are found in Thom’s, q.v.): (1) father as a great fish to be eaten; (2) mother gathering fuel, giving birth; (3) daughter (Biddy O’Brien, q.v.) mourning the dead; (4) twin sons Primas and Caddy (q.v.), who represent the threats of sword and pen: Primas goes for a soldier and “drills” (regiments, shoots) everybody; Caddy goes to a winehouse (inn, theatre) and writes a farce. These things, the Four say, are unchanging as stars in sky, and the annal entries are signs of the zodiac: Pisces, Aries, Virgo, Libra. These are but four signs; the rest is lost; the search for the missing meal, for missed understanding, goes on.

14.28–20.18

Dublin City builds; rural peace is sometimes peaceful. Ireland’s various invaders conquer and are conquered by Ireland. We come now to the dialogue in dramatic form of “Mutt and Jute” (q.v.), which I take to be Caddy’s farce, a companion to the soldier’s Waterloo. (Primas was a goliard poet—are the natures of the twins reversed?)

Mutt and Jute meet after the battle of Clontarf (see Brian Boru) on the deserted battlefield. The plot is the Biter Bitten. A traveller thinks to swindle a native, simple-minded, primitive, an animal almost; the traveller wants to buy, as it were, Manhattan for a wooden nickel (see Wood). He gets the lesser breed (see Mahan, Lizzyboy, Dragon) to swap hats (exchange roles), asks a string of questions, and, when he can’t
understand the answers, he prepares to continue his journey to the pillars of Hercules, discover America and all that. The lesser breed, a leftover from the Stone Age, coaxes him to stay on and with true realtor’s enthusiasm, shows him the qualities of the isle which he bought, leads him to a hoard of “litters from aloft” which are buried in a reeking dung-heap (the one committed at Waterloo, the one Kate and Hen scavenge). The traveller recoils but is assured this is a treasure hoard (with native for dragon-guardian), a viking’s barrow, a giant’s Howe, the grave of the ancestors all seek. The traveller bought it with a wooden coin and admits to being thunderstruck. In Vico (q.v.) and FW, to be thunderstruck is to have lost innocence, gained knowledge. The traveller thought he was despoiling the lesser breed, playing Jacob (q.v.) to his Esau; and in fact he was playing Adam to the native’s Snake-Satan (q.q.v.). Diverted from finding all the gold of the Indies, he bought knowledge and, of course, Ireland, that anti-Eden.

Vico says man learned speech from the thunder. Joyce adds on the notion that written language was deposited in the thunder’s dung. Vico says, all peoples think letters are of divine origin; and certain Kabbalists say the Torah existed before the Creation as a heap of unarranged letters which took their present shapes because of the fall, and the Torah is identical with God—indeed “litters from aloft.” “Please stop,” the Four beg. “Please stoop,” the Devil (q.v.) says. The traveller stoops to the mound and finds in it letters, evolving from runes to Gutenberg (q.v.). In all its forms, the alphabet confusedly suggests the Fall and the printing press (see Dragon Man) but adds confusion.

20.19–23.15

Movable type moves, at the buried father’s dictation, writes a defense: the woman tempted me. Jarl van Hoother (q.v.) is passive, “dead” like Ibsen’s Masterbuilder. The Prankquean (q.v.) comes, “a lure and an assessor,” comes three times bringing gifts of woman, fire and water or firewater (see Whiskey); she comes like Biddy O’Brien (q.v.) in “Finnegan’s Wake” and asks a question he can’t answer, can’t understand; but like the Jinnies (q.v.) at Waterloo, the Prankquean tempts, provokes the man to come out fighting, make war-thunder-dung. She also reverses the nature of his sons. (Some sources of this story are found under Grace O’Malley, Dermot and Grania, Masterbuilder, Biddy O’Brien, Gemini, Tristopher and Hillary, q.q.v.). The reversal of the twins is repeated on 287–293.

23.16–24.15

The act was a Fall, the man does not understand it, nor does he understand the woman, but we would not be here today if he hadn’t
acted. For he had dug his grave and ours, but then he thought of a better story—i.e., the story of his being raised from the dead by lures of a witching female. He will wake again if she—Grace—whispers to him, if the phoenix is reborn, if the Four Elders (q.v.) tell truth about him to the young . . . . Suddenly the father’s voice breaks in, impatient and exultant, talking of brides and bedding and waking from the dead—for Finnegans’s wake mixes with the aborted wedding of Finn MacCool. He ends with a shout: *Usqueadbaugham!* Whiskey or *Usqueadbaugham*, the water of life, breaks over Adam, is one word with Adam. The word is the climax of “The Wake,” the moment when Finnegans rises: “Soul to the devil! Do you think I’m dead?”

24.16–29.36

The question is not treated as rhetorical. The rest of “The Wake” is given to the Four ancient historians who answer: You are dead or should be. The first of them, in a keen, coaxes Finnegans, be easy because times have changed for the worse and your memory is greatly honored (24.16–26.24)—see Timothy. Finnegans is still content to lie quiet when the second tells him his sons are growing up, eating of the tree of knowledge; but when the second describes daughters—one relighting the phoenix flame, the other dancing sexily (26.25–27.21)—then Finnegans starts up, as for whiskey, and the Four hold him down by main force (27.22–30). The third reconciles him to death by describing his middle-aged wife, a dear creature who still desires him (27.31–28.34). The fourth tells him he has a successor, a sort of double, a foreigner who came Noah-like by sea. The successor is conveniently blamed for all the trouble in “Edenborough” (28.35–29.36). I take this double to be Everyman-alive and he on the bier or in the grave, to be Everyman-of-the-vaster-race—see 619.11–14—but this is not sure. Certainly, the successor is HCE (q.v.), though, as will be explained in the next section, he has as yet no name.

“The Wake” begins (3.1) on Merchant’s Quay at the church Dubliners call Adam and Eve’s (q.v.), which in penal times masqueraded as an alehouse of that name. “The Wake” ends in “Edenborough”—Eden and Burgh Quays which are opposite each other on the Liffey. “The Wake” begins and ends with people arriving in Ireland from overseas. In 29.35–36, “hubbub caused in Edenborough; 3.3 “Howth Castle and Environs.” This sort of neatness and coincidence is everywhere in FW, and I mention it as a warning against thinking FW chaotic when it is cosmic.

Matter pertinent to FW I, i is also found in Ellmann 594–596. The same matter is more fully explained in *Dear Miss Weaver: Harriet Shaw Weaver* (1876–1961), by Lidderdale and Nicholson, (New York, 1970).
Joyce portrayed Miss Weaver as the Hen, and her admirable, enigmatic character is important in all parts of FW. I am filled with laughter when I consider FW as a poet’s praise of strong drink to a patroness firmly, morbidly committed to total abstinence.

**Book I, section II (30–47) “Ballad”**

The section is not hard reading; the *First Draft* version is a good trot; Vico (q.v.) on the class struggle helps, and Joyce’s interpretation of Vico is bound to remind us of Freud (q.v.). Book I, ii begins a tease of History by way of the mad or silly uncertainties of oral transmission —here exemplified by the composition of a popular ballad. We lost the father, we went without supper, and here we are again, diverted from what we want to something not as good —how a ballad like “Finnegan’s Wake” is made. It comes down to this —we missed our supper, let us study the culinary methods of the chef who may have cooked it.

There are two accounts of how Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker (q.v.), the man who came from overseas (?9), got his name and/or reputation: (1) When an English serf, he got it from William the Conqueror — surnames did not come into England till after the Conquest; (2) he got it from the Irish rabble, or from their representative, Hosty (q.v.). Norman William gave him the name in English form — Earwicker; Hosty gives it in French form — *perce-oreille*, earwig (q.v.), which is Irished into Persse O’Reilly (q.v.).

30.1–32.2

On the eve of Chevy Chase, William the Conk (see William I, Wellington), out fox hunting (see Fox) with two of his soldiers, stops to drink Adam’s ale in Adam’s innyard or in the holding of William’s vassal Harold (q.v.), who also keeps a turnpike. (Compare Kipling’s “Tree of Justice” — Norman king meets Saxon Harold who did not die at Hastings.)

The turnpike is potholed, and Harold-Humphrey betrayingly carries a pot of earth on a long pole — “Finnegan’s ever-helping hod. Harold has stolen the earth from the king, his feudal lord, God’s earthly representative. The king asks Harold, did he do it to trap lobsters (redcoats)? (The IRA did pothole roads against the Black and Tans.) Harold says virtuously, no, he was catching earwigs. The answer establishes the vassal’s loyalty (how?) and enables the Conk to make a witticism about having a trusty turnpiker who is also an earwigger. (Such flat conversations between king and serf are the common stuff of heraldic fiction — there’s one almost like it in Trollope’s *Can You Forgive Her?*)
After the exchange of water and name, humble Humphrey is presumably allowed to hold his bit of earth and is humble no more.

I, ii begins with reference to the most celebrated of ancient ballads, "Chevy Chase," which is about the Percys (q.v.); and it ends with a modern Irish street ballad about Persse O'Reilly.

32.2–34.29

Ever after, our hero rises in the world, signs himself HCE, becomes English viceroy in Ireland, the stranger from overseas who is to blame for every Irish ill. Admirers read HCE as Here Comes Everybody (q.v.); detractors call him Good Duke Humphrey (q.v.), for to dine with the GDH means to go hungry. Three-hundred thousand so dined themselves to death in 1847 alone. Meanwhile, his humble inn (q.v.) is now a splendid theatre (Yeats said, "A nation should be like an audience at some great theatre.");), and there he sits in the viceregal box in all his elegance and splendor, watching a play of his own composing, Wills' (q.v.) A Royal Divorce, a play about Napoleon or Henry VIII (q.q.v.), dealing with divorce and the Reformation, an insult to Catholic Ireland.

Slander finds baser meaning in the initials HCE, and it is put about that he suffers from vile disease, is a homosexual who annoys three soldiers in Phoenix Park, site of the Viceregal Lodge. The soldiers deny it, say HCE exposed himself in Phoenix Park to two girls.

34.30–36.34

The second story of how HCE got his name is this: long after the alleged homosexual offense, during the revival of the Gaelic tongue, HCE happens to meet in Phoenix Park, a cad with a pipe. The cad greets him in Irish, then asks the time (q.v.). HCE mistakes Gaelic speech for a homosexual proposal in English and protests too much that he is not homosexual. As for time, he receives the request in its Masonic sense, gives the correct Masonic response—twelve noon—declares himself Protestant, British to the backbone. (Compare the animosity innocently roused by Bloom, the stranger, when the Irish think he won money on the Gold Cup.)

36.35–42.16

Convinced that the homosexuality is fact, the cad utters his imperfect recollection of HCE's words, which pass from ear to Dublin ear, finally reaching three depraved young homosexuals, ex-cons, wretched-of-the-earth—Cloran, O'Mara, and Hosty (q.q.v.), this last a poet so little risen in the world that he has but one name. They go to a
tavern (Caddy to Winehouse) where Hosty writes up the mangled words into the scurrilous "Ballad of Persse O'Reilly," aiming by pen not sword to sing England off the Irish throne. An "earwigger" is a gossip and the ballad is a jumble of gossip, a tissue of lies by the time it is roughly printed as a broadside (43.25). But however total the distortion of factual detail, Hosty's ballad is truth—hyper-truth—to and about the distressful spirit of the Irish "folk." Irish bards had power to rhyme an enemy to death, and Hosty's ballad speaks for the folk when HCE is declared dead, buried, ineligible for resurrection. I assume Joyce to be reacting against the romanticized "folk" of the Irish revivalists, the quaint and resigned of Kiltartan's poor.

42.17–47.33

The ballad is first sung to a crowd of representative Dubliners (compare Ulysses, 470–472) near the tollgate where William and Harold met, and in the shadow of Parnell's monument. This Irish-for-the-Irish entertainment is accepted with wild enthusiasm by the Dublin mob for, as the scope and incoherence of accusation make plain, not a viceroy but a scapegoat is being expelled—in the memorable phrase of Cromwell (q.v.)—"to Connaught or hell."

"... the rann, the rann, the king of all ranns ..."—this echoes a catch sung on December 26, when Irish boys parade around with a dead bird on a pole:

The wren, the wren,
The king of all birds,
Saint Stephen's his day,
Was caught in the furze.

All over Europe, Frazer says, the wren (q.v.) is called "the king, the little king, the king of all birds," and everywhere it is reckoned unlucky to kill it; but in France, England, Ireland it was-is customary to go out once a year and play Hunting the Wren, i.e., go kill a wren and treat it like a slain god, carried about so all may share its virtue. Joyce treated the desirable-to-eat god at Finnegans's wake. Now HCE-Father-British Viceroy-Wren-King is the loathed unpalatable creation onto which the Dublin Catholics throw their sins. And, like St Stephen (q.v.), he is cast out of the city, stoned by the rabblement (the gentry observe) in that well-nigh universal passion for scapegoating. The folk performance is more vigorous than the viceroy's theatre of the polite, but both performances are irrelevant to Irish body and soul which need food.

"The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly" is a good imitation of flat ferocious Irish street ballads—compare Swift's "The Yahoo's Overthrow," John Murphy's poem on David Gleeson, and "The Hackler from Grouse
Hall." Finnegan and HCE are inextricably confused, and to one individual is attributed the fall at the Magazine Wall and Wellington's destruction by the three soldiers. HCE is accused of being a stranger, of hetero- and homosexual offenses, sharp business practices, attempts to civilize the Irish. The Ballad sentences him to jail, his wife, death, no rising.

**BOOK I, SECTION III (48–74) "GOAT"

In section ii rumor raced round Dublin through what is (or seems to be) space that is not cluttered or tricky. Now in iii rumor moves crooked through mists of time—syntax foggy, weather precipitating, nothing so easily lost as identity. Section iii rehabilitates and sentimentalizes HCE, perhaps with special reference to the foggy thinking that accompanied the rehabilitation of heroes by Celtic twilghters. Section iii ends on a note, precisely the opposite of that at the end of ii—our ancestor Everyman (q.v.) sleeps, is not dead, will rise one day to answer God's call. Human nature is prone to sentimentality as to scapegoating and counts itself lucky when able to entertain sentimental regard for the scapegoat. An HCE even partially forgiven, necessitates finding another scapegoat. Who caused HCE to fall? Who threw those stones? Was the good man's enemy male or female?

48.1–57.29

Those who presented Hosty's ballad were a theatrical troupe, later to act in "The Mime." They disappear or come to bad ends, all but one who recreates the encounter of HCE and cad for three truant schoolboys. Although "the unfacts did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude," there are many readings of HCE's role, and he is exhibited in wax and in the "notional gullery." Public opinion continues to judge him.

57.30–69.29

Individual judgments are taken from representative Dubliners. (They are those who threw stones at HCE in I, ii—see 62.20–25; they are those on whom HCE's wife has revenge later on—see 210–212.) Their notions of the case are dissimilar, but their general verdict is "human, erring, condonable," meaning HCE was more sinned against than sinning, but all the same—Guilty.

The first judgment is that of the three soldiers who say HCE was souped by two girls (58.23–29); the last is that of two girls who say three soldiers were behind it all (61.25–27). Male and female views are hereafter offered turn and turn about, till woman has the last word (69.5–74.19).
The male story is that HCE was an old geezer who involved himself with two young girls. One killed herself, the other turned whore and led him to a sexual fall. This story is at 64.22–65.33 and 67.28–69.4.

The female story is that one foggy night, a tall man who might be HCE was threatened with a pistol by a masked man who was jealous over two girls. HCE defied him, and who—if anybody—was shot is unclear, for, when arrested, the gunman insisted he was only kicking and hammering with a bottle on HCE’s gate; and at his trial, the gunman denied even this and told the arresting constable (q.v.) he was “deepknee in error” or, as it turns out, mixing up identical twins. Nor was HCE outdoors that night because his servants had locked him inside his gate so he couldn’t go out and be clodded with eggs by the populace. This story is found at 62.26–64.21, 67.7, and perhaps at 66.10–67.6.

69.30–74.19

Under the title “Der Fall Adams,” a German newspaperman writes up the story from the female point of view: HCE was inside his gate and a drunken enemy (Satan, Man’s Accuser) shouted threats and bad names through the keyhole and threw stones at the gate. HCE could have called for help, but he was too noble, hoped for his enemy’s redemption and conversion to Catholicism, did nothing but compile a list of the bad names. Sure enough, the enemy (q.v.) put down the stones and left, still muttering threats. The stones are Protestant (Cromwell’s soldiers = Oliver’s lambs) and will be gathered on Doomsday when God’s or Finn’s (q.v.) great horn rolls over Ireland and lost heroes return. Then God will call Everyman-Abraham and he will answer like Colonel Newcome, “Add some,” or like Abraham promise to be fertile at an advanced age. “Souls to the devil, do you think I’m dead?” He is not dead but in perfect health, sleeping in the rain. Wait till rain and sleep are over. (Finn’s rolling horn is quoted out of Lady Gregory’s Gods and Fighting Men. This suggests that, protest as the males do, the legend is being feminized.)

BOOK I, section iv (75–103) “Lion”

“. . . the Irish always seem like a pack of hounds (q.v.), dragging down some noble stag,” 3 Joyce identified himself (and Parnell) with a stag, and feared dogs always. Book I, iv is about attempts to hunt down

3. In The Politics of Irish Literature (Seattle, 1972) Malcolm Brown says he looked up this oft-quoted tag and found that Catholics were dog, Protestants stag, in Goethe’s mind.
HCE. But the great man is alert as Ulysses or Bloom (Joyce called him "le vieux lion," *Letters*, III, 56) to save himself in danger and simultaneously to rise in the world: at the start of I, iv, he is a caged lion in a zoo; at the end, he is a prisoner of the Vatican—one of the Pope Leos—a much better sort of jail. Between these states of quiescence, HCE plays Machiavelli's (q.v.) game of Lion and Fox (q.q.v.). Brewer (q.v.) says the lion is a symbol of resurrection.

75.1–76.9

The besieged (of 70.10–73.22) dreams of Liliths who undid him, of wheat fields and his daughter Issy, of begetting a race of black outcasts (see Noah, Ham) who will commit all crime. (Presumably HCE disliked being himself stoned out of town by the rabble in I, ii.)

76.10–79.12

The public gave HCE a grave, but he reinvented TNT (see Nobel, Noble), blew up the public grave, and built his own grave where he lives in style, supported by public offerings, earth's riches. It is the dump, the treasure howe of "Mutt and Jute" (q.v.), and it is so valuable that, when North and South (Blue and Gray) are done fighting the American civil war, they combine and come against his "heights of Abraham" (Fenian expedition to Canada). They would plunder the howe because they are unemancipated, starving, and Kate (q.v.) the cook says HCE is a great fish (see Salmon) to feed on. As at 7.8–19, HCE makes himself scarce.

79.14–80.36

Kate was once a young temptress with a bare bodkin (compare old Ireland and her dagger at the street fight in *Ulysses*; compare Yeats's *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*; see Bodkin in *Census*) and she married HCE. Now a widow, she shows an ugly picture of "old dumplan" or the rubbish tip. There in Phoenix Park, with the help of the Four (as gravediggers) she buried the reconciling letter, buried the defense of HCE in his own tomb. Here at the dump God spoke, thundered . . . . Kate breaks off to curse and scatter a flock of little girls, Issies (q.v.) who would roll away the stone from the door of the tomb. (This passage echoes faintly *Ulysses*, 192–193, 249–250).

81.1–85.19

The offensive of the starved and slaved takes place at the howe and is reduced to combat between a black attacker (Irish call black men, "blue men") and one who may or mayn't be HCE. (It is not easy to tell if
this is another father-son battle or one of the brother-battles which become more important as we move from HCE to his children.) The men fight, make up, exchange kisses; the attacked gives the attacker money for drink and then reports him to the police. The fighting men's talk has to do with a duty imposed on Irish spirits.

85.20–93.21

Little headway is made in solving this last crime till Festy King (q.v.), also called Pegger Festy, is tried at Old Baily (q.v.) for stealing coal and taking off his clothes in public. It is the nature of Irish trials to be comic, confused, perjured—compare those in Lover's *Rory O'More*, Griffin's *The Collegians*, and MacDonald's account of the Parnell (q.v.) Commission—see also Pigott in this *Census*. I make no pattern out of evidence about a hyacinth that turns out to be someone named Hyacinth O'Donnell, B.A. (q.v.), or of the pig Cliopatrick (q.v.) who eats a doorway, or of a fight at a fair by moonlight when no moon shines, or of cipher ogham (see Ogma), or of twins identical as the Dromios (q.v.), etc. The Four judges cannot give a verdict; but the twenty-nine (q.v.) female lawyers make a hero of one twin, Shaun the Post (q.v.), and they shun Pegger Festy King who is the other twin, Shem the Penman (q.v.).

93.22–96.24

The Four call for Kate to produce the letter; but she is perhaps illiterate and thinks the letter reads from Alpha to Omega and is composed of bits of Irish songs. She thinks no one can read the letter but Old Hunks (q.v.), a blind Elizabethan bear (q.v.). The Four sit, therefore, in their judges' chambers and quarrel about the past when HCE was undone by a red-haired girl. A couple of them claim to have had her, too. The others call them liars; a quarrel breaks out (see Elders); Lally (q.v.) makes peace.

96.25–100.36

The Four conclude that, by escaping firm identification, by playing possum, our ancestor HCE may have saved himself. Dogs ran him over half Ireland, as a fox; after he had been driven from Ireland, newspapers, radio, police, populace chased him the wide world over, thought they'd found him in a thousand forms, were sure he was dead—murder, suicide, accident (see Parnell, Pigott). But next morning smoke issued from one of the towers he had built over his grave, which is in the Vatican or is itself the Vatican. The smoke shows he himself is there—the lion and his little lady—and is a fact, no fable, no parable.
THIRD CENSUS OF FINNEGANS WAKE

101.1–103.12

Who is the little lady? It is Anna Livia, his stay-at-home wife, mother of his children. She shelters him after his fall, crushes slander’s head (see Snake), pleads for him, lets no one rob his grave. He left her, spent his strength with seven whores, causing her sorrow—but he returns.

BOOK I, section v (104–125) “Hen”

Sections ii, iii, iv make a group which deals with the fluctuations of the father’s reputation and with perfectly vain attempts to know his nature and find out why he fell. Now he is potent but passive, stays a caged lion while his wife and children steal the scene. “Hen” (q.v.) is a gentle section and, Joyce noted, is the section readers find easy (or think they do). “Hen” is written (we learn at its end) by Shem the Penman. It deals with the letter, or fragments of letter, that the Hen gathered on page 11 and Kate buried on page 80.

104.1–107.7

Anna Livia, dear faithful Mrs Earwicker, is the sort of domestic saint that an artist son has got to martyr—see Artemis, Hen. She thinks of herself as collaborating with Shem to write her husband’s story, clear his name, confound his slanderer, i.e., help bruise the serpent’s (q.v.) head. (I wonder, did Joyce see Caravaggio’s Madonna of the Serpent at the Borghese?) But when Anna Livia has listed possible titles for the work, she hands over her documentary evidence to Shem. The evidence is part of a letter from Boston, Mass. (The Boston Newsletter was the first newspaper in the New World, therefore represents hope and new beginnings, etc.) Thereafter, Shem is said to have written the letter at his mother’s dictation. (Alternatively, he stole the letter—125.21–22—from his mother, or from Shaun (424.35–425.2). Since Shem or Jim the Penman (q.v.) is a skilled forger, there is no saying he didn’t write the Boston letter himself. In any case, Shem writes no defense of his father, but achieves a charming burlesque of textual exegesis, makes good-tempered fun of kittenish female pretenders to literature—in Joyce’s book, a woman did NOT write Ulysses!

107.8–111.4

Insisting all will come clear if we are patient, Shem shows that nobody knows who wrote the thing, but it is probably a feminine fiction, a feminine clothing of bare fact.

The letter is dug up from the family dunghill (these were omni-
present at Irish cabin doors and gave scandal to the English), or scratched on it, one cold winter day by a cold little hen (see Bacon), Biddy Doran (q.v.), while cold little Kevin (Shaun) looks on. In III, ii, Shaun delivers the letter as a Lenten sermon, urging cold chastity on warm girls. Writing the letter or delivering it, the sons distort their mother’s meaning, which is Hope—see Pandora.

111.5–113.22

The letter is little ado about nothing much. It reads like the letter of a near-illiterate female to a female friend or relative (see Sally, Delia Bacon, Belinda, Lydia Languish, Charlotte Brook). The letter is addressed to Dear Maggy (q.v.) who, as FW goes on, keeps getting mixed with Dear Majesty (Joyce and Lucia Joyce both wrote the king), and with the Magazine Wall (q.v.), and with the “tea and cake” (madeleine cakes—see Proust) of “Finnegan’s Wake.” We have only fragments of the letter, the signature is blotted out with tea, strange things have happened to the missive underground; but trust the Hen, she has a lovely character, ladylike principles, no pretensions to learning. All she wants is to tell the truth about him. Truth will free him, save him. (Letter sometimes mixes with ladder—Tim Finnegan’s ladder reaching up to heaven like Jacob’s ladder?)

113.23–125.23

Shem now examines the letter—handwriting, paper, ink; he subjects it to Freudian-Jungian-Marxian (q.q.v.) comment, discusses the interrelation of love and language, insists we believe it genuine and authoritative: for at some time somebody wrote it and it is not nonsense, “it only looks as like it as damn it”; and we are lucky to have any document from the past.

Shem then drops into parody of Sir Edward Sullivan’s (q.v.) introduction to the Book of Kells (The Skeleton Key is excellent on this passage) and discusses the significance of small and capital letters of the alphabet; and at alphabet’s end, Kells becomes the end of Ulysses (see Darantière), which is Molly Bloom’s (q.v.) letter to the world. Shem complacently concludes that Molly’s “penelopean patience” and “vaulting feminine libido” were sternly controlled by the male hand of her creator.

Last, we study punctuation marks or four wounds provoked on the manuscript—is it a mask through which men strike? The police say the wounds were made by a pious, angry professor (see Prendergast, Time) who is Shaun. But Shaun is so splendid a character that it is
finally decided that the marks were accidentally scratched by Dame Partlet (q.v.), an innocent scapebird on the dungheap. Female authors do but mar the page.

Whoever punctuated the letter, the last paragraph of I, v states that Shaun, if he had had more learning, could have written the letter, but did not. Nor is the writer an ape run amok. The author is Noah’s son Shem the Penman.

BOOK I, section vi (126–168) “Questions and Answers”

Joyce called this section “a picture history from the family album.” Twelve pictures are examined and asked questions or riddles to which the subject(s) of the picture replies with varying degrees of candor and exactitude (see Letters, III, 239). Epiphany technique suggests that the twelve questions are asked on Twelfth Night.4

126.1–139.14

1. A picture of the father by way of a long quizzing catalogue of epithets and achievements which ends with a lot of references to “Finnegan’s Wake” (139.8–13), but is answered (the effect is evasive): “Finn MacCool.”

139.15–28

2. A short picture of the father and mother, HCE and Anna Livia, abed, sexually roused in sleep. It is written in verse by one of their sons. Anna Livia’s full-length picture is done by Shem in FW I, viii.

139.29–140.7

3. A picture of HCE’s inn (q.v.), a riddling question about the inn’s name and/or motto. The answer given plays with the motto of Dublin (q.v.) City: Obedientia Civium Urbis Felicitas.

140.8–141.7

4. A picture of the Four (q.v.), courting Issy as on pp. 398–399 (see Bédier). The right answer to the riddle is “Dublin” (see Letters, III, 239), but the four answer wrongly with deformations of the provincial capitals: Belfast, Cork, Dublin Georgia (see Peter Sawyer), Galway.

4. In Census II, I said wrongly that the twelve questions were set by Shem, answered by Shaun (q.q.v.). This is true only of the eleventh (148.33–168.12).

In First Draft, the signs (q.v.) for the characters are attached to the first eleven questions.
5. A picture of the Earwicker's Man Servant (q.v.)—Help Wanted, small pay, long hours, heavy work, impossible perfection of character. A superior Scandinavian seems wanted (the ad is full of Scandinavian words, ends with a quotation from Ibsen); but the only admirable Crichton to answer is "Pore Ole Joe" (q.v.).

141.28–142.7

6. A picture of Kate (q.v.) or Dinah (q.v.), the Earwicker's "general"—cleaning woman, cook. As Countess Cathleen (q.v.) she should feed the starving Irish, but ask her for bread and she gives you shit—see Kate Strong.

142.8–29

7. A picture of the Twelve (q.v.) as Dublin environs and as apostles—see Doyle, Sullivan. It is guessed they are "The Morphios" (q.v.) or Murphys, the commonest Irish surname. Murphys may be that treacherous plant, the potato.

142.30–143.2

8. A picture of the Maggies (q.v.).

143.3–28

9. A picture of the Seven (q.v.) Rainbow Girls whose answer is "A collideorscape."

143.29–148.32

10. A picture of Issy and her dissociated or mirror self (see Sally, Rachel and Leah, Two), who play the roles of Isolde of Ireland and Isolde of the White Hands (q.q.v.). She (they) is busy seducing Tristan (q.v.) in his double character—he of Lyoness and he of Armorica—see First Draft, 98, note 34. Bédier (q.v.) is a principal source of the passage—e.g., the riddle (143.29–30) refers to the threat to burn Isolde of Ireland for adultery, and Isolde in some sense defends and betrays her guilt.

Another principal source is Morton Prince's (q.v.) biography of a dissociated girl who blamed all sin on her other self. It is possible that in #10 Issy does not speak to Tristan, does not try to seduce him, but carries on an interior monologue with herself. In any event, #10 is opposite to FW II, iv where Tristan seduces Isolde.
11. A picture of Shaun (q.v.) in "his know-all profoundly impressive role for which an 'ever devoted friend' . . . unrequestedly consented to pose . . ." (Letters, I, 257–258). The "friend" was Wyndham Lewis (see Ellmann 607; 807. note 63) who did a drawing of Joyce in 1921 (friendly) and in 1927 published "An Analysis of the Mind of James Joyce" (unfriendly), which was later reprinted in Time and Western Man. Number 11 is Joyce's retaliation for "An Analysis." Politically, Lewis was a Hitler fancier, anti-black, anti-semitic, anti-woman, anti-children, and Joyce supposed him to be heading for a clamorous conversion to Catholicism. Hence Lewis appears in #11 as the Mookse (Pope Adrian IV) refusing charity to an unbeliever, and in I, vii as an exposé of the sins of Shem and Ham (q.q.v.). Revising, adding to "Work in Progress," Joyce pretty well turned Shaun into Wyndham Lewis, and there could scarcely be a more vicious portrait of the authoritarian mind—supple, rabid, and polemic.

Shem's question: If a man—Irish rebel, sinnfeiner, homosexual, starving—begs food for body and soul, will you give it him? (See Dives and Lazarus.)

No, Shaun answers and justifies himself endlessly, in the guise of Professor Jones, for refusing to spare a dime and as the Mookse (q.v.) for his refusal to save the soul of a brother who will not call him infallible. In a third story, "Burros and Caseous" (q.v.), Shaun makes it plain that if he and his brother are both regicides, he is a noble regicide—Caseous not.

"The Mookse and the Gripes," "Burros and Caseous" are two kinds of brother-battle and they recur. The first is a strictly male battle in which the battlers are in love with fighting each other; and, cold to the lures of Nuvoletta (q.v.), they drive her to drown herself like Ophelia or the Lorelei (q.q.v.). The second is a struggle for a girl, Margareen-Cleopatra (q.q.v.), who gets tired of the fighting and deserts them for Antony (q.v.).

Number 11 ends in the context of the Noah (q.v.) story. Japheth-the-aryan-supremacist refuses refuge on the Ark to his brother Shem. Let Shem join Ham (q.v.) already cast out from civilization.

168.13–14

12. Sacer esto? or "Let him be accursed?" It is an ancient religious malediction which, students of Roman Law agree, is a death sentence by outlawing or other means. This ritual cursing is a common tag in the Twelve Tables. (Mr Cowan gave me this information.)
Answer: *Semus sumus!* "We are Shem."
That is all there is to Number 12.

BOOK I, section vii (169–195) "Shem"

An enlarged picture of Shem outlawed, painted by Shaun who cast him out. An apology for hardness of heart. A Bill of Complaints, specifics given, continuing the complaints of Professor Jones and the Mookse (q.v.). Justification heaped on justification—words, words, words—all because Shaun refuses his brother food and the protection of the law.

"Shem" makes for uncomfortable reading because it is without hero, says that the typical victim is not of engaging personality, faultless of manner, without sin. Shem pities himself, boasts, runs from danger, whines. Shem and Japheth acquiesced in the outcasting of their black brother Ham. Now Shem is outcast and identified by his Aryan brother with Ham (called Shame or Sham), whose very name is that of a meat insulting to Jews. Shem, then, is any Jew of the Dispersion, prey of emperors, popes, German dictators, reviled by their inquisitors. As Sham he is also the Shamrock—the mere Irish outside the Pale and, contrariwise, he is also Patrick when he was a slave of the Irish.

Sham is "coon," "old sooty," "this hambone dogpoet," "nogger among the blankards." He is called boaster, usurer, internationalist, low, smelly, diseased, drunk, drugged, depraved, insane, improvident, ungrateful. His ancestry, body, dietary habits are examined and disallowed. So are his books. Instead of writing for kitchen maids, he learns to forge their signatures; i.e., write as if he were a kitchen maid. His books are examined, found dirty, burned. And at last he is arrested in Ireland by a blond policeman (a poor white of the KKK) so as to save Shem from the ill-effects of all the stories in *Dubliners* (186.19–187.23). Shaun-Justice prosecutes him, finds Shem mad, as Buck Mulligan finds Stephen mad at the opening of *Ulysses*. (*First Draft*, 120–122 shows Shaun's prosecution to be based on *Improperia* or Reproaches addressed to the Jews as ingrates.)

Critics often talk about Joyce's "paranoia"—a way of reproaching Joyce for taking persecution personally. It was a nervous-making time in Europe what with clerks calling each other traitor and choosing up sides with thugs like Hitler and Stalin who would certainly have banished from their commonwealths Stephen Dedalus, the Blooms, Sham, Joyce. Joyce was mocked, his works derided by the fascist-fancier, Wyndham Lewis, who made out that Joyce belonged to the "Time" (q.v.) or "Child-cult" school of Bergson-Einstein-Proust-
Gertrude Stein (q.q.v.)—"Time" and "Child-cult" being code words for Jew or for anyone (e.g., Picasso, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, H. L. Mencken) not wholly devoted to the interests of white supremacy. Lewis specifically abused the early version of "Shem" (This Quarter, 1925–26). Joyce answered with FW I, vi, #11 and with a revised version of "Shem" in which he makes child-hating Lewis-Shaun a particularly icky child (191.9–33) and also makes him speaker-author of the badgered "Shem" section.

Shem, then, is declared "mad." Shaun points the deathbone at him, sends him to hell or the judgment seat. Shem is unable to defend himself because he has chosen to play roles that were not merciful—Satan, Hamlet, Caliban, Cain; as Stephen Dedalus he was merciless to his mother and to Buck Mulligan (q.v.), whom he sent down to hell (Ulysses, 583–584). Forgiveness is not in the male, but as Shem is about to yield himself utterly to the wind (q.v.), his mother's voice takes over from his, forgiving, admiring, belittling the Luciferian stance, calling him to the really important task of collaborating with her, writing about "little wonderful mummy" who is doss too cute for words. It is perhaps the only punishment dire and fit enough for a Stephen Dedalus—cum—Milton's Satan. Vanity pulled down, Shem "lifts the lifewand," causing the dumb to speak. The dumb are the washerwomen of the next section, the kitchen maids whose signatures he learned to forge (181.10–26). He has laughed at his mother, forgotten her, turned to the charms of brother-battle in which he was defeated. She snatches her little Lucifer from the brink of the abyss and forgives him. As in The Sorrows of Satan, he is saved by the love of a good woman—beneath this intellectual deep there is, you would say, no deep; but she finds one, sets him the penance of writing "Anna Livia Plurabelle," a kitchen maid's version of Paradise Lost with all interest centered on kitchen maid Eve, our heroine, our domestic saint and martyr.

BOOK I, section viii (196–216) "Anna Livia Plurabelle"

It is a chattering dialogue across the river by two washerwomen (q.v.) who as night falls become a tree and a stone (q.v.). The river is named Anna Liffey. Some of the words at the beginning are hybrid Danish-English. Dublin is a city founded by Vikings. The Irish name is ... Ballyclee = Town of Ford of Hurdles. Her Pandora's (q.v.) box contains the ills flesh is heir to. The stream is quite brown, rich in salmon, very devious, shallow. The splitting up towards the end (seven dams) is the city abuilding. Izzy will be later Isolde (cf. Chapelizod).

Letters, I, 213

5. This early version of "Shem" is quoted for almost a page, without attribution, in Henry Miller's The Tropic of Cancer (New York: Grove Press, 1961), p. 82.
This is everybody's well-loved section; from part of it (213.11–216.5) Joyce made a charming recording which is the best introduction to the sound of FW and to the poetic premises of FW. Language runs like quick, devious, shallow water, bears on its surface many water words, many names of rivers. Anna Livia is EveryRiverGoddess and Everywoman or Eve (q.v.), who for a while was every woman on earth. Some say that Havvah (Hebrew "Eve") means "life"; and Joyce makes constant play with the proposition: Anna Livia = Liffey = water of Life = Eve; and; Water of Life (Revelations XXXII, i) = salvation and whiskey (q.v.), the whiskey that caused Tim Finnegan (q.v.) to fall and rise again. As in Ulysses, physical and metaphysical fertility interchange and are salvation.

196.1–200.32

Scrubbing what dirty linen they happen on, the washerwomen (q.v.) move gossiping down the Liffey (and tributaries) from Dublin's Phoenix (q.v.) Park where HCE, the builder of Dublin, gets water so black. What was his crime in this now "Fiendish" park? Were he and Anna Livia legally married? their circumstances glorious or sorry?

Out of the chatter, a story emerges which (with variations), I think, retells an apocryphal Life of Adam and Eve, told in many languages, including a middle Irish recension, Poem XI in the Saltair na Rann by Angus the Culdee (q.v.; see also Whitley Stokes and 11th Britannica, "Apocryphal Literature").

Fallen old Humber (q.v.) fasts in impotence and gloom. Once tempted, twice shy, he refuses temptation, refuses food, drink, his wife, asks but doomsday for himself and all his children, says to his wife, "Go away." She goes, leaving behind her Pandora's best, last gift—Hope in the form of seven (q.v.) Rainbow Girls (young female Freemasons); to secure them, Anna Livia acted the proxenete, coaxed them in from walking streets, taught them tricks for rousing her husband. They do rouse him (compare The Masterbuilder, q.v.), for as Joyce says, it is with them HCE builds Dublin. I take this to mean: the craft of the Mason stands for the fertility of the Artist which is an unnatural, mental fertility, proper only to the male.

200.33–201.21

The fertility proper to Woman is natural, physical. When her husband fails to feed, fertilize, and orders her away from him, she goes on a Grail or Fertility Quest (see Weston). She cannot rouse her husband and says so in a "rima" (see Petrarch), and she prays for a lord or knight
to save her. God or Grail Knight does not come. So she goes off to find her manifest fertility—having children so that original sin will become happy sin, Christ will be born, Satan bruised, herself the first Eve translated into Heaven's queen like Mary and Leda (q.q.v.). She turns back towards the Liffey source where she was is will be young and fed.

201.21–204.20

We move back through Anna Livia's childbearing (proof of fertility found) to conception and the fathering of the children. One washer guesses she was assaulted in Kildare; the other asserts the first time was in Wicklow, "garden of Erin," long before Anna Livia went to Dublin and had to work and slave for a living. (It will be remembered, various fathers were suggested for the children of the first and second Eves. In the Saltair na Rann, Eve is sent off to the Tigris by Adam, is tempted to disobedience by Satan, who visits her disguised as a swan or an angel, q.q.v.)

In the dale of Luggelaw (Lock Tay in Wicklow) there lived a chaste priest, Michael Arklow (q.v.; see also Laura, Daphne). Luggelaw is one of the places where St Kevin (q.v.) was tempted by and fled from Cathleen. But on this summer day Michael is hot and thirsty and Anna Livia comes by, looking sweet and cool. He cannot help himself: he plunges his hands into her lovely hair (see Livia Schmitz), he drinks her cool water, he kisses her, telling her never to do it (see Father Moran). This mating is one of those nature myths (there are a lot of them in From Ritual to Romance) in which a land is barren till a girl tempts a particularly chaste man to mate with her. In the Saltair poem God at last sends Michael with seeds and knowledge of husbandry to fasting Adam; in FW I, viii, HCE becomes a city builder not a farmer, so we may assume that Michael's treasure of fertility is permanently possessed by Anna Livia.

She is healed of barrenness, rises in her own estimation (compare Letters, II, 72). Before swan-devil-angel, she had slight sexual encounters with country boys. But now, after important mating, she falls out of the rural mountains and down to Dublin (black pool).

204.21–216.5

Dublin revisited. Adam's fall gets known about and his children, the rabble, mock him. I assume that the mocking is also the Devil (Man's accuser, Man's Thersites), for Anna Livia swears to have revenge on the children. She dresses up like Hera wheedling Zeus (q.q.v.), and gets her husband's permission to go out for a little. To lull any suspicion that
she is Pandora, a Greek bearing gifts, she dresses up as a dowdy char-
lady, a figure of fun, and steps out into Dublin harbor with a bag of
presents which she distributes (see Nemesis) to her children—ills the
flesh is heir to. Death, disease, cold, misery, and exile (see Angus the
Culdee)—the children of Satan accept these gifts or letters from their
delusive mother. Too late, they run from "her pison plague" (*gift* is
Danish "poison"; Pison is one of the rivers of Eden).

The washerwomen, bringing forth in pain (213.17–19), laboring in
cold (214.24–28), represent Eve's scandalmongering children; they
hear the first Christian bell in Ireland (see Finnuala), promise of a new
form of life; but Christianity is another delusive gift, for the washer-
women are metamorphosed into a tree and a stone (q.v.).

"Anna Livia Plurabelle" is immensely shallow and pretty—lots of
charm laid over grim tricksiness. It is a woman-satisfying account of
how a woman, enjoying her freedom hugely, triumphed over enemies,
brought death to her children. Can woman be free as long as she is
criminal and complacent?

**BOOK II, section i (219–259) "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies"**

The scheme of the piece . . . is the game we used to call Angels and Devils or
colours. The Angels, girls, are grouped behind the Angel, Shawn, and the
Devil has to come over three times and ask for a colour. If the colour he asks
for has been chosen by any girl she has to run and he tries to catch her. As far
as I have written he has come twice and been twice baffled. The piece is full
of rhythms taken from English singing games. When first baffled vindic-
tively he thinks of publishing blackmail stuff about his father, mother etc etc
etc. The second time he maulders off into sentimental poetry of what I
actually wrote at the age of nine: "My cot alas that dear old shady home
where oft in youthful sport I played, upon thy verdant grassy fields all day or
lingered for a moment in thy bosom shade etc etc etc etc etc." This is inter-
rupted by a violent pang of toothache after which he throws a fit. When he is
baffled a second time the girl angels sing a hymn of liberation around
Shawn. The page enclosed is still another version of a beautiful sentence
from Edgar Quinet which I already refashioned in *Transition* part one be-
ginning "since the days of Hiber and Hairymen etc." E.Q. says that the wild
flowers on the ruins of Carthage, Numancia etc have survived the political
rises and falls of Empires. In this case the wild flowers are the lilts of chil-
dren. Note specially the treatment of the double rainbow in which the iritic
colours are first normal and then reversed.

*Letters*, I, 295

6. The fit is thrown at 231: poetry, toothache, fit come, like the blackmail stuff after the
first baffling on 225, and before the second, 233. After the second baffle Shem goes to hell,
reforms and, in his father's pretended person, defends his father.

It is my infirm opinion that the fit is the turning of Shem-Glugg into an ass (q.v.). "The
Mime" was first called "Twilight Games."
... the books I am using for the present fragment... include Marie Corelli, Swedenborg, St Thomas, the Sudanese war, Indian outcasts, Women under English law, a description of St Helena, Flammarion’s The End of the World, scores of children’s singing games from Germany, France, England and Italy...

*Letters, I, 302*

FW is a dream, but it is not always night in dreams. In Book I most important events are by day; night falls at the end of “Anna Livia.” Book II takes place between 8 and 12 P.M.; it is midnight at the start of Book III; it dawns in Book III, iv and is 6 A.M.; in Book IV it is still dawn, the sun is awaited. All parts of FW are affected by their hour, even shaped by it.

“The Mime” catches the twilit texture of childhood, children at their sportive, sinister game “Angels and Devils” (q.q.v.) which might well be called “The Colours of Good and Evil.” Irrational, they communicate mostly by gesture at an hour when gestures cannot well be seen; they guess at colors and flowers when colors fade, flowers close. At last comes Doomsday the Ogre and puts an end to games.

The Devil (black Glugg or Shem, q.q.v.) longs like Marie Corelli’s (see Mackay) sorrowful Satan, for love of a good woman. He tries to guess “heliotrope” which is a flower, gem, color—and his sister Issy who is sometimes one, sometimes seven (q.v.) spectra or rainbow “girls.” But for all Issy’s hints, Glugg does not guess right, does not “take the cake,” find out his Maggy (q.v.) or madeleine. He may fail because, like Proust’s (q.v.) “little band” the seven present a teasing problem in transvestism; he may fail because there is no real sun in the sky, only a pretender to the part, Angel Chuff or Shaun (q.q.v.)

I do not understand the guessing, nor Joyce on optics, but by the dawn’s early and uncertain light (colors reversed from twilight), Shem-as-St-Patrick (q.v.) finds a “practical solution” to the problem of woman-and-color (see 611–613; see *Letters, I, 406*).

Issy-and-seven are dissociating parts of a young personality, perhaps like Lucia Joyce (q.v.), whose father got her to make many-colored “letrines” out of the initial letters of FW II, i and ii. Issy is also a replay of Gerty MacDowell-Nausicaa, sitting in the twilight, deserted by Reggy Wylie—“Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming... Hey, lass... Her beau man’s gone of a cool” (226.4–7). As in *Ulysses*, there are twins, games, girls who exhibit themselves while an adult male looks on. “The Mime” seems to me a dream replay of that dreamy chapter “Nausicaa”7 (q.v.).

7. In FW the use of *Dubliners, Portrait of the Artist, Exiles*, and *Ulysses* (especially *Ulysses*) is downright eerie and needs to be defined.
In “The Mime” Joyce used *The Golden Bough* and Norman Douglas’s (q.v.) *London Street Games* (Mr Hodgart showed those on 176 are mostly from Douglas). Fraser and Douglas hold that games like “Angels and Devils” are survivals of fertility rites. Issy (and seven) is avid for sex, does all she can to rouse the twins; but Shaun is too pure; Shem, though he wills sex, cannot. The girls laud Shaun for purity, deride Shem for incapacity.

“The Mime” is not, however, a failed fertility rite, for the father has watched from the start (219.13). As in “The Wake” (27), as in the “Prankquean (q.v.) Episode” (21.5–23.15), he starts up, roused by the nautch girl, dancing (253.32–36). These are the seven girls that Anna Livia taught to dance and called in (when she had failed) to quicken her passive husband (compare 200.18–27 with 256.2–11, 257.3–5). As we saw in “Anna Livia Plurabelle,” these are the colors and girls out of which the human artist creates.

Burrus and Caseous (q.v.) preferred war to the recreation of the warrior, and so lost the girl to the father. In fear of the father’s thundering anger, the sons flee like Vico’s plebs and like the plebs return, abase themselves, proclaim their father’s greatness, beg mercy and admission into house and family (257.27–259.10).

The game-rite is also a play, “The *Mime* of Mick Nick and the Maggies” (q.q.v.), presented by a troop of child actors (boygirls girkboys) who rival their elders like the “little eyases” of *Hamlet*. Like the old guild players, the troop moves from street to street and fetches up near the father’s inn (q.v.), which is on the Liffey in Chapelizod (q.v.). Inside the inn more plays will be written and acted. Indeed, the four chapters of Book II are a cycle of plays, taking Man from the impotence of childhood (Mystery Play) in “The Mime” to the impotence of senility (Grand Opera) in “Mamalujo.”

“The *Mime* of Mick Nick and the Maggies” is a play about dubious battle on the plains of heaven. Nick-Glugg-Shem (q.q.v.) is the rebel who presumes to seize his father’s prerogative of sex-creation; Mick-Chuff-Shaun (q.q.v.) is the pure, sexless angel who opposes the Devil, but, as in *Paradise Lost*, is not strong enough and makes it necessary for the father to intervene decisively in the battle. Both sons run in fear of thunder, but Michael is sure he will have heaven and his brother be “havonfaeled.” As God-or-Adam, the father takes the girl who is his own creation and, the next section tells us, “maker mates with made.” This is one of those masculine concepts like *Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio,umile ed alta più che creatura . . .”* And it makes a woman’s head go round.
BOOK II, section ii (260–308) "Night Lessons" ⁸

The part of FW accepted as easiest is section pp. 104 ff. and the most difficult . . . pp. 260 ff.—yet the technique here is a reproduction of a schoolboy’s (and schoolgirl’s) old classbook complete with marginalia by the twins, who change sides at half time, footnotes by the girl (who doesn’t), a Euclid diagram, funny drawings etc. It was like that in Ur of the Chaldees too, I daresay.

Letters, I, 405–406 ⁹

260.1–266.19

Youth and ignorance defeated the sons in "The Mime." At the beginning of "Night Lessons," the sons are lost and consult a map of Dublin (learning geography?) so as to find the way back to their father’s inn, the “pint of porter place.” Their aim is to placate him, as they did at the end of “The Mime,” placate, then overthrow him. The way to the inn is a cycle of learning, by which, in the Viconian nature of things, they come to the time of overthrowing Father. (This time comes in the next section when, after a fashion, they go boldly into his bar, take girl,

⁸ According to Mr Litz, Joyce published 260–275 and 304–308 under the title Storiella As She is Syung (see Jung); 282–304 was informally called, first “The Triangle,” then “The Muddest Thick That Was Ever Heard Dump.” Under this second title it was published along with “The Mookse and the Gripes” and “The Ondt and the Gracehoper” (q.v.) in Tales of Shen and Shaun.

Book II, ii the the tenth section of FW and much is made of ten.

⁹ OED says a “class-book” is "a book used in class-teaching." The children are, then, studying in and scribbling on the pages of an old textbook or textbooks. Joyce specially calls it a "classbook" because the boys are Vico’s (q.v.) plebs, seeking to gain knowledge to use as a weapon in the class-struggle.

As to the slippery question of which twin glosses which margin and when, I am pretty sure it goes like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Born Son</th>
<th>Younger Son</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>260–287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shem–Cain</td>
<td>Shaun–Abel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Half Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>287–293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaun–Esau</td>
<td>Jacob–Shem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>293–308</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Shem’s glosses are those of a brash schoolboy; Shaun’s are copied down from his pedagogue(s). A distinct advance from brawn to brain, from murder to trickery, is marked by Shem’s movement from the role of Cain to the role of Jacob—this is, after all, an educational chapter. By a trick taught him by his mother Rebecca, Jacob stole Esau’s birthright, overthrew the plans of his father, and all this without striking a blow; it makes Jacob something like the perfect Joycean hero. For "Night Lessons" a principal source is Genesis 4, 25, 27, 28.
shoot father—a scene enacted in a thousand Western movies: young gunslinger does down old bastard.) Knowledge, they see, is power. (Shall we study Einsteinian mathematics? triangulation? What is the name of the secret watcher at the bend of the second stair?) Till they get right knowledge, the boys must dissimulate, go in fear "natural, simple, slavish, filial." But their time is not yet, and when their father calls them into his place, his inn, they avoid encounter, linger along the Mother Liffey, go upstairs to the "studiorum" where their sister sits and knits. (By Vico's account, plebs were let into the city, or civilized life, if they accepted the status of sons.)

266.20–272.8

The boys are obsessed with the past because it contains the mating of their father and seven-colored sister. To their awe-struck gaze, maker mates with the seven (q.v.) wonders of the ancient world (261.10–19), mates as Ainsoph (q.v.; see also Adam Kadmon) with his emanations (261.23–262.19)—mythic and fertile conjunction. Sojourn along the Liffey fixes their interest in the feminine; and before settling down to their masculine learning, they consider the education their mother gave their sister to make her a dish for a god. In II, ii, Issy's principal roles are Leda and Alice Liddell (q.q.v.), so I should perhaps say a dish for a god and a mathematician. It is useful to think of II, ii in terms of Yeats's "Leda and the Swan" and "Among School Children."

272.9–281.29

The mother urges the children to leave the haunted past, learn how to fight for themselves as at Waterloo, how to praise the fallen father at his wake. First, they must learn their letters (272.9–278.24).

(Letters were established as wicked when Mutt and Jute (q.v.) muck around in the dung-heap, find and use the alphabet (15.28–19.30)—an act equivalent to eating of the tree of knowledge. To know Earth, our "geomater," to raise a mess of pottage, distill whiskey from grain, to build a city out of mud—these are acts of creation, rivaling the jealous, angry father. The stories of Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau teach: right filial behavior consists of purveying cooked meat to the father, human or divine—this is virtue, this is slavery; wrong filial behavior, the behavior of a free man, is knowing Earth the mother—hunters are preferred to husbandmen—. Put it another way—the females of the tribe belong to Father.)

Shem knows his letters, for he is the Devil, or the Devil's son, Cain (q.q.v.). Issy knows her letters because she has eaten of the fruit, and she proves her knowledge when one part of her dissociated self (see
Sally) writes a mash note, thanking the professor who taught her to err (279.note 1); the other part of her personality writes a model letter, modeled on the letter from Boston, Mass. (280.1—281.3). Their mother has told the boys to know the young female heart; from Issy’s letters they could learn her heart is a pearl, a flower, a cloud (see Nuvoletta); but like Brutus and Cassius, Othello and Iago, Cain and Abel (q.q.v.), the boys make war, not love, show more concern with fighting each other, fighting their father, than with a girl’s heart (281.4—29).

282.1—287.17

If Issy-Eve and Shem-Satan know letters, Shaun-Adam does not. “The Mime” shows Shaun to be unmoved by females; and the right marginalia of 260—287 shows Shaun simply reproducing the comments of the pedant(s) who teaches him, just as Milton’s Adam reproduces the lectures the angels give him. With tears (sorrowing Satan) but pep, Shem takes on the job of subverting the pedant(s), by teaching his own knowledge to Shaun. Shem’s marginalia show him a crude, jeering, uneducated hobbledehoy; intent on nothing but his brother’s destruction, careless of the fact he—Shem—will himself be destroyed because he is playing the roles of those born losers, Satan and Cain.

Shaun-Adam-Abel can count on his fingers, but is a bad hand at algebra and geometry, reducing any problem to “aorsch” or “chaos” —no creator he. He asks his brother to do a problem for him: “Concoct an equoangular trilitter . . .” —construct an equilateral triangle.

Shem agrees, tells Shaun to begin by drawing two circles on mud taken from the mother Liffey. (Maybe 286.25—287.17 is the ritual instruction of a brickmaker, mason, Freemason.)

An equilateral triangle is a geometric figure; a letter of the Greek alphabet (Delta or Δ, q.v.); apex up, it is a sign of the Trinity; apex down it is the female counterpart of the phallus; it is Anna Livia’s sign (q.v.) and Joyce’s informal sign for FW I, viii, and it stands at the beginning of that section, 196; “delta” is also an alluvial deposit at a river’s mouth, and in FW this delta is the mother’s dung-heap. “Take mud, take mother,” says Shem the agriculturist to his brother the hunter-butcher-cooker. Feudal lords do not want their earth taken by vassals.

287.18—292.35

The lesson is broken up by a Latin message from the Liffey, aiming to educate Shem as Rebecca educated Jacob in the fine art of overthrowing brother and father. The summons is again: leave the past, move into the future for which omens are good. She quotes the priests, Vico and Bruno (q.q.v.) to the soothing effect that: everything flows like a
river; what was in the heap (i.e., letters, knowledge, tools of power) will remain in the river; everything is recognized at will by its opposite; every river is embraced by rival banks. It is a summons to move out of the mutually destructive play of Cain and Abel and into the play of Jacob and Esau. They do move.

The Latin is part of a long sentence of seven clauses and deals (like 3.3–14) with people who come over the sea to Ireland—e.g., Tristan, Patrick, Parnell (q.q.v.)—and baffle the natives entirely by the peremptory, contradictory nature of their teachings. "Wear shoes to church," says one invader," "Give me a bath with your bare female hands," says another. Now invader courts, now is cold, now teaches Catholicism, now strangles Catholics. Yet the opposed teachings are expressed by seemingly the same man—all invaders look alike to the oft-invaded, I suppose. Throughout the paragraph, comparison is made between invaded country and the girl who doesn't change sides at half time. She remains willing to please but baffled by the identical twins who change places in this comedy of errors: "Be a mother!" "Be a whore!" "Be a spool of purple thread!" She—call her Cathleen Ni Houlihan or das Ewigweibliche—is not here the victim of deliberate male unkindness, for when the boys have changed sides at half time (halfway in II, ii, halfway through FW) they are fond of her as ever. No, she is merely bewildered, like those rats in maze to which opposing orders are issued; she is pushed around by nothing more alarming than opportunist males getting themselves out of untenable positions by applying the historical psychological determinism of the priests Bruno and Vico. Viconian cycles intersect (see diagram, 293) and it is time for the twins to further their education by exchanging roles. Bruno said: "... every power in nature must evolve an opposite in order to realize itself ..." (Letters, I, 225). For the purposes of FW, the change at 287–293 is a permanent change (see Dives and Lazarus) and it is correctly placed in a teaching section, for, as Yeats says in "Ego Dominus Tuus," book learning is as nothing, compared to being "the most unlike, being my antiself."

293.1–304.4

The geometry lesson resumes, the same differently, from 286–287. Under pretense of teaching Euclid (Book I, Prop.1) Shem guides Shaun on a tour of their mother's genital geography (see Pascal, Meno). Shem leads Shaun astray, to the wrong place (299.13–14) but whether the wrong place is moral, mathematical, Dublinian, sexual, or all those, I don't know. (Ulysses teaches us: Be precise or don't speak about anatomical location.) The map of the tour is, I guess, the diagram on
293. It has lots of meanings—Christian, Kabbalist, Masonic, Platonic, Neo-Platonic, Hermetic, Viconian, Brunonian, Yeatsian. It is the two halves of FW, circling into each other. Mr Hart has shown that, as of 293, Shem’s is the left, Shaun’s the right circle, or, at any rate the circles are the roads through FW (and all the world) which bring the brothers to the place where they exchange roles and collaborate (in the diagram, in the text) in order to construct the triangle. Virtue lost, knowledge gained, they have found their way to their father’s guarded place and have laid hands on woman; they have built with earth, solved the constructing of the “trillitter.”

They collaborate also on the forging of a letter, meant to prove Shaun does indeed know how to make letters, including the D(ear). I am unclear about the ins and outs of this trickery, but I think it goes like this: Shaun does know his letters but begins his career of hypocrisy by denying the knowledge and saying his brother knows. Shem scribbles a letter which is a Faustian pact with the devil, and contains an offer from Esau-Shaun to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. Shaun signs the letter but proves he can read by signing his brother’s name. Shaun’s addition to the letter is full of misspelled words (see Pigott) that give him away. Shem mocks the poor forging by writing a lot of names, all misspelled. Shaun knocks Shem down.

304.5–306.7

Shem does not return the blow, which makes him see rainbows, and recalls his little rainbow sister who has watched the fight, dreaming of her father. The boys offer her advice on charm and deportment. They make common cause remembering they have yet to meet the father who will offer them his “Noblett’s” (q.v.) prize—poisoned sweets or TNT. Against this danger, they are “singlylled.”

306.8–308.30

The father comes in to ask—what have they been learning? Natural, simple, slavish, filial, lying, they answer: “Art, literature, politics, economy, chemistry, humanity” which makes an acrostic of the initials of the parents they have in fact been studying. Their father sets them a composition to write, meant to express, no doubt, Nobel’s (q.v.) dynamic sense of idealism. But they excuse themselves—time’s short, tea’s waiting. After tea, the children concoct a “trillitter” or night-letter signed by the three of them. It seems to wish their parents Merry Christmas, but, in fact, wishes them dead. It will accompany the pres-

10. Many technical terms from A Vision (first edition, I think) are used in II, ii, and Issy is steadily linked to Leda (q.v.). Does Joyce mix Yeatsian gyres with Viconian cycles?
ent (309.11–310.21) of an infernal machine or television set, designed
to convey their murderour wish to their father (compare Hamlet’s use
of the “Murder of Gonzago,” Ulysses’ use of Trojan horse). It is note-
worthy also that the letter is signed “jake, jack and little sousoucie,”
which makes JJ and S or Jameson’s whiskey (q.q.v.), the brew that
overturned Tim Finnegan.

BOOK II, section iii (309–382) “Scene in the Pub”

. . . McCann’s (q.v.) story, told to John Joyce (q.v.), of a hunchbacked Norwe-
gian captain who ordered a suit from a Dublin tailor, J. H. Kerse of 34 Upper
Sackville Street. The finished suit did not fit him, and the captain berated
the tailor for being unable to sew, whereupon the irate tailor denounced him
for being impossible to fit.
Ellmann, James Joyce, 22

. . . his father’s story of Buckley and the Russian General . . . . Buckley . . .
was an Irish soldier in the Crimean War who drew a bead on a Russian
general, but when he observed his splendid epaulettes and decorations, he
could not bring himself to shoot . . . . He raised his rifle again, but just then
the general let down his pants to defecate. The sight of his enemy in so
helpless and human a plight was too much for Buckley, who again lowered
his gun. But when the general prepared to finish the operation with a piece
of grassy turf, Buckley lost all respect for him and fired.
Ellmann, James Joyce, 411

He then narrated the story of Buckley; when he came to the piece of turf,
Beckett (q.v.) remarked, “Another insult to Ireland.”
Ellmann, James Joyce, 411, note

HCE’s pub, inn (q.v.), or theatre goes by almost as many names as he
does, but it is the “pint of porter place” that his sons avoid till they
become strong and clever. In the pub, innkeeper and customers spend
the hour before closing time, watching two plays (Shem’s?) and a
musical program on a TV set. This is the set given the father by his
determined children (309.13–311.4), certain invaders of Ireland. I take
the TV set to be a warning, a challenge, and also a Jacob-like trick, a
Trojan horse, Hamlet’s mousetrap.

The TV plays are The Norwegian Captain (q.v.), How Buckley (q.v.)
Shot the Russian General (311.5–332.9; 337.32–355.7). These and the
music are about the overthrow of the father by, respectively, Shem,
Shaun, Issy. Shem takes his father’s daughter from him; Shaun shoots
him dead; Issy, a moon priestess (like Norma, q.v.), castrates him.

Thereafter—in “real” or not-TV life—HCE’s sons come knocking at
the door, singing another version of “The Ballad of Persse O’Reilly”
(q.v.—see also Tenducci); his daughter comes to say she’s off with a young man (370.23–373.12). The sons capture HCE, mock, threaten, taunt, try him, beat him up for his sins—compare Falstaff, Socrates (q.q.v.)—(373.13–380.5).

Alone in the pub, HCE plays Roderick O’Connor (q.v.), last native king of Ireland, who was overthrown by the Anglo-Norman invaders. He drinks up the guest’s leavings, falls from his throne dead drunk. Anna Livia shelters him after his fall; as the stout ship Nansy Hans, she bears him by starlight over the sea to “Nattenlaender” (380.6–382.30). This is a set piece—Death and the Old Man—and it balances Death and the Old Woman (619–628). For old man, old woman, death is going out to sea (q.v.), with dawn lighting up the same church windows (382.11).

The Norwegian Captain is a comedy of love-intrigue, and I cannot follow the ins and out of the intrigue, much less explain the significance of the ill-fitting suit (suit as clothes—see Peter Jack Martin? suit as courtship?) The story is about a wild pagan sea-rover (all Ireland’s Viking invaders) who steals the daughter of an Irish innkeeper, the Ship’s Husband (q.v.), from her father and from a rival suitor, Kersse (q.v.) the tailor. By some female stratagem, the captain is reluctantly converted to landlubber, Christian, Irishman, becomes a respectable husband and father. The Ship’s Husband reconciles him and Kersse. The captain is hunchbacked, called Humphrey, and the girl is Anne; they recall, therefore, the courtship of HCE and Anna Livia (compare 197, 624.27–30), and the play warns the father (the TV-viewing innkeeper, not the innkeeper in the TV play) that, as he took a daughter, so his daughter will be taken. The marriage of captain and daughter is an outburst of joy, peace, fertility for Ireland.

How Buckley Shot the Russian General (a rerun of events at Waterloo) has a fabliau feeling, but is also filled with pity and terror for the son who shoots (say he is Brutus or Prince Hal, q.q.v.), for the father who is shot (say he is Julius Caesar or Falstaff, q.q.v.). Freud comes into it too, for Buckley, who kills for the honor of Ireland, also kills a father and the totem ancestor, the uncanny deer, bull, white whale that haunts men’s dreams and is even more precious than the trigger finger.

When Buckley is over, the customers say Buckley was right to shoot and the innkeeper agrees (355.8, 21), thus finding against himself—Guilty, but fellow culprits . . . (363.20). And after the fellow culprits, customers, sons, have attacked him, he drinks hemlock and falls from his throne. “All men,” Anna Livia says, on another occasion, “have done something. Be the time they’ve come to the weight of old fletch.”
THIRD CENSUS OF FINNEGANS WAKE

BOOK II, section iv (383–399) “Mamalujo”

Many thanks for your letter and kind appreciation of the foursome episode. It is strange that on the day I sent off to you a picture of an epicene professor of history in an Irish university college seated in the hospice for the dying etc after “eating a bad crab in the red sea . . .”

*Letters*, I, 205

The story-tellers are old and their imagination is not the imagination of childhood . . . his mind is feeble and sleepy. He begins one story and wanders from it into another, and none of the stories has any satisfying wholeness . . . (and) sets forth . . . the fulness of its senility.

Joyce, “The Soul of Ireland”

“Mamalujo” (q.v.) is short and collective for Matew Mark Luke John (see *Four Evangelist, Four Masters*) or Matt Gregory, Mark Lyons, Luke Tarpey, Johnny MacDougal (q.q.v.). These dreadful old creatures from before and after the flood are the proximate cause of Beckett’s (q.v.) ancients. Always in FW they are old and discordant, but they are oldest here, of a monumental senility. By their peevish, lunitic flux of memory, they shrink historical discipline into something monstrous, small, creeping. We have seen them as judges, censors, law-givers, as Repression, holding down Adam when he would rise with a shout; and we have seen Repression’s other face (94.23–96.24, 140.15, 141.7)—lewd, envious, hypocrite, mean like the Elders (q.v.) in *Susanna*, like the four old barons in Bédier’s *Tristan and Isolde* (q.q.v.)

The Four are the voyeur, the poisoned imagination of FW.

In “Mamalujo” they are the muttering waves (q.v.) of the sea (q.v.) across which the ship moves from Ireland. On the ship, “on her husband’s yacht,” are Tristan and Isolde, leered at, spied on by the impotent, dissolving Four who collectively make up the viewpoint of Mark of Cornwall (q.v.).

This audience is treated to a copulation so luscious, perfect, stylized, improbable as to banish (one would have thought) Íove, death, and pornography from the printed page forever. The sight, however, revives the old men somewhat, and in turn (representing the four provinces, q.v., of Ireland) they serenade Isolde—first propositioning her—then claim like the Elders to have had her already.

Book II begins with childhood, ends with second childhood.

The important source for Tristan and Isolde here and elsewhere in FW is not Wagner (q.v.; see also Mildew Lisa) but Bédier (q.v.), whose

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11. Joyce’s review of Lady Gregory’s *Poets and Dreamers* (reprinted in *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, p. 102) is an important comment on “Mamalujo.”
nervous, mannered naïve narrative Joyce put to amusing use—a sort of anti-Wagner use? A hundred details of "Mamalujo" are cleared up by reading Bédier.

What's not in Bédier is the identification of Tristan, who stole away an Irish princess, and Amory Tristram (q.v.), who stands for all the invaders who stole Ireland because her own men offered a girl no more comfort than the senile Four. Once the Four have seen Ireland embraced by the Stranger, they beg her to come to them; and it is bitter and funny that Joyce associates the serenading Four with those eminent authors—George Moore, AE, Shaw, Yeats (q.q.v.). Yeats's proposals to Maud Gonne (q.v.) and her daughter, Iseult, are specially mocked.

Joyce was always aware of the hurt of the Irish male at the sexual success of the conquering Stranger. See the Robert Emmet (q.v.) part of "Cyclops"—rebel dies for Ireland, his girl marries rich Englishman. See also the story of the bull, Laudabiliter, in "Oxen of the Sun."

BOOK III, section i (403–428) First Watch of Shaun

... Shaun ... is a description of a postman travelling backwards in the night through the events already narrated. It is written in the form of a via crucis of 14 stations but in reality is only a barrel rolling down the river Liffey.

*Letters, I, 214*

This section is a dialogue between an Ass and Hermes (q.q.v.), Shem and Shaun. If it is a via crucis traveled backwards—a black via crucis, it is also the way traveled backwards by Hermes (q.v.) when he stole the heifers (q.v.) of his brother the Sun (q.v.). As in "Oxen of the Sun," the cattle—stolen, butchered, sacrificed to the gods—are feminine fertility of Ireland, the young girls of III, ii to whom Shaun-Hermes preaches chastity on earth, license in heaven. Note that throughout III, i, Shaun gorges on every delicious food and drink, for it is pre-Lenten carnival time, anciently an orgy of rich feeding in Europe; but specially and most sinisterly, Shaun eats and eats beef-steak or the girl-cows he has butchered. Shem-Apollo (disguised as Ass) puts questions like a detective, aiming to get Shaun to betray his crime.

Homer's (q.v.) "Hymn to Hermes," probably in Shelley's (q.q.v.) translation, is a principal narrative source of III, I,ii, iii, perhaps of all

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12. Book III, sections i and ii were once one section; I am sure the via crucis extends across both i and ii, and maybe across iii as well. Book III, iv has never seemed to me to be about Shaun.
Book III. Hermes was ancienly identified with Mercury, Thoth ("Weight"), Hermes Trismegistus (q.q.v.); and like St Michael (q.v.), Hermes was a leader of souls, persuading them to death by his powers as god of rhetoric.

As a backward-traveller on the via-crucis, Shaun is also Antichrist (q.v.), the Christian's "false messiah" or "ape of Christ," a wizard (the hour is midnight) who claims to perform all Christ's miracles but cannot get into heaven. Note that at the end of III, ii, Shaun tries to fly to heaven or America and cannot. The ass, I think, is Christ disguised (see Jerry, Jerry Godolphin) and is Apollo (q.v.) the sun-god, hidden, under dark cloud by night. (Dante identifies God and Apollo—Paradiso I, 13).

Shaun (Juan in the next section) has a physical appearance (I always see him as a plump, amorphous angel like Guido Reni's St Michael) that is modelled on John McCormack (q.v.), who (like Shaun and Hermes) grew very fast, won all hearts by his singing—charisma at its damnedest. In III, i, Shaun also owes much to Shaun the Post, Gogarty, Byrne, and Wyndham Lewis (q.q.v.).

409.8–419.11

In Homer's "Hymn" (a cheerful poem) Apollo knows from the start that Hermes is the "heifer-stealing schemer," but it takes Apollo a long, laborious time to get Hermes to admit to carnal knowledge. Hermes dodges and protests, summons up charm and baby talk, swears solemn oaths. At last, showing how clever he is, the "subtle, swindling baby" of a cattle rustler leads Apollo to such of his cattle as are still alive.

Similarly in III, i, the Ass puts to Shaun the Post a series of needling questions, designed to get Shaun to admit knowledge of letters, of the sexual female letter Delta (q.v.), knowledge Shaun gained and then denied in "Night Lessons." Shaun eats and grows, shows himself conceited, merciless, prudent, but no, no, no, he knows nothing about money or sex—no, no, no, he never spent it! Some day he will write a defense of himself, a "savings book," dedicated to Swift's Stella (q.v.), a woman killed with coldness. In "The Ondt and the Gracehoper" (q.v.), a companion piece to "The Mookse and the Gripe" (q.v.; see also Dives and Lazarus), Shaun is the prudent Ondt who forgoes girls in this world so he can have hours in heaven.

13. Buck Mulligan is the Mercury of Ulysses where in "Oxen of the Sun" (395–396) he has a scheme for stealing and engrossing the women of Ireland. Mulligan's scheme follows hard on the dialogue of the bull Laudibiliter (393–395) who also engrosses all the women of Ireland, renders them sterile.
The ass still presses Shaun to admit he carries a fertility letter and knows what it means. Won't Shaun explain the letter? No, it is all Greek (Delta) to Shaun, but he knows the letter is dirt, trash written by his mother and his brother. (Here the letter begins to sound like a contraband copy of *Ulysses* "... one Dubliner ... has his copy enclosed in an empty Guinness [q.v.] stout barrel and ... conveyed on a barge across the Irish sea and up the Liffey." Gorman, 304.) Shaun says the letter is addressed to HCE, but the address is always wrong or HCE from home. But, Shaun, haven't you used language as bad as your celebrated brother's? Shem is notorious, rather, for putting his mother up to letter-writing and for saying the letter is partly Shaun's work. How could that be? Well, it is partly my work, Shaun says, Shaun's are the good parts and Shem remade those into evil, and Shaun will excommunicate Shem. Why? For his "root language" (rude and rood—ur language, improper language, divine language) of the thunderpeal.

Shaun has claimed to know only the good of letters. Now (424.17–22) he puts his foot in his mouth and imitates the root-rude-rood thunderpeal. You could do almost as well yourself, Shaun? Shaun now boldly claims to be sole author of the letter, of letters (since the change of roles in II, ii Shaun has taken on the part of Thoth who invented letters), Shem stole letter(s) from him. 14 Shaun, you are so brainy, you could write worse letters than your brother? I could write worse, I might do it, but it is too much trouble, and I swear I will send to the fire anyone who would try to set my mother on fire (on fire sexually by way of a pornographic book?).

Shaun has admitted his criminal knowledge. Now he weeps for his dear old mother as he stands on the three-legged stool, which, Grose (q.v.) says, is cant for the gallows. The noose is around Shaun's neck, his wrists are tied, but he escapes (compare 426.5 ff. with "Hymn to Mercury," 545–554), for the very weight of his barrel pulls him over and he rolls backward down the Liffey, bound for a career as a remittance man in America. Shaun will return—all Ireland prays it, including his brother—Shaun was our darling.

14. Stanislaus Joyce, Wyndham Lewis (q.q.v.), and I should guess others, accused Joyce of having used their literary inventions without leave. Lewis said his *Enemy of the Stars* (q.v.) supplied certain dramatic techniques of "Circe" (q.v.).
THIRD CENSUS OF FINNEGAN'S WAKE

(Shaun is a barrel of Guinness Export Stout, an alcoholic beverage, bound for a "dry" land where alcoholic beverage is prohibited. And Shaun is a barrel, containing Ulysses, which is prohibited. Cattle rustler becomes bootlegger, becomes booklegger, I suppose.)

BOOK III, section ii (429–473) "Second Watch of Shaun"

. . . Shaun, after a long absurd and rather incestuous Lenten lecture to Izzy, his sister, takes leave of her "with a half a glance of Irish frisky from under the shag of his parallel brows." These are the words the reader will see but not those he will hear. He also alludes to Shem as my "soamheis" brother; he means Siamese.

Letters, I, 216

The "Second Watch" is mostly the Eighth Station of the Cross: Jesus speaks to the Daughters of Jerusalem. It is also Hermes (see above, III, i) stealing and butchering Apollo's heifers while his brother the Sun is asleep. It is also John McCormack's (q.v.) farewell to the operatic stage, singing a muddle of Don Giovanni (q.v.) and that Bachward St John Passion.

Shaun—now called Jaun (q.v.)—is a barrel, leaking the hot air of rhetoric (see Gorgias), and his nonsense affects young women like a dose of Dionysus (q.v.). Juan is compounded of Don Juan, Henry VIII, Swift, Othello, Jack the Ripper (q.v.)—"the killingest ladykiller all by kindness." Because he does not give himself and preaches chastity to a sister, he is Sts Benedict, Jerome, Kevin, Patrick,15 Pascal, Laertes, etc. He is the god or demon of darkness, winter, infertility, a carnival figure of Lent; and he is still Shaun the Post, John McCormack, Anti-christ, Hermes who leads souls to death, all by kindness. A coquette—beautiful, chaste, something like Krishna (q.v.) among the cow-girls, he preaches while leaning against a blonde policeman (see Man Serv-ant) who is dead drunk and buried upright in the soil—log, cross, herm, phallic symbol?

It is Lent (till 453.36). Juan's audience is composed of twenty-nine, (q.v.) hysterical girls, doting maenads, hens (q.v.; see also Bacon), heifers, February (q.v.; see also St Bridget girls); or, to be precise, they are twenty-eight daughters of cold, infertile February, twenty-eight

15. In the Tripartite Life (a quaint and nasty book) Patrick, when a slave in Ireland, was forced by his master to marry an unknown girl. All his wedding night, he preached chastity and discovered in the morning that his bride was his missing sister Lupita (q.v.). In another story, he came on a sister, saw she was pregnant, drove a chariot over her till she died.

Patrick's chaste wedding night ties onto the wedding night of Tristan and Isolde of the White Hands (q.q.v.).
phases of the chaste moon. The twenty-ninth girl is Jaun's sister, Issy, and it is to her he addresses his plea for chastity and a spiritual love reserved to him alone. Issy is, however, a leap year girl and chooses for herself.

431.21–457.24

Juan's sermon or lecture or letter or "savings book," dedicated to Swift's dead, cold Stella (412.30–413.26) entirely justifies his boast (425.9–31) that he can and will write worse letters than his brother. It is based, Juan says, on the advice of Father Michael (q.v.), "niver to, niver to, nevar" (203.36), which was uttered at the moment Father Michael gave way to feminine lures; and its words, Juan says, are "taken in triumph" from Shem (433.7–9). All is derivative, all tends to the mode of thought usually called Manichaean, i.e., hatred of the physical world and determination to see that it comes to an end, by chastity and/or by ceasing to be fruitful and multiply. This is a principal theme of Hermes Trismegistus (q.v.), whose works—those I have read—are remarkable for want of intellect.

It has been established that Juan knows Delta, or the sexual nature of woman. To his young girl audience he exhibits and corrupts the knowledge, so as to make equilateral triangle, Cross, and Ireland not fertile, wasted as by the bull of Farmer Nicholas (see Mookse, Breakspear) in "Oxen of the Sun."

Infertility is the plea of the devil, say the authors of Finnegans Wake and of Paradise Lost (X, 979–1046). Out of personal greed and preference, Jaun urges chastity on Ireland's women; and what is infinitely more indelicate, he urges it as a matter of prudent calculation: Give up boys in this world and enjoy ME, prize of all eternity, hereafter.

457.25–461.32

When Jaun stops talking, Issy agrees with every word he said. As Veronica (sixth station of the Cross) she gives him a handkerchief as pledge of faithful love; it turns out to be a letter to Shem, asking him, while Shaun is away: "Coach me how to tumble, Jaime . . . ." Love here and hereafter will do very well for Issy.

16. Like "The Waste Land," Ulysses and FW are predicated on the ancient proposition: physical fertility and spiritual fertility are interchangeable counters in the literary game. Can these counters bring esthetic response from citizens of a world committed to zero population growth? There is no use saying Joyce didn't know what overpopulation means. The Irish did know and before the rest of western Europe. "In 1845 the population had swelled to 8,295,061, the greater part of whom depended on the potato . . . ."
Jaun makes the best of this betrayal by pretending he always intended to leave behind him, as consoler, the Holy Ghost or Shem (here also acting Simon of Cyrene and David to Jaun’s Jonathan, q.q.v.). Jaun then acts pander or marriage broker and with most vulgar heckling, urges Shem and Issy into each other’s arms, promising he will always be right there, beside their nuptial bed. Jaun failed to strike down sex in a vital girl, but men are sensitive plants, and shame, the Irish “national unbloom” comes “gripping ghastly” out of Shem. His union with Issy does not take place. I think, he and Jaun become one again. (I have an idea that Joyce uses the knit-together souls of David and Jonathan as analogue for an imperfect procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son.) See James Stephens.

If Jaun queered Shem’s sexual pitch, Shem queers Jaun’s pretensions to the Godhead by suggesting that he fly, like Christ, to Heaven. Twice, Jaun tries to fly and falls. The girls weep and praise him as dying Osiris (q.v.; see Joyce’s explanation of this passage, Letters, I, 263–264) but want to get shut of one who is a yesterday. When Jaun is about to dare Heaven for the third time, and will surely tumble into the river, Issy gives him a yellow label or stamp (ticket-of-leave? passport? export license?) so that he can go to America. He takes it for a pledge of her belief in him and sticks it on his brow. Again he waves goodbye. The girls answer “Peace” in twenty-nine languages. This time, he does fly up, if not to Heaven, then to the stars, but they are malign and angry stars (q.v.; see also Stella). Jaun, who is (or ought to be) the planet Mercury (q.v.), topples and goes off on foot like the postman he is. The girls praise him, pray him to return some day.

BOOK III, section iii (474–554) “Third Watch of Shaun”

It was predicted (429.11–12) that Shaun-Jaun—called Yawn (q.v.) in III, iii—will grow till he fills space. Now he has grown so large as to cover the whole of Ireland where he lies sweetly wailing, a gargantuan and angelic baby, asleep in a poppy field. This seems to me a neat rendering of Religion, the “Opiate of the People,” and the description owes much to the sleeping baby Hermes of Homer’s “Hymn.” To the hill of Uisnech (traditionally, the center of Ireland where the four provinces meet) come the Four (q.v.) with their ass (q.v.) to Yawn’s crib. The

17. FW 532–554 was published as Haveth Childers (q.v.) Everywhere.
ass is Meath, the missing fifth province, and it is he who, at a later stage of Yawn-Jaun-Shaun's life (III, i) has some success at questioning him; but he is let ask only a few questions in III, iii while the Four hold inquiry, part inquest, part séance. Here Joyce follows Yeats's story "The Adoration of the Magi," in which Magi come to the crib; one magus is a medium and through him, Hermes Trismegistus (q.v.), often in the form of a dog (see Hound) speaks. Further knowledge of practicing Hermeticists of Dublin might throw light on III, iii.

The Four are old, silly, quarrelsome, but nothing like so senile as in II, iv. Each has pet phrases, each speaks with the accents of his particular quarter of Ireland,18 and the ass now and then interprets between them, for he is their dragoman. In III, iii sleeping giant baby Yawn is the spiritualist medium with whose vocal equipment (Hermes was god of eloquence) many voices speak, using it as a telephone exchange or a radio station.

This is a coroner's inquest which anciently had jurisdiction not only over violent, unexplained crimes like the deaths of Adam and Tim Finnegan (q.q.v.), but also over treasure-troves and royal fish (q.v.) caught near the coast or washed ashore. Because they are evangelists, the Four are concerned to capture fish, but coroner's duty (see 477.18–30; 524–525) reinforces this concern. As for treasure-troves, the Four are entirely taken up with one, 477.35–501.5. Thereafter, till displaced by a youthful brain trust (529.5), they inquire into the circumstances of HCE's death.

The treasure-trove is, of course, the contents of the barrow, Howe, or dungheap where, as Mutt told Jute (q.v.), are buried countless "livestories," "litters from aloft," and Anna Livia and HCE (17.27–18.11), object of all treasure hunts. The coroners' first care is to establish that this is indeed the letter-hoard, this sleeping mailman (477.35–478.6); they ask about letters and livestories till they come on Anna Livia, exhibiting and defending her husband (492.5–495.33); then they come on HCE, in the mound, lying as if he were Finnegan (q.v.) at his wake (497–499).

477.31–486.34

The way to the parents lies through obscure and straggling passages about the children. The first letter or voice is Shem's speaking as the St Patrick (q.v.) of the Confession, a very different and nicer man than the

18. I once roughly determined which old man asks what question and I went over it all again for Census III, but I still don't think it very interesting to know that Mark Lyons asks the most questions and Johnny MacDougal doesn't ask his share.
Patrick of the *Tripartite Life*. Tantric (see Tramtris, Mather) T on temple, lips, breast, causes Patrick to have three visions—Tristan, Swift, and a third I can’t identify.

487.7–491.36

Shaun-as-Postman speaks next. In the preceding passage, he figured as Patrick’s Judas and “counterfeit Kevin” (q.v.; see also Victor). Now Shaun has his go and savages Shem. Then, in a passage that I don’t make out, he talks of himself and his brother as Brown and Nolan (q.v.).

492.1–501.5

We return by way of Anna Livia’s testimony about HCE to Finnegans at his wake (497–499). Here is the object of the inquest, treasure of the trove, great fish. Here is the epiphany everybody has come for. He stirs—Do you think I’m dead?—and the Four, as always, will not let him speak. They interrupt, set up “zounds of sounds upon him,” jam radio communication as in a magnetic storm, let loose a whirlwind of ancestral voices prophesying war, or rehearsing it—Cromwell, Patrick, Swift, Parnell (q.q.v.)—and after there is radio silence.

501.9–528.26

Curtain drops, inquest on the treasure-trove is over, aborted on the brink of success. The spirit radio is now tuned to HCE’s fall. Back we go through a rerun of the persons and events of I, ii–iv—no doubt the same but different. The last witness questioned by the Four is Issy, giving a “minnelogue with herself in her interior” very much as at 143–148, but more mincing, lesbian, and narcissistic.

The Four have become increasingly silly and quarrelsome and are replaced by “bright young chaps of the brandnew braintrust,” who we see (525.0–526.15) making real efforts to catch father-as-fish. They come with “maternal sanction” (529.6), for, as muck-raker or white-washer, Anna Livia always wants her husband to be known, not to say eaten.

528.26–532.5

After hearing from the disgruntled family servants (the Man Servant, q.v., would like to blow up the Ark), the young brains close down the preceding program, say “Arise, sir ghostus!” and bring on their father’s voice. The sons do what the Four will not: they call the most important witness to the stand. But, as in II, iii, the children sent a TV set into the pub, instead of going in their own persons, so now they do
no more than call their father back, a radio ghost, a voice. It is but a partial epiphany.

532.6–534.2

As Amsterdam (q.v.) or Protestant, HCE first addresses Rome and (as it might be Henry VIII) protests in his blithe and unconvincing way that he was never anything but a faithful husband. He did not chase girls. (Have we called him from the grave to tell us this?)

534.7–535.21

Now he resumes as Big Calm, denies more charges, blames that criminal, strangler of green parrots (opener of champagne bottles), the cad (q.v.). As for the girls, they were whores.

535.26–539.16

As Old Whitehowth or Sebastian or Oscar Wilde (q.q.v.; see also Whitehead, Travers), he puts on the pathetic whine of De Profundis (surely the most embarrassing book ever written), admits he is guilty and deserves punishment; but the prison term should be light because all men are guilty; he will “discontinue entyrely all practices”; not all the charges against him are true; and he repents.

539.16–554.10

Scarcely has the word “repent” escaped him, when the frail dam of virtue breaks. He launches into a high-spirited boyish boast, the boast of Masterbuilder Daedalus (q.q.v.). In a Whitmanesque catalogue of WHAT I HAVE WROUGHT he brags of the Parthenon and the slums of York in 1906 (see Rowntree), never thinks to apologize for one goddam thing on earth. Dublin is, of course, the city most bragged about; for (to adapt what Henry James wrote of Balzac): H. C. Earwicker in his active intention tries to read the universe as hard and as loud as he can into the City of Dublin.

The first part of the boast (to 546.24) is masculine—God or Adam (see Adam Kadmon) before the birth of Eve. Thereafter, HCE creates on, of, for Anna Livia, reforming the natural world whether she will or no. “I was firm with her.”

I feel sure HCE will never repent, is damned. It is not because he has no sense of sin, no social consciousness, nor because he raped Nature. He is damned because he is Masterbuilder of this our masculine civilization—a wall, a family, a city, especially a city. And, as such, he rivals God’s prerogative of creation. HCE builds, therefore he falls. “We honour founders of these starving cities/Whose honour is the image of our sorrow . . . .”
BOOK III, section iv (555–90) "Fourth Watch of Shaun"

555.13–558.31

Another go at the picture album brings us to the father and mother in bed, as at the opening of Book III. Then it was midnight and they were Oberon and Titania (q.q.v.); now it is almost six in the morning and they are not that fairy pair, but Albert and Victoria (q.v.)—Liffey quays and a notably mundane royal couple.

558.35–560.21

This section leads down from the emotional pitch of Everybuilder's boast and reminds us that HCE is also a single member of the human race. To this end, Joyce shows us the humble inn in Chapelizod (q.q.v.), the bedchamber, homely as the Blooms'. It is natural to think the homely and unbeautiful must be the real, and suppose that from this place the big innkeeper and his little wife rise to playact the kings and queens who so abound in this section. But note, humble life is particularly shown as a scene upon a stage. We cannot be sure if the Earwickers (here called Porters) act royalty or royalty acts low life like Marie Antoinette at the Petit Trianon.

At the corners of the bed stand the Four Evangelists and each in turn describes (influences?) the action as seen from his particular vantage point. I suppose the Fourth Watch is a sort of Play of Marriage in four acts, with a different critic for each act. Matthew begins 559.22, Mark 564.2, Luke 582.28, John 590.23.

558.32–563.36

The parents are waked by a cry from little Shem-Jerry. (It is the ass's cry at the end of the "Third Watch".) The mother rises like Dawn from her bed and, bearing a lamp, rushes upstairs, her husband after her. (Like Dawn, Anna Livia is saffron robed, rises with a light from a cold bed and goes after a younger male.) They go into the first room where infant Issy lies in lovely slumber. Her father looks at her with wonder and desire and the passage is full of references to sleeping Imogen. Then they go to the twins' room. The father looks at angelic Kevin on the left and devilish Jerry on the right. It is not easy to tell them apart, the good from the bad, both seem worth something—so HCE leaves his blessing between them, "kerryjevin". This ends Act I.

564.1–565.32

HCE's blessing is his fortune, his man's estate. It is the dream vision of that estate—Phoenix Park seen as the father's bottom—that
frightened Jerry-Shem in the first place. Now his brother joins in the bawling and when their father can’t convince them he’s their friend, he tells them, shame on you—shut up!—thus dividing his curse between them. The mother comforts Shem—it was all a dream, a “magic nation”, there are no panthers, no bad fathers in the room, tomorrow Father will go away to Dublin on business, slap bad Father.

565.33–570.25

While the mother kneels and comforts the boy, the really high life above stairs begins in the father’s “magic nation”. His household forms itself into a gratifying scene of a royal court where the sons are princes in the tower (to be murdered), the mother kneels passive, the daughter bows to his drawn sword. It is followed by a royal progress, a time of peace, celebration, lovely weather. Now a mayor, HCE receives the king, is knighted, makes an address; bells peal; food, music, plays, fancy ladies are provided. Yes, Lord Pournterfamilias is a good married man with two boys and a girl.

570.26–572.17

The thought of the daughter rouses the father sexually and he imagines himself Tristan, knowing Isolde. His wife’s voice interrupts him (like Mrs Mitty’s), speaking of Shem—quieter now. Resentfully, the father thinks he is legally entitled to his wife and is not a wild beast (panther). As they leave the boys’ room he thinks how soon the younger generation will come knocking at the door. He opens his daughter’s door and looks at her again.

572.18–576.9

HCE’s household forms into another kind of court—domestic relations. He was in gratifying command of the royal court and particularly virile; now his wife brings a charge of impotence against him. The situation of Honuphrius and Anita is modelled on Father Matharan’s (q.v.) collection of marital problems, solved by the Catholic Church. I do not understand the problem or the trial that follows, where the matter is argued in terms of a dud check and brought before the Dail.

576.17–582.27

The parents resume their progress downstairs to bed, while Joyce lists titles and achievements which make them our ancestors, Everyman and Everywoman. Once below stairs they become little people again, and their descendants accept them with resignation and no enthusiasm. This ends Act II.
In bed again, the parents' copulation is told as a cricket-match and
news of it flashes over the world and the planets. It ends when the cock
crows for dawn. What is not at first publicly known is that HCE has
used a birth preventative. In his post-coital sadness, he thinks of this
failure to procreate becoming known and merging into all that scandal
about the three soldiers and two girls. No devastation, no indignity
will be spared him—they'll put him on the stage; his children will boo;
he'll be tried in court; his daughter will leave him; he'll lose an elec-
tion; he'll never triumph with woman again, etc., etc. This ends Act III.

Act IV: while the male torments himself, the queen bee enjoyed it all
so much and "blesses her bliss."

BOOK IV (593–628)

In Part IV there is in fact a triptych—though the central window is scarcely
illuminated. Namely the supposed windows of the village church gradually
lit up by the dawn, the windows, i.e., representing on one side the meeting of
St Patrick (Japanese) and the (Chinese) Archdruid Bulkely (this by the way is
all about colour) and the legend of the progressive isolation of St Kevin, the
third being St Lawrence O'Toole, patron saint of Dublin, buried in Eu in
Normandy.

Joyce to Frank Budgen¹⁹ (dictated)

... the hagiographic triptych in Part IV (S. L. O'Toole is only adumbrated).
Much more is intended in the colloquy between Berkeley the archdruid and
his pidgin speech and Patrick the (?) and his Nippon English. It is also the
defense and indictment of the book itself, B's theory of colours and Patrick's
practical solution of the problem. Hence the phrase in the preceding Mutt
and Jeff banter "Dies is Dorminus master" = Deus est Dominus noster plus
the day is Lord over sleep, i.e., when it days.

Letters, I, 406

As Joyce indicates, Book IV is shaped like a triptych whose parts are:

1. 600.5–606.12 (or 607.16) "The Isolation of St Kevin" (q.v.), which
reells that part of "Anna Livia" (202.35–204.20) where the river-girl
successfuly tempts the chaste priest of Luggelaw, County Wicklow, to
fertilize her—children for her, death for him. In Book IV, St Kevin has

¹⁹. As no one has noticed, this letter was printed in my Census II and a snatch of it is
quoted in Census I. It does not appear in Joyce's Letters, I or III. I don't know who gave it
me. If the letter was not forged by Jim the Penman (q.v.), or dug up by a hen (q.v.), I guess
its date to be just before Joyce's letter to Budgen, 20 August 1939 (Letters, I, 406). See
382.11–12
moved to Glendalough, keeps to the isolation of perfect chastity, and
does not drink of the cup. Instead he invents the bathtub; into this
chalice he puts exorcized, sanctified water and gets into it. In this
recension, it is the female who is murdered, i.e., condemned to per-
petual chastity; the male uses her for the eminently practical purpose
of making himself clean, furthering his spirituality, returning to the
virgin womb of Mary. Joyce seems to say that Ireland’s holy men wash
and brush up their own souls, isolate themselves from the physical and
spiritual needs of Cathleen Ni Houlihan. George Moore’s (q.v.) novel,
The Lake, is the prime source of this passage—see Letters, II, 154.

2. The colloquy between St Patrick and Archdruid Berkeley before
King Leary (q.q.v.) is something I don’t understand—by all means see
First Draft where the passage is given in its plainest form, which seems
to say that color is determined by the nature of the light in which it
occurs. In the uncertain light of dusk, Shem failed in “The Mime” to
guess Issy’s color, heliotrope; in the uncertain light of dawn (whose
colors are the reverse of sunset’s) Shem-Patrick guesses right or at any
rate, achieves a “practical solution.” Patrick, the stranger, wins a prize
that must be Ireland. Note that Saints Kevin and Patrick find practical
solution to woman-as-water and woman-as-seven-colors. Note too,
both legends were formerly told in reverse. Now they are told as re-
ceived (in their daylight mode?): St Kevin did not yield to tempting
woman; St Patrick did overcome the Archdruid. It is possible (I don’t
make it out) that King Leary links with St Laurence (“Larry”) O’Toole
because they both let the stranger—i.e., Patrick, the Anglo-Normans,
into Ireland.

3. In the triptych’s central window is pictured perhaps St Laurence
O’Toole (q.v.), perhaps his death, perhaps his grave in France. I know
nothing about Dublin’s patron saint, save that he persuaded Dublin to
surrender to the Anglo-Normans. Perhaps the scarcely illuminated,
the adumbrated S. L. O’Toole lies in the background while the fore-
ground contains HCE and Anna Livia, older patrons of Dublin—hill
and river. I have no trouble imagining that Joyce thought of himself as
Dublin’s patron saint, dim in Dublin, buried on the continent, exile in
alien soil.

St Kevin repelled temptation in County Wicklow; St Patrick lit the
pascal fire at Slane, argued with the Archdruid at Tara—both in
County Meath; St Laurence, HCE, Anna Livia are of County Dublin.
For anything I know, the "hagiographic triptych" is a stained-glass window in a "real" village church at Howth, Chapelizod or Eu (q.v.). I do know that the counties Wicklow, Dublin, Meath are contiguous, and their outlines make a very fair triptych. So the triptych is part of a church (doubtless erected by Masterbuilder Finnegan, q.v.; see also Lund) and part of landscape: the three easternmost counties of the Irish Republic, gradually lit by dawn.

Dawn (q.v.) is invoked and comes to Ireland. Dublin City and all the counties of Ireland then pray the sun to come too—Sleeper Awake! The sun does not come, not while the citizenry stands and waits, or runs in sudden panic to hide in the woods.

"The playwright who wrote the folio of this world...wrote it badly... gave us light first and the sun two days later..." In Book IV the playwright lets there be light or dawn or Anna Livia. Now it is she, when nothing else has worked, who makes a moving and beautiful plea to sun or husband to rise from his bed and return with her to the top of Howth (619.25–624.11), and then to come down with her into the Liffey valley (626.7). She is a dying woman, a river going out to sea. In her extremity she calls. He does not answer yes or no.

Anna Livia's swan (q.v.) song ends FW (619–628), is, I guess the soul of the poet going upon "a long last reach of glittering stream" out into the sea (q.v.) of death.

After the fashion of "The Dead" and Ulysses, the end of FW is elegantly rigged so that it can be read in a number of ways. The ending I like best is out-of-doors and like a fairytale: it is a dramatic monologue, spoken by a woman who climbs up a hill, walks along a river, drowns in the sea, and all the while she speaks to a giant male figure that walks, silent, beside her.

Or else she walks out alone, monologue interior. Or she is in her bed—waking, dreaming, dying—monologue dramatic or interior, while her husband lies beside her—or does not.

"Rise up, man of the hoothes, you have slept so long!" Dreadful enough to think he says nothing. Intolerable to think he may not respond at all to her splendid rhetoric as it increases in intensity and distress. But we have seen long ago, in the first section of FW, that Tim Finnegan does not rise up for an old wife. Every reader will have to answer for himself the question: Is rhetoric relevant in the resurrection game?

Molly Bloom can say "yes" and Anna Livia "Finn, again! Take." But the sun—will he rise? Like Ulysses, Book IV leaves the reader static, paralyzed, stuck fast, mired in the mystery of the male will—"will" in its double sense of lust and volition.
On the first page of FW, it is plain—the Viconian cycle has obligingly cycled. We thought it would. On the first page Finnegans falls; and it follows, as the day the night, that Finnegans cannot fall unless he got up out of his bed at the end of Book IV or got up in any gap that may exist between printed letters on FW 628 and printed letters on FW 3. Therefore, if Book IV is the first half-circle of Book I, (or of Book I, section i), Finnegans does rise, and we can receive as true Joyce's dictum: "The Book of the Dead is also the Chapters of the Coming Forth by Day."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E U E</th>
<th>Δ SHAUN</th>
<th>□ SHEM</th>
<th>I ISSY</th>
<th>Δ ALP</th>
<th>OTHER</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| HCE   | Tim Finnegan | Males who fight each other at wake
        |         | Barrel | Candle | Miss Biddy O'Brien | Mrs Finnegan |
        |         | Bucket | Tool   |        |       |
        |         | = Tim's Hod |
        |         | St Thomas | St Laurence |        |       |
        |         | à Becket | O'Toole |        |       |
|       | Finn MacCool | Goll | Dermot of the love spots | Grania | Granny |
|       | (also called Fingal, White Head, White Hat) | | | young | |
|       |         | ?Oscar | Ossian |        |       |
|       |         | James | Macpherson |        |       |
| Howth (Head) = Fallen Finnegan's head = White Head or Finn MacCool
Exiled feet in the Phoenix Park = HCE or Everyman up and doing | Left bank of Liffey | Right bank of Liffey | Chapelizod and Lucan | River Liffey Anna Liffey | HCE as Finnegan built Dublin City and is Dublin City insofar as a maker is who he makes
4 = 4 provinces of Ireland: Ulster, Munster, Leinster, Connaught
The ass = Meath, the "missing" 5th province | 4, 12 also at wake
Kate? Man Servant?
Miss Biddy = St Bridget
Mrs Finnegan is the Hen
See Henry II below | Kate may be Finn's other wives
See Dermot MacMurrough below
12 = Fianna and/or Clan MacMorna |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Humphrey Chimden Earwicker</th>
<th>Shaun the Post</th>
<th>Shem the Penman</th>
<th>Issy Isabel</th>
<th>Anna Livia Plurabelle ALP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>also called HCE, Here Comes Everybody, Good Duke Humphrey, Humpty-Dumpty, Persse O'Reilly, Mr Porter (identified with Vico via &quot;wicker&quot;)</td>
<td>John</td>
<td>James</td>
<td>Jim</td>
<td>Homer</td>
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<tr>
<th>Honuphrius</th>
<th>Eugenius</th>
<th>Jeremias</th>
<th>Felicia</th>
<th>Anita</th>
<th>Etc.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adam Kadmon divine-and-human father-and-builder God-and-or Adam To build is to fall To fall is to be interred in the landscape as Howth Adam exiled is identical with H.C. Earwicker, up and walking about as the feet in the Phoenix Park</td>
<td>Angel</td>
<td>Devil</td>
<td>Nick</td>
<td>Satan</td>
<td>young Eve water and earth whiskey Nature</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Mick</td>
<td>Nick</td>
<td>Satan</td>
<td>Races of Man The made and the maker's tools</td>
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<td></td>
<td>St Michael</td>
<td>Satan</td>
<td>Abel (butcher)</td>
<td>Cain (baker)</td>
<td>Adam's daughter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Noah and all culture heroes who teach making of strong drink or racial inequality</td>
<td>Japheth</td>
<td>Shem Ham Sham (Semitic, Negroes)</td>
<td>Rainbow (7 girls)</td>
<td>Mrs Noah Ark as Moon?</td>
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<td></td>
<td>(Aryan)</td>
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<td>Mrs Noah is the Hen</td>
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<td>Deucalion</td>
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<td>Bacchus</td>
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<td>St Patrick</td>
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<td>John Jameson</td>
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<td>Arthur Guinness and Sons</td>
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<td>Abraham</td>
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<td>Isaac</td>
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<td>Esau (butcher)</td>
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<td>Jacob (baker)</td>
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<td>Rachel and Leah</td>
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<td>Rebecca</td>
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<td>Jacob = James</td>
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<td>Sarah old</td>
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<td>Kate = Hagar Sarah Bridge is where the Liffey meets the tide</td>
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<td>Solomon</td>
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<td>Whale</td>
<td>Jonah</td>
<td>Daughters</td>
<td>Mrs Lot</td>
<td>Susanna</td>
<td>4 = Elders</td>
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<td>Lot</td>
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<td>Daughters</td>
<td>Mrs Lot</td>
<td>Susanna</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boaz</td>
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<td>Daughters</td>
<td>Mrs Lot</td>
<td>Susanna</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Jonathan
Butt
Jones
David
Taff
Smith

God the Father
God the Son
Gabriel
Holy Ghost
Virgin Mary
Mother Mary
Joseph?
12 = Apostles
4 = Evangelists

Judas
Satan

Martha and
Mary

Magdalen
(Maggies)
Maggies = Proust's
tea-cake

St Peter
St Paul
As rock of the Church,
Peter and Patrick are
identical and = HCE

Daedalus (identical
with all master-
builders, including
Finnegan, Adam
Kadmon)
Icarus
Perdix
Relation to Dublin
Dedalus family is
dedalian
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>HCE</th>
<th>SHAUN</th>
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<th>ISSY</th>
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<th>OTHER</th>
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<tr>
<td>Masterbuilder Solness (sun asleep, interred in the night landscape)</td>
<td></td>
<td>younger males</td>
<td></td>
<td>Hilda</td>
<td>Aline</td>
<td>Solness is identical with Shakespeare, Daedalus, Ibsen, James Joyce, Finnegnan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ulysses</td>
<td></td>
<td>Antinous Mercury (see below)</td>
<td>Telemachus</td>
<td>Nausicaa</td>
<td>Penelope</td>
<td>Kate = Calypso Ulysses built Lisbon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leopold Bloom, ?Simon Dedalus (John Joyce—see Jameson above)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mulligan Boylan</td>
<td>Stephen Dedalus</td>
<td>Milly Bloom Gerty MacDowell</td>
<td>Molly Bloom Mary Dedalus</td>
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<td>?James Joyce</td>
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<td>?Giorgio Joyce Stanislaus Joyce</td>
<td>James Joyce young</td>
<td>Lucia Joyce</td>
<td>Nora Joyce</td>
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<tr>
<td>St Patrick</td>
<td></td>
<td>Patrick as holy youth of the <em>Tripartite Life</em></td>
<td>Patrick as slave of Irish, persecuted by them—of the <em>Confession</em></td>
<td>St Bridget (Brigid) Lupita</td>
<td>Concessa</td>
<td>As founder of Irish church, as culture hero (see Noah above) Patrick-as-stranger-persecuted is identical with Parnell The 12 = wolves who tear him up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Archdruid Berkeley</td>
<td>Patrick winning Ireland</td>
<td>Ireland as 7 rainbow girls</td>
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<td>Mutt &amp; Jute</td>
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<td>Browne (Bruno) &amp; Nolan</td>
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<td>Primas &amp; Caddy</td>
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<tr>
<td>St Kevin</td>
<td>Jeremiah (Jerry, Ass) Dolph</td>
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<td>Is Kevin sometimes opposed to Patrick?</td>
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<td>Peter Sawyer and all founders of cities</td>
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<td>Olaf the White (i.e., Humphrey the Finn)</td>
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<td>Sitric</td>
<td>Brodhar</td>
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<td>Brian Boru (Clontarf)</td>
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<td>Roderick O'Connor (and all ruined kings like Lear, Parnell, Falstaff)</td>
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<td>Strongbow and all Anglo-Norman invaders</td>
<td>Dermot MacMurrough</td>
<td>Eve MacMurrough</td>
<td>?Gormflaith</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sir Amory Tristram (St Lawrence family of Howth)</td>
<td>Ireland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mark of Cornwall</td>
<td>Tristan of Lyonnesse</td>
<td>2 Isoldes</td>
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<td>4 = Barons = Elders</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Arthur</td>
<td>?Mordred Lancelot</td>
<td>Guinevere</td>
<td></td>
<td>?Merlin</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arthur, Duke of Wellington</td>
<td>Napoleon (Lipoleums)</td>
<td>Jennies</td>
<td>Wife</td>
<td>Maybe the Duke's wife is Kate the goddess of battles</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jarl van Hoother (Earl of Howth)</td>
<td>Jiminies</td>
<td>?Dummy</td>
<td>Grace O'Malley Prankquean</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry II</td>
<td>Pope Adrian IV and Bull Laudabiliter</td>
<td>Males of Ireland Old Catholics</td>
<td>Females of Ireland</td>
<td>Henry II is identical with Henry VIII and Cromwell (see below) (see above, Becket and O'Toole)</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mookse</td>
<td>Gripe</td>
<td>Nuvoletta</td>
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<td>?2 Washer-women</td>
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<tr>
<td>Earwig</td>
<td>Ondt</td>
<td>Aesop Gracehoper</td>
<td>Insect girls</td>
<td>Mookse and Ondt are mostly Wyndham Lewis</td>
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<td>Dives</td>
<td>Lazarus</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| ?Antony | Burrus (Brutus) | Caseous (Cassius) | Margarine (Cleopatra) | HCE is all Roman emperors  
See *Inferno*, XXXIV |
| Julius Caesar | Lewis Carroll | Alice in Wonderland (Miranda) and her mirror image Isa Bowman | | |
| | Swift as Dean and Dane | Swift as Draper | 2 Esthers | |
| Henry VIII | As lady-killer | Anne Boleyn and other wives as slaughtered cattle | As HCE, looses reformation on Ireland  
As Shaun, kills females | |
| Cromwell | | | Looses Puritanism on Ireland | |
| ?Papacy | | Infant Elizabeth  
Elizabeth old and young as revolutionary  
= Betsy Ross, Elizabeth Gunning, Maud Gonne, etc. | Anna Livia and Issy = all the English queens—Annes, Elizabeths, Marys, Victorias, old and young | |
<p>| Russian General | Buckley | | See Butt and Taff, Berkeley, Falstaff | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| William I | Harold | | | | All King Williams; Cromwell's family name was Williams |
| William III | | Mary | | | |
| William Gladstone | Healy (Hound) Irish and English clergy | Parnell (persecuted) Pigott | | Ireland Fallen girls Mrs O'Shea | As Chuff (Chief) = Parnell as white-haired boy |
| Parnell as dying god, Irish Moses, ruined king like Roderick O'Connor, Lear | | | | | 12 = wolves |
| William Grace | | | | | |
| Michael Gunn | | and his troupe at Gaiety Theatre | | | = King's Men, Queen's Men, Evergreen Touring Co. |
| William Shakespeare | Mr W. H. | Hamnet Shakespeare | Susanna Judith Elizabeth | Anne Hathaway ?Dark Lady | = King William (above) = Masterbuilder, Daedalus = HCE as Inn-Theatre-Globe-Keeper |</p>
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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Bacon</th>
<th>?Elizabeth</th>
<th>Hen</th>
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<tr>
<td>King Hamlet (ghost)</td>
<td>Claudius</td>
<td>Prince Hamlet</td>
<td>Ophelia</td>
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<td>Falstaff</td>
<td>Prince Hal</td>
<td>Anne Page</td>
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<td>Richard III</td>
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<td>And all Shakespeare's English kings</td>
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<td>Othello</td>
<td>Iago</td>
<td>Desdemona</td>
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<td>Macduff</td>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>Romeo</td>
<td>Juliet</td>
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<td>Posthumus</td>
<td>Imogen</td>
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<td>Prospero</td>
<td>Ferdinand</td>
<td>Caliban (may be Man Servant)</td>
<td>Miranda</td>
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<td>Oscar Wilde</td>
<td>Alfred Douglas</td>
<td>Shakespeare's young boy-girl girl-boy &quot;heroines&quot; make a transvestite theme with Wilde's &quot;boys&quot;</td>
<td>Speranza</td>
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<td>Adonis (and all hanged</td>
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<td>gods—Tammuz, Fisher</td>
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<td>King</td>
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<td>Lear (and all ruined</td>
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<td>kings)</td>
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<td>Lir (sea, all sea-gods</td>
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<td>—Neptune, Poseidon,</td>
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<td>Triton, Ocean)</td>
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<td>Zeus (and all sky,</td>
<td>Hermes</td>
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<td>thunder-gods)</td>
<td>Mercury</td>
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<td>Zeus-as-Swan, etc., or</td>
<td>Castor and Pollux</td>
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<td>Leda and all</td>
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<td>Maker mating with</td>
<td>(Gemini)</td>
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<td>Zeus’ women</td>
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<td>Cronos</td>
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</tbody>
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HCE

WHAT IS WHO WHEN everybody IS SOMEBODY ELSE
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Space</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Space</th>
<th>Timothy and Time much played on The twins may argue time-space not be it</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dagda</td>
<td>?Angus</td>
<td>Brigid</td>
<td>Dana</td>
<td>Brigid = St Bridget, Biddy O’Brien, Brinabride (Aphrodite, Venice)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pluto</td>
<td></td>
<td>Proserpine</td>
<td>Demeter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hephaestus</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thor, Thon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Odin</td>
<td>Balder ←→ Loki</td>
<td></td>
<td>Frigga</td>
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<tr>
<td>Osiris and all dismembered gods</td>
<td>Horus, Kersse the Tailor</td>
<td>Set, Norwegian Captain</td>
<td>Isis ←→ Mut</td>
<td>Who is the Ship’s Husband?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amen</td>
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<tr>
<td>Atom</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hindu Trinity</td>
<td>Krishna</td>
<td></td>
<td>cow-girls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buddha</td>
<td>←→ Billy Budd (Butt)</td>
<td>?Claggert Devils that tempted Buddha</td>
<td></td>
<td>Shaun = all saintly youths who don’t care for girls</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>EEEHCE</td>
<td>Λ SHAUN</td>
<td>□ SHEM</td>
<td>Ι ISSY</td>
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<td>--------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mohammed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fish (especially salmon, is in all <em>Finn</em>)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Planet Mercury</td>
<td>?Night Sun</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sea, Mountains</td>
<td></td>
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