

Finnegans Wake

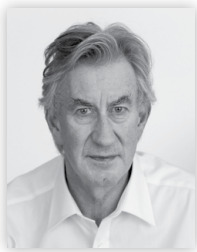
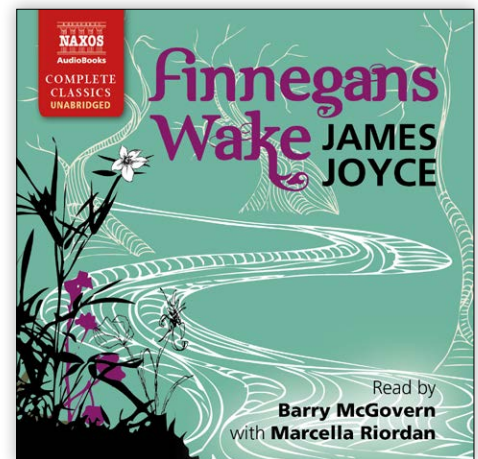
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Read by **Barry McGovern**
with **Marcella Riordan**

'Riverrun past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs...' So starts *Finnegans Wake*, the greatest challenge in 20th-century literature. Who is Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker? And what did he get up to in Phoenix Park? And what did Anna Livia Plurabelle have to say about it? In the rich nighttime and the language of dreams, here are history, anecdote, myth, folk tale and, above all, a wondrous sense of humour, coloured by a clear sense of humanity. In this exceptional reading by the Irish actor Barry McGovern, with Marcella Riordan, the world of the Wake is more accessible than ever before.



Barry McGovern is a Dubliner. He was born in Eccles Street, graduated with a B.A. from University College Dublin and lives in Chapelizod. He played Stephen Dedalus in the Abbey Theatre's production of Hugh Leonard's *Stephen D.* and Buck Mulligan in Anthony Burgess's *Blooms of Dublin*. TV appearances include *Game of Thrones*, *Vikings* and *Foundation*, and among his many films are *Joe Versus the Volcano*, *Far and Away*, *Citizen Lane* and *Wild Mountain Thyme*. He is perhaps best known for his appearances in the work of Samuel Beckett. His two one-man Beckett shows *I'll Go On* and *Watt* have played worldwide and he played Vladimir in the Beckett-on-Film *Waiting for Godot*.



Marcella Riordan began her career at The Abbey School in Dublin and has worked in theatres all over Ireland and the UK, including Druid Theatre and Lyric (Belfast). She has worked extensively on BBC Radio and RTÉ. Her previous work on James Joyce text includes playing Gerty McDowell in Anthony Burgess's *Blooms of Dublin* (BBC/RTÉ), Zoe in *Ulysses* (RTÉ) and Molly Bloom for Naxos AudioBooks's recording of *Ulysses*. She was awarded Best Actress for her portrayal of Nancy in the BBC Radio play *The Old Jest*. Her film and TV work includes playing the lead role in *The Long March*, a BBC play about the deaths of 10 Republican prisoners on hunger strike.



Roger Marsh is a composer and former Professor of Music at the University of York. His music has been performed, broadcast and recorded worldwide. In 1995 he abridged *Ulysses* and produced it for Naxos AudioBooks, and then went on to produce all of Joyce's major novels, as well as Dante's *Divine Comedy*, also for Naxos. He currently lives in the south of France, where he continues to write and compose.

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Book 1

1 [The fall]

- 1 'riverrun, past Eve and Adam's...'

16:10

The scene is set and the themes of history, the fall, the twin brothers and 'Bygmester Finnegan' set out. We hear the first of the hundred-letter 'thunder words'. HCE has fallen ('Hic Cubat Edilis'), we have attended his wake, and now he lies like a giant hill beside his Liffeying wife (Apud Libertinam Parvulam).

- 2 'This the way to the museyroom.'

13:56

We enter the Wellington museum in Phoenix Park ('The Willingdone Museyroom'). The mistress Kathe is our guide. Leaving the museum we find the landscape transformed into an ancient battlefield, and encounter an old crone picking over the fragments of the fallen Humpty Humphrey.

- 3 'So This Is Dyoublong?'

14:36

Now we are introduced to the 'bluest book in baile's annals', a history compiled by Mammon Lujus (Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, who will reappear in various guises throughout the novel). The events of 566 and 1132 AD are recalled in 'the leaves of the living in the boke of the deeds'. A strange-looking foreigner appears over the horizon. It is a Jute. He converses with a suspicious native Irishman: Mutt. Mutt's exclamation 'Meldundleize!' is the first of many references to Isolde's final aria, the *Liebestod*, from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, which begins: 'Mild und leise...'

- 4 '(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook...'

17:10

We are brought back abruptly to the present and to consideration of books and the reliability of history. As an example we are presented with a threefold version of the tale of the 'Prankquean' (Grace O'Malley) who calls at the castle of Jarl van Hoother (The Earl of Howth) only to have the door slammed in her face. In retaliation she kidnaps van Hoother's son 'Tristopher' and makes away with him.

- 5 'Anam muck an dhoul! Did ye drink me doornail?'

14:54

The shout of 'Whiskey' (in Irish) stirs the sleeping giant (Mr Finnimore) who is encouraged to lie easy. The giant of history is to be replaced by a new hero – 'Humme the Cheapner, Esc' (HCE); one who was 'humile, commune and ensectuous' and who will be ultimately responsible for the 'hubbub caused in Edenborough'.

2 [HCE: his name and reputation]

- 6 'Now (to forebare for ever solittle...)'

25:20

How did Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker come by his outlandish name? One account places him as a gardener (Adam?), whose innocent answer to the king – 'aw war jist a cotchin on thon bluggy earwuggers' – may have led to his nickname. In any case the letters 'HCE', by which he has come to be known, have given rise to a number of questionable interpretations. And three drunken Welsh soldiers have started a rumour about HCE exposing himself to 'a pair of dainty maidservants in the swoolth of the rushy hollow'.

- 7 "'Twas two pisononse Timcoves...'

14:20

It was two poisonous tinkers, Treacle Tom and Frisky Shorty, who really started the gossip when they retold the tale to three down-and-outs, including Hosty, the busker and balladeer, who promptly set the whole story to music.

- 8 "'The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly"'

4:41

Hosty's ballad is fully notated by Joyce in A Major. Two puns here are particularly worth noting: (i) 'A Nation Once Again' was the old Republican anthem. (ii) The French for earwig is '*perce-oreille*'.

3 [His trial and incarceration]

- 9 'Chest Cee! 'Sdense! Corpo di barragio!'

27:14

That ballad let loose a barrage of poisonous reports – several of which are recorded here, in the form of testimonies at HCE's trial. '[H]is mild dewed cheek' refers to *Tristan und Isolde* again, but the 'tiny victorienne, Alys' is one of many references to Lewis Carroll who (like HCE) was a stutterer and (like Joyce) an inventor of fantastic dreamworlds and dream language.

- 10 'Thus the unfacts, did we possess them...'

24:35

A series of interviews ensues. We hear from 'three Tommies of the Coldstream Guards', from an actress, a dustman, a café owner and a 'girl detective' among others.

- 11 'But resuming inquiries.'

21:45

A final report concerns a 'huge chain envelope' (HCE)... 'subpencilled by yours A Laughable Party' (ALP). Anna's incriminating letter – discovered, as we shall hear later, by a hen pecking about on a rubbish dump – may have been the final nail in Earwicker's coffin. HCE himself kept a list 'of all abusive names he was called' and some of them are listed here.

- 12 'And thus, with this rochelly exetur of Bully Acre...' 2:56
The testimonies are complete and we can see HCE again as an ancient hero. 'Animadiabolum, mene credidisti mortuum' is dog Latin for: 'Soul of the devil do you think me dead?' (the last line of the ballad of Finnegan's Wake). HCE is reduced again to a slumbering mass.
- 4 [His demise and resurrection]**
- 13 'As the lion in our teargarten remembers the nenuphars of his Nile...' 14:32
What were the thoughts of HCE while facing that interrogation? It may be that he was plotting the formation of a whole new stratum of criminals. Meanwhile a coffin is prepared for him; an 'underground heaven, or mole's paradise'.
- 14 'Kate Strong, a widow (Tiptip!)...' 13:54
Old Widow Strong gives her testimony, picking over the events of the past. Then we are transported to the scene of the crime in Phoenix Park to gather new evidence.
- 15 'Nowthen, leaving clashing ash, brawn and muscle...' 18:08
We hear new accounts of the incident given as testimony by, among others, Festy King – 'haled up at the Old Bailey'. Interrogations follow until they explode into a hundred-letter expletive.
- 16 'Meirdreach an Oincuish! But a new complexion was put upon the matter...' 13:48
The differing testimonies of 'Pegger Festy' and 'Wet Pinter' introduce the theme of the twins, equal and opposite, Shem the Penman and Shaun the Postman. We also meet the four judges who will follow the case throughout the book.
- 17 'And so they went on, the fourbottle men...' 15:16
The judges discuss the case and argue amongst themselves. They take more evidence as the case makes headlines in newspapers around the world.
- 18 'Do tell us all about. As we want to hear allabout.' 6:35
Women are more interested in the story of ALP. Who was the girl in the case? And what about Buckley who claimed to have shot the Russian general while he was defecating? (Buckley and the Russian general becomes a running gag throughout the novel.)
- 5 [The Manifesto of ALP]**
- 19 'In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving...' 19:39
This is a lecture on the mysterious letter (or manifesto) written by Anna Livia. A study of the literature on the subject and of the remains of the letter itself is as confusing as a novel by James Joyce; but isn't a written text rather like a woman's clothing – 'full of local colour and personal perfume and suggestive, too, of so very much more'?
- 20 'About that original hen.' 9:19
Now we hear something of the history of the letter's discovery, and get a first glimpse of its contents ('Dear whom it proceded to mention Maggy well...'), which are fragmentary due to the decomposition of the paper during its burial in the dump.
- 21 'I am a worker, a tombstone mason, anxious to please...' 11:12
The professor's (Joyce's?) lecture is briefly interrupted by his less articulate brother (Shaun?) – 'We cannot say aye to aye. We cannot smile noes from noes'. Undeterred, the professor continues on the themes of watermarks, the relative unimportance of signatures and the potential in words to mislead. It has always been thus: 'So hath been, love: tis tis: and will be: till wears and tears and ages'.
- 22 'Now, kapnimancy and infusionism may both fit as tight as two trivets...' 22:50
We should be grateful to have this document (the letter) and 'cling to it as with drowning hands'. It is compared to the mediaeval Book of Kells, the precious illuminated manuscript which now resides under glass at Trinity College, Dublin, but which, like the letter, once lay hidden 'under a sod'. Our document shows no sign of any punctuation, but when held up to the light, reveals it has been punctured by a four-pronged instrument (a fork?). This makes it hard to read the fragmented texts, which also seem to have accrued a variety of foreign accents. Finally Shaun gives up his interruptions, and gives way to Shem – the Penman.
- 6 [A quiz and the fable of the Mookse and the Gripes]**
- 23 'So? Who do you no tonigh, lazy and gentleman?' 41:17
Now we are to be tested, through a set of 12 questions, on all the characters and themes so far encountered. The first question is 13 pages long, with a two-word answer!
- 24 '2. Does your mutter know your mike?' 12:38
Questions come more quickly now, about matters of family and the home. Question 4 is a multiple choice question about the four chief cities of Ireland (Belfast, Cork, Dublin and Galway: North, South, East and West: Ulster, Munster, Leinster, Connaught). The answer is in the dialect of those provinces, and these are henceforth to become the accents of the four judges.

25	‘10. What bitter’s love but yurning...’	14:54
	This question seems to be addressed by a rejected lover to the temptress Isolde (Iseult, Isobel...), and the answer is a lengthy monologue, which in many ways looks forward to the reminiscences of Anna at the very close of the book.	
26	‘11. If you met on the binge a poor acheseyeld from Ailing...’	9:23
	A question in the form of a schoolboy rhyme is answered by the professor first in rather scholarly terms. Since his pupils appear not to follow, he begins again with a fable.	
27	‘The Mookse and The Gripes.’	12:22
	Translated, we are told, from the Javanese, this slice of <i>Alice in Wonderland</i> (‘The Mock Turtle and the Gryphon’) is at the same time a bit of Irish history. The Mookse is both Pope Adrian IV (an Englishman) and King Henry II, while the Gripes is Lawrence O’Toole, Bishop of Dublin at the time of Henry’s invasion of Ireland in 1171 AD.	
28	‘Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen shimmers...’	10:21
	Suddenly Nuvoletta (Alice, or Isobel in HCE’s pub?) is looking down over the bannisters at the squabbles of the Mookse and the Gripes below. ‘I see, she sighed. There are menner.’ Then dusk falls, leaving only an elm tree and a stone. Nuvoletta’s ‘lightdress fluttered’ and ‘[s]he was gone’. The professor resumes his lecture.	
29	‘My heeders will recoil with a great leisure...’	20:30
	An argument is developed concerning butter and cheese, the brothers Burrus and Caseous (Brutus and Cassius; Shaun and Shem) and the ‘cowrymaid’ Margareen, who is ‘very fond of Burrus’ but also ‘velly fond of chee’. Which leaves only the final question: ‘Sacer esto?’ (‘Shall be accursed?’) Answer: ‘Semus sumus!’ (‘We are Shem!’)	
7 [Shem the penman]		
30	‘Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob.’	15:24
	Shem (Joyce) is described in unflattering terms by his brother Shaun. He is a low sham who trots out ‘the whole lifelong swrine story of his entire low cornaille existence’ with tales of ‘Mr Humhum’ (Earwicker).	
31	‘One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by a heavy downpour)...’	12:15
	One stormy night he was chased by a mob, and instead of standing to fight he ‘stank out of sight’, retiring to the safety of his ‘inkbattle house’. That’s how low he was.	
32	‘What, para Saom Plaom, in the names of Deucalion and Pyrrha...’	14:40
	There he wrote his ‘usylesly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles’ (<i>Ulysses</i>). He sang too, ‘infinitely better than Baraton McGlucklin’ (John McCormack). (In 1902 and again in 1904 Joyce appeared on the same concert platform as McCormack.)	
33	‘Of course our low hero was a self valeter by choice of need...’	10:10
	He cooked for himself all kinds of eggs and was self sufficient until ‘the pulpic dictators... boycotted him of all mutton-suet candles and romeruled stationery’ and he was forced to flee ‘across the kathartic ocean’ to make his own ink and paper.	
34	‘JUSTIUS (to himother): Brawn is my name and broad is my nature...’	21:02
	Now JUSTIUS (Shaun) addresses Shem directly. There is real venom in his hatred. Shem is simply mad. In reply, Shem (MERCIOUS) points out that they are both sons of the same mother. Gradually he seems to lose his identity altogether in the chattering waters of that mother, ‘gossipaceous Anna Livia’.	
8 [The Washers at the Ford]		
35	‘O tell me all about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia.’	13:28
	Two washerwomen gossip about Anna as they pound their washing in the Liffey. Their conversation is peppered with references to the world’s rivers: ‘the mouldaw stains’, ‘the dneepers of wet’, ‘the gangres of sin in it’.	
36	‘And what was the wyerye rima she made!’	17:02
	Somehow the contents of Anna’s letter are partly known – though it reads rather differently from the one we encounter elsewhere. They go on to discuss the incident with HCE as it was reported in the papers. How did ALP respond to that?	
37	‘First she let her hair fal and down it flussed to her feet...’	18:25
	She bathed and got dressed and set off like Santa Claus with a sack over her shoulder, to deliver presents (bribes?) to one and all.	
38	‘Well, you know or don’t you kennet or haven’t I told you...’	10:00
	As they chatter, the story disintegrates and night begins to fall. The two women turn to tree and stone (‘My foos won’t moos’: ‘I can’t move my feet’). This is the passage famously recorded by Joyce himself.	

Book 2

1 [The Children's Hour]

- 39 'Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp...' 18:47
At the Phoenix Playhouse, nightly, plays 'The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies'. First the cast list is announced, then the rest of the production team and finally the plot summarised. It is a play about 'Chuff' and 'Glugg' – two brothers – a girl (Izod) and twenty-eight 'delightful' girls (the Floras) from St Bride's Finishing Establishment. All the girls love Chuff, but only his mother loves Glugg; the girls tease him mercilessly: 'Ni, he make peace in his preachings and play with esteem'.
- 40 'Yet, ah tears, who can her mater be?' 14:56
As the flower maidens chase Glugg away, only Isa (Izod) remains – 'a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming' –, sad that Glugg has rejected her attentions. The girls ('the ingelles') return and dance a circular dance round Chuff; first clockwise ('RAINBOW') then in reverse: Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Glugg meanwhile is enraged, and vows to take up writing, amongst other things, the chapters of *Ulysses*.
- 41 'Tholedoth, treetrene! Zokrahsing, stone!' 13:24
He reflects upon his family history; once affluent now fallen on hard times. When is a hovel not a hovel? When it is home. Meanwhile the girls offer Chuff a hymn and a prayer.
- 42 'A pause. Their orison arises misquewhite as Osman glory...' 15:09
Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! They sing an ode of praise to Chuff – 'dear sweet Stainusless' – while brother Glugg lies 'foulend up' and 'laid in his grave'.
- 43 'But low, boys low, he rises...' 19:09
Glugg confesses and swears to reform. Lies have been told about him and he would put the record straight. The moon is rising and the children must go home.
- 44 'But heed! Our thirty minutes war's allull.' 18:22
All is quiet, but as they trudge home the feud continues. The rivalry between Glugg and Chuff is now focussed on Izod (Icy-la Belle), and which of the brothers will win her.
- 45 'And each was wrought with his other.' 20:32
Glugg has failed. The producer (Mr Giambattista Vico) has left him asleep and now the show is over and all can return home. The curtain falls. Applause. A final prayer: 'Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughters low!'

2 [The Study Period]

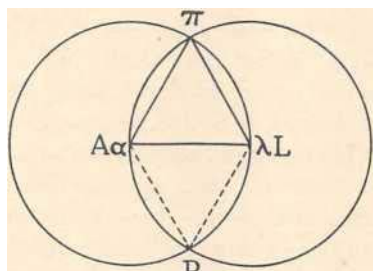
This chapter is presented as a written lecture, with indicative 'subtitles' in the right-hand margin, schoolboy comments in the left-hand margin, and footnotes at the bottom of the page. The margin notes are those of the twins (here called Kev and Dolph), and the footnotes those of their sister Izzy.

- 46 'UNDE ET UBI.' 17:27
'As we there are where are we are we there...' begins a discussion of creation; how from the womb of woman proceeded all great men through history. But in the present we find ourselves at the inn (HCE's tavern) where upstairs in the nursery the twins and their sister are at study.
- 47 'PREAUSTERIC MAN AND HIS PURSUIT OF PAN-HYSTERIC WOMAN.' 14:31
Here in the study with 'memories framed from walls', we consider the nature of primitive lust ('urges and widerurges'). The twins will fight about some arithmetic, while their sister will occupy herself with more feminine pursuits. History teaches us about the close connection between war and sex. It all goes back to Adam and Eve ('Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra to chatters').
- 48 'PANOPTICAL PURVIEW OF POLITICAL PROGRESS AND THE FUTURE PRESENTATION OF THE PAST.' 15:36
'Stop doting on the dung pile of the past. The new has shunted the old...' 'Grumbledum' has fallen from his wall and 'Hanah Levy' (Anna Livia) is delivering her spoils. Who knows what tomorrow will bring? The same anew?
- 49 'INCIPIIT INTERMISSIO.' 12:03
In a break from study a rumination on the importance of letter writing and a hint of *the* letter which we will hear more about later: 'Dear (name of desired subject, A.N.), well, and I go on to'. 'Shlicksher' = 'she licks her (pencil)'. A long melancholic footnote from Izzy seems to be addressed to her teacher.
- 50 'ANTITHESIS OF AMBIDUAL ANTICIPATION. [P.T.L.O.A.T.O.]' 10:41
Dolph and Kev return to their arithmetic. Kev has names for his fingers and is fond of his 'four lovedroyd curdinals'; he is always reciting them in different ways, and gives examples. If all this becomes too hard 'to be comprehended', then 'p.t.l.o.a.t.o' (please to lick one and turn over).

- 51 'HYPOTHESES OF COMMONEST EXPERIENCES BEFORE APOTHEOSIS OF THE LUSTRAL PRINCIPIUM.' 20:10

Turning now to geometry, Kev needs a hand from Dolph, starting with an equilateral triangle, which is the symbol of Woman. Dolph is introducing Kev to the secrets of sex, but his flow is abruptly interrupted by the professor – in Latin to begin with – and a long digression about the boy's scurrilous past and the injustices suffered by women.

- 52 'WHY MY AS LIKEWISE WHIS HIS.' 17:37



Meanwhile Kev has been dozing. Now he wakes with a start: 'Coss? Cossist? Your parn!' In front of him is a diagram of the philosopher's stone made from the equilateral triangle A-L-P, inverted and encircled, as Dolph explains. It resembles a woman's body, and by lifting the apron below... Kevin is shocked: 'you'll be dampned, so you will, one of these invernal days but you will be, carrotty!'

- 53 'SICK US A SOCK WITH SOME SEDIMENT IN IT FOR THE SAKE OF OUR DARNING WIVES.' 15:08

More on the rivalry and the differences between the two brothers. Kevin may not be a writer like Dolph, but if he wrote to a fine lady he could write as well as 'that moultylousy Erewhig'. Instead he resorts to punching his brother, who seems not to mind despite his black eye.

- 54 'ENTER THE COP AND HOW. SECURES GUBERNANT URBIS TERRORUM.' 7:46

The study period is over – 'We've had our day at triv and quad' – apart from a long list of titles for further study, followed by the numbers one to ten in Gaelic, symbolising the ten emanations of the Kabbalah. And then a 'Nightletter' (or Christmas card?) from the children to their 'Pep and Memmy' below.

3 [In HCE's Pub: The Mullingar]

- 55 'It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinneses but.' 17:45

Pubgoers everywhere, 'ruric or cospolite', discuss the cycle of life: it is constantly 'indispute'. HCE's customers have donated a radio – a 'high fidelity daiddialler' – which is on in the background and occasionally comes to the fore. The publican is at the centre of most of the brawls and stories in the bar, including the tale of a Norwegian sea captain and his quest to find a tailor to make him a suit.

- 56 'Burniface, shiply efter, shoply after, at an angle of lag...' 15:16

The same Norwegian captain has returned again to the pub. Burniface (HCE) shoots a glance at three tailors drinking at the bar, and draws them into the conversation about the suit, and the character of the captain and his travels.

- 57 'So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had it.' 11:38

After a pause, a new story told by 'Kersse' or 'Ashe Junior', who has been at the races, becomes a heated brawl, until one of the tailors calls to them to sit down and shut up.

- 58 'Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage...' 24:35

On the radio, a weather forecast, a bit of news and some announcements. Then a story begun by 'the head marines talebearer' about the wandering sailor who is captured and enticed into marriage ('Cawcaught. Cooaged').

- 59 'Enterruption. Check or slowback. Dvershen.' 14:01

Now who comes in through this opening door? Kate, the housekeeper, brings a message from 'the missus' to HCE at the bar, that he should come up to bed. But he stays in the bar, and is called upon for another 'tale of a tublin', but his tale is not delivered quickly enough for his listeners.

- 60 'We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud Budderly boddily.' 11:48

The customers would rather listen to the popular radio show 'Butt and Taff'. This episode, written out like a play script, touches on Buckley shooting the Russian General (while he was defecating) at Sevastopol, but also the alleged misdemeanours of HCE in Phoenix Park, witnessed by three redcoats.

- 61 'Up to this curkscrew bind...' 22:56

A break from the show for a race report from *The Irish Race and World*. Then Taff calls on Butt to carry on with the story (which Goethe, Shakespeare and Dante well know), and Butt does so somewhat in the style of J.M. Synge.

- 62 'In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of transformed Tuff...' 18:31

Taff and Butt are briefly transformed into a televised Charge of the Light Brigade, before they return for the final episode and appear to merge into one.

- 63 'Shutmup. And bud did down well right.' 12:48
The customers call for the radio to be turned off, and they argue '[a]s to whom the major guiltfeather pertained'. The innkeeper agrees with them that perhaps all men are guilty, not least him. He has been reading such things in a book with woodcuts by Aubrey Beardsley. He returns to his till, while the company metaphorically take him apart.
- 64 'Group A. You have jest (a ham) beamed listening through (a ham pig)...' 23:00
With radio back on again, a presenter introduces a musical programme (spot the references), but the listeners appear to recognise in his voice the very sea captain they have been arguing about. They turn their attentions again to HCE demanding that he resume his story and account for himself. He does so, at length, confessing to his many crimes and prepared to take his punishment.
- 65 'Mask one. Mask two. Mask three. Mask four.' 17:41
The four judges (Matthew, Mark, Luke and John) – '[o]ur four avunculusts' from the four corners of Ireland – now step up to pass judgement, with the help of six jurors whose names and addresses are given. The famous letter provides some of the evidence. But the proceedings are interrupted by some rowdy singing from the 'Sockerson boy' and the lyrics of his song seem to implicate HCE further. HCE decides to call closing time, and send everyone out into the street, still singing.
- 66 'He shook be ashaped of hempshelves, hiding that shepe in his goat.' 20:59
From within, HCE can hear the crowd continuing to demand justice. Eventually he falls asleep, and it is to be hoped the sounds of fighting outside ('BENK', 'BINK', 'BUNK') are not disturbing his sleeping family.
- 67 'So you were saying, boys? Anyhow he what?' 7:08
Now identified with King Roderick O'Connor (the 'last king of all Ireland') HCE clears up the bar, drinking the dregs of stout and whiskey before 'he just slumped to throne'.
- 4 [Tristram and Iseult: HCE's dream]**
- 68 'Three quarks for Muster Mark!' 29:05
First the song of the gulls mocking King Mark in HCE's inebriated dream, whose bride Isolde will be making love to young Tristan (Tristy) aboard the ship carrying her from Ireland. The four old men (Matt Gregory, Marcus Lyons, Luke Tarpey and Johnny McDougal) are also there to witness their lovemaking, 'with their eyes glistening'. We hear their recollections, each in turn, which seem to echo HCE's own fall from grace.
- 69 'And still at that time of the dynast days of old konning Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart...' 18:35
The recollections and stories gradually return us to Isolde ('Iseult la Belle': 'Lizzy my love') and the dream ends with a paean of praise delivered by the four old men in their four regional accents, after which '[t]he way is free' for Shaun and Shem ('johnajams') in the following chapters.
- Book 3**
- 1 [Shaun before the people]**
- 70 'Hark! Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.' 13:23
The bells toll as HCE and ALP lie asleep in their bed. As if in dream, the figure of Shaun (Shaun the Post) is called up by the people, and he appears.
- 71 'His handpalm lifted, his handshell cupped, his handsign pointed...' 19:42
Shaun addresses the people and is cross-examined by them. It was Shaun who delivered the fateful letter. Who gave it to him? Of course Shaun was just doing his job. Though a 'mailman of peace' he is unworthy of bearing important messages – that should perhaps be better done by his brother.
- 72 'So vi et! we responded. Song! Shaun, song!' 13:20
Shaun declines to sing, but instead relates the fable of 'The Ondt and the Gracehopper'. In this fable the Gracehopper represents Shem (James) and the Ondt represents Shaun (Stanislaus). The Gracehopper wastes his time on art and literature, while the Ondt is 'sair sair sullemn and chairmanlooking'. But the Gracehopper eats himself out of house and home and it is the Ondt who ends up in the ascendant, with riches and fine food. He recites a poem about it, and rounds it off with the sign of the cross.
- 73 'Now? How good you are in explosion!' 17:09
The people applaud Shaun's fable and ask if he is able to interpret the 'shemletters'. Shaun is dismissive – 'It is a pinch of scribble, not wortha bottle of cabbis'. His celebrated brother should be placed in irons. 'Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the silbils and wholly words... How's that for Shemese?'
- 74 'Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy...' 10:53
Surely Shaun could do better than his brother? It is an 'openear secret' what an ingenious clerk he is. In his anger Shaun breaks down, keels over and, like a huge barrel, rolls away out of earshot and vanishes.

2 [Jaun and the girls]

- 75 'Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware...' 28:50
Out on a nighttime walk Jaun encounters twenty-nine girls from St Bride's 'national nightschool'. Having flirted with them a bit, he realises that one of them is his sister Izzy and his tone changes. He begins a lengthy sermon passing on advice about how they should conduct themselves.
- 76 'Poof! There's puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all abound me breadth!' 17:46
After a pause for breath, Jaun continues, addressing his remarks directly to Izzy. If any 'lapwhelp' should try it on with her, he'll have Jaun to answer to. On the other hand if he found her up to no good, he would dish out punishment himself.
- 77 'Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o'er see, a nuncio would I return here.' 20:32
If he were overseas he would be thinking of her. His tone is now more like that of a lover, with Izzy as his confidante.
- 78 'Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the wholeabuelish business!' 13:58
His time is coming to an end; he wouldn't want anyone to miss or fight over him when he is gone. He signs off 'Ann Posht the Shorn', and then lets out a 'hearty stenorious laugh'. He wheels round and resumes with more advice: they should pray ('Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us!') and value good home cooking, including 'kates and eaps and naboc' (steak, peas and bacon) and other teasingly concealed ingredients. He takes his leave.
- 79 'Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy.' 12:21
Izzy replies, giving Shaun a parting gift of notepaper to bear with him 'till life's e'en', to remind him of her whenever he uses it. She will have other lovers but will wait for him. She ends with a prayer: 'ah ah ah ah...'
- 80 'MEN! Jaun responded fullchantedly...' 22:52
Jaun must depart, but coming in his place will be 'Dave the Dancekerl', a new hero. Jaun welcomes him and introduces him to the assembled, then Jaun must take his leave. One, two, three and then 'watch my smoke'.
- 81 'After poor Jaun the Boast's last fireless words of postludium...' 11:18
The girls leap forward to offer him their assistance should he leap or fall, and call after him as he disappears with a wailing lament. Then curiously Jaun waved his hand across the sea, his hat 'blew off in a loveblast' and he was 'quickly lost to sight'.

3 [Interrogation of Yawn]

- 82 'Longly, lowly, a wail went forth. Pure Yawn lay low.' 20:15
Jaun or Shaun is now called Yawn, and he lies asleep in a heap upon a hillside. Up the hill climb the four old men, now called senators, who question him at length. They want to understand what he knows about the crimes that may have been committed by HCE, but his answers are evasive.
- 83 'Ouer Tad, Hellig Babbau, whom certayn orbits assertant...' 16:26
Our father, says Yawn, by him it was done, by me it was continued and it will live on; but he could be all your fathers. The judges turn to the question of the twins and whether it was Shem or Shaun who wrote the document dug up by the hen. Yawn answers as though English is not his first language: 'are you sprakin sea Djoytsch?'
- 84 'I'm thinking to, thogged be thenked!' 14:13
Pressed on his relationship with his brother, Shaun tries to explain Bruno of Nola's theory regarding the confluence of opposites. The judges bring him back to more specific matters, such as the alleged incident in the park.
- 85 'Capilla, Rubrilla and Melcamomilla! Dauby, dauby without dulay!' 13:33
Here the voice of Anna Livia appears, to deny her part in the incident, and she becomes the new focus of the investigation. The judges are not inclined to accept her account. They turn to other witnesses.
- 86 'Arra irrara hirrara man, weren't they arriving in clansdestinies...' 12:19
The new informants describe the scores of historical figures arriving for Finnegan's (HCE's) Wake. Then spirit voices from the beyond broadcast a confusing battle scene, which threatens to theatricalise events.
- 87 'Well. The isles is Thymes. The ales is Penzance.' 14:30
But the judges bring the trial back to reality and continue with their questioning to determine the actual scene of the crime. They turn their attentions to evidence concerning one 'Toucher Thom'.
- 88 'Now, just wash and brush up your memoirias a little bit.' 19:23
Was Thom a peeper, and was he also known as 'Shivering William'? Were there two girls involved, called P and Q? And was there also a ball or a wake that night at the Tailor's Hall? Or at 'Finn's Hotel'? Or at some other hostelry?
- 89 'Faith, then, Meesta Cheeryman...' 18:18
One of the witnesses describes the battle that erupted at the wake, and how it went on night after night. His story is not believed, and he claims it was told to him by a friend called Tarpey. He begins to speak in other voices, including that of the girl detective encountered earlier in the book.

90	‘Pro general continuation and in particular explication...’	13:27
	Testimony now comes from Treacle Tom, whose evidence concerning himself and Frisky Shorty is, quite literally, ‘fishy’, and implicates Izzy, who now gives evidence in the form of an internal monologue.	
91	‘Eusapia! Fais-le, tout tait! Languishing hysteria?’	10:56
	Who was that? Alice through the looking glass or Alice ‘in jumboland’? Some crackling of radio waves brings forward the ‘bright young chaps of the brandnew braintrust’ to take over the questioning. They want to hear more about the three soldiers and they want to interview Kate (Kitty the Beads), until a halt is called and HCE himself steps up again to testify.	
92	‘Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil!’	24:18
	HCE is a ‘cleanliving man’ with a wife and children; he would do nothing to jeopardise that. The whole thing is a libel. A story worthy of Dante, Goethe or Shakespeare. His testimony is interrupted by an advertisement: ‘Visit Drumcollogher!’	
93	‘Things are not as they were. Let me briefly survey.’	20:45
	As he regales the judges with his exploits throughout Irish history, he is constantly interrupted by more advertisements (for rooms to rent).	
94	‘But I was firm with her. And I did take the reached of my delights...’	21:00
	His wife was always faithful to him, and he treated her well, his ‘little ana countrymouse’. He taught her to read, and built a garden for her (‘with a magicscene wall’) and brewed for his ‘alpine plurabelle’. Bear witness Matthew, Mark, Luke and John!	
4 [HCE and ALP – their bed of trial]		
95	‘What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let sleepth’	16:29
	Dawn is approaching and the dream is almost over. While Isobel, his daughter, lies sleeping upstairs, HCE (Watchman Havelook) moves around downstairs collecting the empties. Kate the Slop, thinking she hears a knock, comes downstairs and catches him naked ‘in his honeymoon trim... with the clookey in his fistball’. The scene then moves to the bedroom where husband and wife are ‘in their bed of trial’. The scene is described as in a playscript.	
96	‘Tell me something. The Porters, so to speak...’	17:33
	We discover that, in fact, they are called Mr and Mrs Porter. In two rooms upstairs are their children – daughter Buttercup and the two twin boys asleep in one bed. On ‘heartsleeveside’ is Frank Kevin, and on ‘codliverside’ is Jerry, who has been crying in his sleep. Now we see another view of the Porters in bed, but this time the male form seems to obscure the female. Our view of his buttocks is compared to a map of Phoenix Park. Thunder is heard and Mrs Porter goes upstairs to comfort the crying Jerry.	
97	‘In the sleepingchambers. The court to go into half morning.’	19:55
	Confusingly, the four ‘senators’ are there to witness the scene, anticipating action of some sort; a great Dublin festival or just a bit of conjugal lovemaking. Mr Porter is ready for it, but must first follow his wife up to check on the children.	
98	‘Let us consider. The procurator Interrogarius Mealterum presends us this proposer.’	15:39
	The action is paused while the family relationships are analysed objectively in the form of a long legal presentation, interrupted occasionally by the children stirring in sleep.	
99	‘Stop! Did a stir? No is fast. On to bed!’	19:36
	HCE and ALP (the Porters) return to bed. ‘Which route are they going?’ Copulation is attempted – ‘Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh’ – and the event may be seen by the man in the street as a shadow play on the window blind. The description is given in cricketing terms (‘slogging his paunch about’; ‘with a flick at the bails for lubrication’).	
100	‘Armigerend everfasting horde. Rico!’	18:25
	The act is concluded without great success (‘You never wet the tea!’) and the pair ‘[r]etire to rest’. Some hotel rules remind us that privacy and discretion are of the essence, or everyone will know your business. Soon all is as it was before. A final tableau. This is the nightly routine (‘Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds’).	
Book 4		
1 [Ricorso (Return)]		
101	‘Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!’	21:51
	The sanskrit morning prayer announces dawn. We are urged to wake up and begin the cycle anew, and are reminded that ‘genghis is ghoon for you’. We have been having a sound night’s sleep and now it is about to ‘rolywholyover’ and begin again. It was a long dark night. Much has happened, but no time has passed: ‘Upon the thuds trokes... it will be exactlyso fewer hours by so many minutes of the ope of the diurn...’	
102	‘Where. Cumulonubulocirrhonimbant heaven electing...’	26:47
	The locality cannot be pinned down exactly, but what we do know is that ‘Father Times and Mother Species boil their kettle with their crutch. Which every lad and lass in the lane knows’. From a lake rises the figure of saintly Kevin, welcomed by the cries of the 29 girls, now themselves sainted. It is time for the young to inherit the world	

103 'The cry of Stena chills the vitals of slumbring off the motther...'

21:36

We are passing from sleep into the 'wikeawades ward', though it was all so agreeable touring the dreamworld with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and their dappled ass. But now we await the risen sun with 'Muta and Juva', whose strange conversation heralds the arrival of St Patrick at the Grand National. Forget what has gone, but remember it. The whole cycle will repeat and all the particles of that decomposed letter will be reassembled and will be on the table at breakfast, 'as sure as herself pits hen to paper and there's scribings scrawled on eggs'.

104 'Dear. And we go on to Dirtdump. Reverend. May we add majesty?'

21:10

At last we read the contents of the letter. It is a chatty letter in which ALP berates all the gossipers and rumour mongers, and praises the HCE whose funeral will take place on Tuesday. She wishes it was she under that burial mound. He wasn't so bad. And to those who have wagged on about the rhythms in her twofold bed – here's your answer: the one who is dead beneath the Hill of Howth is another hero. The Earwicker of 'our hamefame' is still asleep, about to arise 'erect, confident and heroic'.

105 'Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf!'

33:12

The letter dealt with, we find Anna Livia in bed in the early morning, as a leaf taps the bedroom window. Her thoughts are of her hero – Earwicker – and of her family, and of her other self, the river Liffey. She recalls her watery beginnings ('It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain now if she likes') and, as the Liffey, drifts out into the vast ocean – her 'cold mad feary father' – rushing into his arms, to be taken up and to fall again as rain at the river's source. 'A way a lone a last a loved a long the'

JAMES JOYCE
(1882–1941)

Finnegans Wake

*Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,
A gentleman Irish mighty odd,
He'd a bit of a brogue both rich and sweet,
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now Tim had a sort of a tipplin' way,
With the love of the liquor he was born,
An' to help him on with his work each day,
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn.*

Chorus

*Whack folthe dah, now dance to your partner,
Welt the floor, yer trotters shake,
Wasn't it the truth I told you,
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.*

*One morning Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy which made him shake,
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
So they carried him home his corpse to wake,
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet,
And a barrel of porter at his head.*

*His friends assembled at the wake,
And Mrs Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco, and whiskey punch.
Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
'Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
Arrah, Tim avourneen, why did you die?'
'Ah, hould your gab,' said Paddy McGee.*

*Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
'Biddy,' says she, 'you're wrong, I'm sure,'
But Biddy gave her a belt in the gob,
And left her sprawling on the floor;
Oh, then the war did soon enrage;
Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh law did all engage,
And a row and a ruction soon began.*

*Then Micky Maloney raised his head,
When a naggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim;
Bedad he revives, see how he rises,
And Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, 'Whirl your liquor round like blazes,
'Thanam o'n dhoul, do ye think I'm dead?'*

Even before James Joyce published *Finnegans Wake* in 1939 it would have been anticipated as a novel of great importance. After all, the author of *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses* had been working on it for 17 years. What's more, Joyce, with his talent for generating both publicity and an atmosphere of mystery, had already published short sections of the 'Work in Progress' as separate stories, apparently with the idea of giving his public a 'taster' of what was to come – and also providing some much needed income along the way.

These 'tasters' may, as Anthony Burgess suggests,¹ have led his public to expect a work of almost childlike charm.

'The Ondt and the Gracehopper' is a parody of a fable by La Fontaine (*The Ant and the Grasshopper*) written in difficult but amusing language reminiscent of Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky*. 'The Mookse and the Gripes' – one of the most difficult passages in the novel – is also deceptive because of its fairy-tale style. It begins: 'Eins within a space and a weary wide space it wast, ere whoned a Mookse...', and it ends: 'But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart was brook: Why, why, why! Weh, oh weh! I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!' Such charm may allay the unease of the reader who on first reading (but possibly also on second and third) might find it hard to decipher the precise meaning of these fables.

¹ Burgess A. *Here Comes Everybody*, Faber & Faber, 1965, p. 185

Another section published separately – in which two washerwomen gossip about the exploits of Anna Livia Plurabelle ('O tell me all about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia! Well, you know Anna Livia...') – is imbued with such musicality and so many delicious watery puns, including references to hundreds of the world's rivers, that a reader may be less concerned to know the precise background to the gossip. For the language takes us with it, and as the washerwomen turn into tree and stone on the river bank and night falls, the poetic conclusion is satisfying in itself: 'Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!'

As Samuel Beckett wrote, in his essay *Dante... Bruno. Vico... Joyce*:² 'His writing is not about something; it is that something itself... When the sense is sleep, the words go to sleep... When the sense is dancing, the words dance.'

And yet the novel certainly is 'about something', and on its publication there must have been rather widespread dismay when enthusiastic fans of *Ulysses* discovered how difficult Joyce had made it for them to discover what that 'something' might be. Now, at least there was a title – *Finnegans Wake* – and from this title alone a number of deductions could be made. One could assume that these words had more than one connotation. In this case all the analyses lead in a similar direction. Finnegan, a common enough Irish name, contains within it the suggestion of an end and a beginning (Fin/again). It might also recall the popular children's round concerning Michael Finnegan: '...he grew whiskers on his chin again; the wind came up and blew them in again; poor old Michael Finnegan, begin again...'

Certainly, an end is implied in the notion of a wake – where the lamentation (or merrymaking) beside the corpse is intended to escort the soul to its afterlife; but a beginning, too, for after sleep, we wake. And some readers may be familiar with an old popular Irish American ballad called *Finnegan's Wake*, which had been a favourite of Joyce's brother Stanislaus when, as youngsters, they joined in the family musical evenings.

The fall and resurrection of Finnegan the hod-carrier is a kind of modern myth with obvious resonances in Joyce's novel. Clear references to the song, and paraphrases from it, are to be encountered throughout the book: 'Wan warning Phill filt tipping full, his howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did shake...' But at the same time, the mythical hero of this novel is another 'Finn' – the legendary Irish giant Finn MacCumhal. According to Richard Ellman, Joyce later informed a friend: 'He conceived of his book as the dream of old Finn, lying in death beside the river Liffey and watching the history of Ireland and the world – past and future – flow through his mind like flotsam on the river of life.'³

Nothing less than the history of Ireland and the world, then, is the subject of Joyce's novel. But there is yet another incarnation of hero Finn – a rather more immediate fictitious protagonist – one Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, publican, a lumbering fellow with a stutter, a hump on his back and a rather disreputable past, for he may have been involved in some sexual impropriety in Dublin's Phoenix Park. His pub, the Mullingar, beside the Liffey at Chapelizod, is also home to his wife Anna Livia Plurabelle, their two sons (Shem and Shaun) and their daughter Isobel (or Isolde).

In the novel's flotsam and jetsam dreamworld, however, Earwicker, Anna and the rest come and go in a shifting landscape which sometimes defies logic. Their presence is often signalled by the appearance of their initials, HCE and ALP. So we encounter Earwicker, for example, as 'Howth Castle and Environs', or 'A hand from the cloud emerges'; and Anna Livia appears as 'Amnis Limnia Permanent' or 'And the larnotes prittle'. And it is no coincidence that their pub is in the Dublin suburb of Chapelizod, an anagram of HCE, ALP and Izod (Isolde). The sons, Shem and Shaun, are twins and yet opposites. Shem, like Joyce himself, is a 'penman', an artist and man of ideas. His brother Shaun is more practical and less imaginative – a postman, antagonistic towards his more famous brother, who he considers a charlatan and degenerate.

On one level these brothers are indeed James and his brother Stanislaus, who was of the opinion that *Finnegans Wake* represented 'the witless wandering of literature before its final extinction'.⁴ On another level, though, they represent all archetypal opposites – active and passive, positive and negative, Yin and Yang, East and West – as well as, for Joyce, the doctrine of the 16th-century philosopher Giordano Bruno of Nola, which sees unity in the reconciliation of opposites. Bruno the Nolan is encountered several times in *Finnegans Wake*, sometimes playfully confused with the Dublin booksellers Browne and Nolan.

A more important philosophical background to Joyce's dream history, however, is the Neapolitan Giambattista Vico, who divided human history into recurring cycles – theocratic, aristocratic and democratic ages followed by a 'ricorso', or return. These four recurring divisions of time allow us to see history as circular, like the seasons of the year or the human life cycle – birth, marriage, death, burial and resurrection. Thus, Joyce structures his entire book in this way – three large chapters and a shorter fourth one (Ricorso), while individual sentences often refer to the Viconian cycle: 'The lightning look, the birding cry, awe from the grave, everflowing on the times!' 'A good clap, a fore wedding, a bad wake, tell hell's well'. According to Vico, each cycle is initiated by a thunderclap (a big bang?), and Joyce borrows this idea, transforming the thunderclap into a series of 100-letter words.

Central to the entire edifice of *Finnegans Wake* is Dublin itself – along with the Liffey and Howth Head – just as in *Ulysses*. Seen from across the bay of Dublin, Howth Head looks like a person asleep or laid out for a wake. Some refer to it as the sleeping princess, but for Joyce it is the sleeping (or dying) Finn MacCumhal. The River Liffey, Anna Livia, is like the cycle of life itself. From its source in the Wicklow Hills, the Liffey trickles and grows for 80 miles before flowing past HCE's pub and the Phoenix Park, with its monument to Wellington the Iron Duke, bringing life to the city of Dublin (Baile-atha-Cleath) and water to the Guinness Brewery ('Guinness is good for you', as Joyce regularly reminds us). From the city she passes out into the sea where she can be absorbed before being taken up into the atmosphere to fall again as rain on the Wicklow Hills.

Famously, *Finnegans Wake* begins and ends in mid sentence: 'A way a lone a last a loved a long the' – leading us back to 'riverrun, past Eve and Adam's...'

Notes by Roger Marsh

² Beckett S. in *Our Exagmination around his Factification for Incarnation of Work in Progress*, Faber & Faber, 1972, p. 14

³ Ellman R. *James Joyce*, OUP, 1959, p. 557

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 589

THE MUSIC

'FINNEGAN'S WAKE' BALLAD SUNG BY BARRY MCGOVERN

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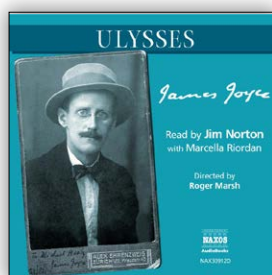
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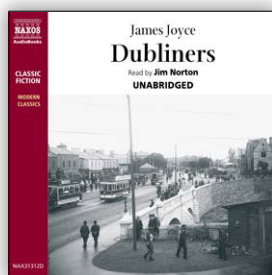
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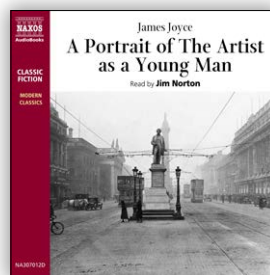
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Ulysses

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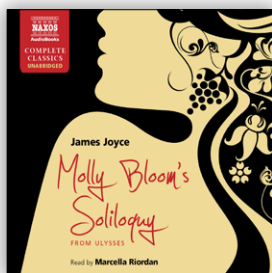
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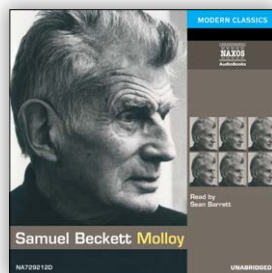
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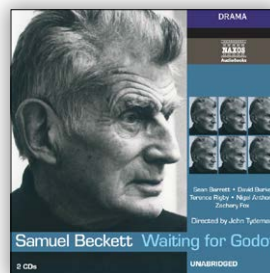
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Samuel Beckett
Molloy

Read by Dermot Crowley and Sean Barrett



Samuel Beckett
Waiting for Godot

Performed by Sean Barrett and cast