

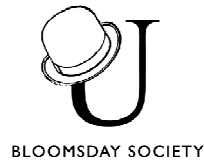
BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

Lectura de *Finnegans Wake*, de James Joyce

Libro I Capítulo 1

Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid

Miércoles, 29 de noviembre 2017



1. Reader: Bill Dixon

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.

Sir Tristram, violerd'amores, fr'over the short sea, had passen-core rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsedmishemishe to tauftaufthuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidscadbuttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosiesesthers wroth with twonenathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.

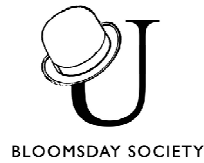
The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntqnnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooohooordenenthurnuk!) of a once wallstraitoldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humselfpromptly sends an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes: and their upturapikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-



linsfirst loved livvy.

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrogodsgaggin fishy-gods! BrekkeKekkekKekkekKekkek! KoaxKoaxKoax! Ualu UaluUalu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to mathmasterMalachusMicranes and the Verdons catapulting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie Head. Assiegates and boomerangstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear! Sanglorians, save! Arms apeal with larms, appalling. Killykill-killy: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidimetolovessinduced by what tegotetabsolvers! What true feeling for their'shayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how both sprowled met the duskt the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and body!) how hath fanespanded most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But was iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers.^ The oaks of aid now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.

Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's mauerer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlittoofar-back for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of moses, the very water was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edifices in Toper's Thorp piled bildung supra bildungpon the banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addleliddlephifie Annie ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in bonds tuck up your part



inher. Oftwhilebalbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularlyfondseed, like Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by multiplicables the alltitude and malltitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the liquor wheretwin 'twas born, his roundhead staple of other days to rise in undress maisonryupstanded (joygrantit!), a waalworth 7^*14 of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoythentowerly, erigenating from next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchite(> o UJtlk^ titiptitoploftical, with a burning bush abob off its baubletop and with larronso'toolersclittering up and tomblesa'bucketsclottering down.

2. Lectora: Mariapaz González. Texto adjunto: De ¿Cháize? (pág 6) a Tip (pág 8).

3. Reader: Gavin Dogson

Shize.^ I should shee! Macool, Macool, orrawhyi deed ye diie.^ of a trying thirstaymournin.^ Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's chrissormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in their consternation and their duodisimally profusive plethora of ululation. There was plumbs and grumes and cherifFs and citherers and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in with the shoutmost shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog. To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's extermination! Some in kinkincorass, more, kankan keening. Belling him up and filling him down. He's stiff but he's steady is Priam Olim !'Twas he was the dacentgaylabouring youth. Sharpen his pillowscone, tap up his bier! E'erawhere in this whorl would ye hear sich a din again.* With their deepbrowfundigs and the dusty fidelios. They laid him brawdawnalanglast bed. With a bockalips of finiskyfore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer his head.



Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O !
Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in
view which is tautologically the same thing. Well, Him a being
so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let wee
peep, see, at Hom, well, see peegee ought he ought, platterplate. w
Hum! From Shopalist to Bailywick or from ashtun to baronoath
or from Buythebanks to Roundthead or from the foot of the
bill to ireglint's eye he calmly extensolies. And all the way (a
horn!) from fjord to fjell his baywinds' obooes shall wail him

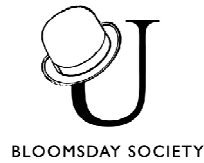
rockbound (hoahoahoah !) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-
long night, the delldaledalpping night, the night of bluerybells,
her flittaf flute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake him.
With her issavanessavans and her patter jackmar tins about all
them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a tum, telling a toll of a tea-
ryturtyTaubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gifs
a gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the
kish for crawsake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen down
but grinnysprids the boord. Whase on the joint of a desh.^ Fin-
foefom the Fush. Whase be his bakenhead.^ A loaf of Singpan-
try's Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle.^
A glass of Danu U'Dunnell'sfoamousoldeDobbelinayle. But,
lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstuff and sink teeth through
that pyth of a flowerwhitebodey behold of him as behemoth for
he is noewhemoe. Finiche ! Only a fadograph of a yestern scene.
Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the Ag-
apemonides, he is smolten in our mist, woebecanned and packt
away. So that meal's dead off for summan, schlook, schlice and
goodridhirring.

Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyanform^outlined a-



slumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the troutling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. Hiecuhat edilis. Apud libertinamparvulam, Whatif she be in flags or flitters, reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a pinnyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid piddle med puddle, she ninnygoesnannygoesnancing by. Yoh! Brontoloneslaaps, yohsnoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeplesout too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yuthtner in yondmist. Whooth.'^ His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass, stick up starck where he last fellowem, by the mund of the magazine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl. While over against this belles' alliance beyind 111 Sixty, ollolowed ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the ombushes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and hockums. Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charmful water-loose country and the two quitewhitevillagettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomesminxt the follyages, the prettilees! Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh and the Paddy Patkineses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old guard find poussepoussepousseyporam to sate the sort of their butt. For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.

4. Lectora: Elena Carcedo. Texto adjunto. De *Por aquí* (pág 8) a *¡Fiúú!*



5. Reader: Kate Marriage

A Walk through the Phoenix Park

The day after seeing Riverrun, we walked through Phoenix Park, from Islandbridge to Chapelizod. It's the biggest enclosed park in Europe, and a major location in *Finnegans Wake*. Joyce's book is a resurrection myth, in which everything is renewed through a 'commodious vicus of recirculation.' So the Phoenix, the mythical fire bird that is resurrected from its own ashes, appears again and again in the book. There's a column in the park with the bird on top.

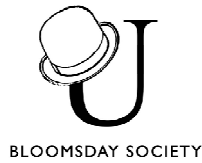
The opening page describes the fall of the giant Finnegan, who lands with his head at Howth in the east and his toes sticking up in the Phoenix Park in the west. The Park is also a Garden of Eden, where the hero, HCE, is supposed to have committed some sort of primal sin or crime. Phoenix Park has a strong connection with crime, for it was here, in 1882, the year of Joyce's birth, that Lord Frederick Cavendish, the British Secretary for Ireland, and his undersecretary, Thomas Henry Burke, were stabbed to death by the Invincibles.



The park takes its name from the Phoenix Lodge, built in 1611 by Sir Edward Fisher. Dublin lore has it that 'Phoenix' is an English corruption of the Irish name for a nearby spring, the *Fhionn uisce* (clear water). I can't find any hard evidence for this, and the spring is no longer there. The Phoenix Lodge was later the residence of Henry Cromwell, son of the hated Oliver, when he was Lord Deputy of Ireland from 1656-9.

In 1734, the lodge was demolished and a Magazine Fort built on the site. We climbed up





the hill to have a look at it and walk around.

The Magazine Fort inspired a satirical verse from Jonathan Swift:

'Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that's worth defence
We build a magazine!'

This is parodied in *Finnegans Wake*: 'Behove this sound of Irish sense. Here English might be seen'(12.36). The *Wakemight* look English, but it sounds Irish.

Joyce told his friend Frank Budgen that 'the whole basis' for *Finnegans Wake* was an encounter his father, John Stanislaus Joyce, had with a tramp in the Phoenix Park. According to Ellmann's biography, Joyce senior was working as a rates collector when he bravely 'defended his collector's bag against an assailant in the Phoenix Park'.



Joyce transforms this into the story of how HCE, 'billowing across the wide expanse of our greatest park', is accosted by a 'cad with a pipe'. Asked the time by the cad, HCE launches into a stammering defence of his character, which suggests that he is guilty of something. The cad later repeats the story to his wife, who tells her priest, who is overheard at the horse races telling the story, by two disreputable characters, Treacle Tom and Frisky Shorty. As the story passes on, the scandal about HCE grows.

Eventually, it comes together in a comic song *The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly*, by 'an illstarred beachbusker' called Hosty. There's a recording of Hosty's song, by the late great Ronnie Drew, which you can hear on youtube. I love the way he copes with some of the later verses, where the lines are much longer than the notes allowed.



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Here's the opening verse, with music composed by Joyce. Persse O'Reilly is a play on the French perce-oreille (earwig), so it's a version of Earwicker.

Echoing the 'great fall of the offwall' on the book's opening page, HCE is now Humpty Dumpty, who has fallen and landed by the butt of the Magazine Wall, like Lord Olafa Crumple - Oliver Cromwell/ all of a crumple.

Walking down from the Magazine Wall, there was a magical moment when Lisa spotted a fallow deer stag looking up at us. We sat and watched him for several minutes, until he disappeared into the woods.



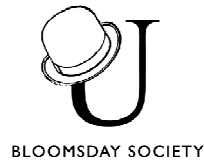
These fallow deer are the descendants of the original seventeenth century herd, when this was a deer park.

Another of Joyce's names for the Phoenix Park is 'deerhaven' (244.29).

We headed on towards Chapelizod, to find Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker's pub.

Here's the great Ronnie Drew of the Dubliners.

The Godot production was by Gare St Lazare, who specialise in Beckett. They usually stage one-man shows by the brilliant Conor Lovett, who speaks Beckett's prose in the most natural way. We went to a post-show talk by him in Brighton in May when he said that, if he could write, he would write just like Beckett.



Lovett's Vladimir formed a great comic double-act with Gary Lydon's Estragon. By the way,

Lydon is the spitting image of Brendan Behan! I also loved Gavan O'Herlihy's American accented Pozzo and Tadgh Murphy's astonishing Lucky, whose long speech got the Gaiety audience applauding again. But this is no place to be reviewing Samuel Beckett, except to say that his career was a reaction against James Joyce. He told his biographer, James Knowlson:

'I realized that Joyce had gone as far as one could in the direction of knowing more, [being] in control of one's material. He was always adding to it; you only have to look at his proofs to see that. I realized that my own way was in impoverishment, in lack of knowledge and in taking away, in subtracting rather than in adding.'

In the theatre programme, the director, Judy Hegarty Lovett quoted the physicist Richard P. Feynman, to describe her feelings about the play:

'I can live with doubts and uncertainty and not knowing. I think it's more interesting to live not knowing than to have answers which might be wrong...I don't feel frightened by not knowing things, by being lost in a mysterious universe without having any purpose, which is the way it really is so far as I can tell. It doesn't frighten me.'

That strikes me as even more applicable to *Finnegans Wake*. When you read Joyce's book, you are certainly 'lost in a mysterious universe'.

6. Reader: Andrew Samuel Walsh

A Pint in Earwicker's Pub



Although I've been to Dublin many times, until last Saturday I'd never been to Chapelizod, the little suburb beside Phoenix Park, three miles west of the city centre. This is in spite of the fact that Joyce told Eugene Jolas that *Finnegans Wake* was the story of a 'Chapelizod family':

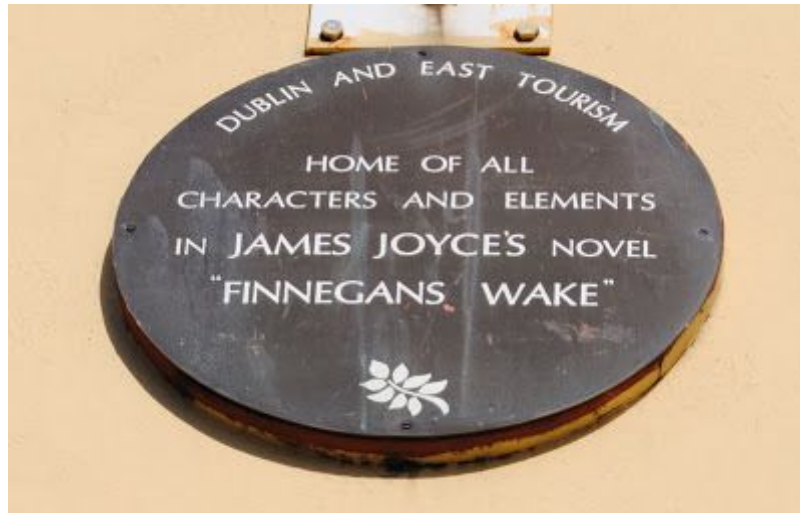
'I might easily have written this story in the traditional manner....But I, after all, am trying to tell the story of this Chapelizod family in a new way. Time and the river and the mountain are the real heroes of my book.' (quoted by Jolas in *My Friend James Joyce*).



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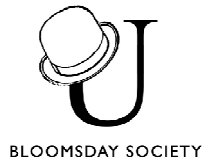


After leaving the Phoenix Park, we walked west along the Chapelizod Road, until we came to the Mullingar House pub. This has an extraordinary plaque above the door, which was the main reason I wanted to visit Chapelizod. Dublin is full of pubs with Joycean plaques and signs. Usually they make limited rational claims, such as, 'This pub features in Ulysses.' But the Mullingar House makes the wonderful claim to be 'HOME OF ALL CHARACTERS AND ELEMENTS IN JAMES JOYCE'S NOVEL 'FINNEGANS WAKE''!



So we went to the Mullingar House, half expecting to find 'the whole stock company of the old house of the leaking barrel'(510.17).





I've been looking into where this claim comes from. Most of Book Two of the Wake takes place in and around a pub, run by Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. There's a letter from Lucia Joyce to Frank Budgen (written in May 1933, when Joyce himself couldn't see to write), which says, 'The principal bistro he [Joyce] says is the Mullingar Inn, of which in W.i.P. [*Work in Progress*] the big man is assumed to be the landlord'.

Frank Budgen had been commissioned by Joyce to do a painting of Chapelizod. In his great book, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* (1934), Budgen described his visit to the pub. This must be the source of the word 'elements' on the plaque:

'An atmosphere, sweet and glad, hangs over the river at Chapelizod...All Joyce's **elemental shapes** are there. I painted a picture on the south bank of the river in front of a row of cottages....Shem and Shaun and a murmuration of Maggies gathered round me to criticise and admire....When it began to "darkle" I adjourned to the Mullingar Inn. Sawdust was strewn in "expectoration" and a quorum of "representative civics" already assembled to "drain the mead of misery to incur intoxication". The subject of their "conflingent controversies of differentiation" was the Irish Grand National. Mr Keenan, blond, burly, affable, authoritative and bright-eyed, entertained us in his custom-house. He was called away, and in his absence an amiable lady served us with pints...Here in the space of a few hours, and in their own locality, I made acquaintance with many of **the elements of Work in Progress** - river, hill, forest, human habitation, laughing girls, brothers in conflict, citizens in council, a woman serving and a big man presiding.'



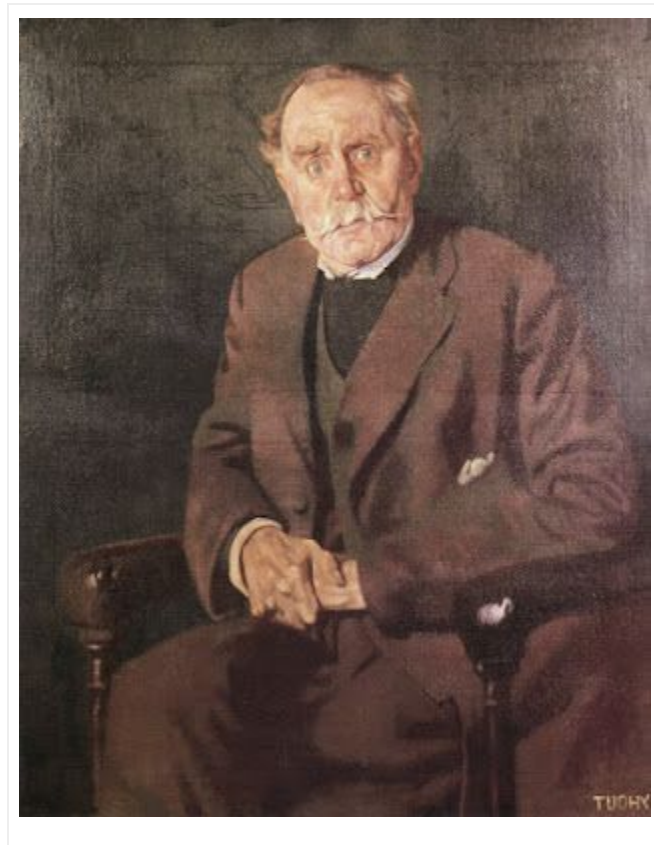
The Liffey at Chapelizod from the bridge



One of the main models for Earwicker was Joyce's father, John Stanislaus Joyce. In 1873-6, he had a well-paid job as Secretary to the Chapelizod Distillery, and spent many happy times in the Mullingar House. In later years, after he had squandered his inheritance, John Joyce looked back to his times in the pub, then run by the Broadbent family, as a lost golden age:

'Broadbent and I were very great friends. He had the Mullingar Hotel there, and a fine decent fellow he was. We used to have great times there. There was a bowling green at the back of his hotel and I was considered a celebrated bowler...On one occasion Dollymount challenged us to a game. We won and we stood them food and drink after it. This was followed by a splendid musical evening as we had a lot of musical fellows down with us....We beat Dollymount and I made a big score; and by God I was carried around the place and such a time we had....I was made a lot of and was taken around by the boys on their shoulders; and my God the quantity of whisky that I drank that night! It must have been something terrible for I had to go to bed. I was not very long in bed when half a dozen of the fellows came up to me and said that they were having a singsong downstairs, adding: 'Come on Jack, don't have them beat us at the singing.'...Begor I could not walk so I told them to clear out to Blazes...'

(Interview with John Joyce, found among his son's papers after his death)



Here's a painting of John Joyce by Patrick Tuohy, commissioned by Joyce in 1923, the year he began writing *Finnegans Wake*.

'This old man, ruddy and hoary, dignified and truculent, stubborn as a mule and witty as the devil, would soon dominate his son's life again, this time from a portrait painted by an



Irishman and hung on the drawing-room wall. Joyce attached at least as much importance to this painting as to the portrait of Mrs Svevo, named Anna Livia, who, as we know, was to lend her golden hair to Anna Livia, and to the waters of the Liffey.'

Nino Frank, 'The Shadow that had Lost its Man', in *Portraits of the Artist in Exile* (ed Potts) pp 86-7



John Joyce's drunken collapse into bed in the Mullingar House reminds me of the end of the pub sequence in *Finnegans Wake*, when we learn what befell 'to Mocked Majesty in the **Malincurred Mansion**' (380.04). Following scenes of riotous drinking and singing, HCE, now identified as 'His Most Exuberant Majesty King Roderick O'Connor', last High King of Ireland, drinks all the dregs and collapses unconscious in his pub. This is one of the many falls in the book.

There's another link between John Stanislaus Joyce and the Mullingar House - Sheridan Le Fanu's novel, *The House by the Churchyard*, set in 18th century Chapelizod. Joyce told his biographer, Gorman, that this was one of the four books which made up his father's 'library'. It's a major source in *Finnegans Wake*. A lot of scenes take place in the village inn, called the Phoenix, which may have stood on the site of the Mullingar House.

Here are a few more references to the Mullingar House in *Finnegans Wake*: 'the whole history of the Mullingcan Inn' (64.08); HCE 'owns the bulgiest bungbarrel that was ever tiptapped in the privace of the Mullingar Inn' (138.18); 'the boss's bess bass is the browd of Mullingar' (286 L06); 'that mulligar scrub' 321.33; 'The other foregotthened abbosd in the Mullingaria.' 345.34; 'those Mullinguard minstrelers are marshalsing.' 371.3; and 'the bogchaps of the porlarbaar of the marringaar of the Lochlunn gonlannludder of the feof of the foef of the forfummed Ship-le-Zoyd.' 370.27



Joyce's death mask above the bar

But is the Mullingar House really 'home of all characters and elements' in the book? Lucia Joyce's letter uses the phrase 'the **principal** bistro'. Nothing in *Finnegans Wake* is fixed, and HCE's pub moves around Dublin and Ireland and even turns into a ship in the Roderick O'Connor scene. Elsewhere in the book, it's identified with the Royal Banqueting Hall at Tara ('House of cedarbalm of mead' 558.35); The Nancy Hands pub, east of Phoenix Park; The Hydropathic Hotel, Lucan ('his hydrocomic establishment' 580.25); and a pub called the Goat and Compasses. Chapelizod also gets muddled up with another suburb, Lucan, in a dream location Joyce calls 'Lucalizard'.



A picture of Joyce on the wall of the pub

In his *Finnegans Wake Gazetteer*, Louis Mink writes, 'Earwicker's public house is no doubt everywhere, or everywhere that pints are drawn and songs are sung.'

The Mullingar House has a James Joyce Bistro at the back, and drawings of Joyce and his death mask on the walls. But it's very much a locals' pub, away from the tourist trail. The bowling green where John Joyce had his triumphant game in the 1870s is long gone, and the pub now stands on a busy road.



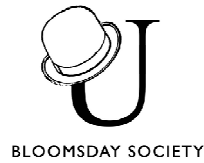
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Even if it doesn't live up to the great claim made on the plaque, the pub is well worth a visit. Sitting in the bar, I imagined the landlord drinking the dregs and the whole place transforming into a ship. Looking at the curving wood of the bar, Lisa said, 'It does look a bit like a ship.'



A pint of Guinness from Earwicker's pub!



The Gaiety was built in 1871 by the Gunn brothers, Michael and John. There's a bust of John Gunn on the stairs, but it's Michael who appears repeatedly in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. He was a friend of Joyce's father, John Stanislaus, who often took his family to the Gaiety. In the *Wake*, Gunn is another identity for the hero, HCE, appearing as 'Mr Makeall Gone' (220.24) and 'Daddy Gunne' (104.08) among others.

The theatre is also named many times, and is described in detail on page 32: 'that **king's treat house** of satin alustrel like above floats and footlights...' (a play on the address, South King's Street).

The Gaiety has always been famous for its Christmas pantomimes, and in *Ulysses* there are memories of seeing *Turko the Terrible* and *Sinbad the Sailor* there. One of Stephen Dedalus's most touching memories of his recently dead mother is of her laughing at the Gaiety pantomime:

'She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed with others when he sang:

I am the boy
That can enjoy
Invisibility.'

W.G.Wills' *A Royal Divorce*, about Napoleon and Josephine, was another play the young Joyce saw at the Gaiety and never forgot. It starred the actor manager, W.W.Kelly as Napoleon, with his wife playing Josephine. J.S.Atherton, who tracked a manuscript copy of the play down, describes its astonishing final tableau:



'A backcloth showing the scene of Waterloo was pierced with holes which were intermittently lit up to represent the firing of cannon. In front of this models of cavalymen were wound forward on glass runners while 'Pepper ghosts' of cuirassiers produced by a sort of magic lantern, fell dramatically to their death in the clouds of white smoke that filled the stage. In the foreground on a big white horse, rode Napoleon, or sometimes - apparently when Mr Kelly wanted a rest - Wellington. It made no difference to the play who was on the horse as nothing was said.' *The Books at the Wake*.

This scene is re-enacted in *Finnegans Wake* ('This is the Willingdone on his same white horse....This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse' pages 8-9) and referred to many times elsewhere in the book.



In his library, Joyce owned a copy of an 1896 booklet called the *Souvenir of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Gaiety Theatre*. The cover shows the Gunn brothers at the top, with Michael on the right.

You can read the whole booklet here. I looked it up in Raphael Slepons' wonderful 'Finnegans Wake Estensible Elucidation Treasury' website, and found that Joyce quotes from the booklet in the *Wake* twelve times.

J.S.Atherton also talks about Joyce's use of the booklet and the many appearances in the *Wake* of the actors and actresses who once performed at the Gaiety:

'Nearly all of them are now dead and many of them were not very well known outside Ireland when they were alive....Joyce recreates his 'other world' of the 'vulgarera' without any thought



of making things easy for his readers to understand. In fact he seems to have decided that readers who were not prepared to study the Dublin of his youth did not deserve to understand his book.'



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