

Contents

Introduction by Sam Slote	v
Finnegans Wake	
Part I	I
<i>Chapter 1</i>	3
<i>Chapter 2</i>	30
<i>Chapter 3</i>	48
<i>Chapter 4</i>	75
<i>Chapter 5</i>	104
<i>Chapter 6</i>	126
<i>Chapter 7</i>	169
<i>Chapter 8</i>	196
Part II	217
<i>Chapter 1</i>	219
<i>Chapter 2</i>	260
<i>Chapter 3</i>	309
<i>Chapter 4</i>	383
Part III	401
<i>Chapter 1</i>	403
<i>Chapter 2</i>	429
<i>Chapter 3</i>	474
<i>Chapter 4</i>	555
Part IV	591
<i>Chapter 1</i>	593
Extra Material	629
<i>James Joyce's Life</i>	631
<i>James Joyce's Works</i>	635

As we there are where are we are we there
from tomtittot to teetootomtotalitarian. Tea
tea too oo. UNDE ET UBI.

*with his broad
and hairy face,
to Ireland a
disgrace.*

Whom will comes over. Who to caps ever. SIC.
And howelse do we hook our hike to find that
pint of porter place? Am shot, says the big-
guard.¹

*Menly about
peebles.*

Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel, IMAGINABLE
to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzofanti ITINERARY
Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up Tycho THROUGH
Brache Crescent,² shouldering Berkeley Alley, THE
PARTICULAR
UNIVERSAL.

*Dont retch meat
fat salt lard
sinks down (and
out).*

querfixing Gainsborough Carfax, under Guido
d'Arezzo's Gadeway, by New Livius Lane till
where we whiled while we withered. Old
Vico Roundpoint. But fahr, be fear! And
natural, simple, slavish, filial. The marriage of
Montan wetting his moll we know, like any
enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden³ in her rougey

¹ Rawmeash, quoshe with her girlie teangue. If old Herod with the Cormwell's eczema was to go for me like he does Snuffler whatever about his blue canaries I'd do nine months for his beaver beard.

² Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk's a queer arrangement.

³ Real life behind the floodlights as shown by the best exponents of a royal divorce.

gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupeyjade and her petsybluse indecked o' voylets.¹ When who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjaell. And the whirr of the whins humming us howe. His hume. Hencetaking tides we haply return, trumpeted by prawns and ensigned with sea-kale, to befinding ourself when old is said in one and maker mates with made (O my!), having conned the cones and meditated the mured and pondered the pensils and ogled the olymp and delighted in her dianaphous and cacchinated behind his culosses, before a mosoleum. Length Withoutht Breath, of him, a chump of the evums, upshoot of picnic or stupor out of sopor, Cave of Kids or Hymanian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery, domm, who, entiringly as he continues highly-fictional, tumulous under his chthonic exterior but plain Mr Tumulty in mufti-life,² in his antisipiences as in his recognisances, is, (Dominic Directus) a manyfeast munificent more mob than man.

*Swiney Tod, ye
Daimon Barbar.*

*Dig him in the
rubsh.
Ungodly old Ar-
drey, Cromwall
beeswaxing the
convulsion box.*

Ainsoph,³ this upright one, with that noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in his horrorscup he is mehrkurios than saltz of sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by day, cryptogam of each nightly bridable. But, to speak broken heaventalk, is he? Who is he? Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch is he? Which is he? When is he? Where is he?⁴ How is he? And what the decans is there about him

CONSTITU-
TION OF THE
CONSTITU-
TIONABLE AS
CONSTITU-
TIONAL.

¹ When we play dress grownup at alla ludo poker you'll be happnessised to feel how fetching I can look in clingarounds.

² Kellywick, Longfellow's Lodgings, House of Comments III, Cake Walk, Amusing Avenue, Salt Hill, Co. Mahogany, Izalond, Terra Firma.

³ Groupname for grapejuice.

⁴ Bhing, said the burglar's head, soto poce her.

anyway, the decent man? Easy, calm your haste! Approach to lead our passage!

This bridge is upper.

Cross.

Thus come to castle.

Knock.¹

A password, thanks.

Yes, pearse.

Well, all be dumbled!

O really?²

Hoo cavedin earthwight

At furscht kracht of thunder.³

When shoo, his flutterby,

Was netted and named.⁴

Erdnacrusha, requiestress, wake em!

And let luck's puresplutterall lucy at ease!⁵

To house as wise fool ages builded.

Sow byg eat.⁶

Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to mount by, as the Boote's at Pickardstown.

And that skimmelk steed still in the ground-loftfan. As over all. Or be these wingsets leaned to the outwalls, beastskin trophies of booth of Baws the balsamboards?⁷ Burials be bally-houraised! So let Bacchus e'en call! Inn inn!

Inn inn! Where. The babbers ply the pen.

The bibbers drang the den. The papplicom, the publicam he's turning tin for ten. From

PROBA-
POSSIBLE
PROLEGO-
MENA TO
IDEAREAL
HISTORY.

GNOSIS OF
PRECREATE
DETERMINA-
TION.
AGNOSIS OF
POSTCREATE
DETER-
MINISM.

*Swing the banjo,
bantams, bounce-
the-baller's
blown to fook.*

*Thisight near
left me eyes when
I seen her put
thounce otay
ithpot.*

Quartandwds.

*Tickets for the
Tailwaggers
Terrierpuppy
Raffle.*

¹ yussive smirte and ye mermon answerth from his beelyingplace below the tightmark, Gotahelv!

² O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a draws er.

³ A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.

⁴ Apis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pasqua.

⁵ And after dinn to shoot the shades.

⁶ Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautified Tummy Tullbutt.

⁷ Begge. To go to Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.

seldomers that most frequent him. That same erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old, harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their favorite stamping ground, from a father theobalder brake.¹ And Egyptus, the incenstrobed, as Cyrus heard of him? And Major A. Shaw after he got the miner smellpex? And old Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy, beyond the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic faith converters, despair of Pandemia's post-wartem plastic surgeons? But is was all so long ago. Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine, Castilian-Emeratic-Hebridian, Espanol-Cymric-Helleniky? Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gangster, not a feature alike and the face the same.² Pastimes are past times. Now let bygones be bei Gunne's. Saaleddies er it in this warken werden, mine boerne, and it vild need olderwise³ since primal made alter in garden of Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below, saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all's loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent inkbottle authority, solarsystemised, seriol-cosmically, in a more and more almightily expanding universe under one, there is rhymeless reason to believe, original sun. Securely judges orb terrestrial.⁴ *Haud certo ergo*. But O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to you for an archetypt!

Mars speaking.

Smith, no home.

Non quod sed quiat.

Hearasay in paradox lust.

¹ Huntler and Pumar's animal alphabites, the first in the world from aab to zoo.

² We dont hear the booming cursowarries, we wont fear the fletches of fightning, we float the meditarencias and come bask to the isle we love in spice. Punt.

³ And this once golden bee a cimadoro.

⁴ And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You can tell by their extraordinary clothes.

Honour commercio's energy yet aid the linkless proud, the plurable with everybody and ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap's ale halliday of roaring month with its two lunar eclipses and its three saturnine settings. Horn of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, back-frish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flaminulinorum! We seek the Blessed One, the Harbourer-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-coming. Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisation, all branches.¹ Wherefore Petra sware unto Ulma: By the mortals' frost! And Ulma sware unto Petra: On my veiny life!

*Bags.
Balls.*

In these places sojournemus, where Eblinn water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont her shoals and salmen browses, whom inshore breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her broads. A phantom city, phaked of philim pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds of manhood in their three and threescore fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and six. By this riverside, on our sunnybank,² how buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A field of May, the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are lodged; sainted lawrels evremberried. You have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, Ardeevin: purty glint of plaising height. This Norman court at boundary of the ville, yon creepere tower of a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in worshipful assemblage,³ with our king's house

*Move up,
Mackinerny!
Make room for
Muckinurney!*

ARCHAIC
ZELOTYPYIA
AND THE
ODIUM TEL-
EOLOGICUM.

THE LOCALI-
SATION OF
LEGEND
LEADING TO
THE LEGALI-
SATION OF
LATIFUND-
ISM.

¹ Startnaked and bonedstiff. We vivvy soddy. All be dood.

² When you dreamt that you'd wealth in marble arch do you ever think of pool beg slowe.

³ Porphyrious Olbion, redcoatliar, we were always wholly rose marines on our side every time.

of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland, the ghastrcold tombshape of the quick foregone on, the loftleaved elm Lefanunian above-mansioned, each, every, all is for the retro-spectioner. Skole! Agus skole igen!¹ Sweet-some auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower, that fragolance of the fraisey beds: the phoenix, his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprat-tight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as the turrises of the sabines are televisible. Here are the cottage and the bungalow for the cobbeler and the brandnewburgher:² but Izolde, her chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af liefest pose, arride the winnerful wonders off, the winnerful wonnerful wanders off,³ with hedges of ivy and hollywood and bower of mistletoe, are, tho if it themm tho and yeth if you pleathes,⁴ for the blithehaired daughter of Angoisse. All out of two barreny old perishers, Tytonyhands and Vlossyhair, a kilolitre in metromyriams. Presepeprosapia, the parent bole. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tavern⁵ and, by ribbon development, from contact bridge to lease lapse, only two millium two humbered and eighty thausig nine humbered and sixty radiolumin lines to the wustworts of a Finntown's generous poet's office. Distorted mirage, aloofliet of the plain, wherein the

*In snowdrop,
trou-de-dentelle,
flesh and helio-
trope.*

*Here's our dozen
cousins from the
starves on tripes.*

¹ Now a muss wash the little face.

² A viking vernacular expression still used in the Summerhill district for a jerryhatted man of forty who puts two fingers into his boiling souplate and licks them in turn to find out if there is enough mushroom catsup in the mutton broth.

³ H' dk' fs' h'p'y.

⁴ Googlaa pluplu.

⁵ Tomley. The grown man. A butcher szewched him the bloughs and braches. I'm chory to see P. Shuter.