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Nolan, with his doctrine of the identity of opposites, is hidden in the mock-Latin) encapsulates the defence of Shaun (Show'm the Posed'). The twins are-

... equals of opposites, evolved by a onceame power of nature or of spirit, ists, as the sole condition and means of its himunder manifestation and polarised for reunion by the symphysis of their antipathies. Distinctly different were their dusdestilies.

Shaun isthe mere shadow of his father HCE. He is incapable of guilt, and he revels in the admiration of 'the maidens of the bar', the twenties eight girls who flutter and flutter around him. There is a twenties ninth girl, for Leap-year (a lovelooking leapgirl), who is evidently a manifestation of Issy: she too adores him. He is made for sexual success, the unworthy demagogic successor of his father, though his time is not yet. As for Shem ('Shun the Pumman'), he is recognised as the enemy, the real betrayer of the father who, presumed dead and made mythical, is no longer a sinner but a saint. Hard words are spoken to Shem: 'You and your gift of your gift of your garbage abash our Farrver! and gaingridando: Hon! Verg! Nau! Putor! Skam! Schams! Siames!' The artist, truth-seeker, is always reviled.

The four old men, judges, bedposts, gospellers, provinces of Ireland, drone on among themselves about the glorious past. But the truth is surely not to be found in old men's drivelings but in that letter from ALP we all heard about before. Anyway, what happened to HCE? Previously he was presented to us (among so many things) as John Peel, the hunter, complete with horn in the morning, but now it seems that he is running up and down like a fox, a quarry like poor Parnell ('But the spoil of hesitants, the spell of hesitency'). Or else 'he had laid violent hands on himself... lain down, all in, faged out, with equally melancholy death'. It is best to assume that he is gone, his successor elected, a new pope ('the prisoner of that sacred edifice'). We must turn now to his widow, ALP, the brave little woman, cleanser of the reputation of her dead lord, always ready 'to crush the slander's head'. She is the river by which we mourn his death, the water which will purify him into sainthood:

... For we, we have taken our sheet upon her stones where we have hanged our hearts in her tress; and we list, as she bobs us, by the waters of babalong.

The next few chapters of Finnegans Wake will be all about Anna Livia.

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4: ALP and her Letter

I SHALL TRY NOW TO SAY SOMETHING USEFUL ABOUT THE NEXT four chapters of Finnegans Wake. We are still on the first great section of the book, which deals mainly with the coming of the archetypal family man after the fall of the primitive god-giant, and this section divides itself about equally into an account of Earwicker's fall, trial, death and burial (though his substance is spread, like a great spilt egg, all about the world) and his wife Anna's life and letter—that hidden letter which tells the truth about HCE and thus, in a cryptic way, explains the universe. There are eight chapters in all—four chapters for the man-hill, four chapters for the woman-river. Now, then, we come to Anna Livia Plurabelle—the river Anna Lifey, a plurality of femininity and beauty. She is hymned aout the outset, however, as if she were God the Father:

In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the bringer of Plurabilities, haled be her eye, her singtime sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!

But, of course, she reflects the eternal father, she bores his sons, she is the custodian of the truth about him. She deserves divine honours. First, though, we are concerned with her famous letter.

This 'untitled manifesta' has had many names (Joyce gives us three full pages of these, from The Augusta Augustissimam for Old Seabeastius' Salvation to First and Last Only True Account all about the Honorary Mirror Earwicker, L.S.D., and the Snake (Nuggets!) by a Woman of the World who only can Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Localized about Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Shuts plainly Showing all the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats). There is a learned scholar at work here who, before he plunges into the depths of a lecture about the letter, tells us (and this is also Joyce telling us): 'Now, patience; and remember patience
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is the great thing, and above all things else we must avoid anything like being or becoming out of patience. We need patience, wading through abstract theory before we learn anything about the provenance of the letter. At length we are told how a clever little hen called Belinda scratched up a goodish-sized sheet of letterpaper originating by transhipment from Boston (Mass.) from a mud-mound flavoured with bits of orange-peel. The letter mentions wedding cakes and the 'grand funereal of poor Father Michael' (Michael Finnegan?) and sends love to the twins. It is tea-stained and unsigned. (Think of the Boston Tea Party, the release from ancient bondage and the start of a new epoch in history. Marriage, family life have replaced the old theocratic but unfruitful paternalism. And the Orange shall decay, says the Shan Van Vocht.) As for interpreting this old page of family gossip, is it not evident that ALP sees no great fault in HCE: 'Dancings (schwitzed) was his only too feeblees. With apple barlottes'?

The letter (there is a strong element of parody of pedantry in this chapter) is accorded the reverence given to the Book of Kells (that ancient Irish psalter, magnificently illuminated, that was buried to protect it from the invading Danes). Indeed, it is stated roundly that the letter plainly inspired 'the tenebrous Tene page' of the Book of Kells—the page which has written, in a mass of magnificent illumination, the words 'Tene crucifixersan XPI cum eo duos latrones.' Then they crucified Christ and with him there two thieves, the 'XPI' (first three letters of the Greek word Christos) being an interpolation. This stained old hen-grubbed scrawl is marvellous at; marginal portraits are described in it; niceties of punctuation are gravely discussed. But beneath the dram-satire there is seriousness of a dreaming sort, since the principle of family—finding expression in a half-literate bit of chat—underlies all civilisation. The archetypes of the crucified triumvirate (the Son who is also the Father in the middle, the thieves of his substance on either side) are to be found in HCE and the twins.

We have the letter, then, but can we be sure that it is really the letter that ALP wrote? Of course not: dreams do not disclose their hidden truths so easily. But this missive from Boston may be taken as a palimpsestus précis of Finnegans Wake itself, and what follows in the next chapter is a pretty full presentation of its main characters (all of whom are allegedly mentioned in the letter) through the medium of a mad quiz. This is apparently conducted by the horrible four—'old Jeromeselem, old Huffnuff, old Andy Cox, old Olear...'

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casandrum'—and it begins with a fatuous-seeming salutation: 'Who do you no tonight, lazy and gentleman?' The lazy one is probably Shem, and the gentleman undoubtedly Shaun, prize quiz-keeper, who rated one hundred and thin per thousand of this nightly quizziquoq of the twelve apostrophes, set by Jockit Me Ereweak. Who is 'Jockit'?—Shaun (John, Jack, Jock) or Shem (Jacaob)? The confusion is, as always, deliberate.

The 'twelve apostrophes' begin with a gigantic question (thirteen pages long) that seeks the identity of a 'maximost bridgesmaker' who stutters 'fore he falls and goes mad entirely when he's waked; is Timb to the pearly morn and Tomb to the mourning night', and so on. The answer is 'Finn MacCool!'—one of the manifestations of Finnegan-HCE. The next question, 'Does your manner know your name?', is apparently addressed to Shaun, since it appears later as Mike or Mick or the Archangel Michael, would-be destroyer of the devilish Nick or Shem. 'Ann alive, the lisp of her' is part of the answer. So far, then, we have the father and mother. Then comes a dream version of the motto on the arms of the city of Dublin: 'Thine obesity, O civilian, hits the felicitude of our orb!' This stands above the little orb, or world, of a fat and happy home. But this home is only a part of all Ireland, and the next question asks about Ireland's four main cities (of special interest to the four old men, who represent the four provinces whose capitals these cities are). The answers are suitably disguised: Delfs; Dorcho; Nublid; Dalway. I need not translate. Questions 5 and 6 refer to Earwicker's barterer, 'Pore ole Joe!', and cleaning-woman ('Summon In The Housesweep Dinah'—a deformation of a song in Ulysses—'There's someone in the house with Dinah'). The old woman herself is heard, grumbling: '... who bruk the dandleass and who seen the blackcullen jam for Tomorra's picknack I hope it'll pour.'

The Twelve are now mentioned. They stand for the whole of human society and they have lowly but bizarre trades—'the doorboy, the cleaner, the sojer, the crook, the squeezer, the lover, the curman, the tourabout, the musroomsniffer, the blakblad tramp, the funpowtherplother, the christymansboxer'. We are told their names and places of origin and even given a specimen of their characteristic way of speaking:

... are the porters of the passions in virtue of retrodecision, and, contributing their confluent controversies of differentiation, unify their voices in a vote of vaticination, who crunch the crusts of comfort due to

1 The motto of the city of Dublin is Obidienca civium urbis felicitas.
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depredation, drain the mead for misery to incur intoxication, condone
every evil by practical justification and condemn any good to its own
gratification... 

But, when asked who they really are, the answerer says: ‘The Mor-
phios!’ The twelve citizens are sleepers, deliberating on life in
pretentious polysyllables but letting life pass them by—as, in fact, it
has passed by the four old men, the quizzers.

Next come the 'maggies', the girls in the park who melt into one
girl, a daughter, a temptress ('yeth cometh elope yeare, coach and
four, Sweet Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more'). After that,
Number 9, comes a description of the big dream itself and of this
very book that enshrines it—'a collideorscape' (lovely and exact
word). Question 10 is important, since—'What bitter's love but
yarning, what' sour lovemutch but a bref burning till shee that
drawes doth smoake retourne?' it ushers in an answer from the
primal temptress, Issy or Iscalt, herself, all in Swiftian 'little lan-
guage', coy girly-wiry talk, ghashly but fascinating:

... Now open, pet, your lips, pepette, like I used my sweet parted
lipsabuse with Dan Holohan of facteous memory taught me after the
flannel dance, with the proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he
smelled powder and I coloured beneath my fan, pipetta mia, when you
learned me the lieguo to melt.

She is all woman, but not in the ALP sense (mature mother, trans-
mitter of life and her dead lord's good name): ogling, inflaming
passion but withholding its satisfaction, she loves her mirror best
and provides another explanation for her appearance as a duo in the
sinful park. 'With my whiteness I thee woo,' she says, 'and bind my
ilk breasths I thee bound! Always, Amory, amor andmore. Tll
always, thou lovest!' She is, of course, quite irresistible.

The penultimate question calls for a twenty-page answer. It is
addressed to Shaun, whose name is changed to Jones for the occasion
and who takes on rather petulant professorial qualities, and it con-
cerns fraternal charity. The rhythm of the question derives from
Thomas Moore's poem about the Exile of Erin, and it beats most
pathetically when set out as verse:

If you meet on the binge a poor acheseyeld from Ailing,
when the tune of his tremble shook shimmy on shin,
while his country rage in the weak of his wailing,
like a ragiant pugilant Lyon O'Lynn;
if he mambered in misliness, plaining his plight or
played fox and lice, prickling and dropping hips teeth,
or wringing his handcuffs for peace, the poor blighter,
praying Dieuf and Domb Nostrums fob themthinks to eat;
if he wept while he leapt and guffaled quith a quinper,
made cold blood a blue mugdy and no bones without flech,
taking kiss, kake or kick with a suck, sigh or simper,
a diffe to larn and a dibble to lech;
if the fan shinner pegged you to shave his immortal,
wee skillmustered shoul with his ooh, hoodoo!
braking wind that to wiles, woemaid sin he was partial,
we don't think, Jones, we'd care to this evening, would you?

The drunken, ailing, eye-aching exile is, of course, Joyce himself,
poor artist seeking succour and soul's salvation from a better endowed
brother (or Buck Mulligan, with whom Shaun is sometimes identi-
fied in his real-life form of Oliver St John Gogarty). Shaun will give
no help, but, after his 'No, blank ye!', he finds it necessary to indulge
in lengthy explanations of his attitude. He wants 'to conclusively
confute this begging question' (he is embarrassed, though: he says
'hasitate') by referring to the 'dimesch problem' and expatiating
on 'talis quals'.

But Shaun-Jones finds the only way to keep his audience awake
is to give them a couple of fables, both of which work out the
brother-opposition theme. Bruno Nolan is told to take his tongue
out of the inkpot, and then the professor translates from the Javanese
the story of the Mookse and the Gripses, beginning formally: 'Gentes
and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybreds and lub-
berds!' The tale combines Aesop's Fox and Grapes and Lewis
Carroll's Mock Turtle and Grifon, but it soon becomes clear that
the Mookse is English Pope Adrian ('Bragspear') and the Gripes the
Irish people and the old Irish Church of the Book of Kells (more
Byzantine than Roman). The bull Laudabiliter is worked into the
Mookse's threats—'That is quite about what I came on my missions
with my intentions laudabiliter to settle with you, barbaroussible'
—and we remember that it was with the blessing of that bull that
Henry II annexed Ireland, thus bringing Ireland into the Roman
fold as well as under the English crown. With British bragging and
'poposity' the Mookse wades into the 'poor little soswive sub-
squashed Gripes', and the battling sons of the one Mother Church
(Anna Livia is subtly invoked in 'Annus Limina Permanens') fail to
notice that a little girl is looking down on them from the 'bannistars'.
This is Nuvolitta, the little cloud, who is both Issy-Iscalt and ALP
in her source-capacity. The stupid quarrel blinds the Mookse and
the Gripses to the permanent fact of their one river-rather (who

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flows along quietly all this while); the fighting brothers ('Bullfoly answered volleyball') miss the proffered beauty of 'the daughter of the queen of the Emperor of Irelande'. Two women—Valkyries or banshees—gather up severally the Mookse and the Grises on the river-bank, and nothing is left but an elm-tree and a stone. The big theme of the Shem-Shaun antipathy has been expounded. 'Nolan Browne, you may now leave the classroom.'

But Professor Jones has another, more privy, story to tell. This concerns Caseous and Burrus (Cassius and Brutus, but also Cheese and Butter). These come from the same mothering milk, and in Burrus we see Shaun ('a genuine prime, the real choice, full of natural greace') and in Caseous ('a hole or two, the highstinks aforesent and anygo prigging worms') Shem's less sunny properties. We are asked to 'pursue Burrus and Caseous for a run or two up their isoceclating triangle', and in this figure we see ALP (Joyce's symbol for her is, in fact, an isosceles triangle). The whole tragedy of Shem and Shaun—whatever form or fancy dress they put on—lies in their twinnhood. The successor of ICE should be the 'genuine prime', the first-born, and there is no first-born. If Shaun is daddy's favourite, Shem must be nanny's, but a natural bequest to the father's favourite son is not only the right of rule but the monopoly of the mother. The sexual struggles between Shem and Shaun ironically get in the way of sexual conquest. In this present fable both Burrus and Caseous love Margareen ('I cream for thee, Sweet Margareen'), but she, eternal woman, wants neither:

A cleopatrician in her own right she at once complicates the position while Burrus and Caseous are contending for her mystery by implicating herself with an elusive Antonius, a wop who would appear to hug a personal interest in refined cheeks of all shades at the same time as he wags an antomine art of being rude like the boor.

Whenever the brothers quarrel and fight, they seem to call into being a third personage (the third soldier?) like this Antonius who, 'a wop', possibly Antonio with his ice-cream cart, is also the dreamer's own tentative image of himself. Margareen, or whatever her name is, is the desired incestuous bride of the father and brothers alike.

The conclusion of Shaun-Jones's long lecture is unequivocal. If the 'proud pursebroken ranger' came to him 'to beg for a bite in our bark Notisdanger', he would—'were we tucked in the one bed and bit by the one flea'—have no hesitation in footing him out. The last question of all asks 'Sacer esto?', in which the Latin sacer means both 'blest' and 'accursed'—here, undoubtedly, the latter only: 'Will you be accursed?' The answer comes from Shem: 'Semus sumus!'—'Shem we are!' And now—Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob'—we are ready for a very entertaining and yet shocking chapter, in which mother's-son Shem is revealed all too candidly as James Joyce ('Shame's voice')—the exiled artist, reviled by the sanctimonious, finding his salvation in being a sewer (back to 'The Holy Office'), perverse, 'a sham and a low sham', but still the scribe who penned his mother's letter, a hated but feared 'greekenhearted yule' like Bloom himself.

This chapter is a Rabelaisian triumph, though—in the true Joyce manner—it uses laughter for a bitter end. Shem's 'lowness' is so thoroughly celebrated that it takes on a kind of grandeur. It comes out first in his rejection of good plain food (that which fed the Irish literary Renaissance):

So low was he that he preferred Gibson's teatime salmon tinned, as inexpensive as pleasing, to the plumpest roe heavy lax or the fricriest par or smolt troutlet that ever was gagged between Leixlip and Island Bridge and many was the time he repeated in his botulism that no juggleer was like to you whom you shook out of Ananias' cans, Findlater and Gladstone's, Corner House, Engledo. None of your inch-thick blueblooded Balalava fried-at-belief-stakes or juicejelly legs of the Grex's molten mutton or greaishlygrey grunfers' coupons, or slice upon slab of juicygooseboosom with lump after load of plumpstuffing and all as waim in a swamp of bogoakragvy . . .

The rejected Irish salmon is that salmon of wisdom cooked by Finn MacCool; he will not belong to the native 'Grex' or flock. His art is nourished on poison ('his botulism'). If you want the good and wholesome you must go to his brother Shaun: 'Johns is a different butcher's . . . Feel his lamb's! Ex! Feel how sheep! Exes! His liver too is great value, a spatiality! Exexes! COMMUNICATED.'

Shaun is revealed as the space-man, lord of solid objects, as well as the holy one who excommunicates the low artist. Shem's task is to capture the rhythm of time, draw inspiration from the creative mother-river.

A seedy Satan, rolled in the dirt, stinking, blasphemous, he has committed the terrible crime of writing Ulysses, which not even he can understand: 'amid the inspissated gamers of his glascious den making believe to read his usless unreadable Blue Book of Eccles, edition de ténèbres.' He is a pervert as the Jew of Eccles Street, putting out a filthy 'abortionisme'—'Jymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female costumes . . . to start city life together. His jymes is out of job, would sit and write.' His house—'O'Shea or
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O'Shame—is called the Haunted Inkbotte, 'a stinksome inkenstink', and there he makes ink out of the nasty excretions of his own body (too terrible for English, this is put in good clean Latin) and uses that body as paper (he is the spider of Swift's Battle of the Books). The vilification is all too quotable. Here is the libel to end all libels. There is nothing like it in all literature. And yet this 'sniffer of carrion, premature gravedigger, seeker of the nest of evil in the bosom of a good word' is beloved of his mother ALP. Why? It is because he represents Mercy, while his brother only stands for justice. In his self-righteousness, JUSTIUS knows only how to sneer, threaten: 'I'll brune this bird or Brown Bess's bung's gone bandy. I'm the boy to bruise and braise.' MERCUS, speaking 'of his self', is full of 'agenbite of invwit' for 'my fault, his fault, a kingship through a fault'. Aware of the sins in himself, he is in no position to condemn others. Having reached the rock-bottom of wretchedness, he has a compensatory gift bestowed on him, the artist's gift: 'He lifts the lifewanc and the dumb speak.' His mother is the creative current that flows through the solid Shaun-run city. She is coming now:

... little old-fashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking under bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog, rapidshooting round the bends, by Tailaght's green hills and the pools of the shaoks and a place they call it Blessington and slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet, babbling, babbling, chattering to herself, delothing the fields on their elbows leaning with the sloothering side of her, giddy-gaddy, grammynna, gossipous Anna Livia.

And so to the closing chapter of this first section of the book. The two banesheets that took away the Mookse and the Gripees have been changed into washwomen, scratching away on the banks of the Liffey and, in prose splashing with river-names, they celebrate in rich dream-Dublinse the water-mother who bears us forward gently to our next epoch of Viconian history. The story they rehearse is that of Anna's marriage to HCF (Huges Caput Earlyfooler—a fusion of French Hugh Capet and German Henry the Fowler, both foreigners). They have little time for him—'Or whatever it was they threed to make out he thried to two in the Fiendish park. He's an awful old rippe... And how long was he under loch and neagh?'—but Anna Livia herself comes in for some censure: 'Do you know she was calling bakvandes sals from all around, nyumba noo, chambo choo, to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff isy-oisy?'

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Anna Livia is, after all, a river—yielding, dipped into by many, unpossessive herself, herself much possessed. She has had much experience since she was 'just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing'; it has taken her a long time to get to Dublin and HCE:

It was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county Wicken- low, garden of Erin, before she ever dreamt she'd leave Killbridge and go foaming under Horsepass bridge, with the great southerwestern wind-storming her traces and the milland's grainwaster azech for her track, to wend her ways byandby, rockecea or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to trash, for all her golden lifey in the barleyfields and penny-lotts of Humphrey's fordochurlestown and lie with a landleaper, wellingtonseer.

('Fordofhurlestown'—Bailé áth Cliath—Dublin.) But our main concern is with her widowed aspect, her scotching of the scandal that was to put HCF under loch and neagh and leave the rule of the world to his sons, the halves of himself. 'She swore on crosttyx nyne wyndaboots she's be level with all the snags of them yet.' She got a 'zakbag, a shammy mailsack... off one of her swapsons, Shaun the Post', she dressed herself queenily, 'Anushka Lutetiavitch Pufflovah', and then 'with her mealiebag slang over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her basset came'. In the bag were fragments of the living substance of her dead lord—a Christmas box apiece for aisch and everyone of her childer. Her childer are one hundred and eleven in number (111 is the symbol of plenitude), and their names and the presents she gave them fill two and a half pages. They are, of course, dream-fantastical—'a Missa pro Messa for Taff de Taff; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a boy' and so on—but our final impression of overwhelming richness could not have been achieved by any other method than that of the Rabelaisian catalogue. The washwomen wonder what happened to the children, but they are on opposite banks of Anna Livia herself and the river is widening: it is hard to hear. 'Can't hear with the waters of', they say. 'Can't hear with bawk of bats, all thin lifeying waters of.' Of all 'Livia's daughter's only the names of Shem and Shaun remain. Hoarsely the voices call for a tale of 'stem or stone'. We remember that this is what the Mookse and the Gripees became—an elm and a stone by the river. We end the chapter with those two images—the tree for change and life and creation; the stone for permanence, the deadness of the law. We are ready—beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!—for the next epoch in the cycle, the world of the sons. But Anna Livia has
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brought us to this phase, redeeming the rumoured shame of her
dead husband with the plurality of the gift of his gathered sub-
stance, to be used and misused by the 'twins of his bosom'.

When we have doubts about the value of Finnegans Wake—and
doubts sometimes come upon us when we face its difficulties, the
mad calculation of its experiments with language and time, the huge
unclimbable mound of multiple myth—we have only to think of this
wonderful final chapter of Book One for the doubts to be resolved. It
remains one of the most astonishing pieces of audacity in the whole
of world literature, and the audacity comes off. The language is
cosmic, yet it is the homely speech of ordinary people. We seem to
see a woman who is also a river and a man who is also a city. Time
dissolves; we have a glimpse of eternity. And the eternal vision is
made out of muddy water, old saws, half-remembered music-hall
songs, gossip, and the stain on a pair of underpants. The heart bows
down.

5: Brotherly Hate

We are primarily in a bed above a bar in Chapelizod,
Dublin, on a Saturday night, with a dry branch tapping or tipping
at the window, and we must never let ourselves forget it. In the
final section of Finnegans Wake we are not allowed to forget it. The
fact that we have to look at the near-end of the book to find out
where the dreamer is dreaming does not imply that the whole thing
is badly made or that Joyce is withholding something from us.
Finnegans Wake is cyclical like a river run, and we can enter the
river at any point we wish. I have already done this in order to help
beginners who, brought up like all of us on ordinary books where
you start at page 1 and push on straight to the end, may think it
cheating to treat Finnegans Wake in a different way. It is not cheating,
and we ought to be aware of the inward movement of the pattern.
In the first section we were in Dublin, by the Hill of Howth and the
Liffey, in the Phoenix Park—for the most part out of doors. In the
second section we come to the Earwicker home to learn something
about the play and education of the children as well as to witness the
downfall of the father in his own bar. We are away from the big
timeless landscape which is proper for myth; we are here and now,
in an age dominated by the demagogue.

We need not worry overmuch about the fact that Earwicker was
shoved under Lough Neagh in the first section and here is to be seen
alive again, alive but decaying. This is dream-stuff, and easy resur-
rection (going home from one's father's funeral to find him presiding
over the cold ham and whissified tea) is a dull commonplace
do me. Besides, the twins—at play and at homework—need a family
background in which the father is no longer a castle-crowned rock
and the mother a river.

The play of the first chapter of Book Two is a real play, presented
every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further notice
in Feenachts Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always open, Diddlem