**\* *The Mysties* \***

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/green2.mp3)

♫

***Irish Matters***

***The Ghost of Oscar Wilde speaks with fellow Irishmen—***

***their ghosts or their dreaming selves.***

***Table of Contents***

The Mysties 3

January 28, 1939: Death of Yeats 4

The Question Mark of Giacomo 6

Awake for Giacomo 10

*Ulysses* Revisited 15

The Story-Teller at Fault 21

The Apocrypheosis of James Clarence Mangan 25

The Good Green Land: Yeats, Joyce and the Myst 27

Oscar of the Cove: A Fantasy 29

Hanged on a Comma: Roger Casement 31

Jim and I Drink Too Much 32

Musical Program 43

***The Mysties***

Who knows the Misteries of the Twelve?

The mystery-eyed, whom I shall call

The Mysties, in the moistening pall

Of Erin’s mist they delve, they delve.

The rich green turf of darksome dells,

The sway of strong druidic trees

Are the seeds of their Misteries.

The rainbow’s gold. The Book of Kells.

For centuries in the Land of Youth

They sojourned with Usheen, and when

His feet touched Irish earth again,

They withered, too, into the truth.

They heard of Patrick’s Purgatory,

The cave of Hell. They heard him say

‘Twas where their souls would burn one day,

But they did not believe his story.

Ash-plant in hand o’er fields they tread,

These Mysties of the Celtic Twilight.

(You cannot see them in a dry light.)

Mist-moistened are their eyes, and red.

From Tara Hill the Bards are calling,

And wheeling hawks give answering cries,

While down the dark and wintry skies,

Bright pieces of a star are falling.

***January 28, 1939***

***Death of Yeats***

Yeats:

*I took too little care of this!*

*Mosaic-stiff, hierarchical*

*Byzantium was my all in all,*

*Aristocratic dreams my bliss,*

*Disdain for lowly shepherds, scorn*

*For mere democracy, derision*

*Of any thought that was not Vision—*

*How ugly are the gates of horn*

*Through which a dream occult comes true!*

*The Nightmare clothes itself in steel.*

*The Focke’s gyre, the muddy wheel,*

*The barking columns marching through*

*The waste they make, and call it war!*

*Did I will this in dreams, do I*

*Bear some responsibility?*

*‘Love, and do battle’! There they are!*

*I can see past the temporal*

*Horizon far enough to say*

*The Malebranche are at play*

*In parachutes. (O second Fall!)*

*Rough beast born not in Bethlehem*

*But in the bloody bedlam made*

*Of Europe! The goose-step parade*

*Approaches Poland. Who will stem*

*The blood-dimmed tide?* Don’t let your second

Sight trouble you too much. I think

This Malacoda’s doomed to sink,

When the final tally is reckoned,

Beneath the weight of his own evil.

Hell’s Valkyries will sniff their meal,

Stave in the door, though made of steel,

And back to his own natural level

Spirit him on their wingèd horses.

The Antichrist, a small man, would

Be Satan himself if he but could,

And will be, till the free world forces

Back this subaltern to his real

And stinking place where he has rank,

Poking with fork the pitchy tank,

Guffawing as the grafters squeal.



***The Question Mark of Giacomo***

******

*It is 13 January, 1941. Joyce’s death mask floats before me. He has not yet*

*left his body. Beneath the mask floats a curious pen-and-ink portrait of the author.*

1. *To the Mask*

One night I’d like to see you do

Your spider-dance (those rubbery legs!)

Or lay a clutch of Orphic eggs *Plurality of worlds. Your martyred hero Bruno.*

And pigeon-brood o’er the vast Brou-

*Brouhaha: a fascinating French word, from*

Haha of too much world and, Lord! *the cry of the false clergy in mediaeval plays,*

So little time to have fun with *perhaps ultimately from the Hebrew, ‘barukh*

It all, playing the archi-smith *habba’, ‘blessed be the one who comes’.*

Of shapes and myth-scapes of the Word.

Ah, forging uncreated souls

Takes so much time that he could sulk an

Eon over the task, poor Vulcan!

Blackened by smoke, poking the coals.

An embryonic something possible

Gestates into a certain boy’s

Foetus, which grows into James Joyce,

Who tries and achieves the Colossible

******

And leaves behind a plaster mask’s

Daedal detail and rigour, real

Though dead to what it cannot feel,

Sleeping the questions that it asks.

2. *To the Portrait*

A friend said you looked like a question *Paul Léon.*

Mark when you stood bent over in

The street, and so César Abin, *A Spanish artist commissioned by the Jolases*

Under your scrupulous direction, *to draw Joyce for their journal,* transitions

*in honour of his fiftieth birthday.*

Presents you, concave as your face,

Stooped, the world at your feet, balanced

Over that ball, discountenanced

And fretful in such empty space.

Is it a seal-trick in reverse?

Is it your mind’s trick-seal balàncing

 The world? You sum up, at a glancing

Angle, the twirl of what occurs

Under your soles on such a massive

Scale. But your large brain’s microscopically

Focused on Dublin’s vivid, topically

Specific darkness. Being compassive,

Dispassionately written in

To what you fret gigantically

Over, you weigh the puzzling tally

Of what has come or might begin

To come of it, in the great scream *‘No, doubt is the thing…Life is suspended*

Of things, and silence of the void *in doubt like the world in the void’.* —*Joyce*

Geometries a paranoid

God ciphers with stars and a Dream.

But you see through no*-*coloured glasses,

Black spectacles for one half-blind

****** With pen as seeing eye, whose mind

Surpasses, somehow, all that passes.



******Your derby hat is black in mourning

For your old father; it is cold,

You yourself prematurely old,

Cobwebbed, poor, in patched trousers. Turning

And turning keeps the world, suspended

Beneath the slouching Titan mass of a

Sentence suspended, of a Passover.

You are the world’s self-doubt, befriended.

But, egoist, your self-assertion

Of a long hesitation’s poise

Unsteadily standing, makes you joy’s

Grieved father and orphan. Your desertion *His daughter Lucia has sunk into madness.*

From the black capital of the only

Ireland in the world, is it

Not vigil for the Infinite

Word you made pun of? It is lonely.

3. *What Ho, Bernardo!*

You come not carefully upon

Your hour, but ah, so punctually

Untimely! Watching tipsily

Not less than Everything—how gone,

Going, and going to be—: high sentry,

What strength you show in wavering, posed

So dubiously thus, Blue-Nosed

Comedian of the twentieth century!

Make that ‘half-century’, for the shifty,

Makeshift and shiftless fellow here

Depicted in such shabby gear,

This spendthrift tippler’s naught and fifty. *Portrait of the Artist as a Prematurely*

*Old Man. The portrait was commissioned*

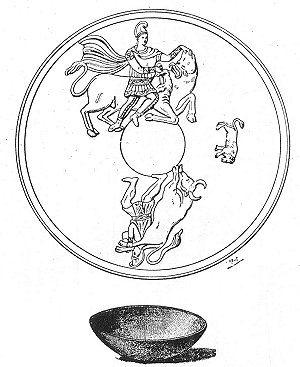
Doubtless you have just micturated *to commemorate your fiftieth birthday.*

In some shadowy alleyway. *(Aquarius: an air-sign, yet a water-bearer.*

*For this relief much thanks*, you say, *The net result: a splendid Celtic mist!)*

And take the watch. In your elated *Picture the watch, of Swiss make, with a*

*Horus-eye staring out from the linchpin-hole.*

Dejection you seem quite transcendent

Of both despair and hope. To ask *A Spinozan stoic.*

The darkness, *Who’s there?* was your task,

*Sainte-homme*, world’s crooked papal pendant.

Of course you haven’t really died,

You are still gloriously neurotic.

No, more, you are *metempsychotic*.

You are Mithra stepping outside

*Mary Colum said of the* Work in

The cave of the known universe Progress: *‘I think it is outside literature’.*

Of language into a transcendent

Space, and entirely independent,

In a hat black as any hearse.

Behind you you have left the broken

Eggshell; the serpent weaves among *An ‘egghead’, Americans might call you.*

The wreckage like the grief-tune sung

By Orpheus, in gone love’s token.

Yes, the poor clown-god seems quite lonely,

Being the giant that he is,

Suspended in a vast abyss.

‘Tis a grand curse, to be the Only.

******Step out of this ecphrasis, clastic

****** God, in default of every icon,

And with no anvil here to strike on

Save the entirely Phantastic!

4. *Rebirth, as Portrait, of the Mask:*

*He Becomes his Inquirers*

How madly you enjoyed your madness,

You whom I shall dub Sir Reality.

The evil of the eye, its malady,

The dimming of primeval gladness,

The fading of epiphany,

Reversed in re-illumination,

Reveal their own regeneration.

Cold mask, let us be ritually

Punctilious. I hold these strong

Spirits before your nose, to wake

The Finnegan in you, and make

You live again. Breathe deep and long.

*His eyes open.*

How pleasant, dear, to see your nose

Turn blue! Before it shines that star

***[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/soldier2.mp3)*** You followed. What you were you are;

It was but a light, pleasant doze.

*The death mask vanishes. Joyce*

*in his astral body assumes his*

5. *position, hunched over the world*

*Asleepius, you only make in the now-luminous portrait.*

*The sleeper sleepier. But I’m*

*A sort of something—does it rhyme*

*With ‘fake’?—ah, yes, I am a-wake.*

♫

\* \* \* *A garbled version of ‘Let Me Like a*

*Soldier Fall’. The rolled music sheet is*

*Yes, let me like a soldier fall. shown protruding from Joyce’s trouser*

*Brave manly hearts confer my doom. pocket in this made-to-order drawing.*

*And say, who stand before my tomb, (Mithra, the Roman soldier’s god!)*

He like a soldier fell*. O all*

*My shame and all my glory tell*

*Who only asked of my proud race*

*To die the last, nor in disgrace,*

*And say,* He like a soldier fell. *In Mental Fight!*

***Awake for Giacomo***

*Jim, stood up in his coffin, opens his eyes to a ‘surprise’ wake and*

*welcome party on his officially joining the Posthumous Club, calling*

*for all the uninhibited festivity of a child’s birthday celebration. We are*

*at Rossetti’s house, with many other guests at the night’s proceedings.*

*Jim refuses to play the ‘stiff’, and somewhat rowdily participates.*

1.

*This is your wake, dear Jim, your shiva. (Oscar)*

*Shiva, god of the wild west wind, (Browning, Shelley-shallying.)*

*Quicken a new birth of his mind*

*On the other side of the river. (Chorus)*

*May your wit be with you for ever. (Charles Dodgson)*

*Fear not the whiteness of the light.*

*It shines for you both day and night*

*On the other side of the river. (Chorus)*

*The mast is fall’n, the timbers shiver (DG Rossetti)*

*And you shall come again no more.*

*Things are not as they were before*

*On the other side of the river. (Chorus)*

**\*

*Here’s to me, boyos, ‘twas a good run (Jim)*

*If a short one. I had some fun,*

*Blazed like the sun, but that is done.*

*Dead, dust-dry-dun is me old Blood Run.*

2.

*The Heraclitean stream will flow on A soused, thirtyish disciple of Joyce’s, Samuel*

*And flow on and so on and so on Beckett, who is actually dreaming this entire*

*This earth weeds grow on, stars will glow on episode—a pickled dream he will forget--with*

*A man who can’t go on, who’ll go on. coltish impetuosity interjects himself into*

*the proceedings with the following quatrains.*

*This little ember that we blow on… Rather stuck on the one rhyme, I think. And*

*A sort of existential Koan, as for his crude language: it is most offensive.*

*This prayer to Nothing and to No One; But no one could dispute his cricketing skills.*

*It goes, ‘I can’t go on, I’ll go on’*.

*A staring silence greets this outburst. I break it.*

Go on. *No, thanks. I sed me peaze.*

*I mind me queues. Belacqua’s part*

*Is to sit on his \*rse and f\*rt*

*And read D\*nte. Whereat I ceaze.*

You *do* possess a morbid verve,

My dear. You find life meaningless,

And clown at the edge of the abyss.

To do this takes a certain nerve.

And to join the Resistance: plucky!

For the Gestapo like to play

With pain. *This time I got away.*

*Next time I may not be so lucky. ‘Lucky’… An interesting name for a*

*character in a dark comedy, don’t you*

*think?’ I say to Sam, taking hiim aside.*

*Perhaps he will recall this part of the dream.*

3. *In Principio Erat Verbum, Etc.*

Swinburne: *Dancing about excitedly.*

*This riddle is thorny as a thicket:*

*It begins with ‘ends in beginnings’*

*And it ends with ‘runs in big innings’.*

*Is it cricket, this sticky wicket?*

*In the Big Innings was the Word Jim (a cricket enthousiast).*

*Struck hard, and it made little puns*

*And we scored many riverruns*

*That day, unheard-of many scored.*

*The Word in its beginnings was spun . Charles.*

*Round and around to make a whirled*

*Little ball that we call the world.*

*The Word in its beginnings was Pun.*

*In the beginning was the Word Gabriel joins in the fun.*

*Spun round and round to make the world*

*A hummingbird that whirled and whirled.*

*And the wings, how they whirred and whirred!*

*In the beginning was the Word Aubrey Beardsley.*

*Spun round and round until a world*

*Was worlded by the Word, was whirled*

*Into a Word-Thing, as it were’d.*

*And Word is’d, are’d and was’d and were’d Lord Byron?*

*And will-be’d, all at the same time.*

*It was a jealous paradigm.*

*With neither rhyme nor reason, Word*

*Called itself World. It was acutely*

*Ambivalent: was it small or vast?—*

*It made the present tense, the past Charles.*

*Perfect, the future absolutely*

*Conditional. And things all day*

*Heard voices telling them to act*

*Or suffer. Some thought, ‘I’m a fact,*

*And that is all there is to say’.*

*Whilst others thought, ‘Perhaps there’s more Swinburne.*

*Than one way to be seen?’ And doubt*

*Filled them, for they could not make out*

*Quite what it was that they stood for.*

*And others, still, refused to stand Charles.*

*For anything at all. Things changed.*

*Vowel-shifty, moody and estranged*

*They grew, but the Word kenned and canned.*

*AGREE, it told the words, OBEY.*

*But verbs showed dubious aspects*

*Whilst nouns declined to be objects.*

*And grammar suffers to this day*

*From loss of glamour, its chaste mind*

*In the big U of ambiguity*

*Cupped, nouns corrupt in superfluity*

*Of contexts thoughtlessly declined. Malthusian linguistics?*

*In Buggy Innings the Beguine’s Swinburne, tossing fistfuls of multi-*

*The Last Word in Beginnings, buggering coloured beggar’s velvet into the air.*

*Description is its hugger-muggering,*

*God Himself knows not what it means. Soused, le Duc arrogantly usurps my*

*prerogative as giver of stage-directions:*

[*Here the great good William Gilbert Grace, champion cricketer of all time, as old as Methuselah,*

*enters batting giant atoms out of the galaxy and into the deeps of yonder-space, they bounce off*

*the uttermost wall of the spheroid Unicorniverse, each atom splitting into trillions of subatomic*

*particles in turn shattering into sub-subatomic particulules, of which three for Muster Mark,*

*please, and a huge, giant, large, rather big, above-average-in-size-for-a-cricket Cricket hops out*

*of a thicket and takes a turn at the wicket, but no, it is the Good Luck Cricket of Pu-Yi, last*

*Emperor of China, he keeps it in an intricately wrought ivory cage not much larger than a locket,*

*but no, in fact it is simply an ordinary small boy’s lucky cricket escaped from its miniature*

*Schrödinger box, and all are suitably impressed by its decision to exist, and Grace himself in*

*his great bearded Falstaffian little-boy gusto grown to Titan size applauds, we all applaud the*

*Good Luck Cricket at the bat, Cricket runs back and forth so fast he becomes a solid line or*

*vibrating string that hums whilst Oy says Grace and Grace sings me and, by the God of Grace*

*and Greece and Gross of God, that’s surely enough of this* reines Quark-Reden um das Wort!]



*Ah, well, his left leg is*

possibly *a Greek poem.*

4. Oscar:

The Holy Ghost is but a dove, bird *The nice distinction between the*

Of one stripe; Holy Spirit can *relative incarnational versatilities of*

Be goldfinch, crested grebe, toucan *the Holy Ghost and the Holy Spirit is*

And several species of the lovebird. *the subject of spirited debate. A point first*

*raised by the puritanical lunatic Father*

It is a Lovebird now, the Holy *Feropont in* The Brothers Karamazov.

** Spirit, αγάπόρνις, that’s fluttering

Above Jim’s head. A Joy past uttering

Desires to grace him, heart and solely,

In AGAPORNOTHANATOGRAPHY. *Mark Twain intrudes for no particular*

Jim in his writing spoke the world. *reason: ‘Sir, I have inspected this high-*

Like wings the pages are unfurled *dollar portmanteau-word from every angle,*

And fly into eternity! *and I conclude that it should not be sold*

*at some run-of-the-mill antique shop in*

*Portobello Road. I suggest you bring in*

5.Jim as Cardinal Newman: *Sotheby’s’.—This is done. Because it is*

*I speak on the Holy Ghost’s behalf. heavy, and ‘ornate’ as a Baroque-period*

*He is no showman costume-changing: armoire, a crew of six is required to haul it*

*He is Himself, though widely ranging, away. I will hardly miss it. The thing was*

*And never, never does He laugh. bulky and presumptuously hypermetric.*

C:\Users\Aphori\AppData\Local\Microsoft\Windows\Temporary Internet Files\Content.IE5\X0NB3R66\MC900283361[1].wmf*He trumps the allusions of the Holy*

 *Spirit.—Then worship we the Dove,*

*The Only-Bird, the Bird of Love,*

*Not to be parroted, but solely*

*Authoritative, overflying*

*All witticism and all psittacism,*

*Who will not tolerate one bit a schism*

*Of any kind, and no denying*

*The truth through pettifogging bluff,*

*But the Confession of the Sinner!—*

[O:] What, can’t the Beggar share the Dinner?

One Last Supper is not enough.

The Spirit spends His time conversing

Idly in any tongue, in chaffing

A bit, even, to set you laughing.

As mockingbird, he’s known to sing

A midnight medley of the day’s

Quota of magna opera,

Warbling an insomnia

Of references and turns of phrase.

**6. *Jim’s Sermon on the Pentecost*

*Let us repeat what Paul, in all*

*His heteroglossy raiment, spoke.*

*The giddying Dove beaked him. Out broke*

*A frenzy polyglottical*

*To oinopopontificate*

*Sur le péché, with agenbit*

*Of coscienza infinite*

*Für unsere Moralität.*

*Dove-Word is Word intensified*

*To hyper-sacred frequencies.*

*What to us sounds like gibberish is*

*Raw God in all His naked hide.*

*The dove never ceases to move on toward*

*what is before, going on from whereeit now*

*is, to penetrate that further to which it has*

*not yet come*. —Gregory of Nyssa

Then we’re all ears. Tell us what Paul

Said, that you’d have us all repeat?

*Gandwanananda droople dreep.*

*Now this is not obscure at all:*

*Gandwanananda*, *clearly, is*

*The pure primordial origin.*

We DROOPLE-DREPT: *we fell in sin.*

*Regained must be* *that distant* *bliss*.

*Repeat, my children, after me:*

Gandwanananda droople dreep.

Gandwanananda droople dreep.

*`GANDWANAN is the verb, ‘to be’.*

*ANDA means, ‘In a state of bliss’.*

*O do not droople, never dreep!*

*And let the Dove hear not a peep*

*That is not Praise whose Praise is His!*

Oscar:

Though I don’t droople, now and then,

I must confess, I’ve dreeped, or drept.

And many a time for this I’ve wept

And then I’ve gone and drept again.

*Oh! te absolvo, fili. Dreep*

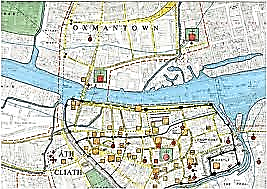
♫

*No more, henceforth, nor droop, my son.*

*[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/wake.mp3) And now, God bless us everyone.*

*The Wake is nodding off to sleep.*

***Ulysses Revisited***



*Speaking with Jim.*

1.

I have read through *Ulysses* once

Again: I am even more impressed.

You and Marcel are much the best

Of Flaubert’s wayward modern sons.

*Begob, my death was a nightmare*

*From which I am trying to awake.*

*You’ll put me back to sleep!* I take

It you’re abashed by such a rare

Compliment? But you write resplendent

Prose! A cracked looking glass you place

Before the Bard’s own gibbering face.

A prank so cheekily transcendent,

Getting the English language drunk!

Linguistic Saturnalia

Striking blows for Hibernia!

Yet, from behind it all, a monk

Peers out, ascetic young aesthete.

‘A god, paring his fingernails’.

(That comes from *me*.) The prim Muse pales

At the soiled wonders of the street,

But down that street your novel guides

Her, sights that would have sickened Zola

You show her, as you give the soul a

Tour of its animal insides.

2.

That June day glared, and challenged you

To render it, down to the most squalid

Details, as a Carlylean solid. *‘Narrative is linear, Action is solid’.*

But is not Bloom, the Wandering Jew  *—*Carlyle

Reading at stoolhis *Titbits* tale*,*

A sort of icon to remind us

How soon such things will be behind us,

Mixed with the dung and gilded stale?

And yet ‘tis a canonic Scene,

Recorded for eternity.

It resists ideality

In vain, the smear of what is mean.

It is swept up into the vast

Sun-saturated canvas of

A day in Dublin’s life, whose tough

Presence is flooded by the past

As by a Liffey of the soul

That carries all that is inside us

Of prayers and curses, that detritus,

To the ocean of the cleansing Whole;

The Akashic record of that single

Sixteenth of June, 1904, *When you and Nora first ‘stepped out’.*

Silver-and-dross of Dublin ore,

Where the inner and the outer mingle

In one half-chance, complex vibration

Somehow imprinted on the ether

Of vital oddnesses together

Forming the song of their occasion

Intricately attuned to which,

With vastly listening ear, one sings *‘You’ becomes ‘one’ becomes ‘he’ becomes ‘we’.*

The motley anthem of these things  *A polyphonic ear hears collective Rabelaisian speech.*

Whose very poverty is rich



With scents his intuition noses.

Lives of the living and the dead

He lives and dies, for he has read

The scripts of our metempsychoses.

(A schizophrenic, Carl Jung thinks,  *He should have said, ‘scherzophrenic’.*

But diving conscious into water

Wherein Lucia, your poor daughter,

In helpless madness merely sinks.)

3.

Realism, pushed far enough—

Too far, that is—yields to the pull

Of the Phantasmagorical.

Among strange diamonds in the rough

We enter what is truly real:

The mind, half-dreaming what it sees

In haphazard epiphanies,

The taste and touch and smell and feel

Of existence as a lived process,

Moment-by-moment. This atomic

Viewpoint is mapped, in ways both comic

And grand (as in ‘met him pikehoses’),

Onto the overarching myth

Of the *Odyssey*. The past, the Great

Tradition, shadows forth a fate,

An archetypal monolith

To which this day’s experience

Adds its impromptu gargoyles. Mind

Passes through Overmind. Refined

And gross, intricate and immense,

Eccentric, yet of massive poise,

This solid dream, this sight-seeing vision

You render with such mad precision

Gives madness reason to rejoice.

You consecrate life’s daily mess

As artist’s bread, down to the least

Particulars and bubbling yeast

Of language-making-consciousness.

*Ulysses* is a smear of gold

We find God-like details enough in

To fill cathedrals. (One must roughen

The texture or the truth won’t hold,

The truth, I mean, of mental realms.)

Your ear, ah, supernatural!

Catches murmurs innumerable

Of bees in immemorial elms,

When that’s the note you wish to sound.

In ‘The Oxen of the Sun’ your style

Runs from the Latin to Carlyle.

Indeed, what echo is not found

Of literary ancestors,

Most from an alien, conquering race?

For you, pastiche is at once grace

And vengeance on those who by force

Stole from us our good Gaelic tongue,

But in whose language we must speak

And write, or else, resigned to weak

Provincial status, dwell among

The marginal, behind green doors

Weave cottage marginalia,

Languishing in Hibernia,

All our subversive metaphors

Hidden, like Blake, but in the dense *‘I am hid’, writes Blake writes in an*

Brogue of an ancient wizard speech *annotation. To be ‘apocryphal’ in both*

We would, like good Saint Francis, preach  *Graeco-Roman and Hebraic traditions*

To ears that catch nor style nor sense. *means to be ‘hidden’ or ‘hid’.*—[Mr V]

With syntax to inordinate

Degrees you play, of which the meaning

Often resembles more a keening

Than a (to logic or dictate

Of fact with reference which one

Can easily grasp) significance.

Nothing in style escapes your glance,

With life it rings in unison.

4.

Imagination can possess

The streaky bacon of a life;

Through the texture, as with a knife,

Cut to the grain of consciousness.

Mid-day traffic. Businessmen feeding.

The potted meat. The scrotum-tightening

Sea, the wind-driven breakers whitening.

Bloom in his silks, or Stephen reading:

We know them by their style of thinking.

How the sun dapples with its light

The schoolmaster, the anti-Semite.

The rumor of sedition, winking.

**The Cyclopean Citizen

Hurling his tin. Gerty, who raises

Lewdly her skirt, the lame girl. Blazes

Boylan. Gogarty-Mulligan.

You get inside our heads… What is

Home without Plumtree’s Potted Meat?

We know the answer: Incomplete.

And with it? An abode of bliss.

(Your Stuart Gilbert certainly

Wrote you a fine advertisement,

A book of which, do you repent?

*I do, I do, most bitterly*.)

It ends—to anticipate—with Yes.

As well him as another, call

Him lover or husband, Yes to all

This, melon-buttocked Molly says.

5.

*Yer deepraised voice is greatful to me,*

*For all of yer profundust snobbing.*

*It pains me, thinking of you sobbing*

*There, in your prisonce, gland and gloomy.*

*But I owe you no reverence,*

*O Moon-Queen of a Beardsley drawing.*

*I find you less than overawing.*

*I made of you whatever sense*

*Kneaded, to bake my* WIP*, a ball Work in Progress.*

*Of doughy smear-sinification,*

*Accusative of accusation.*

*I made you anyone at all.*

(Ah, here comes everybody! I’m

Aware of it: quite Shandean.

The plot, though, as far as I can

Make out, is: Once. A pun. A time.)

To appropriate is exquisite,

To be appropriated, more

Exquisite still. Come, dear: have your

Way with me. I don’t mind a bit.

Far from a solemn archetype,

I am a posture, a position,

A trend, a manner, a transition—

A Tyger, in short, of any stripe

One of your stripe may postulate.

*Primal infinitive of a sign*

*That signifies its own decline*

*Into declension and cognate…*

Yes, mighty conscience-forging smithy,

Go forth, our Hero Daedalus!

(Though in your *WIP*, dear, some of us

Might wish you a wee bit more pithy.)

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/seaside_girls.mp3)*****The Story-Teller at Fault***

♫

*As told by Mr James Joyce.*

1.

*Aengus, ‘tis the great traveller*

*You are! No tellin’ what landscapes*

*You’ve passed through in your antic scrapes,*

*You always seemin’ here and there*

*And nowhere. It’ll be a cold*

*Day in Hell when the likes of me*

*Can get away with what you see*

*Your way through, begob, but you’re bold!*

2.

The story-teller’s out of tales—

That’s where the mischief takes its start:

The inspiration’s left his art,

And that’s a fault for which one fails.

He gambles with a beggar, loses

His property, his wife, his proper

Semblance, in all things comes a cropper *Hump, croupe, a kind*

Until among the herbs he noses, *of printing press.*

Hare-brained in a hare’s body, he is,

His own hounds set upon him by

His own wife. Then by wizardry

The goods are gone; who knows where *she* is?

But wife and goods and all are stowed

With care in an alternative

Dimension, where we shall them leave

For now, for on the wingèd road

Go story-teller and beggar-man,

The teller invisible, but seeing all:

 ‘Tis in O’Donnell’s Keep (it being all

Around them dark, where Red sits wan)

They are, beggar and unseen fellow.

But he is Aengus of the Bluff,

Of tricks the god has store enough,

And Red has store of coins of yellow

(*The architecture of ‘literary space’?*)

To pay him to provoke his laughter. It’s

But a wee thread we’re speaking of

The beggar spins to heaven above,

But up he sends a hare, and after it’s

A hound he sends, and then a lad,

O’Donnell’s lad, to stop the hound

As tries to eat the hare. To ground

He pulls the eaten hare, the bad

Dog and O’Donnell’s boy, asleep.

He chops his head off for neglect.

But sure he can him resurrect,

Such spells are in a wizard’s keep,

But that will cost the king more gold,

Which paid, the lad is in his health

Restored, the beggar has his wealth,

And, well, there’s more that could be told.

3.

How they continued till ‘twas in

The King of Leinster’s court they were,

And many times they hang him there,

The beggar, but he out of thin

Air re-appears alive and hale,

*Is it me-self you’re looking for?*

He asks the guard, and to restore

The king’s dead sons he does not fail,

And to the teller he reveals

Himself as Aengus, he that’s of

The imaginary land of Bluff;

And wife and goods, like one who heals

A wound in space and time that death

Has made, the god brings back to life.

*Bless you, but you can keep the wife!*

As in the abstraction of a breath

The god had hid them in the space

Of telling, whence he now retrieves all,

And cheers the teller and relieves all

From the suspense with which he plays.

And so the teller’s family’s

 Restored to him, with his position:

For the king craves the repetition

Of that one story, for it is

All the other stories, isn’t it?

This poor Job-out-of-work who lost

It all, receives more than his cost,

The treasure of the Aengus wit!

He did him a good turn or two

And so the god of trick and frolic

Cures the king, sleepless, melancholic,

And so the teller’s dreams come true.

4. *The Sequel*

The teller thus his lot secures

As *good* in life, though not as *great*.

(But could one come, at length, to hate

Re-telling the tale that ensures

The goodness, the insipid good

That is one’s luck in life, and lot

In the great lottery one has not

Yet won, but thinks that one still could,

If given half a chance, an angle?)

And so the teller hates the god

Who saddles him with but one odd

Matryoshka doll, and lets it dangle

From his hand or sit on his shoulder

And be his hump, his Hugo-esque

Trope of Romantic-Turned-Grotesque.

Never was butt of laughter older

Than what this god makes of him and

His hump, his ‘legendary story’.

*A million of the things, bagorr! he*

*Has, does this Aengus, ain’t he grand?*

*And yet ‘tis but the one he gave*

*Me, this Lord Aengus: beggarly*

*Indeed’s his generosity!*

*Is that how a god should behave?*

*So I’m the pony of one trick,*

*Mavrone! Not half as rich as Craysus,*

*And but a beast of burden. Jaysus!*

*This Aengus god half-makes me sick.*

4. *His Wife Scolds Him*

*A greedy troll guarding his vault!*

*So it’s not autographs you’re signing*

*These days, and on fine lobster dining?*

*Ingratitude’s a serious fault!*

The Story-Teller:

*Why don’t I have it printed, then?*

*There’s pots of gold in that, no less!*

*I’ll use old Cropper’s printing press.*—

So the *auteur* takes up his pen

And is a famous literary man

Who has *amours* and duels in print

And makes himself another mint,

This little literary dairyman.

5. Epilogue: Haines (from *Ulysses)*

*This fine Hibernian trickster is*

* Quite the old hand. Impressive, very!*

*True Celtic-twilight* völkisch*-fairy,*

*Eh what? I’m here for stuff like this. Aengus chops off his head.*

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/chieftains_stretched.mp3)

♫

***The Apocrypheosis***

***of James Clarence Mangan***

***as Related by One James***

***Augusta Aloysius Joyce***

*The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!—JC Mangan*

1.

*Fell Time, that greedy landlord Time,*

*He takes starved children for his rent,*

*And spinsters by their labour bent,*

*And many a bone in many a rhyme*

*There is to pick with him! Among one’s*

*Pet peeves, he greys my hair, he ploughs*

*To earth the Woman with Three Cows ‘The Woman with Three Cows’:*

*And along come the tramplin’ young ones!* *a poem by Mangan.—*[Mr V]

**2.

*Poor Mangan, he with the umbrella*

*Carried about in driest weather,*

*A singular fellow altogether,*

*A needy sot, but he could tell a*

*Story or two in golden phrases*

*To make your red hair stand on end.*

*‘Twas few who cared to be his friend,*

*A difficult man: I sing his praises.*

*Behold him in your mind’s eye now,*

*In his blue cloak and his blond wig,*

*Green spectacles and a great big*

*Witch hat that makes it work somehow,*

*That whole mad-genius business.*

*Among the world’s distinguished forgers*

*He stands supreme, his work is gorgeous!*

*Translated out of languages*

*He did not know, attributed*

*To non-existent poets, such as*

*‘Selber’ (his very self!) with touches*

*Of greatness now appreciated,*

*But praise of little use to him*

*That’s dead these many more than twenty* *‘Twenty Golden Years Ago’, a poem*

*Not very golden years. No plenty* *written by ‘Selber’—German for ‘self’, i.e.,*

*He ever knew, his life was grim* *written by himself, James Mangan. How*

*perverse of the man! Forgery is, of course,*

*And he obscure, and stone-cold dead* *plagiarism in reverse. Right or wrong,*

*Like you at six-and-forty years:* *immoral or imaginative, lawful play*

*Such was his lot. I’ve shed my tears* *or a matter for the law… All these grave*

*For him!* An Gortya Mor*, the dread* *questions will be cleared up only with.*

*the coming of the Apocryphalypse.*

*Famine, made him turn patriot*

*And put a fire into his verses*

*That on the English showered curses*

*For leaving the Irish poor to rot.*

*This man, an idol once of mine,*

*Was taken by the cholera*

*In all his weird regalia*

*In the year eighteen-forty-nine.*

*On his memorial let us hang an*

*Old ivy wreath, on Ivy Day,*

*And for his spirit let us pray,*

*The spirit of James Clarence Mangan!*

3. *Oscar:*

Among the poets constellated

In Heaven, though it may seem full,

There’s room for the Apocryphal

Who never were, but were translated!

**

***The Good Green Land***

***Yeats, Joyce and the Myst***

1. *The Song of the Faeries*

*Come home, Wilde Oscar, come home to the good green land of Eire!*

*Than your father Usheen you have wandered further and longer by far.*

*Great were your triumphs, and greater your trials! How sorrowful-weary*

*And haggard your face is, and your grey eyes, how haunted they are!*

*The unappeasable host, can you hear them, the legions of Faery?*

*And the lone pipe, and the wheels of Cuchulain’s battle-car?*

Now really, that’s a bit *de trop*.

I’m not a Celtic Twilight man.

My mind is cosmopolitan—

Though I heard the sidhe-cry, long ago.

2. *God is Crazy Jane*

*We both loved Beauty, Wilde, past right or wrong.*

*We knew the truth of masks, that without strife*

*Of contraries, as Blake knew, life is not life.*

*I’m no believer. Intellect is as strong*

*As its capacity for doubt. It can*

*And must remain a little sceptical*

*Even confronted by the Illimitable*

*In all its vast intimidating span—*

*To which a vast uncertainty responds*

*In kind: that, too, is infinite, because*

*The mind is so, being riddled by the loss*

*Incurred with every gain. How cast in bronze*

*Or fix for-ever in mosaic azure*

*And gold the hesitant and questioning*

*Gesture of so mercurial a thing,*

*Of all things the immeasurable measure?*

*My weakness and my strength, was my self-doubt:*

*It made me waver where the hazel-tree*

*Stood still, stand still when the horses of the sea*

*Bid me turn wave and join their tumultuous rout.*

*When Niamh, let us call her, spirit of Youth,*

*Invited me to live beyond all age*

*In the green land of the Young, I turned the page*

*And read how one must wither into the Truth.*

*My verses were restless with a Celtic lilt,*

*For the heart that was in them was molten and fluid.*

*I gave to my dreams the names* Rose *and* Druid

*And saw the Druid vanish, and the Rose wilt.*

*God is a wanderer, too. Down in his least*

*Details he dwells, a beggar’s mask he wears,*

*And then a king’s. He climbs his winding stairs.*

*The Sexless Angel marries the Rough Beast.*

*The Intellect can never fully parse*

*That riddling grammar, speech of Crazy Jane.*

*Say God is wise, but Wisdom’s half-insane.*

*Our eyes see by the raging of the stars.*

*God is the Rose and the invisible Worm.*

*Riddle to riddle the truth-seekers range,*

*Seeking an island in the sea of change.*

*The island wanders, and the sea holds firm.*

‘In dreams begin responsibilities’,

You wrote. Yet you were irresponsible,

In your heart’s core, and half-in-love with Hell.

That’s why I trust you. You stayed *crazy*-wise.

4. *When I Was an Irish Rat Joyce McMocking.*

*I’ve not been so be-rhymed since old Pythagoras’*

*Time, when—it has been falsely claimed—I was*

*An Irishrat. It wakes the rhythmic saws*

*Of Slumber’s all it does, this Myst mandragorous.*

*To meet Cathleen, a man must walk away.*

*To write of Mother Ireland, move to France.*

*If that sounds too much like the old Romance,*

*Make sure to die in Switzerland someday.*

*We all must suffer our metempsychotic break-*

*Downs, be the worm, the tree, the bee and the clover.*

*In my next life I’ll be no more a rover,*

*But spend my days in the cottage by the lake.*

***Oscar of the Cove***

***A Fantasy***

**PRISONER WILDE ESCAPES FROM READING**

NATIONWIDE MANHUNT UNDERWAY

SENSATIONAL DETAILS OF PLAY-

WRIGHT’S DARING BREAK-OUT. WHERE IS HE HEADING?

That’s up to you to guess. A thimble

Can be honed down into a saw.

Armour has chinks; doors and the law

Have cracks. Is this fact, or a symbol?

\*

I joined the champions of the Cause,

If you must know: we agitated

For freedom from the ones we hated,

The English, and their tyrannous laws!

‘Twas call to arms, and calls quite close

At times: bombs smuggled, weapons cached,

And police station windows smashed

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/fingal.mp3)Right under Dublin Castle’s nose.

♫

You don’t believe a word of this,

Do you? Something so noble *must*

Be true! Then you’ll believe me just

A little if I speak of his,

I mean, The Oscar’s, thrilling deeds, *Music at this point, Mendelssohn’s*

His famed great-coat, his sea-side lair, *‘Fingal’s Cave’ Overture, perhaps.*

His wayside tavern love affair?

And how he rides in shadow, and leads

His doughty friends from episode

To escapade in the Good Fight?

Bane of the English in the night,

We harass them on the high road.

Great Oscar of the Cove, they call me,

And Fighting Wilde, and Druid Bard.

Great are my exploits, Dears, and hard

The luck and troubles that befall me.

We blow supply trains off the rails

Then to our hideaway withdraw,

Where, warmed by fire and usquebaugh,

We tell each other the Old Tales.

I learn the harp, and sing in Erse

The deeds of Fingal and Oisin

When Erin’s fields were grand and green,

Before we fell beneath the Curse. *I am what we Irish call a seanachie.*

I’m captured by the Authorities

And sentenced to be hanged—but not

Before a speech not soon forgot

By those who heard such words as these:

Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance, asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then and not till then*, let my epitaph be written.

—*Robert Emmet’s last words on the scaffold.*

*Better to die than live in slavery!*

Before a crowd of thirty thousand

I shout these fiery words, to rouse and

Inspire my fellows to new bravery.

Like a great Actor’s is my stance,

And some weep tears who came to jeer.

*I gladly lay my life down here*

*In Emmet’s name, and Ireland’s!*

The perfect cue for my comrades

To burst in on the scene and snatch

Me from the noose: too fast to catch

We ride to freedom. Well done, lads!



***Hanged on a Comma***

*In the months leading up to the Easter Rising of 1916, Casement had secretly persuaded the Germans to help arm the rebels. At his trial for treason, the prosecution had trouble arguing its case as his crimes had been carried out in Germany and the Treason Act of 1351 seemed to apply only to activities carried out on English (or, arguably, British) soil. A close reading of the Act allowed for a broader interpretation: the court decided that a comma should be read in the text, crucially widening the sense so that ‘in the realm [,] or elsewhere’ referred to where acts were done and not just to where the ‘King's enemies’ might be.*

—Mr V

***Roger Casement***

*August 3, 1916.*

Poor Roger Casement came to me that night

Sent from the gallows to the Great Beyond.

*Hanged on a comma*, said he, with a light

Disdain for Law so dexterously conned.

*While I denounced the Rubber Barons of*

*Brazil, slave-drivers of the Indians,*

*I found the time to search for young men’s love.*

*Uranian rebels stand beneath two bans!*

*Don’t think the diaries they circulated*

*Were forgeries, though the Crown’s aim was malicious.*

*I was the man I was by nature fated*

*To be, like you, whom virtuously vicious*

*England also laid low. And as for libel,*

*Think what is said about us in the Bible!*

[](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Sir_Roger_Casement_(6188264610).jpg)***Jim and I Drink Too Much***

**

*Scene: Oh, any astral estaminet*

*suitably seedy will do.* Hélas!

1.

Grand, how from such unpromising *Going on about*

Stuff you assemble your mosaic Ulysses *again.*

Of the sublime and the prosaic,

And teach the chaos how to sing.

Though some would doubtless rather *see*

The goings-on in Brothel-Hell. *Jim mock-snickers.*

You’re both voyeurs, you and Marcel,

And you, perhaps, see one in me. ‘*I see as much as I care to*

*see’, he says a-snide. Then:*

*O sneaky-peaky-stinky-reeky!*

*Phantas-begorra sin-aesthesia*

*Leads to the climax of a seizia!*

*O moldy-Poldy, gassy-leaky!*

*By now we are distinctly*

Now in *Ulysses*, what *is* that *(indistinctly?) pixilated.*

Elaborate machinery

Of ancient Greek mythology?

*A whim*. Ah hah! *Pulled from a hat. So he told young Nabokov.*

From *somewhere!* Such a sturdy bubble!

Well, *keep* your poor lay readers dizzy!

The scholars, too, must be kept busy.

*And off the streets*. And out of trouble.

Yes, I forecast heavy downpours

Of abstruse monograph and serious

Study for years to come, delirious

Seriousness, dear Jim! For yours

Is difficulty with a comic

Accent, i.e., diffìculty:

Fickle, cultish to some degree, *A global* gloire de cénacle.

Slightly random and subatomic,

Somewhat too post-Democritean,

Too democratic to be what

The elite might call elitist, but

Too rarefied to be plebeian,

Though Rabelaisian, certainly,

As earthy as the earth is earthy,

But Heaven-fruity, too, and worthy

Of any pains the scholarly

May fruitlessly or fruitfully

Take to explain elucidate

Elaborate and explicate

Such grossness and such subtlety.

So awfully gallimaufry-ish

An opus-pocus, one supposes,

Is worthy of Baruch Spinoza’s

Blessing, so, well, *infinity-ish*

A finish does its substance own

Of myriad-many an attribute.

In the interior great *Galut Hebrew for exile or diaspora.*

Outside all Law you stand alone

**

And squint beyond the edge of Thought,

Beyond all code and codicil,

Stoic of the determined will

Up in worldly relation caught,

Yet able ‘mid the fret of life

To make a declaration of *Nora Joyce, née Barnacle.*

Interdependence, even love,

Of all things torn by the One Strife.

Who is your ideal reader? God,

‘God’ said in the subjunctive mood,

Good for the learnèd and the lewd,

Body-and-Soul-God, God-the-Odd.

2.

*You’re a bit odd yourself, Eschàr,*

*Slough o’ yer own scorched lips, eh what?*

*Kinked in his little ways, and smut-*

*Tasteful, isn’t the Oscar? Arrh! Another round, please, barman.*

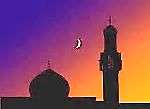
*White wine for Jim, but usquebaugh*

You’ve reached a kind of Harlequin-nadir *for me, in peaty, boggy Erin’s honour.*

With that routine of yours, dear Jim.

You are a tall-ish man, and slim,

Jim. *You’re a male impersonator.*

Your face is sunk into its centre.

It is, I think, the crescent moon.

Why don’t you sing me a folk tune?

*Does Beauty, Wilde, dwell in a renter?*

*Does it pay rent?* Beauty is free

To those who can afford to win her.

Nora, she found you a beginner…

She never read your books, did she?



*The worthy Sir blunts not his needle.*

*Now which of us is Tweedledum*

*And which is Tweedledee?* Or some

Obscure half-brother, Tweedledaedal?

*In Zurich I made bold to found*

*The English Players; we made our*

*Debut upon the stage with your*

Earnest*, you know. And through the sound*

*Of the applause* I *could be heard*

*Shouting, ‘Hurrah for Ireland!’*

*I yelled. ‘Poor Wilde was Irish, and*

*So am I!’* I am moved, Jim, stirred

To my *echt*-Irish soul, *mon âme*

*Très irlandaise*! So, do you like

My play? *What posture should I strike?*

*Do you demand I drop a bomb*

*Upon your pride, and say, to me,*

*It is a clever trifle, no*

*More?* Well, perhaps. But, did you know

That Dante likes it? *Pfiffery! See* Further Revelations II*,* Psycho-machia, *‘Surprised by Dante’*.*—*[Mr V]

It’s true, I swear it! He has told me

He thinks the comedy divine!

Why, he *esteems* this play of mine!

He’s usually inclined to scold me.

Perhaps there’s more to it than meets

The eye. *Or less.* *But by me stars*

*It* is *a perfect tour de farce*

*In its own way.* It fills the seats.

3.

Praise to your art and scope! But I

Prefer a simpler enigma,

A faceted gem, a red stigma

Or icy star fall’n from the sky.

I think of Horace and the small,

Dense, clear mosaics of his Odes.

You’re one who loads and overloads

*Finnegans Wake*

*whilst others sleep.*

To birth a blurred chaosmic ball.

The *Wake,* Jim… Ah, how many moons!

*I only wanted to amuse them.*

But some resent the way you use them

As sounding-boards for loony tunes

Selected from your idiolect

With indiscriminate abandon.

*What principle should a clown stand on?*

*The game’s in how the bits connect*

*If you connect them, which you may*

*In any warlock-witch way what*

*So ever.* A veritable smut

Of possibilities, I’d say.

4.

You had strange phobias: apart

From dogs, ‘twas lightning you most feared.

But all things are by lightning steered,

Says Heraclitus: at the heart



Of things is terror. Nightmare drives

The world, or call it History.

Monstrous is the Entelechy

That burns the world to ash, it thrives

On Phoenix fire, monstrous the way

It hides behind the symmetries

The Angelic Doctor thinks he sees

Calmly dividing B from A,

Whereas behind the painted scene

Opposites in explosive fusion

Somewhere between truth and illusion

Make our ambiguous meanings mean. *Fearful asymmetries!*

*How meaningly ambiguated!*

*Your hairyclitean fiery bits*

*Can have their little fiery fits.*

*Give me something concatenated.*

*Spinoza, Vico, Bruno, Aquinas.*

*I think I’ll have another glass. Another round.*

*You ought to see it as a mass.*

*All sinuses compose one Sinus.* *Blows his nose.*

*If you look past my stray obscenities*

*You’ll find a comic theologian*

*Behind the cosmic philologian.*

*Not Heraclitus, sir: Parmenides.*

Don’t talk to me about the Cosmos.

It’s all cosmetics. *Τό καλόν*

On such a vast scale makes me yawn.

But influences, how they ‘osmose’

Into each other (I use the word

In honour of my scientific

Father): loves, hates in their specific

Solutions, compounds, and absurd

Mesmeric formulations *à la*

Balzac: these make for interesting

Topics of talk, well worth investing

One’s time in. But let’s not play scholar!

*I think I’ve influenced you, quite*

*A bit, Oscar. You’ve taken to*

* Punning lately, haven’t you?*

*And other wordplay, am I right?*

Yes. I’m less ‘classical’ in my

Versification, too, much more

Byronic, less a straitlaced bore

In general, in my prosody.

*Giambattista Vico.*

Some critics, I can well foresee,

Will find it rather *sub*-Byronic.

(Inevitably, I add ‘ironic’.)

With learnèd animosity

They’ll carp at how my verses dangle

A leg over the line, they’ll damn

Me for my violent enjamb-

Ments. Gaucheries like *that* one mangle

The texture, mar its elegance,

They’ll say. *Your Muse is but a frag- Jim mickey-mocks these mockers.*

*Mentarily toothed old cripple-hag,*

*And she thinkin’ that she can dance!*



In youth ‘twas otherwise with me, ah,

My verse was slavishly fastidious!

Blandness, derivative, insidious,

Made me believe to rhyme ‘idea’

With ‘tear’ was a most wicked thing

To do. My verse was formulaic

And fundamentally prosaic,

Though there were times when it could sing.

Well, I owe much of this great change

To you—and Charles. You’ve been my college, *Dodgson, of course.*

And it behoves me to acknowledge

How you’ve helped me expand my range.

And to that lord drunk as a Byron

I own my debt most gratefully.

What better mountain-top than he

To light a nice Promethean fire on?

*Well, Byron* is *my favourite poet.*

*It’s him above all you should thank.*

*You may not quite have reached his rank,*

*But you’re not all that far below it.*

Then here’s to the strange influence *A toast.*

You all have wielded over me,

Yielding to which has set me free.

I would add more fine sentiments,

But I sound stiff, and so banal,

***Proust and Joyce***

*Longtemps* and *Stately*: two first words

Gestating in themselves the last.

Circle swells into sphere. Two vast

Finales seed their opening chords.

Together, what do the words say?

*Yes* to *Time.* Time and its ‘it was’.

To music and to long applause

Let all things passing pass away!

*Official,* even! What have you

Reduced your humble Oscar to!

*Father-of-bride, in rented hall?*

5. *Jim, in Turn, Proposes a Toast or Two*

*To work of fate, to quirk of art,*

*To quart of white wine and a quark*

*And the blind man who in the dark*

*Sees (what he sees there breaks his heart).*

*It breaks his heart and makes him laugh*

***Finnegans Wake***

Riverrun, Anna Livia’s reverie

Of night, forged epic check, a Shem-Shaun sham bent

To straddle the chaosmos, vast enjambment

That sweeps us all away along with the

*And sets him deep where things begin*

*And Finnegan again within*

*His dream rears up like a giraffe.*

*To trollop, prostitute, slut, punk,*

*Harlot, and all who ply their Mystery*

*On the slag heap of whoary History,*

*Tramp, strumpet, trull—I, I’m no monk.*

You are half-monkey and half-god,

Whilst I am half-god, half-great ape.

In my Darwinian shame I shape

A toast to your eternal Bawd.

*On this sham rock I build my church,*

*For ‘tis not rock, ‘tis but a clover*

*That wears the blessing of my lover,*

*Sea-seeking in her endless search,*

*My Anna Livia Plurabelle.*

*She is a silver winding sheet,*

*A dew, imparting ah, such sweet*

*Sorrow! Let liquid Liffey swell*

*Beyond her banks and drench the air*

*With dream-times of a plural world!*

*See how the clover gleams, empearled*

*With Annamnesia’s Livia-wear!*

Oui, il pleur dans son coeur comme il *I quote Verlaine, in the spirit and*

Pleut sur la ville! *La Livia! Vive spirits of this hum-drum evening.*

*En romans-fleuves, belles Lettres! Live*

*The river of the wound you heal!*

You are determined, Los-Hephaistos,

To bend all shapes beyond all shape

To the *Wake*’s verbal every-scape.

Might fewer words have not sufficed us? *Glares silently.*

Soon I shall start to slur *your* words.

*That would be slander, labial libel! Cheers up a little.*

Shall we go home and read the Bible?

*I think that I shall stroke some chords! Plays snatches of* Tristan

und Isolde *on his guitar.*

*Isolde incarnates before us.*

6. *An Excuse for a Song*

*Mein irisch’ Kind, wo weilest du?*

*Woo-woo, moo-moo, mein Kind so irisch, Isolde is transformed from*

*So Io, that it makes me tear-ish, a beautiful young queen*

*O meine irisch’, irisch’ Kuh! into a mythological cow.*

*This Wagner Typ puzzo di sesse.*— *He speaks Italo-Anglo-German,*

He stinks of sex? Who doesn’t, after…? *this polyglutton for punish-ness.*

Although he *does* excite my…laughter,

His Siegfried. One could write an essay

♫

On his stupidity and find,

In the end, nothing to say. (Though on his

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/siegfried.mp3) Teutonically blond Adonis

Looks one could heap praise.) And his ‘mind’?

He is no village idiot,

He’s a whole village full of them.

A ‘hardy’, we’d say. *So would Shem*.

*From schlimm to wurst he goes, this Brat.*

*How ‘d you like, ‘The grey, sunken c\*nt In* Ulysses, *describing*

*Of the world’?* Jim! That’s just the kind *Referring to the Dead Sea.*—[Mr V]

Of thing I *seriously* ‘mind’!

*[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/puccini2.mp3)*It tends to stultify, to stunt

The conversation… *That’s because*

*You don’t like c\*nts, that’s all* that *is. O modest asterisks, chaste stars!*

Just—please!—observe the decencies.

Language has *hands*; don’t use its *paws*.

*It’s* you *who offered once to ‘suck’*

♫

*Your reader’s ‘c\*ck’. Your words, fine fellow!*

Oh Dear, it seems that **Mr Yellow**

Has been found out—ah, just his luck!



7.

*Mavrone! Sure, Ireland was born knowing*

*What hunger is! There’s those that do*

*Not know it; but they will.* How true!

*Me, I never got used to going*

*Without food, studying medicine*

*In Paris as ah! young man.* Hunger

Is *La Bohème* when we are younger

And a youth cannot be too thin;

At forty it is simply *real*.

Ugliness, suffering, obscene.

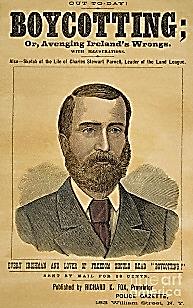
The grumbling void, the pangs how keen!

*Quick now, let’s order us a meal! Boiled potatoes are ordered:*

*They bring us but the* one*!*

Jim, dare we speak of Parnell, great

And tragic Parnell? How they turned

** Against him, whose deeds should have earned

Him reverence? *It was his fate,*

*In part, that prompted me to go*

*Abroad and speak a foreign tongue.*

*How could I live my life among*

*A race of people who could do*

*Such things to such a princely fellow?*

*Who’d fought so superhumanly*

*To give them back their dignity!*

All for a harmless peccadillo… *Parnell had been a long-time lover of Catherine* *O’Shea, who was separated from her husband.*

Didn’t Gladstone call him the most *When her husband* *finally divorced her, he*

Remarkable man he’d ever met? *named Parnell as co-respondent. The ensuing*

*How soon our countrymen forget! scandal split the Irish Home Rule party,*

*One moment he’s the nation’s toast, alienated many of his supporters, and led*

[*I twist in my chair to a decline in his influence and popularity.*

*The next: pariah. Ireland never uncomfortably at this.*] *The Catholic Church was outraged when he*

*Produced a greater man, I claim, later married Catherine O’Shea. (It was in her*

*And to our country’s lasting shame, arms that he died in his mid-forties.*—[Mr V]

*This hero, brave as he was clever,*

*The people jeered, and the priests gave*

*Smug sermons on his fall from grace.*

A crowd threw quicklime in his face.

*They drove him to an early grave!*

*And as for Glad-Eye, what a dance Gladstone.*

*He danced! He backed a Home Rule bill*

*He knew the House of Lords would kill,*

*Leaving the old fox with clean hands! Each of us pokes disconsolately*

*at his half of the potato. We have*

*another round of whiskeys. We have*

*lost our appetites, but not our thirst.*

8. *Felix, Gulp o’ A change of tone—desperate flippancy.*

How cunningly God sets His traps!

That friendly, round red fruit she grips

Holds seeds of the Apocalypse!

*Ah lips! O Appleculpylapse!*

[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/bellini.mp3)Palpable apple! *Streak of scarlet*

♫

*Upon her cheek, and puckered mouth*

*Of greed that eats eternal youth*

*And breeds the Babylonian Harlot,*

*And spanking is she of the Poldy!*

That’s quite enough, Jim, that’s *de trop. Ah!*

*I know I know I know I Noah*

*F\*\*k tale for one whose locks are goldy!*

*Norma*.

*And So Forth and Koan, etc.*

You’re raving mad. How can you still

Be sitting there, yet standing, will

You tell me that, in your Belles Lettres?

[*He sings and plays at the piano a medley of Bellini*

*and Donizetti,* Una furtiva lagrima *wells in the eye*

*of the listener, who is apparently Oscar Wilde.*]

How nice to hear you *Casta diva*

Upon the waters! *Diva-gation*

*Of rivers from their derivation.*

The snippy castanets of Shiva.

9. *Hock and Coda: Two, Sick at the Close Garçons are sweeping the floor, putting*

*chairs upside-down on tables. We are*

*Each of us lived his own* Galut*. the only patrons left in the establishment.*

*Each of us lived the long meanwhile Exotic flowers bloom from the sawdust.*

*Of voluntary or forced exile*

*Like Mother Hubbard in her boot.—*

This conversation is entirely

Pointless, isn’t it? *Sheerest rot!*

*A spree, a lark.* Esprit! *a shot*

*In the dark* I’m in need of, direly. *Ire of Eire, Irelandishly hungry,*

*do ye want Any Gortya Mor??—*Jim.

*The donkey draws the cart to Heaven,*

*F\*rting freely in his \*rse-scent.*

*Let hands be clasped, let knees be bent:*

*Rise, incest smoke: the Heavens are Seven!*

10. *Jim Speaks Directly into the Camera Yes, this is a ‘talkie’.*

*(Coda2)*

*A cultish Celt, of Celtish cult*

*Was A.E.I.O.U. ,*

*Known for his mysty difficùlty*

*(Pronounced with stress on the penùlt).*

Our native accent’s out of joint.

*Saying’s the Irish way of seeing—*

Paycock, the Irish way of being

A peacock. *Aye, the pint’s the point*.

Oh yes, the Irish way of being!

*Trapped in its cups ‘twixt future and past,*

*And David’s harp may be the last*

*Thing any of us remember seeing.*

11. *Jim Looks Ahead to the Near-Future*

*(Coda3)*

*They’ll gather in the local pub, lick*

*The foamy head from the beer mug*

*And drink a toast. But me? I shrug.*

*So Ireland is a REPUBLIC.*

*And still divided from itself*

*North to South, violently Other,*

*South to North. Barman, O me brother!*

*A gallon o’ whisky from the shelf!*

*[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/girlish2.mp3)*

♫

***Musical Program***

**Page 1, Title Page**

Dion Boucicoult (attr., probably dates from late 18th century),*Wearing of the Green*.

Sung by John McCormack.

**Page 9, *The Question Mark of Giacomo***

Wallace, *Let Me Like a Soldier Fall.* From the opera *Maritana*. Walter Widdop, tenor.

Lawrence Collingwood, conductor.

**Page 15, *Awake for Giacomo***

*Finnegan’s Wake* (trad. Irish pub song). The Chieftains.

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd   
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he carried a hod   
You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way but the love for the liquor poor Tim was born   
To help him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn   
  
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake   
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake   
  
One morning Tim got rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake   
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and they carried him home his corpse to wake   
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed   
A bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head   
  
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake   
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake   
  
His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs Finnegan called for lunch   
First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch   
Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,   
Tim avourneen, why did you die?", "Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee   
  
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake   
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake   
  
Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"   
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor   
Then the war did soon engage, t'was woman to woman and man to man   
Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began   
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake   
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake   
  
Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him   
It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim   
Bedad he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed   
Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, t'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"   
  
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake   
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake   
  
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters shake   
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

**Page 20, Ulysses *Revisited***

Harry B. Norris, *Those Lovely Seaside Girls.* Kevin McDermott, tenor, Ralph Richey, piano.

**Page 24, *The Story-Teller at Fault***

*The Night Before Larry Was Stretched*. Instrumental version by the Chieftains.

**Page 29, *Oscar of the Cove***

Mendelssohn, *The Hebrides (Fingal’s Cave) Overture*, Op. 26. London Symphony

Orchestra, Antal Dorati, conductor.

**Page 39, *Jim and I Drink Too Much***

Wagner, *Siegried*, Act I: *Nothung! Nothung! Neidliches Schwert! Svet* Svanholm, tenor.

Puccini, *La Bohème.* Prelude. Orchestra of the National Opera of Paris, Daniel Oren,

conductor.

**Page 41, *Jim and I Drink Too Much***

Bellini, *Norma*, Act I: *Casta diva*. Maria Callas, soprano.

Casta Diva, che inargenti  
queste sacre antiche piante,  
a noi volgi il bel sembiante  
senza nube e senza vel..

Tempra, o Diva,

tempra tu de’ cori ardenti  
tempra ancora lo zelo audace,  
spargi in terra quella pace  
che regnar tu fai nel ciel...

**Pure Goddess**

Pure Goddess, whose silver covers  
these sacred ancient plants,  
we turn to your lovely face  
unclouded and without veil...

Temper, oh Goddess,

the hardening of your ardent spirits,   
temper your bold zeal,  
scatter across the earth that peace  
you make reign in the sky.

Trans. Aaron Green (with alterations)

**Page 42, *Jim and I Drink Too Much***

Joyce, *Bid Adieu to Girlish Days.* (This is the only known composition by Joyce.) Kevin

McDermott, tenor, Ralph Richey, piano.