

The Apparition of One Sir Ghostus

RICARDO NAVARRETE FRANCO
Universidad de Sevilla

A specter haunts *Finnegans Wake*, the specter of coincidence. There are many who have seen what nobody else has seen and have gathered their critical powers to exorcise this ghost. With the help of patterns of repetition, varying degrees of conviction, a touch of humor here and there, some have persuaded us of the presence of George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, a Tutankhamen, Joyce, his father, his brother Charles. A few would surely add that a ghost walking through the pages of the *Wake* can be no other than the holy ghost, under the appearance perhaps of the Phoenix or the Bennu Bird. A step further, Michael O'Shea recently spotted Elvis Presley, not in a supermarket, but in examples like "the king's highway with his hounds" (FW 334.34)¹; and Derek Attridge found the river of his childhood, the Dusi, in "bakereen's dusind" (FW 212.20), "like the small boy Joyce imagined in just such a situation."²

It is not my intention here to sneer at these ghosts, though many of them are really funny; they are rather the support I need. First, because I have seen many ghosts myself, especially given my distant perspective as a non-native reader from the "sooth of Spainien" (FW 539.14); secondly because ghosts are only natural in a book that touches the worlds of night, dreaming and resurrecting; and thirdly because I have come to believe that what happens in the *Wake* also happens while we read it. What follows, then, is one more attempt, and a relative failure at that, to conjure up these ghosts and ask them routine questions, see who they are, how they appear, and what they want from us.

As to who the ghost is, whether it is one or many—not very popular questions around non-essentialist readers—I am uncertain, although there are many of the so-to-say canonical, intended ghosts in *Finnegans Wake*. It is the case of Earwicker when he is invoked, forced out of Shaun's mouth rather, at the end of III.iii with "Arise, sir ghostus! As long as you've lived there'll be no other" (FW 532.04-05). Then in the next chapter he seems to appear in front of Kate. She hears a crack in the stairs, kneels down, trembling, for she seems to see a spook, or goose, "or his googoo goosth she seein" (FW 557.07-08), who comes ready and dressed "in his honeymoon trim" (FW 557.09) and lights in his eyes, "the whites of his pious eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort" (FW 557.11-12). There is also a ghost dressed in sheets, Shaun in III.iii, "resting between horrockses' sheets, wailing for white warfare" (FW 491.31-32). The list is obviously longer and should probably include Ibsen's ghosts of memory, Hamlet's father or Lefanu's Irish ones.

Still, one thing is to tell a story about ghosts, and another to make you see one. At a time when not many people believe in ghosts, the strength and credibility of these apparitions seem to diminish as we make an effort to, precisely, explain them away. That is why I am more interested in the other

apparitions, the ones that materialize only occasionally, impalpably almost, while we read. And it so happens that the best moments for these other specters seem to go hand in hand with an aspect of reading that we easily push aside as irrelevant: with those moments when we find apparently unintended coincidences, particularly coincidences between what we read in the book and our own present. They logically take us to the conclusion that "Joyce could have never thought about them" and must be the product of mere chance. But for a moment, the precarious moment of the coincidence, in the twilight zone between coincidence and intentionality, the ghost pops up. Only readers without personal memories could avoid this ghost. This also explains what they want from us. Like the ghost of Earwicker possesses Shaun in the third book, like many other spirits do, they want to possess our memories and usurp the present of the readers.

How these other apparitions take place, or how coincidences produce ghosts, has a lot to do with the allusive strategies, the citation techniques, so extended in the book (though perhaps these are not the best terms). It is not a discovery to reveal here the limits where the search for allusions takes some of us. At least, as I read, I am always trying to see what else words say, always playing and stretching words as far as my critical ingenuity and the size of my library allows me. It is a game that starts with the title, the name of Joyce, and applies basically to every word. In the majority of cases, following the allusive game that words permit, sooner or later I am forced to see what is not there, at least not totally there alphabetically, because "Felix Culpa," for example, is not alphabetically complete in "Fu Li's gulpa" (FW 426.17); and eventually the moment comes to decide whether the coincidences I find are intentional or not, whether only I see them or Joyce also did, something that coincidences never clarify, for it is in their nature that they just happen to be there. Or else, is the "f" from "Felix" also the "f" from "Finnegans"?

This way of reading what is not there, at least not there alphabetically, is almost endemic to Joyce, and characteristically calls attention towards the conflict between intentionality and coincidence. Seen this way, the problem for readers of *Finnegans Wake* is not difficult to imagine, especially for those who remain monotheist and have stubbornly survived the spread of dialogism and splits in the subject. For one thing, many of us never know when to stop hopping from word to word, especially if we develop a taste for it. For another, the one responsible, the *prime mover* of the game, is no other than the author, at least his pointing finger. But the parallel is something the reader has to go find and bring to bear in reading. Characteristically, sometimes we bring what we think it is, sometimes what looks like is not, but as long as we bring coincidences the game continues. This is the familiar process by which the "I" of the author soaks in alterity and incorporates traces that are not essentially his, but the product of allusion. For this reason, as we pile book upon book in this intertextual game, at the end of all the allusions of *Finnegans Wake* we are confronted with a collection of books, a great library. It is perhaps for this reason that Umberto Eco ventured that the library is the human substitute of God, the other place that contains all words.³ This is also how some of us have come to understand the limits of allusive strategies and the reader's unifying wishes: they end up substituting the monotheist conception of the author for a collection of books.

And yet, at the end of the allusive process in *Finnegans Wake* there is more than a large library as a human substitute for God. There are also coincidences, thousands of them; some Joyce surely saw, many others put together by chance, due to the narrow range of the alphabet and its infinite possibilities. Coincidences like these, in turn, have been fundamental in producing, not just conflicts with intentionality, but other glorious ghosts. When Erich Auerbach studied typological reading, he pointed out that Christianity learned very soon to read the Old Testament in a similar way, in such a guise that "Adam" was really the prefiguration of "Christ" (30), "Joshua" was in fact the prefiguration of "Jesus" (29), as was Isaac's sacrifice (36). It was not mere chance that Jeremiah, in Tertullian's exegesis, had said "let us put wood upon his bread" and not "let us put wood upon his melon." Choosing "bread" instead of "melon" was no accident, it was already announcing what would happen later, when someone would put wood—the cross—upon Christ's body—the bread (31). So that what looked like a simple coincidence was in fact a revelation, a certain mastermind was behind it all. And as to the "melon," Tertullian would go on, melon-hearted was anybody who ignored this was so and simply believed that Jeremiah "could have never thought about it."⁴

In the typological tradition so well analysed by Auerbach, sooner or later all words justify their links because divine revelation holds them together, and divinity itself appears as the container that encompasses all words. For Vico, in his attacks of Epicureans and Stoics, this went under the name of Providence.⁵ Or in other words, coincidences like these go beyond the conflict with intentionality: they are prophecies.⁶ And that is a different, more attractive story. So attractive that one is tempted to say that coincidences color the future, that "[c]oming events cast their shadows before" (*U* 8.525); to suspect that they endow random occurrences with a precarious sense; to fear that they tease us into believing we were always very close to guessing the future, if we simply did not throw it away; to speculate that they threaten linearity, that there must be something cyclical in the nature of time, or else they would not take place. After all, if there is something sure for the future, it might be that coincidences and repetitions will take place. Otherwise, if everything were absolute diversity,⁷ nothing would make sense, nobody would ever win the lottery, and betting should be forbidden.

More importantly, this temporal dimension of coincidences may partly explain the apparition of ghosts in the *Wake*. It surely clarifies what happens if one reads openly against the grain, against what we assume to be Joyce's intentions; that is, with the conviction that Joyce could never have known the associations that words provoke in a particular subject. What happens, for example, when I read "riverrun" (*FW* 003.01) as "verán" ("you/they will see" in Spanish) or as "ribera" (river bank); "muchas braceronettes gracies barcelonas" (*FW* 273.18-19) as president Samaranch's speech during the 1992 Olympic Games, or a prophetic announcement of "e-mail" in "in the end it may turn out, we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear this open letter. Speak to us of Emailia" (*FW* 410.22-23), or in "email paoncoque or marshmallow series, which she, as bearer, used to endorse, adhesively" (*FW* 575.16-18). Many examples like this can be given by just looking at the *Concordance*, just as those who quote the Gospels using a chain-reference bible. "Emailia" may mean something unknown to me. It may be Emile, or Celtic, or Sanskrit, but the first

thing I can read in "speak to us of Emailia" is related to e-mail. In fact, I have read it that way before I can even push it aside for being irrelevant, as I would do with almost any other book. This reading would not occur only if I did not have memory, or if I could always read in a state of phenomenological suspension. "Gracies barcelonas," "Emailia" produce a momentary "click" very similar to the photographic camera.

A "click," similar to the one of a camera, that is probably unintended. At least, that is what Roland Barthes seems to indicate in his last book, *Camera Lucida*, which is a reflection on death, on photography, and, curiously, on the return of the dead.⁸ When photographers take a picture of us, he says, they have in front a scene, a "studium" that so-to-say embalms us, that gives us an anticipation of our future image, our dead image.⁹ However, and more importantly, for Barthes the essential aspect of photography seems to be precisely the camera's "click." When the photographer presses the button, he/she always traps details that were not the center of attention. They are unintended details that the photographer cannot get rid off unless he/she manipulates the image. They are details, "punctums," parts of the picture that can jump in front of the beholder and beyond the author's intentions. The "click" traps and preserves unintended details that may become relevant, special, for someone, some time. Barthes says that when we look at the picture of a beloved one that is gone, there are often details like these, very close at hand, necessarily unnoticed, that were irrelevant then, and are meaningful now. The future was always around, and one never noticed. The only "new" thing in the picture, the only thing with a certain actuality, are these details that become coincidences with the reader's present, for his/her eyes only. When "emailia" becomes "e-mail," the coincidence pops up in the middle of the present. And then the dead returns. I should not hide, if only for the sake of the superstitious, that this is a reflection Barthes makes looking at a picture of his dead mother and that he coincided with a truck in the middle of the street soon after the publication of this book.

The author of a book like *Finnegans Wake*, could not not know this peculiarity, this click, as it applies to writing. He could not ignore that writing in the dark he was continually stumbling upon coincidences, unknown to him, among words, languages, cultures, that readers could certainly endow with meaning in the future, in part because he was training us to look always for them behind words. The future was around, and he could not see it. It was around "Emailia," and he just could not know how. But, as a gamester does, like the superstitious do, Joyce conspired with chance leaving his words open, he let himself be trapped by chance, or so he seemed to tell his friend Arthur Power: "for who knows but it is they who are right. What do we know about what we put into anything? Which of us can control our scribblings? . . . They are the script of one's personality like your voice or your walk."¹⁰ What Joyce could not know, what was writing in the dark would be a momentary "click" for later readers, the impression that Joyce usurps the temporal position of the reader, and the only way to overcome his temporal limitations. Doubtless, writing for the future is no easy task. A lot has to be invested in the ingenuity of readers; and that makes the book obviously a very high risk business. But, on the other hand, the profit is assured, for every word becomes, apart of what it means, like a lottery ticket: some time it will be a prize for someone, some time it will become very

meaningful for a particular reader: Elvis for O'Shea, river Dusi for Attridge, an e-mail for me.

This is also to say that sometimes intended and unintended allusions are not opposed, but complementary, just like a corpse and its ghost. If one fails to be noticed, the other will take its place. In the hypothetical case that one day Joyce's exegesis manages to reconstruct all the intended parallels that are woven like a shroud around the *Wake*, what do we expect to find there? Only a corpse? Also a ghost? In the first place, every time we read free from the author's project we stage not simply the openness of interpretation but, more importantly, the death of the author, who is not there any more to know what became of his words, what became of "emailia"; he is limited in his knowledge by time and by the workings of chance. And to be trapped by chance like this is also an anticipated encounter with death. In the second place, we precariously bring about the return of the dead when unintended details pop in front of the reader under the appearance of a coincidence.

It is for this reason too that the lack of distinction among words, the lack of textual closure, have a definite dimension, in the *Wake* at least. They stage the death of Joyce and the return of his ghost through the unintended messages that assault particular readers, for their eyes only, even if only from time to time. As we look for repetitions and other ways to legitimate our impression, the reference gets more consistent, we trap it in the realm of the possible. But then the strength of the apparition diminishes, and the ghost fades away.

On the other hand, the second hand of this paper, the production of these messages in which impossible coincidences are revealed to us, the momentary impression that the author has got inside our mind and that, on reading, his voice becomes present as if the reader were a ventriloquist, is a recurrent experience in and out of *Finnegans Wake*, and I do not mean only the kind of reading that one may consider, with good reasons, that I am making up. It recurs in the tradition of epitaphs and in the personal story of one of the figures of the *Wake*, in Shaun.

The epitaph and its traditions are among other things attempts to simulate the voice of the dead. For that end epitaphs make use of one of the most traditional figures, that of prosopopeia, which consists in attributing animate qualities to inanimate objects.¹¹ Apostrophe, another kind of prosopopeia, works, according to Culler, making the message an internal experience and thus fragmenting, dividing the voice of the subject.¹² And apostrophe, concludes Barbara Johnson, is a form of ventriloquism, through which "the speaker throws voice, life, and human form into the addressee."¹³ So that epitaphs, prosopopeias, apostrophes, are all ways to simulate an impossible message that comes from something inert and, when read, produce the impression that one speaks with a voice that is not one's own. Some time ago I found one of these effective epitaphs that said: "what are you looking at, dead I am, pray for me today, and I will do the same, when you are where I am." The path I followed — in haste — was common sense: the corpse cannot say that, it is dead; the tombstone does not speak; it can only do so if I understand it as a prosopopeia, which thus simulates the voice of the dead. The voice, the conscience, the present, the "e-mail," is mine; the message, "emailia," comes from the other, from the past.

The idea that *Finnegans Wake* can at times be understood as an epitaph does not need much elaboration, starting from reading the title as "Finnegans,

Wake!" It is not a discovery either to remember that, when thinking about ways in which voices come from inert bodies, as epitaphs intend, Joyce makes us think of more modern devices; television, radio, loudspeakers, all of which are inert bodies that give forth voices.¹⁴ The histories of the Norwegian Captain (*FW* 311.32) and the Russian General (*FW* 337.55) are apparently broadcast or televised, they are also stories that Joyce's father used to tell him and, incidentally, are full of references (late additions in part) to the Egyptian books of the dead, those sophisticated epitaphs.¹⁵ When Earwicker apparently comes back in IV, he also speaks through the radio, or through loudspeakers.¹⁶

Shaun's ventriloquism is also meaningful in this context; let's not forget that Shaun is the stone and Shem the tree, very much in keeping with Wordsworth's ideal surroundings for the tomb. As it is more or less accepted, at the end of II.iii Earwicker collapses, drunk, asleep, and also dead or almost dead. What follows in III is very much centered on Shaun and in the attempt to bring the father forth from the son, because—let's be materialistic here—the only living remains of him are his own sons and daughters. It would also help to remember that Shaun is at times presented as the carrier of the words, as a post-man, on one occasion he stamps a stamp on his forehead (*FW* 470.29-30) to hint that his importance is in what is inside of him. Consequently, when Shaun finally opens his mouth, it is not him that speaks, they are the voices of others, eventually that of his own father.

Already in other parts of the book it had been announced that the father would only come back through the son's mouth, peculiarly moments related with the *Books of the Dead* (often the "Chapters of Opening of the Mouth"): "We know his ventruquulence" (*FW* 360.20-21), or "*Ventriliquorst Merries a Corpse*" (*FW* 105.19-20), where we are reminded that Shaun marries and makes the corpse merry by making him come out of his mouth. "*How to Pull a Good Horuscoup even when Oldsire is Dead to the World*" (*FW* 105.28-29), repeats the same, getting one out of the other, while the connection Osiris-Horus comes forth distinctly. In III Shaun's abilities as a ventriloquist, to make him the vehicle for other voices, become more and more tangible. In III.ii he feels he is lending his mouth for others to use, he feels a medium for spirits:

What I'm wondering to myself whose for there's a strong tendency, to put it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirits of itchery outching out from all over me and only for the sludgehammer's force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what'll who'll be saying of next. (*FW* 439.20-25)

Later, during Yawn's conversation with the Four, we are reminded that Yawn has something inside. There is an exclamation, "Hah!" (*FW* 522.19), that initially disorients the interviewers: "What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don't hah to do thah" (*FW* 522.20-21). But Yawn soon calms them down saying it is "only a bone moving into place" (*FW* 522.22). Something growls inside of Yawn. And it is not his bowels. It is not that he has, like his brother Shem, worms, a tapeworm, gastric problems in any case, perhaps paternal inheritance or because of his eating habits. No, Yawn's case is different, he has something inside due to his ventriloquial abilities, "I have something inside of me talking to myself" (*FW* 522.26). The Four, common-sensical at this point, think that he needs an analyst (for his mind), or a physician (for his bowels): "Get yourself psychoanalised!" (*FW* 522.19-32). My guess is that what Shaun has inside and

makes him a ventriloquist is not, not only, material for psychoanalysis; it is the voice of a dead person, his father's, whose ghost is to come ten pages later.

It so happens, then, again, that the son seems to be possessed by the father. As it was also, apparently, the case of Joyce: "It seems to me," he wrote, "his voice has somehow got into my body or throat. Lately, more than ever—especially when I sigh." This is from a letter from Joyce to Weaver (July 22, 1932), a few months after his father's death, where he explains to her the plans for the tombstone, and goes on to say that "I hear my father talking to me, I wonder where he is" (*JJI* 658, *Letters III* 250). Like Shaun, Joyce appears here, in that form of perverse remembering, to be possessed when he sighs. He resists the assimilation of death, of the sense of loss that death produces, and keeps it inside.¹⁷

Taking into account how much a sigh meant for Joyce, at least from the mid-thirties, Joyce's care in selecting the proper word for the end of his book acquires more meaning. He needed a word requiring the least effort, only a sigh, to start speaking again. Until he found it: "This time," he told Louis Gillet, "I found the word which is the most slippery, the least accented, the weakest word in English, a word which is not even a word, which is scarcely sounded between the teeth, a breath, a nothing, the article *the*" (qtd. in *JJI* 725). That last word is not only an article (a word comes out from another word), it is also a sigh, and James Joyce's sigh is somehow John Joyce's ghost, who is still inside.

In *Finnegans Wake*, when the ceremony of the opening of the mouth, and everything related to it, is performed, Earwicker's ghost comes forth, like the letter inside an envelope, like the voice that comes out of the ventriloquist, from the radio, from the epitaph, from the stories that Joyce's father used to tell him, like voices merge in apparently unintended coincidences. In short, a voice comes out from an inert body and announces that, in a world without revelation and where a cycle takes to another, procreation alone is resurrecting, one only survives in the children, in the family; thence Earwicker's impotent message: "Pity poor Haveth Childers Everywhere with Mudder" (*FW* 535.34-35).¹⁸ As to the rest, they are the ghosts.

How is all this related to the ghost of coincidence? Well, I believe there is a ghost in the *Wake* in a more or less generous sense. In the sense that, looking for associations, searching behind every word, a coincidence always eventually appears (including coincidences, e-mails, between the author's past and the reader's present). We may have to decide then whether they are intentional or not, whether they are repeated or not, whether they are worth the effort or not, but, for a moment, the moment of the "click," the fright is guaranteed and the ghost takes hold of the reader's present situation. The moment when one thinks, for example, that "Finnegans" "fin negans," a finale negates, it does not want to finish in itself. And even if it is only for that instant, it gives the momentary impression that Joyce, as he wanted, has jumped over the barriers of time to get inside the concrete context of the reader, just like Earwicker speaks through Shaun's mouth, as John Joyce sighed when James Joyce sighed: to give the impression of saying what he could have never known. Yet, there is no need to be afraid, it cannot be done, it is impossible. That is what makes it a specter. It is the ghost of coincidence. Joyce tried and, as he tried, I think the ghost still smiles.

Notes

1. Michael O'Shea delighted many of us in the XIV International James Joyce Symposium with similar examples.

2. Derek Attridge, "The Postmodernity of Joyce: Chance, Coincidence, and the Reader," *James Joyce Studies Annual 1995*, ed. Thomas Staley (Austin: U of Texas P, 1995) 15.

3. See Umberto Eco, "En torno al texto," *El Urogallo* 43 (1989): 45. See also James Atherton, *The Books at the Wake: A Study of Literary Allusions in James Joyce's Finnegans Wake* (London and Amsterdam: Feffer and Simons; Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois UP, 1959). At the very beginning of his admirable book, the author similarly pointed out the two basic sources for any writer: the one he studied for years: books; and the one he did not: life.

4. See Erich Auerbach, "Figura," *Scenes from the Drama of European Literature* (New York: Meridian Books, 1959). For a thorough study of Auerbach's ideas in *Ulysses*, see Frances L. Restuccia's "From Typology to Typography," *Joyce and the Law of the Father* (New Haven and London: Yale UP, 1989) 20-72. Restuccia brings the problem to a conflict of interpretations, between "authorial control and a textual overthrow of that control" (72).

5. See Giambattista Vico, *Principios de una ciencia nueva sobre la naturaleza común de las naciones*, trans. J. M. Bermudo (Barcelona: Ediciones Orbis, 1985) §345: 148. In fact, Auerbach notes down a non-Christian sense of "figure" as "ghost," concretely Lucretius' definition of "figure" is "dream image, figment of fancy, a ghost" (17). Also, in Auerbach's study, the following connect "figure" and "ghost": Democritus and "phantoms" (19), Virgil (21), Augustine's "dream figure" (37-38).

6. Incidentally, my bible does not say "panem" as in Auerbach's example, but "fruit." The differences in words, languages and bibles have produced centuries of discussions that obviously are not part of my concern here. And yet, a chain reference bible includes lists of prophecies like this.

7. See Michel Foucault, *The Order of Things: An Archeology of the Human Sciences* (New York: Vintage, 1973). Foucault reminds us that "there must be a murmur of analogies rising from things, perceptible even in the most immediate experience; there must be resemblances that posit themselves from the very start. If everything were absolute diversity, thought would be doomed to singularity . . . it should be doomed to absolute dispersion and absolute monotony. Neither memory nor imagination, nor, therefore, reflection, would be possible" (119).

8. Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1981).

9. "I then experience a micro-version of death (of parenthesis): I am truly becoming a specter. The Photographer knows this very well, and himself fears (if only for commercial reasons) this death in which his gesture will enbalm me" (14). See also Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1960). Budgen curiously talked about a change in the idea of immortality that came with mechanical advances and tight schedules: "All their yesterdays, that in an earlier age would have been quietly buried in the hope of a glorious resurrection as myth, lie embalmed in files of newspapers and snapshot albums. They have suffered the influence of the penny post, telegraph and telephone—all social institutions working to a close time-table" (129). Nonetheless, his opinion was that nothing of this had an effect in Joyce: "Except by way of observing its effects on the minds and movements of his characters Joyce pays mechanical development no heed" (130).

10. Arthur Power, *Conversations with James Joyce*, ed. Clive Hart (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1974). This is the quote more in full: "though people may read more into *Ulysses* than they ever intended, who is to say that they are wrong; do any of us know what we are creating? Did Shakespeare know what he was creating when he wrote *Hamlet*; or Leonardo when he painted 'The Last Supper'? After all, the original genius

of a man lies in his scribblings: in his casual actions lies his basic instinct . . . Which of us can control our scribblings? They are the script of one's personality like your voice or your walk" (89).

11. See Paul De Man, "Autobiography as De-Facement," *Modern Language Notes* 94 (1979): 919-30. De Man connects in this way epitaphs and autobiography: "the dominant figure of the epitaphic or autobiographical discourse is, as we saw, the prosopopeia, the fiction of the voice-from-beyond-the-grave" (927).

12. Qtd. in Shari Benstock, "Apostrophes: Framing *Finnegans Wake*," *Joycean Occasions: Essays from the Milwaukee James Joyce Conference*, ed. Janet E. Dunleavy, Melvin J. Friedman, and Michael Patrick Gillespie (Newark: U of Delaware P, 1987): "Culler argues that apostrophe signals at once a radical interiority (the address is inward, not outward) and fragmentation (the voice, as subject, is disembodied, divided, echoing on the wind" (105). Sandford Budick in his "Tradition in the Space of Negativity," *Languages of the Unsayable*, ed. Sandford Budick and Wolfgang Iser (New York: Columbia UP, 1989) places the dynamics of the apostrophe in the relation between individual and text, not in textual meaning: "in this *traditio* or 'handing on,'" —he is referring to the function of apostrophe in Neoclassical examples—"meaning is precisely not viewed as being contained in a particular image or concept, but is reenacted as an interpretive drama that acknowledges and internalizes the very inaccessibility of meaning that apostrophe evokes. This drama is played out in the relationship between individuals and between texts" (297-98).

13. Shari Benstock quotes Johnson more fully: "Apostrophe in the sense in which I will be using it involves the direct address of an absent, dead, or inanimate entity by a first person speaker . . . The absent, dead or inanimate entity addressed is thereby made present, animate, and anthropomorphic. Apostrophe is a form of ventriloquism through which the speaker throws voice, life, and human form into the addressee, turning its silence into mute responsiveness" (95).

14. See Danis Rose and John O'Hanlon, *Understanding Finnegans Wake: A Guide to the Narrative of James Joyce's Masterpiece* (New York and London: Garland, 1982). "The radio," says Rose, "is clearly another representation of the book or Container. Earlier, as grave, it had also been generously donated" (165). The radio appeared at the beginnings of II.iii and IV, and connects, like the gramophone did before, with the Joycean idea of the tomb.

15. The story of Kerse and the Norwegian captain made Joyce think about what his father would say if he could hear it from the "Yonder." At least that is what he commented in a letter—of mourning—to his friend Alfred Bergan in 1937: "I'm sure if they get a copy of *transition* in the shades his comment will be, 'Well, he can't tell that story as I used to and that's one sure five!'" (SL 384); see also Rose and O'Hanlon 195n1. Joyce also revised the tales or fables like these in 1929 (JJI 803).

16. It is perhaps redundant to add that the voice is in more than one sense the realization of the 'I' that Derrida dissects. See his *Of Grammatology* (Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins UP, 1974). See also Giorgio Agamben, *Language and Death: The Place of Negativity* (Minneapolis and Oxford: U of Minnesota P, 1991): "'The thought of the voice alone,' the notion of the 'breadth of the voice' (in which perhaps, we ought to note the first appearance of Hegelian *Geist*), is a thinking of what is most universal: being. Being is in the voice (*esse in voce*) as an unveiling and demonstration of the taking place of language, as *Spirit*" (35). Perhaps it is also redundant to roam on Shaun's incipient logocentrism, in his conscience recovery, if we understand the experience of consciousness as listening to a voice inside, "one illusion among many" (Derrida, *Of Grammatology* 20). Equally superfluous to add that, when Shaun speaks as a ventriloquist, when the voice he produces seems to be somebody else's, he is also activating what the epitaph has of "voice of the dead," of apostrophe, of ventriloquism, of usurpation of one's own voice.

17. Ellmann takes the information about the sigh from Louis Gillet (JJI 725). See also Gregory L. Ulmer, *Applied Grammatology: Post(e)-Pedagogy from Jacques Derrida to Joseph Beuys* (Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins UP, 1985). Following Derrida and

Abraham and Torok, Ulmer connects and possibly diagnoses this as the case of the "wolf-man"; according to which the subject refuses to assimilate the death of a loved one and introduces it in a mental crypt, converts it a wolf-man that he carries inside, an attitude of "a perverse remembering, a refusal to forget or to mourn and give up the 'love object'" (Ulmer 84). Joyce's image is not that bizarre, though; it would be a letter: Shaun the son would be like a letter that contains the father's message. This is also an argument that would reinforce a particular idea of "ghost" and how connected it is with the figure of the father. On the one hand, Maud Ellmann says that "ghosts are the visions which arise when words have failed to purge the agony of loss" in her "The Ghosts of *Ulysses*," *The Languages of Joyce*, ed. R. M. Bolleteri Bosinelli, et al. (Philadelphia and Amsterdam: John Benjamins, 1992) 107. On the other hand, Freud showed the connections between the awareness of death, the sense of loss that it produces in others, the belief in life after death and the apparition of the ghost of the father. See Sigmund Freud, *Totem and Taboo* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1938). Concretely Freud refers to those "who find the origin of soul conceptions in the impression which death makes upon the survivors. We differ from them only in not putting the intellectual problem which death imposes upon the living into the foreground, instead of which we transfer the force which stimulates inquiry to the conflict of feelings into which this situation plunges the survivor" (129). Further, he argues that in the case of "neurotic persons who suffer, or have suffered, in their childhood from the fear of ghosts, it is often not difficult to expose these ghosts as the parents" (95-96n4). The recent death of Joyce's father may also explain in part why it is not the ghost of the mother the one that haunts the author in *Finnegans Wake*; Freud goes on to say that "nothing testifies so much to the influence of mourning on the origin of belief in demons as the fact that demons were always taken to be the spirits of persons not long dead" (95-96). Finally, Restuccia skilfully separates Joyce's resistance to authority and to "the law of the father" from John Joyce, his biological father (15-16).

18. See Grace Eckley, "Why the Ghost of Oscar Wilde Manifests in *Finnegans Wake*," *Victorian Newsletter* 75 (1989): 9-14. Eckley maintains that "in the larger sense 'haveth Childers Everywhere' means any of the efforts that live after us" (10), and more specifically that "the ghost of Oscar Wilde manifests in part to develop the *Wake*'s resurrection theme, and Joyce was serious about his ghosts" (15).