

seen your missus in the hall Like the queenoveire. Arrah, it's herself that's fine and good. What's she doing? You storyan Harry chap, she's a fine woman plethly good troupe. She's with her only her lex's salt. She's smirking car's hours on the floor. She's watching her sewing. She's together, die. She's stitch to her last. She's waiting for water. She's decoying more nesters to fall down the floor. She's a bonche that blows no pussy food. If you only were there to see the meaning, best of men, and talk to her in the golden. The lips would moisten once again. As when she was in the Fin-drinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there, all your hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at sea or swooped through the air like Airwing's shade. She was flirtsome then and she's flattersome yet. She can record a song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. She's a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her food. She's for supper after kanekannan and abbely dimple. She's in her merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is it smarts, full lengths or swatters. News, news, all the news. Death, a leopard, kills fellah in the Angry scenes at Stormount. Stilla Star with her lucky in going ways. Opportunity fair with the China floods and we hear the cosy rumours. Ding Tams he noise about all same Harry chap. She's seeking her way, a chickie a chuckle, in and out of the story, *Les Loves of Selskar et Pervenche*, freely adapted to *The Novvergin's Viv*. There'll be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her final tear. Zee End. But that's a world of ways away. Till track laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering candles flare. Anna Stacey's how are you! Further waist in the noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivvy and wavy. Repose you now! Finn no more!

For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there's already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his

V.S.

20 Jahre Konzert-Galerie Maison 44

Joyce-Cage-Minifestival 27. und 28. August 2022 Finnegans Wake (Wiederaufnahme)

Sa. 27.8., 17.00 Uhr

Ursula Zeller, James Joyce Stiftung Zürich

liest aus *Finnegans Wake*

Matthias Heep, Wake 2, 2022 UA

SoloVoices:

Francisca Näf, Mezzosporan

Jean-Christophe Groffe, Bass

Tatiana Touliankina, Ondes Martenot

Ludovic Van Hellemont, Ondes Martenot

So. 28.8., 11.00 Uhr

Matinée: Hans Jürg Kupper

Lieder auf Gedichte von

James Joyce und Samuel Beckett

Hans Adolfsen, Klavier

Niklaus Kost, Bariton

17.00 Uhr

Urs Peter Schneider spielt und liest

Klavierstücke und Texte von **John Cage**

Verena Schindler zeigt nochmals Bilder zu *Finnegans Wake* aus ihrer Ausstellung vom November 2021

Um Anmeldung wird gebeten.

Maison 44, Steinerring 44, 4051 Basel

Tel 061 302 23 63 maison44@maison44.ch www.maison44.ch